News Compendium

Volume 9 - 2008 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold it's future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

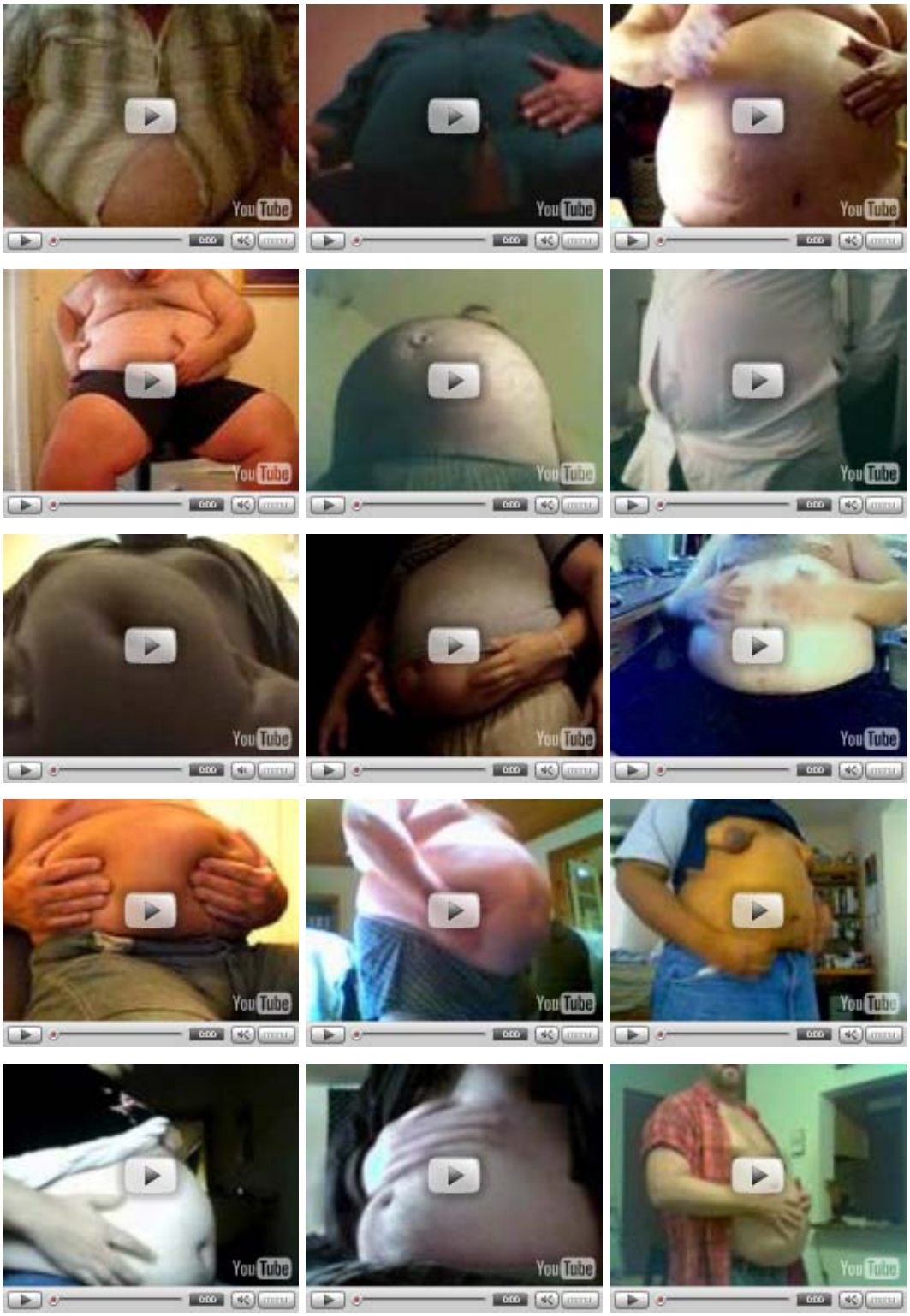
January

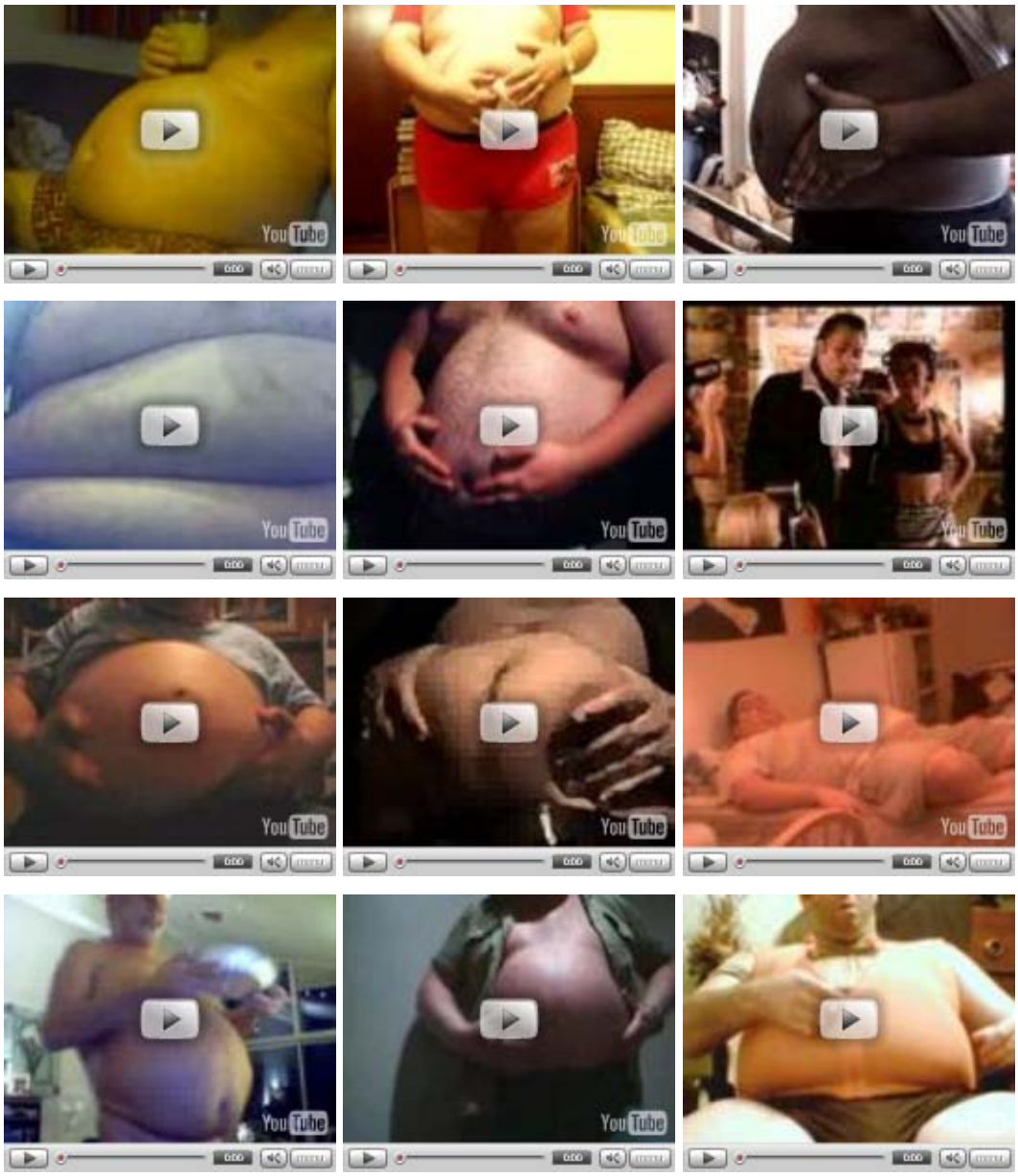
1.1 Something Awful's New Year's Animated Fireworks Show

Tuesday, Jan 01, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

It is a new stupid year now, and while some of you are probably excited out of your gourd, I'm sitting here shaking my fist at the computer screen while I type this with my other hand. That's because new years, for me, are just opportunities to remember how badly disappointed I am with everything everyone in the world does. One important thing I've learned about our society is that we have a way of warping and perverting every good piece of technology that comes along, and 2007 was a big year for that. Last year saw the use of hot coffee to purposefully scorch crotches; proud, noble lassos used to wrangle men; and somewhere, someone probably figured out how to bludgeon someone else with a VCR. It would stand to reason that Youtube would pretty much work the same way.

I'd like to reflect on Humanity's uncanny ability to foul everything it invents, but at the same time, it's January 1 and we should celebrate. I was thinking about filling up this page with animated images of fireworks and babies wearing sashes. Instead, please enjoy your Internet fireworks in the form of 3 dozen fat men slapping and rubbing their bellies for your pleasure. Happy new year, Internet! Look upon your own godforsaken works, ye shut-ins, and despair!


YouTube



HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!!!!!!!!!!!

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

1.2 The Great Energy Drink Review Roundup 2008!

Wednesday, Jan 02, 2008 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This article is part of the Awful Energy Drink and Food Reviews series.

Hey America, wake up! It's 2008; time to feel great! As our suicidal, neo-capitalistic empire of dollar-driven zombies shuffles one step closer to extinction, we desperately scramble for any possible source of energy to improve efficiency, concentration, and productivity. Well, you know, short of exercising. Or changing our diets. Or doing anything that inconveniences us in any way. This burning desire to win at all costs (assuming "all costs" are under $3.00 per 16 ounces) has led to mankind's greatest invention: the energy drink.

Despite my previous energy drink reviews and prayers, companies continue brewing up these appalling monstrosities, promising inhuman levels of mental prowess in each eight-ounce shot of caustic carbonated chemicals. Let's kick off 2008 by reviewing yet another lineup of "get retch quick" candidates! Whoop whoop, here come da energy!

Welcome to the bar from hell!

SYZMO (8 oz)

Description: SYZMO differentiates themselves from most other energy drinks by claiming to be "organic," a tremendously important quality to consider when choosing an energy drink. Unfortunately, nobody besides a couple crusty USDA lab jockeys knows what "organic" means in relation to energy drinks. Is it made out of organs? Does it mean somebody scooped this crap out of a bubbling dirt crater, like in the smash Hollywood hit "The Stuff?" Society may never know, and society may never care; the act of buying organic serves only one purpose, and that is to trick your body into believing you actually give a shit about it. My various orifices can personally produce about five different "organic" substances, but trust me, nobody in their right mind should drink them.

So what makes SYZMO such an enchanting, healthy nightmare? The drink describes itself as "ORGANIC ENERGY DRINK SWEETENED WITH ORGANIC BLUE AGAVE," a very long and very capitalized way of writing "TASTES LIKE A PINE TREE." Imagine drinking eight ounces of cheap gin, only without alcohol's various health benefits. Although SYZMO doesn't taste outright offensive, I hesitate to rate it anywhere above semi-nauseous. I would suggest the vile flavor and "organic" selling point target the California Mac users demographic, but SYZMO's graphic design

definitely rules that out. The can looks like somebody tried to enter a bath mat in a NASCAR competition.

Energy Composition: 1000%(!) Vitamin B16, 100% Biotin. Also contains "Coenyzme Q10," a very popular Japanese secret agent. SYZMO supplies only 1% of the daily recommended Folate dosage, so you'll have to search elsewhere if you're itching for a Folate fix. Folate is the chemical which prevents thousands of baby scorpions from growing in your balls.

Rating: 5 / 10

Blue Energy (8 oz)

Description: Another healthy surprise arrives in the form of this "Natural Energy Drink," containing such clean, natural, organic ingredients as "Sodium Chloride" and "Pyridoxine HCl." Them's fancy scientist words for "salt" and "vitamin B-6," which don't sound nearly as natural or blue. According to the internet, vitamin B-6 *"works together with vitamins A, C, and E in dissolving rancid fat deposits."* If the Blue Energy board of directors ever hires me to lead their advertising department, I'll suggest playing up on this fact. Maybe they could adopt a catchy slogan emphasizing this, such as "Blue Energy - the number one choice for dissolving rancid fat deposits." We could appeal to the hip, urban demographic by modifying it to "Blue Energy - fuck yo rancid fat deposits, nigga."

While the drink may contain some form of energy (kinetic maybe?), the color resembles olive oil more than any shade of blue. Blue Energy tastes quite non-offensive, almost like a clear / pineapple Life Saver. I'm not sure why they chose to label the can as "WILD BERRY FLAVOR," unless their test group has never been exposed to a berry their entire miserable lives. A cheerful warning label suggests to "LIMIT 4 CANS PER DAY," perhaps due to the inherent extreme health benefits (100% vitamin C, Riboflavin, Niacin, B6, and B12). Drinking five cans would instantly cause you to be declared the "Healthiest Man in the Universe," and that would trigger global riots of pure jealousy.

Since this drink doesn't taste like carbonated death, I unfortunately have to assume it's not packed with as much incredible energy inherent to competing non-natural energy drinks created in vats by evil computers. The saucy drawing of lightning draped across the can made me feel as if I was drinking from a 1982 Bruce Lee bootleg DVD.

Energy Composition: 1000mg Taurine, 200mg Panax Ginseng. Blue Energy does not specify how much caffeine it contains, but does list 2200mg of "Energy Blend," on par with the average chemical composition of lightning.

Rating: 9 / 10

Power Up! Energy Drink (8 oz)

Description: I bet a lot of you boneheads out there assumed Nintendo would be satisfied resting on its laurels, content to cash checks from Wii and DS sales. Well I must implore you to think again, as this creative Japanese conglomerate has decided to branch out and manufacture its very own energy drink! Their cheery, upbeat beverage features Nintendo mascot "Mario" doing something vague with a red mushroom. Hey, I think I played that game with "Mario" in it! This energy drink reminds me of when I was young, so therefore I should purchase and enjoy it while recalling such fond childhood memories as "the time I crammed a giant dog turd into a plastic Easter egg and threw it at some guy without a shirt washing his car."

As for the drink itself? It's essentially a monumental failure of Virtual Boy proportions. Imagine a bunch of smashed up Smarties dissolved in 7-Up for a week, served by a bartender who suffers from some kind of flying sperm disorder. POWER UP tastes like a liquid clown, crashing into your brain with a distinct chemical headache aftertaste. Such an absolute lack of quality caught me completely off-guard, especially considering the lofty standards Wii game publishers must meet to obtain a Nintendo Seal of Quality sticker. For example, your box must contain something inside of it. I'm not sure what the other requirements are. The can aids your purchasing skill by thoughtfully spelling out "ENERGY DRINK" in big yellow letters, undoubtedly to prevent lawsuits from people under the impression they were buying a tiny living Mario creature inside a can.

Energy Composition: 1000mg of Taurine, in addition to the standard amounts of caffeine and the B-vitamin family. It doesn't specify what percentage of the drink is actually used pool cue chalk, but I estimate there's "a lot."

Rating: 3 / 10

rip it (POWER) (16 oz)

Description: Bucking the trend of ALL CAPITAL LETTERS USED TO EXPERIENCE THE RAW SENSATION OF A FAT MAN SCREAMING IN YOUR FACE AND ASKING IF YOU WANT A HOT DOG, rip it employs the rather unconventional, highly Livejournal "all lowercase" cliché. Perhaps the exciting taste of rip it speaks so strongly for itself that they don't need uppercase letters? Of course not; it would be ridiculous to believe an energy drink with such an embarrassing design doesn't contain the scientific equivalent of stale goat urine.

This energy concoction distinctly specifies the word "POWER" below its name, perhaps so people do not confuse it with "rip it (FARTS IN A VERY IMPORTANT BUSINESS MEETING)" or "rip it (A JURY DUTY NOTICE)." Or perhaps "POWER" refers to "the power to instantly stop drinking all liquids," because that's what this beverage causes. I'd award rip it with bonus points for failing to leave any gritty, barfy aftertaste, but unfortunately the initial taste is so offensive that it doesn't matter. Imagine waking up in the middle of the night, stumbling to your refrigerator, and mistakenly chugging a bottle of carbonated antacid medication for elderly dogs. As a wonderful bonus, the can additionally features a decoration depicting a horse attempting to murder itself.

Energy Composition: 2000mg Taurine, 100% daily folic acid. Folic acid is the retarded, neglected cousin of vitamins B-6 and B-12, the chemical that helps your brain make a decision when your friend asks if you want to smell the back of his hand (*hint: no, you don't*).

Rating: 2 / 10

Brawndo (16 oz)

Description: Some lady from some marketing joint recently sent me an email asking if I would like her to mail me some free cans of Brawndo, an energy drink inspired / derived from the Mike Judge cult hit "Idiocracy." I replied with a message along the lines of "hell yes," because I enjoy both the movie "Idiocracy" and products provided to me for free. I actively encourage all companies out there to follow suit and ship me crap for no real justifiable reason whatsoever. I'm sure you can figure out a way to write it off your taxes. Claim a warehouse caught fire and burned it down or something. That's what I said when the government asked why I listed 17 Mexican children as dependents.

Brawndo's greatest asset lies in its uncanny resemblance to a can of Brawndo. It's as if you're drinking a piece of a movie, and who doesn't suffer from the starry-eyed AIDS when it comes to living in Tinseltown? The drink itself tastes like a watered down, pussy version of Mountain Dew, in nearly the same shade of radioactive celery. The can has various hilarious lines from the movie written all over it, specifically to satisfy all those people out there restlessly clamoring for a beverage container able to quote films. Brawndo's leaves a slight aftertaste of lemon-lime Gatorade mixed with a pound of salt (not table salt, I'm talking about the salt international airports use to de-ice the runways).

Energy Composition: 200mg caffeine, 400mg sodium, 200mg Inositol, 1000mg Taurine. Brain love them chemicals!

Rating: 8 / 10 (would be 7/10, but obtained an extra point through the sheer merit of "being free")

NOS (16 oz)

Description: First off, I have to admit I have no idea if this drink was named "NOS" or "SON." It's equally retarded either way, and I'm physically incapable of scraping together enough concern to decide on a definitive answer. Secondly, I'd like to point out it is never, ever, ever, ever a good sign when, upon popping opening an energy drink can, the oxygen surrounding your head is replaced by a burst of rancid energy spores resembling rotten oranges decomposing below the bleachers of a circus tent. With those two points out of the way, let's see how this incredible drink compares!

If you have ever found yourself craving both nail polish AND black licorice, this drink was designed just for you. After seeing some of the shit people on the internet masturbate to, the law of probability ensures there's at least 100 of you weirdos out there. If you have ever expressed disappointment regarding the current lack of "disgusting drinks possessing an aftertaste that makes you feel as if somebody crammed a wad of decaying, burning medical waste into your nostrils," NOS / SON will fill your hole.

I would also like to note the can's warning label, containing the following text in its entirety: *"CAUTION: POWERFUL."* POWERFUL is apparently the new DISGUSTING.

Energy Composition: 2000mg Taurine, 400mg L-Carnitine, 100mg Panax ginseng Extract. The

internet claims Panax ginseng *"serves as a first-aid drug to save death-impending patients, giving them an extra lease of life,"* but after swallowing a swig of whatever the unholy hell this crap is, you'll inquire about your extra life's return policy.

Rating: 2 / 10

UNBOUND ENERGY (16 oz)

Description: UNBOUND ENERGY should not be confused with Gunbound Energy, which is simply an empty, free can you have to repeatedly pay $40 to fill. UNBOUND ENERGY should additionally not be confused with Earthbound Energy, which is 16 ounces of annoying internet people who refuse to ever stop talking about how awesome and revolutionary their can is. In contrast, UNBOUND ENERGY is safely shipped inside a rusty, iron tube firmly sealed with industrial-strength rivets and... no wait, that's just the can's graphic design! I was tricked. Fuck you, UNBOUND ENERGY!

After overcoming the humiliating treachery inflicted by UNBOUND ENERGY's deceitful design, I found myself pleasantly surprised by its taste. Drinking it didn't immediately elicit thoughts of suicide! If you guys and gals responsible for UNBOUND ENERGY want to use that quote to sell your drink, be my guest. The non-death inducing taste resembles a grapefruit full of buckshot. This lack of nasty aftertaste can possibly serve as an additional selling point.

Energy Composition: 2000mg Taurine, 2000mg "Energy Blend" (glucose, caffeine, inositol, glucuronolactone, Maltodextrin). I love glucuronolactone!!! When I woke up this morning, my wife claimed I seemed "sickly." She then asked if I've been recently experimenting with glucuronolactone. I hit her in the mouth.

Retarded Quote From Can: *"THE RULES HAVE CHANGED! UNBOUND ENERGY HAS SET THE STANDARD. OUR INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH ENERGY FORMULA IS ENGINEERED TO PUSH THE LIMITS OF PERSONAL PERFORMANCE. MAKE YOUR OWN RULES... LIVE LIFE OUTSIDE THE LINES. BE UNBOUND!"* What the dick does any of that incoherent nonsense mean? It reads like something the Ultimate Warrior would shout before launching an attack on a nearby folding table.

Rating: 5 / 10

UNBOUND ENERGY + JUICE (16 oz)

Description: UNBOUND ENERGY + JUICE is another product for all those people out there who want to fool their brain into believing they're consuming something remotely "healthy." It has "juice" in it, and juice comes from fruit, so this can of artificial stimulants must be as healthy as eating an entire goddamn pumpkin! Keep in mind this world is home for a variety of objects and creatures with the potential to be juiced, so "juice" in itself might not necessarily be a good thing.

All ingredients and supplemental facts are exactly the same as the previous UNBOUND atrocity, the only noticeable differences apparent in the can's design (resembling a mandarin orange after a cargo truck backed over it) and the taste (resembling a mandarin

orange after a cargo truck backed over it). I wasn't aware adding "juice" could somehow make an energy drink taste even more repulsive, but UNBOUND managed to pull it off. Each can ships fully equipped with a tart, rancid undertone, suggesting the "juice" component had an expiration date three days before Max Headroom was canceled. THE RULES HAVE CHANGED! I wish the FDA's approval rules would've changed.

Energy Composition: Same as Unbound Energy (above), only somehow much worse.

Rating: **4** / 10

Joker MAD ENERGY (16 oz)

Description: Well then, this is pretty much the worst anything ever. I can't really dredge up any accurate way to fully convey Joker MAD ENERGY's polluted chemical taste. It's like being body slammed by a bag full of dicks.

Energy Composition: 2000mg Taurine. 5000mg "Energy Blend" (Glucose, Caffeine, Guarana, Inositol, Glucuronolactone, Maltodextrin). There's also probably a few thousand milligrams of chemicals scientists haven't been able to name yet, ones where the atoms spin in several different dimensions and do all kinds of crazy shit.

Retarded Quote From Can: *"The reason we call it MAD ENERGY is 'cause Joker is loaded with a high potency energy blend to give you a lift when you need it most! So, whether you just need to make it through the day or party all night grab Joker Mad Energy and you'll be ready for the fight. Joker Mad Energy... Outrageous."*

You'd be safe to assume I hate everything associated with this drink.

Rating: **0** / 10, and I furthermore pray death upon everybody involved with this product's creation.

Coolah (16 oz)

Description: It's Fake-Australian, so it must be good! *"Coolah is a village in Australia where everyone's got a little more energy. They paint. Play rugby. Sing. Throw darts. Dance. And they drink Solo, the beverage with a lemon tang that was the inspiration for Coolah Energy. We added Australian Boronia, Taurine, and B-Vitamins to make this one bonzer drink. So pop the top and give it a bash! Welcome to the land of Coolah. ENERGY FROM DOWN UNDER!"* Well now, that was sufficiently embarrassing to read, wasn't it?

According to its information label, Coolah is canned in Plano, Texas. I spent a few days engaging in complex advanced research and eventually determined **this location is, in fact, not physically located inside Australia!** Turns out it's actually in Texas.

Unlike the drink's confusing origins, its taste fulfills the can's promise, delivering an experience both tart and lemony. This might come as a shock and surprise to anybody who somehow managed to read this far, but I seriously enjoyed drinking Coolah, and promptly consumed the entire can. I would even consider purchasing it again! Unfortunately, Coolah's lack of 100% American Power Up Deadly Stimulant Narcotics resulted in a corresponding lack of energy. I felt absolutely no desire to play rugby, sing, or throw darts, even after drinking 16 ounces of Coolah (twice our government's

daily recommended Coolah intake). I did, however, create a painting of myself giving birth to a rather large fish tank.

Energy Composition: NO CAFFEINE?!? How can all the learned Australians of Plano, Texas swear by an energy drink lacking caffeine? Coolah simply tosses out a pittance of Taurine, Boronia, and Vitamin B. Guess I'll have to drink from the unleaded hose to get mah precious American chemicals.

Retarded Quote From Can: That stupid block of fake Australian text quoted above. If I was Australian and discovered Americans writing garbage like that, I'd wage a jihad against Coolah, Foster's, and Outback Steakhouse.

Rating: 8 / 10 (would be 9 if it had, well, energy in it)

RAM JAM (16 oz)

Description: The blurry, unreadable URL on the can advised me to visit www.ramjam.com, which I discovered was a placeholder full of advertisements. Assuming I read the address incorrectly, I inserted a hyphen and visited www.ram-jam.com, which also led to similar results. It's generally not considered a good sign when a company is either too inept or cheap to maintain their own product's advertised website. Fortunately Ram Jam is apparently aiming more towards the weak "psychotic soft drink" side of the spectrum, as opposed to the competitive "energy drink with a zillion milligrams of chemicals used to dissolve oil tankers" angle.

RAM JAM approaches this market from the "um, let's go for the artificial lemon angle I guess," since fake lemon chemicals are the easiest to mass manufacture. It essentially tastes like heavily caffeinated Alwayz-Save Lemony Lime Soda Pop Soft Drink Alternative For the Poor Family With the Lice Problem Down the Street. Which it is, only with much more bull semen. The can depicts an image of a wacky ram falling off his mountain bike. Ha ha oh that Ram Jam, what a character that guy is.

Energy Composition: 160mg of caffeine, 2000mg of taurine, and relatively low amounts of inositol, glucuronolactone, and choline. I looked up "choline" on the internet, which described it as *"a natural amine found in the lipids that make up cell membranes and in the neurotransmitter acetylcholine."* I thought it said "a natural anime" and then I laughed.

Retarded Quote From Can: *"JAMS ENDURANCE, JAMS PERFORMANCE, JAMS CONCENTRATION, JAMS METABOLISM, SPEED UP REACTION WITH A JAM OF CAFFEINE!"* I'm not sure about all that crap, but I can verify it unclogs jammed up drains when you dump the entire can into them. If you'd like to know more about this exciting product, I can supply you with several dead URLs leading nowhere.

Rating: 4 / 10

RAM JAM LITE (16 oz)

Description: Unlike the extreme, fresh-and-in-your-face font for "RAM JAM," the word "LITE" is displayed in weaker, fruitier letters. It's as if the people at Ram Jam Inc. realized the unbridled, raw energy of their RAM JAM product line might be a little too much raw energy for children, pregnant women, and humanity in general, forcing them to slightly modify their secret RAM JAM formula. So how did they manage to "lite-en" this award-winning, 404-ing drink? Simple: they replaced the sugar with acesulfame potassium and added even more sodium! That's correct, they swapped RAM JAM's healthiest and most natural ingredient (sugar) with a horrible, vile chemical designed to associate the act of drinking liquids with growing a colony of live wasps inside your tonsils.

Energy Composition: Same as RAM JAM (not so light).

Retarded Quote From Can: *"JAMS* (six blank lines) *PERFORMANCE* (six blank lines) *WITH* (six blank lines) *ZERO CALORIES* (six blank lines) *AND* (six blank lines)*) ZERO CARBS."* If you're drinking this garbage and are seriously worried about your carbohydrate intake, you've got much bigger problems going on. For example, your brain.

Rating: 2 / 10

DR DOGG LITE ENERGY DRINK (16 oz)

Description: No, the two "g"s in the name "Dr. Dogg" are not a typo. Somebody seriously believed this would be a good idea. The people in the marketing department obviously realized the potential issue with calling their product "Dr. Dog," since the public views canine surgeons rather unfavorably. "Dr. Dog," no, that simply won't fly. Now "Dr. Dogg," a bipedal mutt wearing sunglasses, a backwards baseball cap, sports jesery, and gold "D" around his neck, well that's a completely different issue! I'm pretty sure the heroes who produced this garbage (Quik-Trip) are also responsible for RAM JAM, because I remember buying all three equally retarded-looking cans at the same time for some fantastic sale price. Whatever the discount was, it was not enough. Dr. Dogg Lite is a blatant ripoff of Diet Dr. Pepper, and I would rely on neither for competent medical advice.

Energy Composition: No listing of how much magic energy chemicals this crap contains, but I'm going to go out on a limb here and guess it's not an especially healthy amount.

Retarded Quote From Can: *"UNLEASH YOUR PERFORMANCE WITH* (two red dog bones symbol) *ZERO CALORIES AND ZERO CARBS."* It's obviously very important to avoid calories and carbohydrates when unleashing your performance. I learned this valuable health tip from Dr. Dogg, who received his doctorate degree in advanced ghettonomics. Also, it goes without saying the URL stamped across the can (www.drdogglite.com) is richly 404.

Rating: 2 / 10

ACE ENERGY + JUICE (16 oz)

Description: You know it's a bad sign when you open a drink and your sinuses fill with moldy orange spores, like when Serpentor released the virus turning everybody into snake mutant robot monsters from the future. The can delighted me with a drawing of a nurse taking off her uniform, along with some fake bullet holes, leading me to believe somebody really didn't want this woman to strip for me. Maybe it was my wife, and this drink receives its energy from the hatred of jealous lovers. Like most other "energy + juice" drinks, you have to wonder how scientists were able to locate fruit somehow tasting even more vile than their beakers full of carbonated bull semen. ACE sports the "generic shitty energy drink" taste of fruity battery acid + Mountain Dew, yet again somehow makes it even more unpalatable.

Energy Composition: 2,000mg Taurine, 5000mg "Energy Blend" (same as above). As far as I can tell, the "juice" in this drink is actually sodium in disguise. SURPRISE!!!

Rating: 2 / 10

Zola Açaí Power Juice (11 oz)

Description: I had a bad feeling about this one. Perhaps it was the Brazilian woman dressed in peacock feathers, frantically dancing as a rain of berries descended upon her head. Maybe it was the foreboding "USDA ORGANIC" label combined with the fact I have no idea what the hell "açaí berries" are. I once bought an Akai sampler, but to the best of my knowledge, it was not made of berries. The third and final warning came in the form of its expiration date: December 30th... exactly one day ago! There's only one subject in the world I'm less familiar with than açaí berries, and that's expired açaí berries. Fortunately, Dancing Brazilian Feather Woman whisked away all my fears with her gentle, sweeping hand of purple berry juice. While I'm incapable of fully conveying the açaí berry taste experience, I can summarize it this way: they taste like purple.

Energy Composition: Energy-drink-wise, there's not too many awesome science lab chemicals in here, with "Natural Caffeine" being the closest. It fails to mention how much natural caffeine açaí juice contains, so I'm assuming it's not a major factor here.

Retarded Quote From Can: My fear of sufficient fake energy was once again soothed by the magic purple broad. *"Now there's no need to choose between health and energy! Zola gives you both in Amazon-sized quantities. Our secret? 100% Unfiltered Pulp from the exotic Açaí berry."* It then rambles on about antioxidants and omega fatty acids and Captain Planet for 100 paragraphs, none of which I bothered reading because I didn't see the words "taurine" or "extreme" anywhere. Unfortunately, the judges (me) have disqualified Zola from the competition, as it's more juice than energy drink. Dance your way back into the jungle, Zola!

Rating: 7 / 10 (but Zola is disqualified for being a dirty rotten energy drink cheater, so ignore that score)

Why am I still sitting here, writing? I'm going to use my newfound reservoir of energy by dominating the professional dart circuit in Texas, Australia! But don't let that discourage you from sending me free stuff.

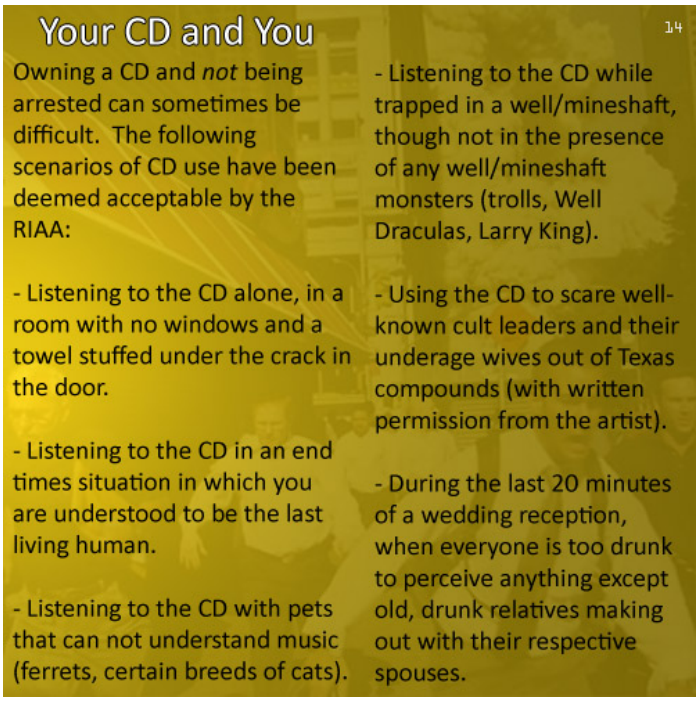
-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

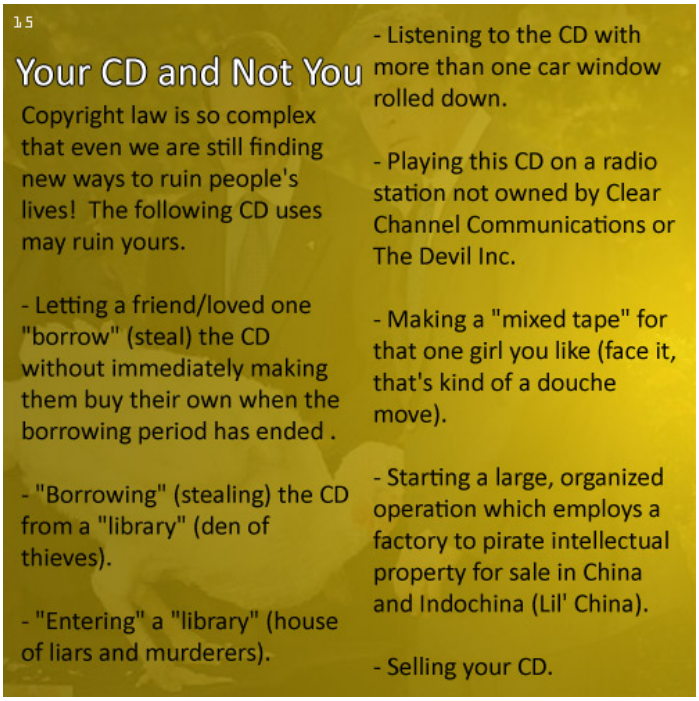
1.3 CD Liner Notes of the Distant Present

Thursday, Jan 03, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

no blood for oil
no blood for oil
aluminum foil
my blood boils
fighting against
a kleptocracy of
one
johnny, get your
gun
as we salute the
red, white and
poo
hey bush, this
flag's for you!
"No blood for Oil" Copyright 2008 by Billie Joe Armstrong. All rights reserved unless otherwise noted. All other music Copyright 2008 Green Day Shareholdings and Paws Inc., except "I Don't Want to Miss a Thing (Iraq Mix)" and "Disco Duck Punk," Copyright 1998 Aerosmith Industries and 1976 Rick Dees, respectively. If you are reading an unapproved reproduction of these liner notes, please call 1-800-IR0-BY0U for a lenient sentence. For more information on copyright law, buy some books and then read the copyright information. But by no means should you visit a library.
12
A Moment with the
RIAA
Citizen, we thank you for your purchase of the following CD:
green day: the united states of terrorica
In this modern, digital age, CD ownership carries responsibilities unseen in the better days of music recording via wax cylinder or trained parrot. To keep you out of prison, a fate worse than being independent and unsigned, we have created a guide that is both helpful and mandatory to read.

13
What is a CD?
Sometimes, when a musical group is nice enough to want other people to listen to their music, a CD (or Compact Disc) is released to the public for purchase. A CD (or Compact Disc), can only be listened to in a CD Player- *your* CD player. Currently, there is no other way to listen to music. In the future, there will be no other way to listen to music.
Computers?
If you put a compact disc in your computer, it will break your computer. You should not have a computer.
RIAA?
RIAA stands for Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA). In exchange for a mere 90% of album profits, we allow musical artists to use our recording studios over 3-day weekends and also pay for up to 500 miles of air travel (coach class only). Illegal use of compact discs can sometimes cost your favorite artists under tens of thousands of dollars. Do you have under tens of thousands of dollars? It doesn't matter. If you use this CD illegally, we will try to take this money from you. As added punishment, we won't give this money to musicians.


Your CD and You
14
Owning a CD and *not* being arrested can sometimes be difficult. The following scenarios of CD use have been deemed acceptable by the RIAA:
- Listening to the CD alone, in a room with no windows and a towel stuffed under the crack in the door.
- Listening to the CD in an end times situation in which you are understood to be the last living human.
- Listening to the CD with pets that can not understand music (ferrets, certain breeds of cats).
- Listening to the CD while trapped in a well/mineshaft, though not in the presence of any well/mineshaft monsters (trolls, Well Draculas, Larry King).
- Using the CD to scare well-known cult leaders and their underage wives out of Texas compounds (with written permission from the artist).
- During the last 20 minutes of a wedding reception, when everyone is too drunk to perceive anything except old, drunk relatives making out with their respective spouses.


15
Your CD and Not You
Copyright law is so complex that even we are still finding new ways to ruin people's lives! The following CD uses may ruin yours.
- Letting a friend/loved one "borrow" (steal) the CD without immediately making them buy their own when the borrowing period has ended .
- "Borrowing" (stealing) the CD from a "library" (den of thieves).
- "Entering" a "library" (house of liars and murderers).
- Listening to the CD with more than one car window rolled down.
- Playing this CD on a radio station not owned by Clear Channel Communications or The Devil Inc.
- Making a "mixed tape" for that one girl you like (face it, that's kind of a douche move).
- Starting a large, organized operation which employs a factory to pirate intellectual property for sale in China and Indochina (Lil' China).
- Selling your CD.

CD Storage
16
Here are some ways to protect your CD from scratches and your lily-white ass from prison beatings. CDs can be stored in the following places.
- Jewel cases.
- A bucket.
- A jar full of pennies.
- Your mouth.
Please do not store your CD in:
- The Internet (you should not have a computer).
Have Fun!
According to the Freedom From Information Act of 2005, by reading this text you have agreed to the promises within. Remember, music is a privilege that none of us should really have, especially the consumer. Keep your receipts on file, because now we're allowed to enter houses!
ON SALE NOW!
green day underpants
$39.99
Don't be an American Idiot. Put your balls in these!

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

1.4 2009 Presidential Press Conference Preview (The Republicans)

Friday, Jan 04, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Whew!

Congratulations, America!

In a process as arcane and creepy as Shirley Jackson's *Lottery*, Iowans have selected the two people they believe are best-equipped to be the next President of the United States of America. This time it's a lazy-eyed hyper-Christian goober that resembles a deflated Kevin Spacey parade balloon and a grinning black mantis with a name straight out of 1001 Arabian Nightmares. Balack Hussein Al-Jihadi received my attention on Monday, when I covered the Democratic frontrunners.

Today it's all about the Republicans and what their press conferences might resemble if they manage to fail upwards into the most powerful job in the world.

The field of Republican candidates for president has been justifiably perplexing to Republican voters. It is the most reprehensible menagerie of rubes, ghouls, and incompetent layabouts that has ever been assembled by a major party. I include the word "major" because knowing the Internet there is probably some obscure political party associated with atomizing Mexicans that includes a child rapist, a former concentration camp guard, and the sort of person that flunks out of a clown college. Until I find that party's website we will have to make do with the Republicans.

The new guy to beat, by virtue of his win in Iowa, is former Arkansas Governor Mike Huckabee, an affable regular guy who was such a shitty governor he released a convicted rapist at the behest of the website Free Republic. The rapist went on to murder two women and Huckabee has gone on to become the Republican front runner, much to the chagrin of Mitt Romney.

The Republican base has been energized by Fred Thompson.

Romney is a dopey politician from B-movie central casting who once lashed his dog and dog carrier to the roof of his van during a family vacation. Incredibly, he bragged about taking charge of that situation and cleaning up the diarrhea the poor dog blasted all over the roof of his van during the trip.

The only other Republican who actually has a chance of winning the nomination is John McCain, a Vietnam veteran made out of rickety bones, dust, and a perpetual scowl. His constant gaffes early in the campaign wrapped his "Straight Talk Express" around a metaphorical telephone pole, but the disturbing field of Republican candidates has left him poised to win in the upcoming New Hampshire primary.

Among the second-tier detritus of the Republicans is uninspiring doofus Fred Thompson, who was hailed as the next Reagan. A third place tie in Iowa for Thompson has turned him into the dead sailor aboard the submarine of the Republican Party: none of the Republicans want to go near him,

but they're stuck with his rotting corpse. Rudolph Giuliani is still slinking around in the shadows, occasionally whispering about 9/11 or bugging his eyes out erratically, but his unusual strategy of "never try to win a primary victory" has preemptively condemned him to the scrapheap.

Finally, there are the crazies. Duncan Hunter is a xenophobic ultra conservative who regularly loses in polls to "don't know/don't care" by double digits. Alan Keyes is a Kermit-voiced firebrand with the mannerism of a Baptist preacher and the rhetoric of an inquisitor. Then there is Internet darling and proud blimp-renter Ron Paul. He derives a slice of his support from the neo-Nazi group Stormfront and once declared in his Freedom Watch newsletter, *"I think we can safely assume that 95 percent of the black males in that city [Washington] are semi-criminal or entirely criminal."* Did I mention that he has managed to raise more money than any other Republican candidate? I guess all that gold Goering sunk into a lake is finally paying off.

Yikes, that's a lot of candidates! For the purposes of our press conference predictions we'll be taking a look at the three frontrunners and the most viable of the crazies.

Mike Huckabee

"Aw, shucks! Willickers! Golly, you'd vote...for me?"

Huckabee is your best friend that told you a few weeks ago, in strictest confidence, that he accidentally killed his girlfriend in the middle of an argument. You'll hang around him and you'll gradually forget about how he smashed in her face with a telephone. He's a fun guy, he likes to tell jokes, so you'll start laughing. Then, just as you start to come down from your laugh, you make eye contact. Then one of his crazy eyes rotates sideways like a chameleon and you have that sinking recollection that Mike Huckabee buried his girlfriend in his cellar.

Mike Huckabee has a cellar overflowing with rotting girlfriends, not even including the aforementioned rapist release. There is the time his hateful Stay Puft son killed and mutilated a dog and then Huckabee fired the cop that tried to investigate the incident. There is the time he suggested rounding up everybody with AIDS and shipping them off to some AIDS colony. Oh, yeah, and then there's the time when he admitted that the world might have been created in six days, 6,000 years ago, but he doesn't know for sure because he wasn't there.

I don't know for sure that Hirsohima wasn't wiped out by a dragon, I wasn't there. Better slide that one into the textbook too!

Knowing all that, knowing his cartoonishly backwards views and his catalog of misdeeds, it is still almost impossible not to be seduced into liking Mike Huckabee when he starts talking.

What the Future Holds: His melting Jim Nabors look and his regular guy routine are straight out of the 1950s, but it's an affectation. Huckabee is a shark ready to gulp down the press pool in one mighty swallow and slowly digest them in his wee little gastric bypass stomach. No matter what they ask him he'll just smile, spin a yarn about corncobs or Jesus, and then say something humble like, "Shucks, I could be wrong. I guess we'll just have to wait and see."

Mitt Romney

Some sort of bombardment. Perhapy of baloney!

Romney is a simple-minded mega-millionaire who looks just enough like Ronald Reagan that after a few beers a paleoconservative like Pat Buchanan can work one out into a Kleenex. Shamelessly flexible, his pro-gay, pro-choice record as a governor of Massachusetts hasn't gotten in the way of his ridiculous attempts to paint Mike Huckabee as a liberal. The real core of Mitt Romney is not his willingness to spin on a poll like a top-billed stripper, it's his inability to think on his feet.

A Romney press conference will be peppered with so-simple-they-are-opaque solutions to the problems facing our nation. The controversial Guantanamo Bay Prison? Double it! Iran's nuclear aspirations? Launch some sort of bombardment! What does either of those answers even mean? I'll leave it up to my advisors!

What the Future Holds: In addition to the simple solutions, Romney will offer up the occasional tall tale to keep things interesting. So far he and his father marched with Martin Luther King and Romney, a lifelong hunter of animals such as varmints, received a fictional endorsement from the NRA. In the implausible President Romney future we can expect to hear about his personal relationship with Teddy Roosevelt, his dad being a fighter pilot who shot down a million Chinese, and the ghost he saw one time in a mirror.

John McCain

McCain is the human embodiment of a defiant snarl, always gnashing his teeth in utter disappointment at the America he failed to save by crashing his jet plane in Vietnam. He has made a career out of being surly to friends and foes, openly hostile to questioners at campaign events (who he will jokingly refer to as "you jerk"), yet he is beloved by the media.

Arrrrrrrrrrrg!

After a rough start for his "Straight Talk Express", McCain was abandoned by the press and many supporters. McCain tried and failed to restart the Straight Talk Express, but eventually both the media and Republicans awakened to the monumental unworthiness of the rest of the Republican field and came crawling back. Supporters are threatening to boost him to a win in New Hampshire, while the media is busy anointing him as the future Republican nominee.

What the Future Holds: McCain's on-again-off-again relationship with the press will grow tempestuous as senility begins to take hold. He'll begin a press conference on message about some godforsaken rock in the Middle EAst teeming with brown people in need of some explosions, but he'll end by screaming in Vietnamese and throwing the podium at Helen Thomas. Expect McCain's VP to take over most of the duties by year two while McCain, wheelchair bound from a stroke, pickles himself with cheap rye in one of the secret chambers off the Oval Office.

Ron Paul

From each according to his ability, back to each in a sort of circular or boomerang motion.

Dr. Ron Paul is a stammering libertarian grandpa with an earnest delivery, a failing grasp on reality and a legion of devoted Internet followers. Paul's supporters are an unevenly horrible collection of civil libertarians, gun nuts, white supremacists, amateur lawyers, and Republicans just crazy enough to support Ron Paul, but not so crazy as to support a Democrat. Oh yeah, and the coveted conservative pimp demographic is 100% behind him.

His halting rhetoric appeals to the sort of intellectually bankrupt home schooled white kid who thinks that because mom taught them science out of a book with an angel on the cover there should be no Department of Education. These are the same sorts of people you hear arguing that the civil war wasn't about slavery or that revenue would actually go up if we abolished all taxes.

What the Future Holds: Impeachment. Ron Paul is horrible at conveying his ideology to anyone the least bit skeptical. He nearly puked with shame when George Stephanopoulos offered to bet all of his money that Ron Paul would not win the nomination. Paul was mercilessly savaged by hideous Mr. Potato Head lookalike Tim Russert on a recent episode of Meet the Press, I can only imagine what sort of horrors would be wrought by a pointed question from the likes of David Schuster. My theory is that Ron Paul would gasp as if he has just been robbed by one of Washington's fleet-footed blacks and then cower behind the podium until everyone left the room.

A taste of things to come? Not likely. The Republicans are squaring off against a Democratic field so resurgent that they actually managed to get out the youth vote in Iowa and nominate their best candidate. That's like seeing a sasquatch climbing up the ramp of a UFO.

Then again, if there is a way to fuck everything up and lose horribly, the Democrats will find that way.

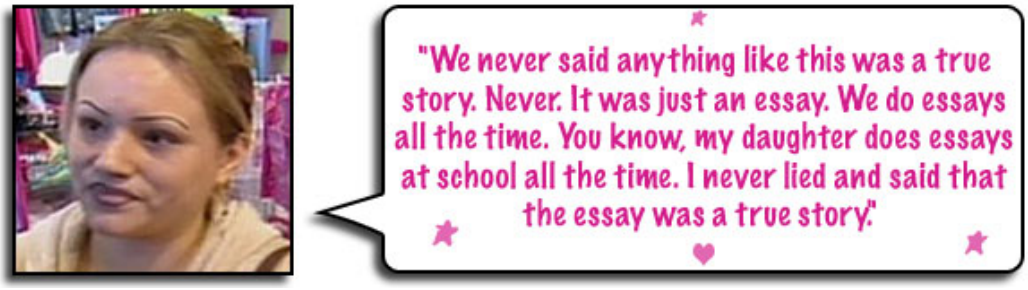
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.5 The Lying Game

Saturday, Jan 05, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The contest: Write an essay and win tickets to a sold-out Hannah Montana concert. The winner: A six year old girl who wrote about her serviceman father's death to a roadside bomb in Iraq.

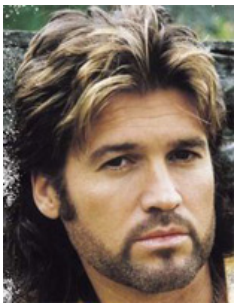
Unfortunately, the girl's father is alive and unexploded in Texas. I'll leave it to you to decide which fate is more desirable. The essay in question turned out to be written by the girl's mother, which isn't much of a surprise given her wonderful way with words:


"We never said anything like this was a true story. Never. It was just an essay. We do essays all the time. You know, my daughter does essays at school all the time. I never lied and said that the essay was a true story."

The Hannah Montana tickets were immediately revoked after this incident, leaving contest officials to set about choosing another winner. With such a heinous deception fresh in their minds as they re-read the entries, a number of essays began to arouse suspicion. Take this essay by an eight year old girl from Austin named Jessie Belle:

> My name is Amber and I have one leg and lots of cancer.
>
> Cancer is all over my body. Every part of my body has it. Even my hair! My missing leg grew in and I was very happy and a little surprised. Then I was sad when I found out my leg only grew because the cancer had run out of places to go and it needed another body part.
>
> I am going to die very soon. Cough cough. That's me coughing from the cancer.
>
> My doctors say that the day I am going to die is the day after the Hannah Montana concert. My life has been very hard but if I can go to that concert then I can die without being sad. If I don't see the concert I guess I'll just think about how there's no God for my last few days, or sit in my very small and dark room and close my eyes to imagine that I'm at the concert and there is a God.
>
> Thank you.

Then came this peculiar entry from Kelly King in El Paso:



i am hannah montana and i need that ticket thanks. thanks!

it probably sounds silly but it is true. hannah montana is just my stage name. i am not miley cyrus, the girl that everyone thinks is the actress who plays hannah montana. she's just billy ray cyrus's' stupid kid. that's another stage name to protect my real identity so stupid kids don't bother me. i am the real hannah montana, me.

i need tickets to tonight's show so i can get into the show and sing for all the stupid kids. normally i have my agents buy my ticket for me but this show sold out very fast and there are none left. oh no!

if i don't get these tickets from this contest then i cannot get to the stage and sing. if you give these tickets to some other stupid kid then you might as well give them a poo pie because that's all you're giving them. because without me at the concert nothing will happen!

the stage will be empty and everyone will get mad. hope you can live with yourself.

please do the right thing.

This essay from little Kimmy Jansen in Plano seems normal enough to me. Not sure why the judges had a problem with it.

My mother is a beautiful woman. Probably the most beautiful woman ever. She is very smart too.

My mother could be a supermodel because she is so pretty. She's pretty much the best person. She could go out with any man she wants.

She broke up with my daddy. He didn't leave her for his nineteen year old secretary and take all of our savings and move to Tijuana that bastard. My mother broke up with him because she was so much better than him. He cried a lot because he was so sad that he lost someone so beautiful and smart and great.

> My mother is not fat. She never eats a whole bag of oreos and washes it down with a liter of RC cola while crying about Rick and his little whore in Tijuana and all the freaky shit they're probably doing in bed right now argh that asshole I'm going to kill him.
>
> My mother is the best. That's why my daught why I should win these tickets.

Just one problem with this one: No return address was included.

> Hello I am J'Twamba Neliiiaki and I am the young princess of Nigeria with a lot of money. Please I need your help I beg you.
>
> There is millions of dollars in my bank but I cannot touch it because of Nigerian banking laws and the political situation (Nigerian). I have talked to my bank and they will transfer all of my money ($9,000,000.03) into your account. You will not have to pay taxes. All I ask is that you send me half of the money back upon the completion of the transfer.
>
> In order to transfer this money into your account, my bank just needs one thing: Hannah Montana tickets for the show that is sold out. If you send these tickets, they will know you are a trustworthy person and we will send you the nine million dollars and the three cents.
>
> If you don't do this my people will suffer for all time and you will be cursed unless you forward this e-mail to ten of your best friends. Thank you.

Okay, the little girls didn't write these, I did. I never lied and said they were funny.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.6 Election Thoughts Valu-Pack

Sunday, Jan 06, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

The primaries are about to kick off, and things are already getting entertaining on the political front. Instead of sticking to one topic today, I will go off about a lot of different stuff that's happened lately. I've written a whole lot of words about the election, and I'm passing the savings on to you!

Let's get started with an exciting subject! Something to really get everyone going! I know, how about the state of Iowa:

•Iowa

Iowa is a state that the world thinks about exactly once every four years. I bet even people that live there tend to forget it exists. Yet come election time, everyone waits for the type of people who would choose to live in Iowa to tell them who will be nominated for president. Not only that, they use the caucus system to decide. If voting in a booth was like making toast (push the lever, you're done), then the caucus system would be like hundreds of people standing in a school gym playing stupid little power games with each other and then trying to base the vote on chaotic headcounts. I think I lost my analogy somewhere in there, but the point is: Iowa.

Obama and Huckabee were the big winners, which means they get to ride high until the next vote in which everyone starts over again. The real fun was watching who the candidates had behind them when they gave their post-vote speeches. Hillary crowded the stage with faces like her husband (maybe you've heard of him) and the craggy visage of Madeline Albright, to highlight that she is really invested in change by doing everything exactly the same as her husband. Obama meanwhile put a crowd of young voters behind him, which made for inspirational television, but meant that they had to sit there and watch his back the entire speech. Huckabee had the weirdest crowd behind him, featuring Chuck Norris and a woman who had more plastic work on her face than a factory making soda bottles.

Huckabee may be the first candidate to use an annoying internet meme to back his campaign. On the other hand, his campaign is now the first Chuck Norris joke I find funny.

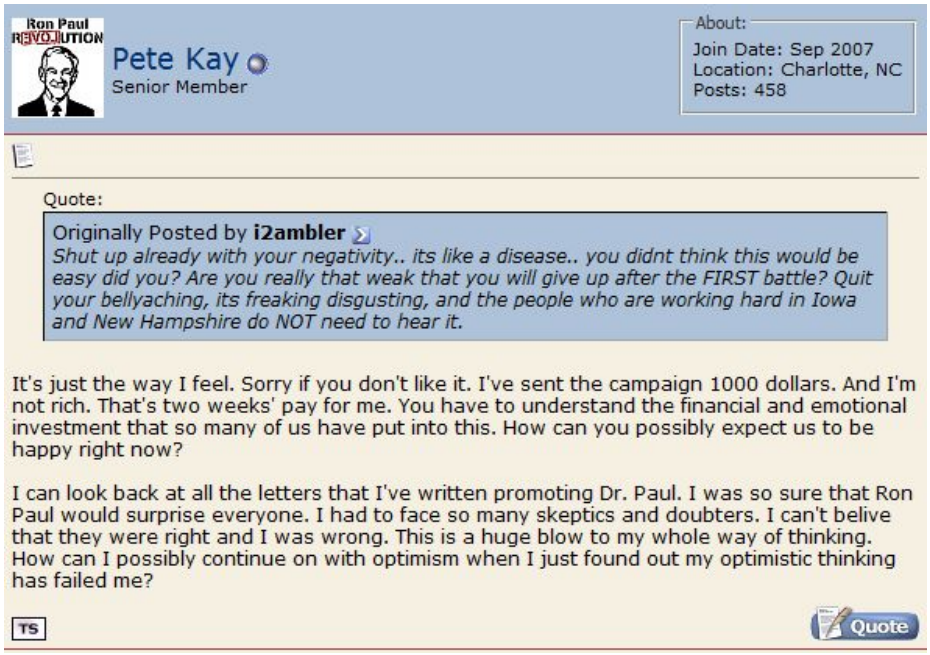
•Ron Paul's Defeat

Another unexpected benefit of the Iowa results was the crushed dreams of Ron Paul supporters across the nation. These angry young suburbanite white men, burdened with every advantage society could give them, were sure that a revolution would happen in which Dr. Paul, despite appearing in every poll as the minor punchline he is, would somehow leap to the top of the pile like some kind of

gnomish free-market superman.

Unfortunately, it appears that relying on the World-of-Warcraft-playing demographic meant having a base that couldn't be bothered to get off their asses and vote, resulting in a less than stellar fifth place showing. Although he still, gold standard lunacy and all, beat Giuliani, which might have been because Giuliani didn't bother to campaign in Iowa, or might have been because Giuliani could be replaced at almost any public appearance with a large American flag propped up against a small boombox playing patriotic music. The boombox/flag combo would probably also more directly address the issues.

In any case, fifth place with a double-digit percentage is not a bad showing for a lunatic fringe candidate, but for those people sitting at their computers waiting for other people to somehow do some kind of revolution or something, it was nothing less than the end of a dream. Which meant that the official Ron Paul forums were extremely entertaining just after the Iowa loss, if you're into that kind of thing. I am. Here are some excerpts:

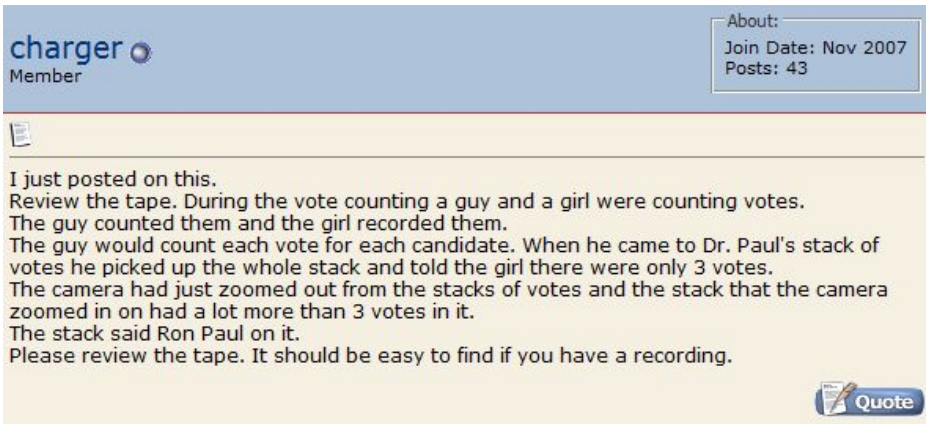

Ron Paul REVOLUTION
Pete Kay
Senior Member
About:
Join Date: Sep 2007
Location: Charlotte, NC
Posts: 458
Quote:
Originally Posted by i2ambler
Shut up already with your negativity.. its like a disease.. you didnt think this would be easy did you? Are you really that weak that you will give up after the FIRST battle? Quit your bellyaching, its freaking disgusting, and the people who are working hard in Iowa and New Hampshire do NOT need to hear it.
It's just the way I feel. Sorry if you don't like it. I've sent the campaign 1000 dollars. And I'm not rich. That's two weeks' pay for me. You have to understand the financial and emotional investment that so many of us have put into this. How can you possibly expect us to be happy right now?
I can look back at all the letters that I've written promoting Dr. Paul. I was so sure that Ron Paul would surprise everyone. I had to face so many skeptics and doubters. I can't belive that they were right and I was wrong. This is a huge blow to my whole way of thinking. How can I possibly continue on with optimism when I just found out my optimistic thinking has failed me?
TS
Quote

I think I'll keep this post around to cheer me up if I'm ever feeling like bad people don't get what's coming to them.

Of course, the depression could only go on for so long before they finally reached the inevitable conclusion: the revolution had, in fact, happened, but "The Man" had managed to suppress it using various illegal means such as putting slippery stuff on the ground so Paul supporters would trip, or announcing that Ron Paul's name must be spelled "Mike Huckabee" so the machines could read it.

Finally, they looked forward to the future, bouncing from this crushing defeat just in time to get smashed once again in New Hampshire. In the meantime, they'll continue to come up with great grassroots campaigns such as this one, which I found on their forums once but can't find again, so here's a copy/paste instead of a screengrab:

> *"Here is my idea, what if we could translate some awesome Ron Paul literature into Arabic targeting Iraqi's who live in Iraq, we know they can't cast a vote for Ron Paul but what they could do is have huge peaceful rally's in the streets of Iraq holding Ron Paul*


charger
Member
About:
Join Date: Nov 2007
Posts: 43
I just posted on this.
Review the tape. During the vote counting a guy and a girl were counting votes.
The guy counted them and the girl recorded them.
The guy would count each vote for each candidate. When he came to Dr. Paul's stack of votes he picked up the whole stack and told the girl there were only 3 votes.
The camera had just zoomed out from the stacks of votes and the stack that the camera zoomed in on had a lot more than 3 votes in it.
The stack said Ron Paul on it.
Please review the tape. It should be easy to find if you have a recording.
Quote

signs saying yes we are ready to take our country back for freedom. It could spread like wildfire. I bet very few Iraqi's know there is a candidate who advocates what Ron Paul does for getting us out of Iraq. Lets let them know and see if they support it en masse."

•The Facebook Debates

These debates, the first to occur after the Obama and Huckabee upsets in Iowa, were co-sponsored by Facebook in an attempt to appeal to people who can name more facts about ninjas and pirates than social security and universal healthcare. Facebook hosted a constantly updated webpage which included live comments from anyone who had an account and felt like typing something.

The comments highlighted both the success and failure of the debate's attempt to appeal to the youth vote. The demographic apparently watched in fairly high numbers, based on the number of comments on Facebook, but mostly came only to conclusions such as "Obama is kinda hot. He looks like my next-door neighbor, only hot" and "Ron Paul understands freedom because he says weed should be legal." Whenever people talk about the political power of the internet generation, I just laugh and log on to myspace to deny friend requests from a bunch of Russian bots pretending to be naked women whom I've never met but who have secret crushes on me.

Now let's talk about the debates individually.

•The Republican Debate

To be honest, I watched the Republican debate mainly because Ron Paul was involved and the thought of serious candidates having to respond to points made by a politician who's basically Stan from South Park in full "I learned a lesson today" mode sounded entertaining. Paul, however, was relatively subdued, and only occasionally wandered into territory that caused his fellow candidates to sit there quietly for a few seconds and pretend that he didn't exist before continuing the grown-up discussion.

Fred Thompson seemed to be napping for much of it, once in awhile coming awake when called upon to ramble for thirty seconds about an unrelated issue before stumbling to a stop and asking the moderator to repeat the question that everyone had been discussing for the last twenty minutes, at which point he would mumble a little bit and go back to building a fort on his podium out of pencils.

The real star of the show turned out to be Romney's destruction at the hands of his opponents, resulting in an overlong, sputtering monologue that buried his campaign for anyone watching. The attack was led by a surprisingly smooth McCain, who spent most of the debate hurling stinging one-liners at his opponents while somehow managing to come out not looking like an asshole. A typical exchange went something like this, when Romney bizarrely decided to get on the subject of change (this is the New York Times transcript with some Fred Thompson droning excised for readability):

> MR. ROMNEY: I can say, "Not only can I talk change with you, I've lived it. In the private sector for 25 years, I brought change to company after company. In the Olympics -- it was in trouble -- I brought change. In Massachusetts I brought change. I have done it. I have changed things, and that experience is what America is looking for."
> SEN. MCCAIN: I just wanted to say to Governor Romney, we disagree on a lot of issues, but I agree, you are the candidate of change. (Laughs, laughter.)

Romney's one-liners in return were less than snappy, all being stuff like this:

> MR. ROMNEY: And if you think making that argument as a Republican -- that you have more experience and you've been around longer in the Senate -- that that's somehow going to -- and that you know the cloakroom, the Senate cloakroom, better than he does -- that's not going to work.

John McCain might as well have whipped his nuts out and laid them down on Romney's forehead, because then Romney would have at least been destroyed with some dignity.

•The Democratic Debate

After the smoke had cleared from the Republican's brutal war, the Democrats came out and acted like adults, which meant it was fairly boring. To make up for this, the moderator, Charles Gibson, decided to do the worst job possible. His questions were mostly insane what-if's, like "What if Pakistan was run by Al-Queda and threatened the world with nukes?", "Yeah but what if after you attacked them and took the nukes away they got more nukes but you had already withdrawn the troops? Why did you withdraw the troops, you idiot?" and (these are all basically the questions he asked) "What if a nuclear bomb went off in an American city? What regrets would you have about what you hypothetically didn't do to prevent this hypothetical explosion?"

In between forcing the candidates to outline what their response would be if they were suddenly living in an episode of 24, ABC inserted inappropriate self-promotion, forcing both the viewers and the candidates to regularly sit through clips from ABC **SPECIAL** REPORTS!!!! which were nether special nor reporting, and often didn't even have anything to do with the topic under discussion.

The candidates did mostly what you'd expect: Obama did his best to look noble and above the fray. Clinton harped on experience and tried unsuccessfully not to sound like a fairy-tale witch. Edwards lovingly stroked Obama's sleeve and agreed with everything he said. And Richardson seemed dazed, out of place, and made a half-assed attempt at looking presidential by pounding the shit out of the podium with his fist whether it was his turn to talk or not, earning him the nickname on the Something Awful Forums of "Thumper".

•Looking Ahead: New Hampshire

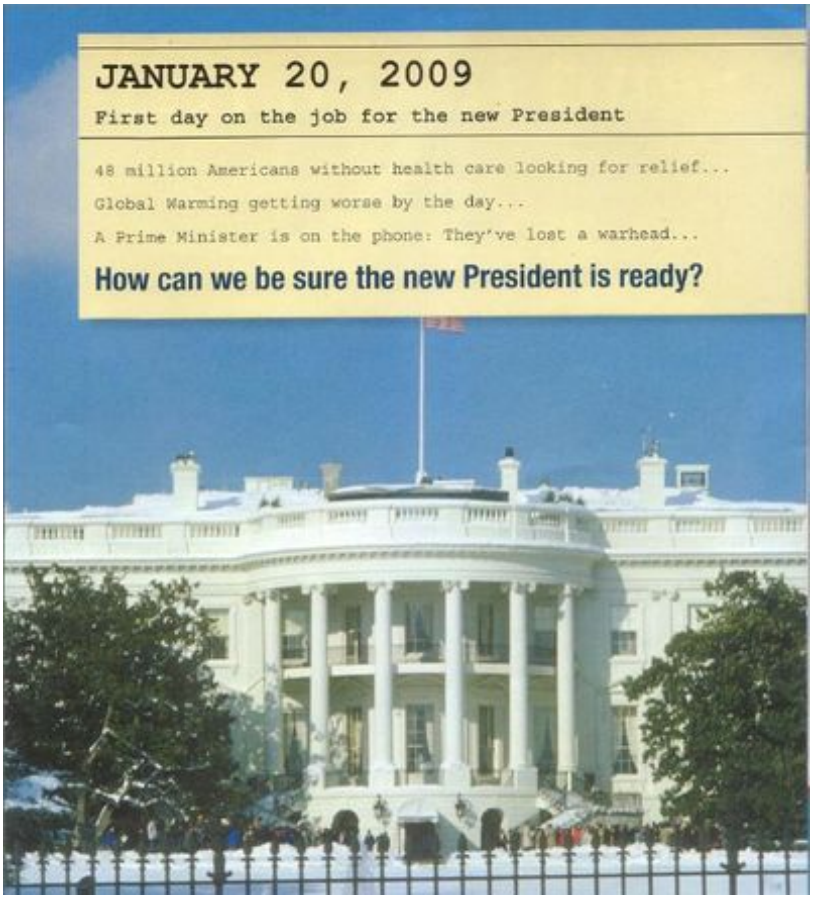
Having just given inordinate attention to Iowa (Iowa!), the media and candidates now are devoting their attention to a tiny New England state where the vote may depend on having pancake breakfast with each potential voter in their home. What will happen on Tuesday? God knows, and in practical terms it doesn't matter. New Hampshire has never swung the vote on anything ever. But in terms of image, people will project the outcome of entire campaigns based on what the grumpy old people who shuffle out through the snow to cast their vote think.

Maybe Ron Paul will actually place third, as he is currently polling there. That would give some hope to his disappointed supporters, and ensure that when he is inevitably crushed in every vote after that, I would have plenty of material to enjoy on their forums as their world fell apart around them once again.

Quite possibly Huckabee will be buried by McCain as the current polls (and last night's debate) suggest. While I will miss Huckabee's gee-whiz combo of Mr. Rogers and the Left Behind authors, McCain has shown his grizzled old man routine can be equally fun to watch.

In the meantime, Hillary is doing her best to boost her flagging campaign by borrowing a move from

Bush and telling everyone that horrible things will happen to them and their children if they don't vote for her. Here's a mailer she just sent out:


JANUARY 20, 2009
First day on the job for the new President
48 million Americans without health care looking for relief...
Global Warming getting worse by the day...
A Prime Minister is on the phone: They've lost a warhead...
How can we be sure the new President is ready?

Apparently she's been talking to the people that wrote the questions for the Facebook Debate. If a Prime Minister calls you up with a message like that, I'd recommend getting CTU on the line right away. I'm sure her attempt to blackmail democrats with fear will prove to them that she really is serious about change or experience or getting as much power as possible or whatever her campaign message is.

Whatever happens, the fun will only have just begun. God bless America. God save us from democracy.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

1.7 Dear Shelly Hwang and Young Lee, Owners of Pinkberry

Monday, Jan 07, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Shelly Hwang and Young Lee,

I would like to begin this correspondence by congratulating you on securing a new line of credit from American Express Open. I have been told that the American Express Plum Card you received, number 1170 of the initial 10,000, could really help with cash flow when you build new stores.

What an exciting time for you as entrepreneurs! Expanding a business can be an endeavor fraught with uncertainty, but I have no doubt that American Express will help facilitate this period of growth for Pinkberry.

My reason for writing this letter is that I feel I have been afforded an undesirable surplus of information regarding the credit status of your enterprise. I am perplexed by your need to inform me on a more-than-hourly basis about your American Express Plum Card and I fear that I may not be alone as a target of your, dare I say, unseemly braggadocio.

At a time when many average "Hop Along" Joes are struggling just to put bread in their baby's face, I feel that your blitzkrieg campaign to lord your flexible lines of business credit over our heads is not reflecting positively on your business. Believe me when I say that it is not jealousy that motivates this letter, but rather concern for your brand.

That said, I must admit a certain degree of personal involvement in your saga to secure credit from American Express Open. You see, I am also an entrepreneur and I also applied for an American Express Plum Card. Unfortunately for me, American Express Open did not deign to respond to my request for credit for Your Own Dick, Unlimited.

Shelly, Young, I hope you don't mind if I refer to you by your first names, but I am deeply disturbed by your superiority complex. You guys sell gourmet yogurt or something and I operate dollar booths throughout the Chicagoland area that will allow a man to create a wax reproduction of his own penis. That's my plan, anyway. Right now I just have one Your Own Dick booth, delighting friends and tourists. Delighting whole families. I can't grow my business because American Express Open turns out to be more like American Express Closed to Me and My Business.

Are we really so different? Do you really think you're better than me? At the end of the day it's the consumer, not you and not American Express Open, who dictate whether or not there is a demand for gourmet yogurt and whether or not there is a demand for a wax copy of your own dick.

I don't have access to your sales figures, but the consumer has spoken by demanding over 65 wax dicks in the last month alone. That is 23 dicks more than preceding month and 9 more than the

month before that, although that was only a half month because I just set up the first booth at a train station.

Again, I am very happy that you have received a line of credit, I don't even mind being reminded now and then about this, but it seems like you are expecting me to do something. I get it. I know American Express Open judged your business so much better than mine. Even though my business has gone 22 days without a single report of a scalded urethra. Even though everyone at the Washington Heights Metra station is positively buzzing about the new orange wax I just bought.

Go ahead. Go ahead, Shelly and Young! You take your snooty yogurt bowls and your stupid little fruits. Take your flexible payment schedule on your credit card. I don't need them. I am an honest business person devoted to my craft.

While you are jet-setting around with big yogurt I am down in the trenches improving the quality and quantity of wax dicks I can offer Americans. Hardworking Craig Craftsmen Americans without some fancy-pantsed liberal elitist purple credit card.

Keep on bragging. Keep on telling me I can't compete. Keep it up, but one of these days you are going to want to put your yogurt in a hollow wax copy of your own dick and maybe I won't offer my help.

Who are you going to ask? Dick Copiers? A bum died in his booth last week. Der Wax Phallactory? Sure, if you want to be seen as helping the Hun.

I'm the only wax dicks game in town, so think about that the next time you want to act like you're so much better than me. You're not. You're just like me. We're no different. You and your celestial tricks aren't fooling anybody.

Sincerely,

Zack Parsons
President & CFO
Your Own Dick, Unlimited

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.8 THE NEWS MAGAZINE OF THE COMPUTER SCREEN, VOL. 5

Tuesday, Jan 08, 2008 by SA REEL SERVICE (@Livestock)

This article is part of the News Magazine of the Computer Screen series.

A disaster of biblical proportions struck the tiny hamlet of Brick, New Jersey, wiping out all life and preserving the town under a blanket of raging adhesive! In the afternoon hours, Ablegrip Glue Company's main production plant suffered a catastrophic meltdown, causing pipes to rupture and spew hot glue, which poured out of windows and oozed through city streets encasing men, women, and children in sticky death!

Hands struggled to rise above the tidal waves, but they could not reach far enough! Cars were left frozen in place, unable to move, entombing their passengers like ghastly sarcophagi of old! Some residents raced to rise above the slow moving disaster by climbing to rooftops, but the noxious fumes of hot glue knocked them out cold.

"It was horrible!" said one lucky survivor, who was piloting a homemade gyrocopter at the time of the disaster. "Never before has such a disaster befallen such an important city!"

The horror! This reporter watched helplessly as a wayward wave of glue some incredible twenty feet high crashed down on an unsuspecting schoolyard! The poor children didn't have time to think as the horrible wall of goo advanced upon them, perfectly preserving their terrified expressions for all time!

Not since Vesuvius engulfed Pompeii has there been a disaster of this magnitude! The entire city sits encased in a thick coating of hardened glue.

"The people of Brick had pottery, sculpture, and were experimenting with various pigments to make paint," commented storied anthropologist Dr. Professor Dirk Raptor. "Their contributions to civilization may never again see the light of day."

Ablegrip president Chance Strongarm apologized and vowed to help cleanup and rebuild. "I pledge all the glue in the world to help build a new Brick on top of a hill!"

Still, this horrible disaster was not unexpected! The Army Corps of Engineers warned of the dangers posed by the Ablegrip Glue factory two years to this fateful day! "We did extensive simulations with popsicle stick models of the town," said Chief Engineer Rory Butterkiss. "We knew it was only a

matter of time!"

Meanwhile, investors trying to unload Ablegrip stocks complained of foul play. Said one outraged investor, "There's glue on these stocks! I can't even sell them because they are stuck to my hands!"

Famed economist Xavier Sasquatch had even more dire warnings. "The craft industry may never recover. Already we are seeing massive declines in button, gem, and glitter sales."

Talk about a sticky situation!

Buster, famed First Pet, made a gruesome discovery early Tuesday morning while looking for his favorite bone buried in the White House lawn.

Bodies! Hundreds of bodies in various states of decay were unearthed by the pugnacious pooch, a curious little fellow with a topnotch snout.

"Buster, a beautiful white labradoodle with soft, curly hair, found no less than the remains of 175 human souls," stated the wry, matter-of-fact Detective Carl "Soup" Soupman.

Just who do these bodies belong to? "Finders keepers," says political theorist Horus Gravytrain, Jr. "If you ask me, these bodies belong to Buster, that adorable little pup with the big waggy tail and floppy ears. He found them after all!"

Still, some are urging investigation! White House critic Swanson J. Broth was quick to offer a differing opinion! "Buster, who is probably the best doggy in the world, made this discovery on behalf of justice. We want a full investigation. For all we know, these 175 bodies might possibly belong to the 175 journalists, dignitaries, and honored guests that disappeared during their visits to the White House!"

White House Secretary of Groundskeeping Mortimer von Grimsaw disputed Broth's claims. "These are likely the bodies of Native Americans from centuries past," said the pale, fidgety, overly-nervous, cross-eyed cabinet member. "No further investigation is needed at all!"

Either way, looks like delightful little Buster has plenty of bones to sink his teeth into!

The four year ordeal that gripped North Dakota is at long last over. Governor Willard Hamburger II was rescued after spending three weeks trapped in the belly of the vicious whale he spent most of his term as governor pursuing!

"I just wanted to get back home and serve my constituents!" trumpeted the soggy governor, who lost an incredible forty pounds during his brief tenure inside the whale's stomach!

Governor Hamburger intended to kill the whale, which he nicknamed "Fudgie," in order to avenge the death of former Governor Chet Marmaduke. The hateful leviathan consumed Marmaduke whole as he bathed in open waters during a rear gubernatorial retreat to the Arctic Ocean.

Horrified at the senselessness of the loss, Willard Hamburger, regular citizen, won a landslide election on his campaign platform of vengeance! He then spent the first three years of his term in pursuit of the whale, tracking it through some of the most dangerous environments known to man, at great sacrifice to his own body.

"I hope my fellow North Dakotans can forgive my failure to kill the whale," said the heroic governor before a packed auditorium of supporters hanging on his every word. "But I promise you that I at least gave that son of a gun indigestion."

His rescue brought about a groundswell of support from all parts of the political spectrum in North Dakota!
Republicans and Democrats are crossing aisles to shake hands in agreement: Hamburger deserves a second term! In a rare moment of unity, North Dakota's notoriously nationalistic Kurdish population declared their support for a second Hamburger term.

"We can't really fault him for the unemployment, crime, and civil unrest, because he was out there risking his life for our honor," said husky resident Bernard Bigglesby. "He tried his hardest, and that doggone whale will spend an eternity in Hell I guarantee."

In an historic moment, North Dakota's State Legislature named a new official state bird in celebration. "The reign of the Western Meadowlark is at last over. Even though it not actually a bird, we hereby declare that the trident, Poseidon's weapon of choice, is the new state bird!"

Meanwhile, the opposition is scrambling to find a winning strategy. Leading independent candidate Ronald Valiant vowed he would make North Dakota even prouder by using his term to hunt and kill one of every beast on every continent.

"I promise my state a trophy room of unimaginable beauty!"

Now that's a whale of a tale!

Macon, Georgia residents are completely befuddled and at a loss to cope with the huge fiasco engulfing their town!

"This imbroglio is muddying the waters something fierce," said town resident Baldwin W. Baldwin in a cacophonous town hall meeting that quickly dissolved into an all-out fracas!

"I've been so busy with this fiasco I can't even plant my rhubarbs," complained a farmer so simple that his physical form resembled nothing more a 2-dimensional black square set against a white background so vacant that any attempt to describe it results in nothing more than blank spaces.

Never before has such an upheaval gripped such a community! The fiasco started on noon Sunday, and has continued unabated ever since. The fiasco is so severe that residents have yet to even figure out its exact nature, leaving them bewildered, confounded and unable to go about their business.

One stupefied resident had to be rushed to the hospital for medical treatment. "He scratched his head so vigorously he irritated his scalp!" reported this confused medical doctor. "That's how serious this quandary is!"

"Boy howdy!" shouted Mayor Mack Johnson in frustration. In spite of his best efforts, he has been unable to get control of the debacle that has led to half of his town shutting down due to city-wide discombobulation. "I can't make head or tails of this madness! It's a real slobber-knocker of a humdinger we got here!"

Experts are at a loss to explain the nature of the fiasco without becoming flabbergasted themselves. "If these buffoons don't get a grip on this scramble" said civic engineer Art Caper, "I fear it may spread to neighboring cities."

But Mayor Mack Johnson promises to prevent that. "This malarkey is ours, and I'll do my damndest to keep it that way come rain or monkeyshine."

Let's hope for a quick end to this perplexing fiasco!

Life in Gillette, Wyoming was turned upside down for several hours when an angry and distraught brown bear took to the city's clock tower with a high powered rifle! The bear fired shots at residents for several hours, causing panic and disarray in the normally bustling streets!

The bear fired seemingly random shots at crowds, often missing frightened residents by as much as 300 feet! Even still, the big bulky behemoth turned an otherwise ordinary day into a war zone! Eyes bulged in sheer disbelief, unable to comprehend the harrowing sight of an angry and armed bear attempting mass murder!

"He had terrible aim," said one witness, who thinks the bear might have fired a shot at him but cannot tell for certain because he was some 100 feet from where the bullet hit. "I don't know why he just didn't maul people. It would have been so easy for him. We probably would have stupidly walked right up to him and maybe even poked him or something completely irresponsible. I might have totally stuck my head inside his open mouth just to impress my friends."

The bear was brought to justice when police dynamiters blew up the clock tower. Once the tower's base exploded, the rest of the tower toppled over and the bear fell out. Stunned, he attempted to turn the gun on himself, but officers were able to wrestle it out of his hands and place him in handcuffs.

"We made sure to write down the correct time before we blew it up," said one motivated demolitions expert brandishing a stick of dynamite in front of the burning wreckage of the historic clock tower and only timepiece in the entire state.

"We're not sure what caused him to climb up there with the rifle," said Police Chief Boss Clayton. "Maybe he was just tired of it all. Maybe he just snapped."

They came from out of nowhere bringing terror, fear, and panic to the stunned population! Wichita never imagined it could happen to them, so they never took precautions to stop it. Pirates, the scourge of law and commerce seized control of the humble Kansas town, inflicting damage that may never be undone!

The ghastly buccaneers first captured the mayor, holding him for a king's ransom while townspeople scurried to raise the necessary capital. When they collected the money and presented it to the pirates, the loathsome marauders took them captive as well!

As the hours dragged on, the harrowing ordeal grew even more terrible for the poor, helpless citizens of Wichita!

"They made rich men dance foolishly while they looted the bank vaults of doubloons and rare spices!" cried one victim, whose face was gently brushed by a pirate's parrot when it flew around a little bit! They despicable villains even forced unmarried women to peel oranges for them, no doubt in some desperate attempt to fend off scurvy and loneliness!

After twelve ungodly hours of torment, the pirates left! But not before they robbed the town of all its gold, spices, and able-bodied boys of marauding age!

"They took the hardiest boys who excelled in knot tying, no doubt to train the next generation of evil pirates," declared one angry survivor, whose entire family fortune of spice was purloined along with his 12-year-old son.

A spokesman for the vile pirates claimed to be operating with a letter of marque issued by the Mayor of Topeka.

Topeka Mayor James "Bloodbeard" Drake denied any affiliation with the pirates, and reiterated Topeka's commitment to the 1856 Declaration of Paris.

This has been a presentation of the SA REEL SERVICE NEWS MAGAZINE of the COMPUTER SCREEN!

-~SA REEL SERVICE (@Livestock)

1.9 District Bulletin: Recall Election

Wednesday, Jan 09, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the District Bulletin series.

The Matter: To Revoke the Status of Dorroile

Whereas the wrong man has been chosen to lead Our District and,
Whereas we entreat our people to remove him from office and,
Whereas we carry terror that if this recall fails he will tease us so unkindly.

Neversoever more clear has the urgent need- the urgent, urgent need- to dutifully read your bulletins been. Was our warning not staunch, you reader? Did nary we admonish you so poignantly that Dorroile is a cocklaw, a jokesman? How upon how could you misapprehend our stern counsel to instead choose Claude Fantsy as your Head Better Superior, he who would execute his office with reverent dignifaction?

And still you swept this cocklaw into office, and now look. Your babylike voting has abased our proud District, and with grinding teeth we endure the sneery cackles of our neighbors. Kindly we now plead that you vote to remove Doroille from his office and replace him instead with him whom previous of the function, your Claude Fantsy.

To list Dorroile's abuses would only flatter him in his own infamy, and he would dance his awful dance and emit the burbling squeal that so often punctuates his joy. With inbuilt apology we sheepishly admit that we must do so, for the odious paradox of the law compels us not only to publish Dorroile's abuses but also to allow him to rebut them. Though honor prohibits us from encouraging you to skip his rebuttals, we must strenuously do that thing exactly.

A) Miscarriage of Public Vehicles

> Dorroile has misemployed his jurisdiction to requisition many exotic or nonexistent service vehicles, including a treeclimber, an autohod, a bicycambulance, a motorsaucer and a stationary hearse. In his wantonness, he joyrode these conveyances around the District, a-wheeping and a-whooping, before inevitably hurtling them into the reservoir. The cost, paid from your taxbox, has yet to be entirely fathomed.

Dorroile's Rebuttal: I am not sorry, and as I write this I am shrieking with derisive laughter. Next, I will buy two of the most expensive things I can think of and crash them into one another, and I will use your taxes to do it and I will love it.

B) Erection of Baffling Statuary

> Dorroile has melted our fine fancy statue, the huge bronze panther that has guarded the Weep of Desperation since before we know when, and appropriated

> the materials to create an obscene grotesquerie of his own design. Decency forbids description of the statue, but surely you are well familiar with its horror. How that panther, that melted panther, how he must rankle and roar at the debasement of his elements for such a purpose. Our greatest monument, our beloved Weep, has been ignominized and perversed by a fallowbrained cornwit.

Dorroile's Rebuttal: I think we all love the statue.

C) His Usual Dancing

> Ladies, children and slender lily men are forewarned to forswear this paragraph, as it may permanently scandalize the minds of the delicate. Dorroile is perhaps notorious above all else for his dancing, a dance which he has honed for a decade. None in this District remains unscathed by the gyrations of this maniac. For the first time in print, his dance is described (cease to read now, ye squeamish): he slaps himself all over his body, on occasion lifting his shirt to slap bare flesh. His eyes are tight shut, as they always are, he never opens them. He shakes one leg, then both, then he mounts his arms in a horseshoe shape and shakes them too. Then more of the slapping, until he is on the floor, seizing and spasming, slapping himself and rubbing himself and slapping the floor, spitting into the air.

Dorroile's Rebuttal: No man will stop me dancing.

D) Passage of Frivolous Laws

> The ugly wit of Dorroile has led him to loopholes in our charter. Through these holes, he has elaborated his own authority to such a point that now he can make his own laws and we cannot think of a way to repeal them. He has made it illegal to command a dog. Once we masters, lo, now the dogs operate with impunity and we cannot interfere. We blink with one eye at a time or face bad measures. The menstrual asylums have been closed, and we are harried by our angry dripping women. If our children demand taffy, we legally must oblige. Dorroile has us in a grip and we are frightened. We may live under his laws for centuries, or forever.

Dorroile's Rebuttal: By the time you figure out how to dispel these laws, I will have dreamt up a hundred new ways to humiliate you.

Closing Statement from the Superiors of the Bulletin Committee:

> His abuses listed, we now entreat you to end his campaign of malaction. None but you, the citizen of the district, can choose justice for this jokelaw. Perhaps you thought it would be a nice silly chuckle to elect this man, and we reluctantly forgive your babyheaded badsense. Now it is time to remove this blasphemer of decency from our ranks and forget him and his nauseating dance once and for all.

Closing Rebuttal from Dorroile, Head Better Superior:

> You will never be rid of me. I will always deceive and humiliate you. Even if I am recalled, I will continue to offend you in novel ways until I die. Please remember that if I am recalled, Claude Fantsy will lead this District. Once, I dressed as a physician and told him that he had "silo leg," and that the only cure was to bathe with two cats under

each arm and one between his knees, and he tried to do it. I am smarter than him and you, and I have never cared about anyone and I never open my eyes; I am invincible. Thank you.

Voting shall take place January 12th, beneath the heartbreaking gruesome statue where once stood the bronze panther that once guarded the Weep of Desperation. We beg of you to drive your hatchet into the "yes recall" stump, or we will be forced to endure indignities of which we have not yet even conceived.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

1.10 Have I Got A Deal For You

Thursday, Jan 10, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Now this is a strike I can get behind!

As you know there is currently a writer's strike going on which means that Something Awful is without its usual batch of masters of the written word. Contrary to popular belief, when you see a name like Hassan "Acetone" Mikal, Josh "Livestock" Boruff or Rich "Nothing is Truer than a Grandmother's Love" Kyanka above an article, that isn't just one person but a team of talented writers that shape our characters' personalities. Without their help we would merely be the equivalent of a guy with a 14-year-old's mentality shouting his stupid opinions at the top of his lungs on his IN YOUR FACE web site like it's the best page in the universe.

We've been trying to hide it, hoping to ride out the strike by running material written months before it started, figuring our readers wouldn't notice since no one on the Internet reads anymore, instead preferring to watch two sluts eat shit out of a cup to pass the time at their dead end IT job.

I mean, if your greatest ambition in life was to work in front of a computer with Internet access so it kinda doesn't feel like work then, well, congratulations on making the most out of life.

Having exhausted our reserves of content we are faced with the uncomfortable task of writing for ourselves and dare I say, being ourselves. It's not a pretty sight. The late night talk shows have already used up all of the "You're telling me this crap is written?!" jokes and I ran all out of ideas six months ago.

In the meantime, those looking for a daily dose of comedy are advised to visit Old Man Murray's web site, the guy that everybody loves because he hasn't updated since the Dreamcast was the promising new console from Sega. Look, I love the man as much as anyone else but trust me when I say that if he continuously updated his site every day for the past six years you'd all hate him by now and talk about how much funnier he was when the Dreamcast was the promising new console from Sega. It happened to the Simpsons. It happened to us. It would have happened with Old Man Murray. Cut the bullshit already.

Instead what you'll find here is a poorly written rant about those deal web sites where you take surveys and sign up for free trials for services that no one in their right mind would otherwise sign up for had they not been lured by the prospect of a free ipod or a free hip replacement for grandpa. I mean, that's where it's headed right? Health care costs in this country are so out of control that your life is going to rest on how fast you can sign up for spam. FILL OUT THIS SURVEY FOR A CHANCE TO WIN FREE CHEMOTHERAPY.

In reality the writer's strike does not affect us. I made it all up. I'm just a guy sitting at a $30 Walmart desk trying desperately to think of something interesting to write about before I am found out for the fraud that I am. In the meantime, here's what I think about those stupid survey sites!

You're promised everything from games to high-def televisions to love, just for taking surveys. Like most things on the Internet, from that hot MySpace whore who wanted to bone you who turned out to be Perverted Justice, AGAIN, to the prospect of more Fireman Comics from Fragmaster, are too good to be true.

Here's how it works. You go to a web site that sort of acts like a home base. This is the prize web site. They are the ones who are going to send you the "free" merchandise. What they do is gather up a list of other web sites that pay out money for taking surveys and signing up for free trials. Many of the offers are free. Some of the offers require a credit card. Others require you to install software that may or not not contain adware, spyware or terrorists.

When you complete the survey or sign up for the free trial, the survey site credits, or pays, the prize site which in turn gives you points, which is really just your cut of the money for taking the survey in the first place. You then use these points to "claim your prize", which really means you are just buying the thing from them with the money you earned taking the surveys, minus their cut. If something costs 20 points for you to redeem that means it probably cost $20 retail.

Your first instinct, and rightfully so, is to ignore these free stuff sites that promise to make all of your dreams come true and brush them off as a big scam. Good, it shows you've been paying attention all these years.

> Anyone else get random calls from people trying to scam you after doing some of these? I am not even at 20 points, don't know if anyone here has signed up under me cause I have no idea who the person under my referrals is and they haven't earned me any points. Kinda leery about giving my phone number to any more of these after getting calls from 2 different numbers.

Help! I gave my phone number to a spam site and I'm getting, gasp, spam!

But people, especially goons, have a funny way of wanting to convince themselves to "bite", and once they see all their forums friends getting rich signing up for free trials and spending the next forty years of their lives trying to cancel them they will eventually succumb to the dream of unlimited Xbox Live Marketplace points and dive on in. I mean, if my forums buddy~ssj_goku69 is ass deep in Microsoft Fun Money, why not me?!

Believe it or not, these sites are technically not scams. If you actually do what they say and leave yourself open to all the spam, junk mail, and telemarketers you can handle, you might actually receive whatever insignificant item you were looking for. But it's not going to be easy.

One of the many problems with these sites is that they are incredibly unreliable and don't always credit the prize site which in turn does not credit you your points. This has to do with the way they track you. They use cookies and something called a pixel tracker embedded in each page, which lets the survey site know that you completed an offer and who to pay.

> There is nothing more depressing than watching six pages of pending offers get moved into the disapproved offers page. 😕
>
> I'm so close to a WoW card I guess I'll just change the email address and give them another shot in hopes I can gather up one more point.

Many new users who sign up for prize sites will find that after filling out surveys, signing up for

incredible offers, and you know, wasting the time they could have spent doing things like going to college or trying to get a real career going, they aren't earning any points. Luckily there are a few tips they'll tell you to try to make sure those completed offers get approved, basically all the shit they failed to tell you up front.

Disable Your Firewall. All the stories you've heard about computers being hijacked and how a firewall is supposed to protect your system were lies. It turns out that the real reason firewalls exist is so those fatcats in Washington can deny you the great deals and incredible savings you can get from survey sites. We were such fools...

Disable Any Anti-Virus or Anti-Spyware Software. You know those programs you installed to keep your computer from becoming infested with pop-ups, spyware, and trojans? Yeah... we're gonna need you to shut that shit off for a second while you take this survey.

Only Sign Up for Offers You Are Genuinely Interested In. Yeah, because nobody ever signs up for the free trial and cancels it once their account is credited with "points", i.e. the money the prize site was so generous to share with you. I doubt this really increases your chances of an offer going through. They just say this to keep their sponsors happy. Don't worry, the prize site knows you're full of shit and that you just want the free money. So are they.

Use 100% Genuine Information. Because we can't make any money unless the survey sites can sell your address to foreigners. You'll find that many people who just recently started doing surveys for prizes will often ask, "Hey, is anyone else getting calls from this weird number trying to sell you timeshares???" like it's some kind of fucking surprise.

I am a man who believes in stereotypes. People enticed by FREE IPOD HOLY JESUS offers aren't exactly the George Clooneys of the world. You can make some pretty reasonable generalizations about people who patronize these prize survey web sites.

Buy the Bug Doctor Program
Points: 8.00 pts

I am ALL IN.

They have no hope for a future. People who are crazy about taking surveys for worthless crap are happy with a payoff that, when all is said and done, comes to less than the hourly minimum wage, do it because they lack the necessary skills to actually make it in the real world. What's an hour of mind-numbing work for what basically amounts to three points towards a video game when your time is basically worth nothing? It's not like these people are employable anyway.

They are social rejects. People who work at home do so because they have trouble interacting with people in a typical office setting. Sure, sitting on your ass at home

> in your underwear while you work sounds attractive to everybody, but who the hell really wants to do that for the rest of their life? Only social retards do. I needed some extra money so I took a part time job and ended up meeting a lot of cool people and experiencing a lot of things I wouldn't have otherwise experienced. That's a part of working that is often overlooked.
>
> Is this worthless existence somehow fulfilling to these people? What the hell does taking surveys consist of? You sit there and mindlessly click boxes while contributing to the bottom line of spammers. How can anyone be proud of that?

To see how these sites worked I decided to try out one of them out for myself using an email address specifically set up for spam and a phone line of mine I rarely use because it's already bombarded by telemarketers and creditors looking for the last guy who had the number.

Of the 5 or so offers I completed all were disapproved, leaving me without any points to claim those sweet, sweet prizes. It must have been those nefarious firewalls and anti-spyware programs mucking up my chance of a lifetime of never having to pay for World of WarCraft again.

Fortunately the woman who called from Internet University asking me if I was interested in earning a diploma online was very sweet. If you decide to sign up for these survey sites in the hopes of making it big, tell her I said hi.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

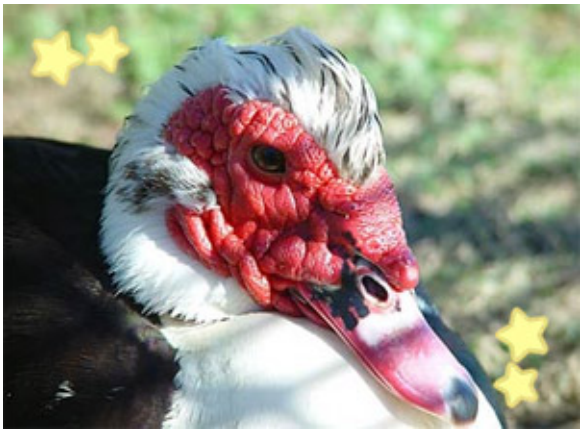
1.11 Raymondo's Beautiful Special Pets 4 U

Friday, Jan 11, 2008 by Raymondo (@sexyfacts4u)

Chello, it's me! It's me, ***Raymondo***. I hope you and yours are enraptured in jubilation! The time of the year has come hwonce again for me to offer my beautiful sweet babies up to you for hadoption. No finer babies will you find, it is the Raymondo guarantee.

These pets are more than pets they are friends. They are confidants. They are co-conspirators in this thing we call life. Each hwone is precious and unique and they all deserve a good chome. I love them but I cannot keep them so you must take them.

~Madeline~



Madeline is a precious strange duck I found in a strange lake. Her face is so so expressive. I can see her smile in her eyes. Her sweet baby bird eyes. Madeline loves to sleep on rocks and she eats BREADS OF THE WORLD. She likes all kinds but Irish soda bread the best. A strange duck? You be the judge. A sweet duck? Definitely.

Hadopt Madeline and I promise never a dull moment. She is so smart you will be Hamazed. Turn your back on her for a minute and she will hopen a gate or pick up a stick and do a joke like a pipe. Groucho Marx, eat your heart out!

CALL **888-UHADOPT** NOW FOR MADELINE!

~Hamlet~

Yes! I found Hamlet in a rusty barrel in a river with his two younger sisters Ophelia and Jenna Jameson. Ophelia was the quiet hwone and Jenna Jameson was a BIG TIME **FLIRT.** No doubt Hamlet is the cutest and the smartest and the biggest. He likes to play and have fun and he's always thinking about how to get into mischief. He loves chips and the Smarties candy, but they make him fat so not too much.

I wish honly that I could be offering all three sweet sweet babies up for hadoption today, but sadly, this is so sad, I cannot. Last week Ophelia and Jenna Jameson died. I am a terrible inadequate father to them all. I forgot to give them a dinner on Tuesday and the next morning when I came in expecting to see them tapping on the glass of their bowl instead there is a cloud and floating legs and Hamlet.

J'accuse! But I cannot stay mad, honly to say, that the clack of Hamlet's sweet baby mandibles now fills my inside up honly with sadness. Please, give him the love that I no longer can. Hadopt Hamlet and you will not be sorry.

CALL **888-UHADOPT** NOW FOR HAMLET!

~Bronwyn~

Bronwyn is a gift from **JESUS.** My largest eel Torrence just died from being stuck wrongways in his play tube and I was down in the dumps. When I saw Bronwyn wriggling out of a deer carcass I knew we were made to be together. It was friends at first sight and we have been together ever since.

Sad to say, Bronwyn has **KIDNEY AND LIVER FLUKES** which cause her many dietary needs and expulsion issues. She eats spoilt meat but it must be cooked then spoilt. She does not like cooked meat so you have to put it in her gullet with a tube. Hwhenever I do this she is very fussy, but she is the **PRETTIEST.**

With Bronwyn around you'll always have somehwone to talk to and listen to you. She is a good listener. Never hunderestimate that.

CALL **888-UHADOPT** NOW FOR BRONWYN!

~Donahue~

Here is a strange hwone. Donahue is a creature of incompare. I have never seen a creature like him before or any other creature in a book. He is very polite and concerned. He loves to play with ropes and sings at night. Quite a unique friend for you.

You must be concerned about the quality of his home. He likes to dig and burrow to make a hole. He will do this on you when you are sleeping and you will wake up to a fearsome pain. He is only the size of an acorn but he feels like a meteor!! Donahue also has mood swings and is quick to get frustrated. He needs to be encouraged and he needs love. Can you give it to him?

CALL **888-UHADOPT** NOW FOR DONAHUE!

Hokay! I have hwone last special friend for you to hadopt! This is a very special friend of mine. He and I have been together for almost 10 years now and we are best friends. I love him so very much. But he is too much for me to take care of and I need to find a good place for him to live.

Here is a hint:

Have you figured it out? I talk about him all the time in my newsletter. Friends, ladies, it's...

~Peanut~

Precious sweet baby Peanut, love of my life. He is big, but he is gentle. We first met in a dark forest. He eats dead animals (never live animals) and bugs. Now he is **BIG BIG** and I have to fill his face with crickets every hour. I do not know about Peanut. Is he a dinosaur? Could be.

Parting with Peanut will be a big sadness in my life. I have many happy memories with him. The time he opened the refrigerator and ate all of the glass and got sick. The times we go to the beach and he turns over rocks with his head. The time he was first big enough to give me a ride.

I hope whoever hadopts Peanut will make new memories with him. He is trustworthy and bold. He will make a perfect friend. I love you, sweet baby Peanut.

CALL **888-UHADOPT** NOW FOR PEANUT!

-~Raymondo (@sexyfacts4u)

1.12 Coming Soon: Phrenetic

Saturday, Jan 12, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

EXT. CARIBBEAN ISLAND BEACH - DAY

We trail a smartly-dressed woman as as she approaches a man kneeling before the ocean, his back to the camera. Wind plays at the uncombed mop of salt-and-pepper hair upon his head and flaps his unbuttoned Hawaiian t-shirt about.

VOICEOVER
Brett Brady thought he was out of the game for good. As he's about to find out, when you're the best there is, you can never truly retire...

BRADY
(without looking up)
I knew you'd come sooner or later, agent... Peterson?

PETERSON
How did you know my name?

BRADY
Let's just say...

Cut to a front view of BRADY, a bemused grin on his sun-weathered and unshaven face. His hands are wrapped around the head of a seagull. BRADY's fingers gently push the bird's plumage aside and scan the features of its cranium. He looks up from the bird and takes in the ocean view with a sigh, knowing full well that he's about to be pulled away from paradise.

BRADY
... a little birdie told me.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

PETERSON slams her fist on a desk, causing every agent within earshot to look up. A few people pop their heads up over cubicle walls as a sight gag. It's funny because they look like groundhogs AND because they should be working instead of snooping.

PETERSON
This investigation needs your help!

BRADY
(leaning back in PETERSON's chair, eating an apple)
What, the FBI can't catch a two-bit crook by themselves? Things really went downhill in the five years since I left. Maybe you should ask one of these newfangled "computer" things for help.

PETERSON
This isn't your everyday criminal. He's a phrenologist, like you.

BRADY arches an eyebrow, clearly intrigued.

PETERSON

Some say he's better than you ever were, that I'm wasting my time. But you know what I think? I think you're the only chance we have.

INT. GENTECH RESEARCH LABORATORY - NIGHT

BRADY and PETERSON stand over the body of a scientist, his head blown apart by a gunshot wound.

BRADY
(feeling the victim's head, closing his eyes as he concentrates)
This man was shot.
PETERSON
Damn it! This is the work of our man, alright. This guy's good.

CLOSE-UP of BRADY's concerned face.

BRADY
(whispering)
Who *is* this guy?

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Establishing shot of Washington, D.C. to help viewers understand where the scene takes place. Move on to another shot just outside the White House, then to a close-up of a plaque reading "U.S. President", before panning around the Oval Office and settling on the PRESIDENT as something catches his eye, causing him to look up from his paperwork.

PRESIDENT
Who are you? How did you get into this oval office in the White House?
SHADOWY FIGURE
I'm afraid none of that concerns you, mister President of the United States. I've come for the launch codes.
PRESIDENT
No, I'll never tell you the codes!
SHADOWY FIGURE
(laughing)
Oh, you don't have to say a word. The features of your cranium will tell me everything I need.

The president recoils in horror as the SHADOWY FIGURE's hands move forward, eclipsing the camera. Fade to black as a dramatic symphonic suite begins to play throughout the following rapid-fire scene fragments.

VOICEOVER
This summer, hold onto your hat... and pray that one reluctant hero can stop a madman before he holds onto it for you.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Through the scope of a sniper rifle, we see BRADY and PETERSON cross a rickety bridge made of rope and rotted planks, far above the churning rapids of a shallow river.

BRADY
(stopping mid-stride to feel his own head)
I'm getting something...

PETERSON
What is it?

BRADY
There's a sniper! Jump!

BRADY and PETERSON jump in slow motion just as the sniper fires.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

The SHADOWY FIGURE and BRADY grapple, each with one hand on the crown of the other man's head. They take turns throwing punches and blocks, neither gaining an advantage since they can read each other's moves.

INT. F.B.I. SECRET SPACE STATION "FRANZGALL" - DAY

PETERSON enters the airlock with BRADY, then takes off her astronaut helmet and gazes upon the blood droplets splattered on its surface.

PETERSON
We have to stop him. Not just for ourselves, but for the baby. *Our* baby.

BRADY
I'm no good with families. My own parents were murdered when I was three and I grew up in foster care, separated from my brother. How can I possibly be a father?

PETERSON
(taking BRADY's hands and putting them on her head)
All you need to do is feel your way as you go. I know you can do that much.

BRADY
The baby just kicked! And his name is... Emilio!

INT. NEW YORK PIZZERIA - DAY

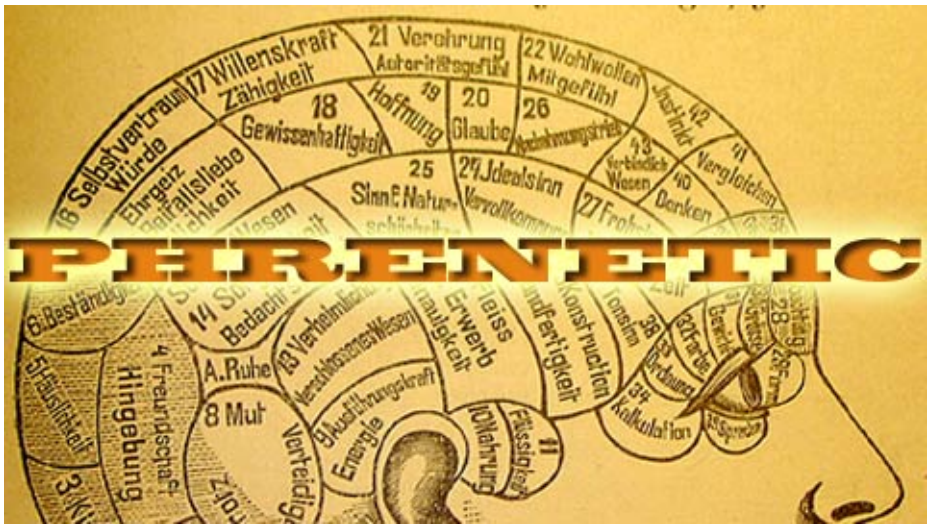
A young man in a white apron tosses a circle of dough in the air. As it spins, the camera zooms in on a small device lodged in the dough's surface. It's not made of flour and water, but plastic explosives! A light on the device flashes red, and the entire pizzeria is engulfed in a massive fireball.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

The music stops as the SHADOWY FIGURE steps backwards, out of the rain and into the darkness.

SHADOWY FIGURE
My parents always said my brother and I would grow up to be head cases. If I had only let them live to find out how right they were...

His laughter echoes the title card fills the screen:



FADE TO BLACK

LITTLE GIRL
(singing in a creepy a cappella)
It's raining, it's pouring
The old man is snoring
He went to bed with a bump on his head
And he couldn't wake up in the morning

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.13 Atheism: The Newest Internet Trend

Sunday, Jan 13, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

People will do anything to be cool, even if it is a bloated nonsensical mutation of its original meaning. Remember the violence surrounding Starter Jackets**???** Well, atheism is the Starter Jacket of the Internet. Innocent people are getting attacked everywhere because of this new trend, but with a lot less crack cocaine.

Atheist.

Before I start, let's cover the three main factors of atheism.

1) Atheism Has Been Around Forever
Uuurg the nomad sticks penis in fire. Fire burns penis. Uuurg says a spirit lives in the fire. The spirit is angry. Later that day, his brother Hroqar says he's full of shit.

2) Atheism Relies on Religion
Though atheism is the sworn enemy of religion, it cannot exist without it. Religion is the pitcher, atheism the batter--you need both to have a boring struggle for power.

3) Atheism is Really Fucking Simple
Bible, Torah, Qur'an, scriptures, no need; atheists follow the official dogma of "Nuh-Uh."

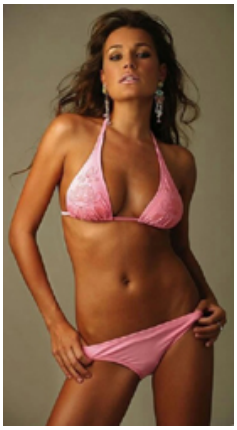
Is there anything wrong with atheism? No. The only problem with atheism is the Internet, where people with low self-confidence in IRC rooms and game servers align with any group that either accepts their self-diagnosed problems or allows them to force their opinions onto others. Basically, Atheism is the new Aspergers--Catholics are now responsible for their awkwardness, not mental illness.

Atheist.

For your own sake, don't say any of this to an atheist. To a believer (are they called believers of atheism, or disbelievers of religion?) Well, to an atheist, his or her "faith" is an extremely complex system of beliefs. But, the central philosophy is little more than "the opposite of whatever religion says, 'cause religion's for idiots." Atheism is the ant farm of beliefs; there's no queen but the workers still follow, digging their own tunnels of meaning and getting extremely pissed off if you shake their tiny world.

So while technology is breaking apart ancient religious theories with new discoveries, it is also destroying atheism by giving the followers an equal voice. The atheists are executing the most passive-aggressive jihad ever against all religions. A true Crusade of Apathy. I love seeing people of different faiths discuss religion with atheists. It's like a group of college grads, some in fine arts, others in business, and the dude who dropped out of middle school to work at the Circle K down the block. How serious is atheism? Why don't you see for yourself at their headquarter...errr... I mean wikipedia article. "Yeah, it's long, and starred, yes a star means it's a featured article, no big deal really. Our main purpose is to inject anti-religious paragraphs into random articles." The Christianity article is almost surpassed by criticism of Christianity. All over the world, theists are getting FUKN OWNED by the hour, and they don't even know it! But if subtle corrections to encyclopedia articles aren't powerful enough to open eyes, atheists resort to plan two: calling Jews, Muslims, and

Christians fags.



Theist.

This very second, there is a huge body of young atheist extremists set on ruining as many lives as possible... on the internet, never in person (much like Ron Paul supporters, actually they are probably the same 8%.) These atheists are bloodthirsty, soulless (self-proclaimed), and they hunt the Internet for arguments and beliefs to troll. No message board is safe from their loose collection of semi-beliefs, lines copy/pasted from wikipedia, and database of a million image macros. They're absolutely ruthless.

And that's what atheism has become. An edgy fad. Bashing "mainstream thinking" is cool, so the most counterculture thing to do is aim for religion. How anti-establishment. How individualistic. How fucking obnoxious. But what can you expect from a generation who's mythos is based around night elves and Yoshi? Noah didn't save the animals, Sonic the Hedgehog did by defeating Dr. Robotnik. They've been a survivor, a healer, the first son, and the omega in 8 bit and 3-D. Amen.

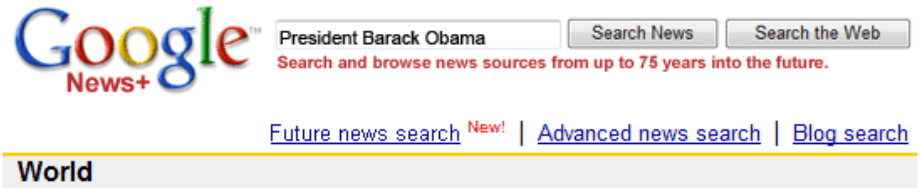
The final verdict on all world beliefs relies on one test, and one test only. Microsoft Word auto-capitalizing.
Judaism
Islam
Hinduism
Christianity
Taoism
Shinto
atheism

Sorry atheism, looks like you didn't make the cut this year. Maybe you'll count as a serious population group in Office2009.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.14 Google Future - Obama Supreme

Monday, Jan 14, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


Google
News+
President Barack Obama
Search News
Search the Web
Search and browse news sources from up to 75 years into the future.
Future news search New! | Advanced news search | Blog search
World

Feminist Image of the Week

BET Founder Criticizes Obama Administration's Ass Clap Policy
DLC Bulletin - November 3rd, 2011
By BURNT UMBER
Bob Johnson, founder of Black Entertainment Television and frequent critic of the Obama Administration, issued a press release Monday criticizing Obama's firm stance against ass clapping.

"A bitch wanna make it clap," explained the mega-millionaire's release.

"[Johnson] was filming hoes giving stank ovations when Obama was doing you know what in Chicago, well I don't even want to say, certainly these things were untoward that he was doing. Until a bitch has a right to once again make that thong say hello I cannot give him my support and I know the community is with me on this."

Johnson later explained that his comment about what Obama was doing in Chicago referred to Obama helping set up a free clinic for women.

Uncle Tom Prez Shucks and Jives on Spadework Anonymous Sources
FBI Raids Home and Office of Paul Krugman AP
Le Race Traitore Francais - Black Enough - Feminist Bootyholes - Foxwire **all 2,433 news articles**

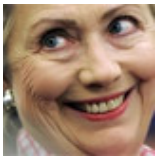
Obamawatch

President Obama Attends Opening of Black Power Christian/Wahhabist Church **Cognitive Dissonance Today -** November 4th, 2011
By AJ OILMONK

President Obama held a press conference on the steps of Our Lady of the Fatwah Church in Chicago today to celebrate the opening of America's first fusion house of anti-American worship.

"This is an important step in healing the divide between extremist black Christian leaders and Jihadi terrorists," Obama told reporters. "I think all of America should be inspired by this church's unified message of 'death to us.'"

Creationism Allowed in Kansas Madrassa System Unscientific American
Obama Signs Moore-Chomsky Bill Outlawing American Flag Lapel Pins AP
Flag Saluter Watch - Email Rumors Quarterly - The Imamchurian - Foxwire
all 824 news articles



Horribly Unflattering Photographs of Hillary Clinton Dot Com

Chris Matthews "Recovering Well" from Stroke, May Return to MSNBC's *Hardball*
Spittingest Hosts - November 4th, 2011
By ELISA MEATHOLES-TRIMM
After years of grueling speech therapy for Chris Matthews, the former host of MSNBC's political panel show *Hardball* announced that he may be ready to return to the desk. Matthews suffered a massive stroke on-air in November of 2008 coinciding almost exactly with MSNBC calling the election for Barack Obama.

"My Baby Lord God in Heaven," Matthews said just before suffering the stroke. "That man is the alpha and the omega, the Delivering Angel of Malachar, the flax-haired waaaaaurk!!!"

Matthews collapsed mid-sentence behind his desk from a massive stroke and the road to recovery has not been easy for him.

"I thpit leth every day," he told reporters. "Thould be back thoon."

Fox News Struggles to Paint Obama as Evil Without Seeming Racist AP
Matt Drudge to Scale Back Clinton Loss Gloating in 2012 Wired
Mediancest - Navel Gaz0r - The Internet Newspaper - Foxwire
all 906 news articles

Most-Hated

Richard Dawkins to Retire as Vice President
Assassination Shield Update - November 4th, 2011
By JON RAPS-WITH-EAGLES
Smug atheist intellectual and Vice President Richard Dawkins has quietly announced that he will not be campaigning with Obama in 2012. Citing increasing age and lack of prayer, Dawkins will step down, freeing the spot for the Obama administration to find a new person more loathsome to Americans than a black man.

"We're thinking of going gay, but atheism seems to be the key," said an anonymous Secret Service official. "A pedophile has been floated as one possibility, although we would have to check if there are any schools too close to the VP mansion. Whoever we pick, they will be a gigantic asshole 24/7."

Drug Czar Darnell "Pookie" Jefferson Initiates Crack Outreach Campaign for White Kids Spooky Negro Stories
HUD Chair Winfrey Has Subsidized Housing for Everyone in Audience AP
"Urban" People - The Black Official Menace - Foxwire **all 4,004 news articles**

People Who Slightly Resemble Kramer

Obama Meeting with Kim Jong Il Results in Accidental Surrender of South Korea
Foxwire - November 5th, 2011
By KLUDGE VON MINNOWSHOOT
White House officials are struggling to explain how a brief diplomatic meeting between President Barack Obama resulted in the surrender of South Korea to North Korean dictator Kim Jong Il.

"We're still trying to determine what exactly happened," White House Spokesman Katt Williams said this morning. "President Obama was upbeat about a possible nuclear disarmament treaty. He was smiling when he walked into a closed session with Kim Jong Il. We heard a scream and he came running out just as the North Korean flag was going up the flagpole."

Foreign policy experts blame Obama's naive plan to meet with hostile foreign leaders. "This is what happens when you try to talk with these people," suggested Heritage Foundation expert Richard Evilwitz. "You can't talk to Hitler, and trust me, they're all Hitler."

New "Ultra Korea" to Join Axis of Cartoon Evil with Great Iranian Mega Caliphate and Turbo Pakistan AP
NK Incident Mirrors Ceding of Japan & Utah to China in 2010 PacRim Policy
I Told You So of the Week - Blunder Unlimited - The Brookings Finger Wag
all 204 news articles

Erotic Military Fetish Fantasies

Defeat of US Forces in Iraq Complete
Stars & Stripes & Coffins - November 5th, 2011
By DIARRHEA MOSES
The withdrawal of the last US combat brigade from Iraq was completed Wednesday amid increasing civil war between various factions of foreign fighters.

The defense of the 750 square mile US Embassy Arcology was handed over to private contractors from a shadowy military contracting corporation that does not have a name and may employ soldiers made out of dead soldiers like in that movie with Jean-Claude Van Damme. Terrorists are expected to begin landing on US beaches within the week.

Last Surviving Iraqi Civilian Killed by VBIED Grim Tidings
Republicans Blame Obama for Involving America in Iraq Conflict Foxwire
Defeatocrat Times - Global War on Terror Teenbeat - Foxwire
all 7,564 news articles

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.15 Ron Paul Political Report: Kidz Page

Tuesday, Jan 15, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

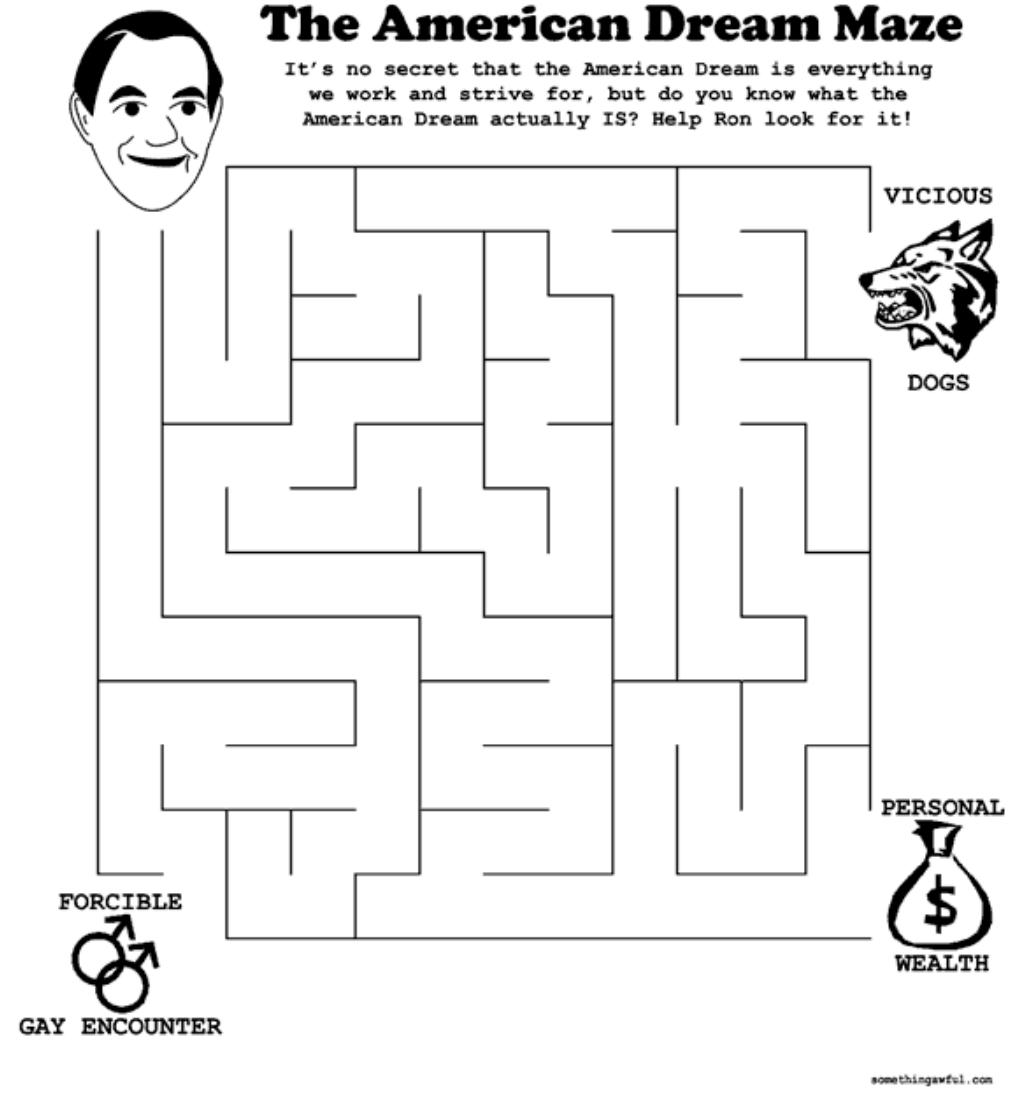
Just last week, Internet superstar Ron Paul's campaign was dealt a crippling blow by the discovery of copies of the congressman's personal newsletter, which aside from confusion as to whether Dr. Paul himself wrote or not, seems to show a different side of Ron than the lovable little guy we're used to. The newsletters in question are packed with racism, homophobia, basically what I like to call "uncle-speech". (For those without uncles, just imagine you tricked a middle-aged man into ordering a "large mulatto" at Starbucks, and then imagine the drive home.)

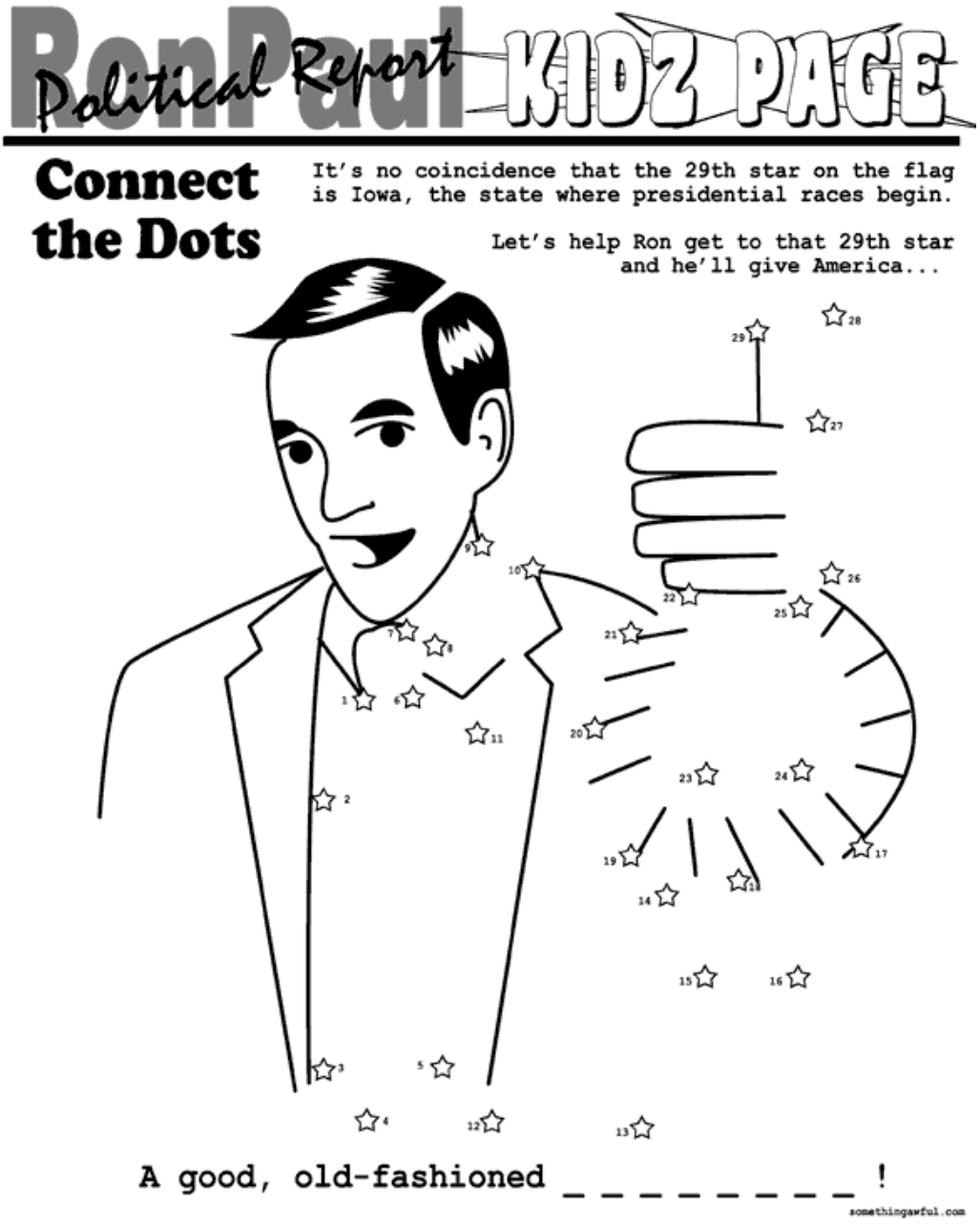
Thousands of camwhores ran aground after the flow of disposable nerd income was diverted here

Even now, days after the major media commotion has calmed down, the Internet's bravest warriors are still waging war through chatrooms, blogs, forums, and Youtube videos. The battle is a passionate, bitter one-- some shouting "told you so" in new and exciting ways, while others strike back with talking points as they try to fight off their own brain from warning them that they may have donated a quarter of their last paycheck to what most would call "a bad dude". Whether or not Ron Paul actually wrote this racism diary with his name all over it in 120 pt font remains to be seen, but it doesn't really matter because there is no end in sight as far as nerd rage is concerned.

Throughout the shuffle, one thing folks don't seem to be paying much attention to is the newsletters themselves. Dr. Paul has described them as being taken "out of context", which pretty much begs the average person to give them a look. So, without further delay, and because I am basically a manchild who only saved the ones with fun fonts or pictures, are select pages from the Ron Paul Political Report:

RonPaul Political Report KIDZ PAGE


The American Dream Maze
It's no secret that the American Dream is everything we work and strive for, but do you know what the American Dream actually IS? Help Ron look for it!
VICIOUS
DOGS
PERSONAL
WEALTH
FORCIBLE
GAY ENCOUNTER
somethingawful.com


RonPaul
Political Report
KIDZ PAGE
Connect the Dots
It's no coincidence that the 29th star on the flag is Iowa, the state where presidential races begin.
Let's help Ron get to that 29th star and he'll give America...
A good, old-fashioned _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ !
somethingawful.com

The "Search" for Truth!

Find all of the clues to become one of Ron's "ValuesPals"!

F F F C L V I B E S
A I R O P A D R H R
G M E N F L E O M O
G N E G A U M W E N
O I D R M E O N X P
T G O E I S C F I A
S G M S L C R O C U
J E W S Y E A L A L
E R V O T E C K N E
U S A F U N Y T S O

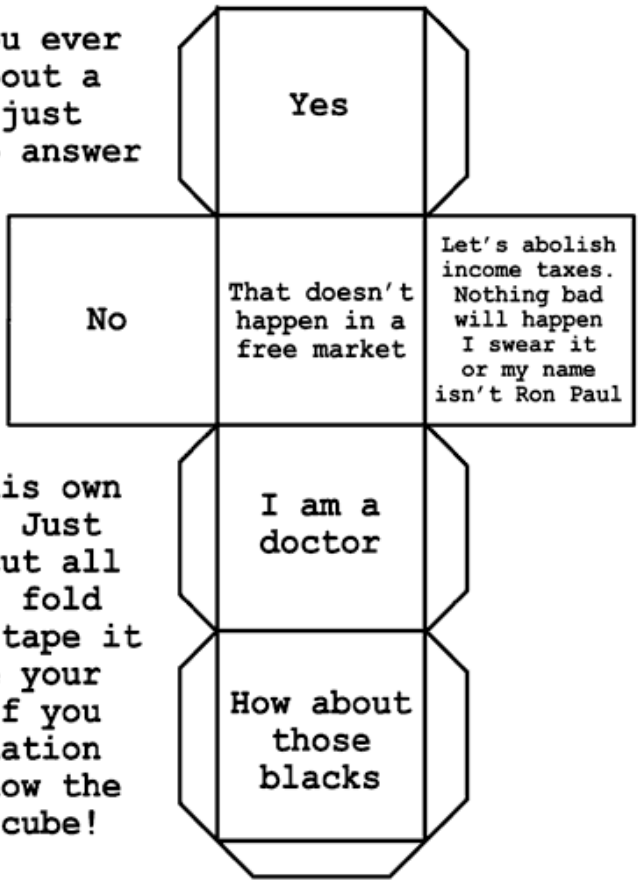
RONPAUL VOTE FREEDOM USA AMERICA
CONGRESS DEMOCRACY FAMILY VALUES FUN

somethingawful.com

Ron's Answer Cube

Hey, kids! Have you ever been so stumped about a question that you just didn't know how to answer or what to say?

Ron has! And if you've ever seen him fumbling in his pockets and looking confused, he was probably just looking for his own Ron's Answer Cube! Just print this page, cut all around the border, fold at the lines, and tape it securely to create your own Answer Cube. If you are ever in a situation where you don't know the answer, roll your cube!


Yes
No
That doesn't happen in a free market
Let's abolish income taxes. Nothing bad will happen I swear it or my name isn't Ron Paul
I am a doctor
How about those blacks

somethingawful.com

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

1.16 Art Crimes Against Humanity

Wednesday, Jan 16, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

It appears to be that time in my monthly cycle when I get angry about bad mail order collectibles. I apologize! I know it is childish and irrational, but I simply cannot help myself.

Somehow, someway, the Bradford Exchange is making a killing taking money from either the worst human beings on the planet, or the most ironic. They are the insipid funhouse mirror that reflects back all our attributes in the form of appallingly insulting artistic resin replicas. Trailer trash would be an accurate description of their audience if not for the fact many of their lotus-eating followers also live in McMansions. THEY ARE AMONG US.

This is the freeway in which our legacy of culture crashes head on with a drunk Dale Earnhardt, causing some ghastly pileup that stretches on for miles and miles. There amongst the smoldering wreckage you can see the mangled corpses of Pope John Paul II, John Wayne, countless marines and firemen, the New York Yankees, and hundreds upon hundreds of bald eagles and wolves.

It's a horrible sight to gawk at, but let's do it anyway!

Collectible Dachshund Wall Clock Exclusive!

This item exists only in some magically detached fantasy land, like one of those mill villages that birthed John Edwards or in the home of one of Mike Huckabee's crackpot supporters, all eager and crazy-eyed to see the Constitution rewritten in the voice of Almighty God Himself. While redundancy is a staple of Bradford Exchange merchandise, usually they manage to avoid repeating the same exact image twice in a single piece. Like that picture of the Dachshund? Then you'll love that exact same image of the Dachshund repeated two inches below. I guess these guys are suffering from a shortage of Dachshund obsessed artists. At least they can always count on that Blaylock fruitcake to continuously paint an endless assortment of eagles in-between frantically masturbating the flesh off his limited-edition replica penis. If this clock had John Wayne, cops, firemen, the Confederacy, marines, wolves, dragons, or the aforementioned eagles instead of Dachshunds, there would be at least 8 extra unique designs plastered all over the place. Also the clock hands would

be miniature swords emblazoned with tiny paintings of dragons spitting fire on some poor knight's shield.

All of this tells me one thing: There is a massive vacuum in the world of Dachshund artists. If you can paint Dachshunds, then you can easily become the next Ted Blaylock or Thomas Kinkade. Just whip out your paints and start obsessively doodling Dachshunds nonstop. With any luck, you might even go nuts along the way and become a modern day Louis Wain.

Tiny Miracles Collectible Lifelike Baby Girl Doll! Realistic Newborn

WHY ARE YOU SO FULL OF HATE??

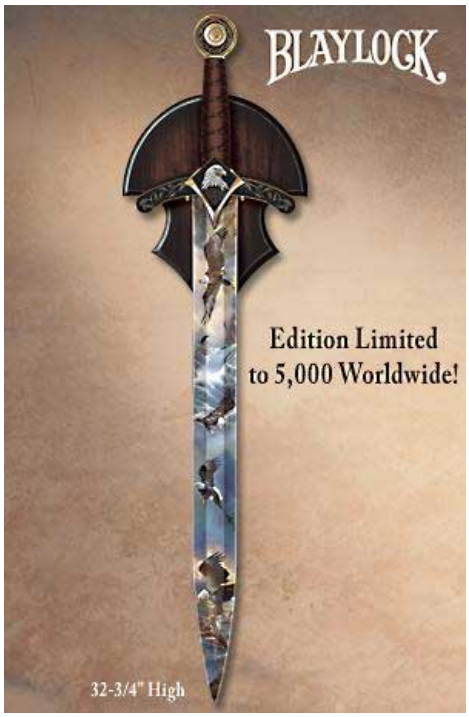
Let's take a moment to depart from the usual fodder and look at this seriously awful baby. Aside from being genuinely creepy looking, she certainly looks like one bitch of a baby. I know it's wrong, but I kind of want to smack this fake baby upside the head. And you know what? I think we can all agree that this fake baby looks like she deserves it.

What tormented mind sculpts some tiny fake baby that looks this pissed off? This is sort of like the fake baby version of that ridiculous Clive Barker line of Todd MacFarlane toys with all the evil S&M monsters. Is it not depressing enough to spend your life sculpting horrific baby replicas for complete and total nutcases that you also have to go the extra mile of making them look angry?

At least my homeboy Michael The Little Slugger So Truly Real Lifelike Baby Doll puts on a smile. That little guy is so happy that it looks like he just figured out how to crap up actual cartoons in his diaper. I've honestly never been that happy in my entire life, and I'm not even a dumb baby.

Exclusive Eagle Art Wall Decor by Artist Ted Blaylock Soars Far and Away to the Edge of the Sky!

If soaring far and away to the edge of the sky means hanging on a wall, then holy mackerel, I've got a lot of things soaring far and away to the edge of the sky. For example, that 2007 calendar hanging next to me is really soaring far and away to the edge of the sky. Come to think of it, my thermostat is also soaring far and away to the edge of the sky.



From his point of departure in the canyon's depths, the powerful eagle rides swirling air currents past rocky heights. Here, his spirit flies free forever to the very edge of the glorious sky.

That is until the powerful eagle spots a dumpster full of slimy fish waste, where it lands and gorges itself to death, continuing its role as shining symbol of American values.

Although this might sound cruel, I sincerely hope that this trend of using deadly weapons as a canvas for bad art backfires. The day somebody uses this awful art sword as an actual weapon is going to be a good day for my funny bone. And really, even if you got stabbed in the stomach with something like this, you'd probably enjoy a laugh as well. I know I would.

Bold Dragon Art Wall Decor Collection Boasts Coiled Dragon Blades, Fantasy

First of all, as a live action lumberjack role-player, this is probably my most valuable possession. As I role-play the act of chopping down Douglas-firs in the beautiful frolicking hillsides of Western Washington, I am transported to a rich fantasy world. It's sort of like an MMO in that I pretend to have a job when in fact I'm actually a horrible failure of a man on every conceivable level.

One good thing about this amazing artistic masterpiece is that it is intrinsically manly. For too long the mighty dragon has been the dominion of fat girls living vicariously through the silly fantasy of Anne McCaffrey. They can still fantasize about having their hymens broken while riding on the backs of virile dragons all they want. And while they are fogging up their 2-inch thick 1980s eyeglasses reading their Pernography, I'll be in the backyard splitting logs in two with my rugged Paul Bunyan dragon slayer axe. When I'm done, my palms will be so bloody and gruesome from gripping the horribly impractical handle that I'll probably spend several hours in the emergency room getting stitches.

Astute eye-users will note that this axe offers a grand total of five dragons. Its painfully awkward handle has four, and there's that fiery fellow on the axe head itself. If that isn't enough, get a load of this actual feature listed on the website:

> *Wield the immortal strength of knights and warriors with this dragon art wall decor collection, available only from The Bradford Exchange.*

How in Hades do you follow up a promise like that? I seriously want to call them up and complain that I cannot feel the immortal strength of knights and warriors coursing through my veins. Would they give me a refund?

On a related note, I am quite certain you will find it thrilling and exciting to know that there are an incredible three dragon axe designs available for purchase. Surely it is your quest in life to collect them all???

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.17 Gotham City Issues: Capital Punishment

Thursday, Jan 17, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

The following letters were sent from Gotham State Penitentiary between the months of September and October 2007.

Letter #1

I never thought it would end like this. Jeremiah, you are my little boy and I love you very much and I'm sure your mother would be just as proud of you if she hadn't died from being dipped in caramel during The Great Carnival Caramel Caper. To be honest, Jeremiah, your daddy never thought he'd end up in a real prison like this. After I blew up all of those skyscrapers with explosive yo-yos, I figured it'd be a slap on the wrist, then off to Arkham Asylum where I'd sneak out that screen door in the pantry that I'm still surprised that no one has discovered or replaced the screen of. That door sees more traffic than the entrance to Batman's mom's room! Ha! I'm sorry, Jeremiah, that was out of line. It's just that your daddy is going to be killed soon and he has to keep his spirits up.

Anyhoo, there I was, standing in the rubble and laughing was glee, waiting for Batman to show up as he usually does and say "It's over, Joker" or "*I'll* have the last laugh" or something completely rehearsed like that. Boy was I surprised when the Gotham Riot Squad showed up and tased the holy jeepers outta me! I'll tell you, Jeremiah, when it comes to your daddy, people often wonder if the carpet matches the drapes, but all that electricity coursing through my body made me look like a plucked chicken--and that includes downstairs, too!

Those feebs threw me into a tiny prison cell and I demanded to know why I wasn't at Arkham. Commissioner Gordon told me that Arkham was in the process of being shut down because that guy who kept getting elected judge apparently had severe Alzheimer's Disease this whole time and was responsible for giving serial murderers sanctuary for the past twenty years. The "insanity" plea had been abolished *without my knowledge* and apparently a bounty had been put out on all Arkham escapees, me being *numero uno*. Because of my link to 1,033 murders and one case of sodomy (the latter was part of a plan to lure Batman to the abandoned jungle gym factory), I was given the death sentence and will be executed by lethal injection at a secret underground prison in two weeks. Can you believe that? I was absent at my own trial and I couldn't even use that whole "Order in the court! / I'll have a ham sandwich!" line.

Oh, phooey. Jeremiah, your daddy is in *quite the pickle*.

Letter #2

Oh, Jeremiah, there's been not much to do except sit around and wait to die. It's kind of like going to one of your softball games! Ha! Once again, Jeremiah, I'm sorry and now is not the time for jokes.

I met my cell neighbor, a Mr. David Murstead today. He asked me what my technique was and I said that it's pretty standard: using a cotton candy gun to make my victim immobile, then finding one of Gotham's 19 condemned amusement parks and hanging the unfortunate sap from a decaying ferris wheel or a Tilt-O-Whirl that had been improperly maintained. David also wanted to know about that laughing gas I'm so famous for, so I filled him in on daddy's civil suit from a few years ago. Who would have known that stuff caused so much breast cancer?

I'll tell you, Jeremiah, these criminals in real prison aren't nearly as imaginative as my buddies in Arkham. I asked David how he rubbed out his victims and he said he bludgeoned them to death with a frozen mattress, then he had sex with their dead bodies and ejaculated on the mattress. Ick! If this simp's style was so crude, surely he had pillow-costumed henchmen or a moniker like "Death-tress" or "The Crafts-Murder Adjustable Bed," right? Wrong-o. Seems like Mr. Murstead is just your run-of-the-mill murderer/rapist. At least when Two-Face did stuff like that, he had a gimmick.

God, do I miss him.

Letter #3

Your dear old daddy had a little visitor today. I was led out in handcuffs to an interview room split in half by a wall of bulletproof glass, and who should be on the other side but Bruce Wayne? Jeremiah, I'll admit that I didn't think I knew much about the guy outside of him being Batman's boyfriend, because why else would Batman show up in a robe all those times I tried to vandalize Wayne's house in the middle of the night?

Bruce rapped on the glass and said he had something to show me. I was game, if only to get away from that dreadful David Murstead and his interminable matress chat that kept me bored out of my mind for the past three days. Honestly, if that guy knew as much about opera as he did about finger painting with ejaculate, maybe we could have a conversation that wouldn't make me want to kill myself!

What Bruce did next shocked me. He slipped on that trademark cape and cowl, and it was then the realization that he was Batman hit me like the ton of bricks I dropped on that foreman during The Case of Masonry Madness. "*Bruce Wayne is Batman!!!*" This is what I shouted for all to hear. I wanted his secret out for the world to know! I would not die in vain if the world knew what everyone suspected ever since Bruce Wayne showed up to that Halloween party drunk and dressed as Batman.

Bruce knocked on the glass, holding up a small poster. Here is what the top said:

BRUCE WAYNE FOR MAYOR

Here is what the bottom said:

"I'M BATMAN."

Batman then presented against the glass the last pressed ham these eyes will probably ever see. Jeremiah, if the outside world already knows that Batman is Bruce Wayne, can you at least try to ruin his reputation by spreading the word that Batman is a complete dick? Toodles.

Letter #4

Well, Jeremiah, it looks like your dear Aunt Harley is no more. Honestly, I thought the syphilis in her brain would have killed her first, but it looks like the boys in blue wanted to beat sweet lady VD to the punch.

Harley arrived today with a present for her sweet Mr. J, a twinkle in her eye, and a sparkle (as well as a grain of rice) in the small bit of drool accumulating on the side of her cheek. When she got to the interview room, she was brandishing a small revolver that had a nail file hidden inside. Before I could explain to her that the revolver was actually more suspicious than the object hidden within, she was thrown out of her chair by prison guards and--well, let's say if they didn't know she had a heart murmur before, they certainly do now! If those tasers can make a young lady's ticker audibly explode in her chest, I sure would like to see what they'd do to a baked potato. French fries? More like French *Dies!* Listen, Jeremiah, I know that was bad, but your daddy's under a lot of stress right now and he can't sound like The Cryptkeeper just to make you feel better.

After they hauled Harley's sizzling corpse out of the room, Bruce Wayne showed up and confirmed what I was thinking all along. "Who needs Batman when we've got *these*?" I'll tell ya, Jeremy; you know those days when a guy could use a giant robot clown to steal diamonds without worrying about getting his shit all electrocuted? They're over now.

Letter #5

I just got off the phone with the ACLU and it looks like I'm completely screwed. A few days ago, I had the realization that all of the squawking I've ever done to Batman has been under duress. Jeremiah, I can't even count the number of times he's held me by one leg off of a building or over a pit of lava, demanding to know what wire to cut or which dog in the dog show is full of explosives or something like that. In my book, that's torture--and here I thought torture didn't fly in America. Seems like those jerks at the ALCU think that batmen don't fall under the Geneva Convention, and that no one in their right mind would convict Batman because "he's so cool." Maybe they'd realize I had less than eight hours left to live if they stopped interrupting me with demands for multiple Batman autographs!

Murstead--that cheerful fellow--told me to look on the bright side, and maybe someone will ritualistically masturbate over my body after I die--then I heard that clown ask one of the guards if he could be in the audience tonight! Even Clayface wasn't so disgusting--and let me tell you, the stuff that guy is into would make Larry Flynt climb out of his wheelchair and dance in disgust, if such a

thing could happen!

Jeremiah, even in this time of sadness, I am not without hope. Your daddy has taken a book out from the library written by Sylvia Browne (Who looks like she wears more makeup than yours truly!), and I have to say that, even though I'm condemned to die, I'm somewhat comforted. It says here that, in Heaven, I'll be given a studio apartment and a civil service job, and, after a 90-day period of probation, I'll even get a weekend pass to pet heaven! I'll finally get a chance to visit all those hyenas I've owned who kept getting hit by city buses! And Jeremy, watch that mailbox, because when I visit Heaven's post office, I'll see if I can't send you a novelty postcard or two.

Well, Jeremiah, I guess this is goodbye. See if your Nana can't take you to Hebrew School from now on, and try to find someone to feed you when necessary. And remember, you can always recant on your death bed.

Yours in Christ,
The Joker

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

1.18 2008 Hewlitzer Prizes for Superfluous Literature

Friday, Jan 18, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The 2008 Hewlitzer Prize Winners Announcement

The Hewlitzer Prize was created by the Hendrick Hewlitzer Foundation for Excellence in Superfluous Literature. The award is intended to promote greatness in unnecessary writing as part of the legacy of Hendrick Hewlitzer, known for his work as a Capressieure. Working at the Mengsberg Bottling Factory, Hendrick was responsible for choosing the font and exact text that would be stamped on the cap for each bottle of Mengsberg Sparkling Potato Syrup. Hewlitzer famously chose the words, "THIS IS A BOTTLE CAP" which would later be shortened to "THIS IS A CAP" and finally "CAP HERE".

Recipients of the Hewlitzer Prize receive a Hewlitzer Prize medallion in a velvet-lined case with the words "CASE LID" inscribed on the case's lid.

Award for Excellence in Superfluous Magazine Cover Copy

Porty D'Ator
TITS OUT!, Lad's Magazine (UK)
April 2007 Issue, Rechbechaa Csurelee "Baked Beans on Tits Cover"

Porty D'Ator is hereby awarded the 2008 Hewlitzer Prize for Excellence in Superfluous Magazine Cover Copy for "TITS, INNIT?" appearing in neon green text three centimeters above and to the right of a woman's exposed breast. The font used was Impact and the text included a solid drop shadow. The woman's nipples were obscured by a laughing cartoon breast.

Award for Excellence in Superfluous Construction Labeling

Don "Donald" Haaaarber
The Longsmont Center for Sports Injury, Municipal Building (USA)
Bricks, White Paint

Don Haaaarber is hereby awarded the 2008 Hewlitzer Prize for Excellence in Superfluous Construction Labeling for "BRICK - DO NOT DRINK" appearing on the 7,968 bricks used to construct the Longsmont Center for Sports Injury. Haaaarber was not told to label the bricks in this manner, and was in fact instructed to stop immediately by his supervisor. He did stop, but returned after dark and finished his task. The following day he was instructed to sand blast the labels off of each brick, a task which took him more than a week to complete.

Award for Excellence in Superfluous Food Packaging Copy

Ganja Ripsurgeon
Sundried Tomato & Basil Wheat Thins, Cracker (USA)
Food Packaging Copy

Ganja Ripsurgeon is hereby awarded the 2008 Hewlitzer Prize for Excellence in Superfluous Food Packaging Copy for "AUTHENTIC HUMAN FOOD" appearing beneath the words "NATURALLY & ARTIFICIALLY FLAVORED" on the 2007 box for Wheat Thins Sundried Tomato & Basil flavored crackers. This was a trial product and at the time was intended only for livestock feed. It has since passed FDA approval for sale to companion animals and stupid children.

Award for Excellence in Superfluous Aviation Safety Signs

Sgt. Commander "Corporal" Majors
Helicopter Tail Rotor Blade, US Army (USA)
Stencil, Spray Paint

Sgt. Commander "Corporal" Majors is hereby awarded the 2008 Hewlitzer Prize for Excellence in Superfluous Aviation Safety Signs for "DO NOT TOUCH WHILE BLADE IS ROTATING" which he has stenciled on each blade of each tail rotor for all of the US Army helicopters used by the 227th Airborne Tennessee Hussars Detachment. Majors added the warning so the helicopters would conform with US Army hazard labeling regulation article 22-85000. This same article requires each bullet to be stamped with "BULLET!! Dangerous when pointed and shot out of a gun at a person." The rotating blade warning was written in MILSPEC BOLD font using white #6 spray paint. It is not visible when the rotor is spinning.

Award for Excellence in Superfluous Navigation Assistance

Anson Danson
Danson-Hanson Mansion, Lansing (USA)
NW 1st Floor Hallway Wall

Anson Danson is hereby awarded the 2008 Hewlitzer Prize for Excellence in Superfluous Navigation Assistance for "NOT THROUGH HERE. Look around for a door." This message is printed on a transparent decal and has been placed one meter to the left of a doorway on the wall. Danson, a chronic bed shitter, claimed that he grew irritated by guests completely ignoring doors and floating ghostlike through walls in his hallway. Anson Danson shares his mansion in Lansing with handsome dancer Samantha Hanson. She is a fucking ghost.

Award for Excellence in Superfluous Mirror Information

Honest Andy
Mirror, Dentist's Office (USA)
Adhesive Label

Honest Andy is hereby awarded the 2008 Hewlitzer Prize for Excellence in Superfluous Mirror Information for "It's you, not somebody else." The message has been applied by Honest to five different mirrors in Dr. Thexter's Office of Remedial Dental Surgery. Honest Andy made the alterations to the mirrors believing that seeing re-

flections might startle or confuse patients. "I have a bird and when I put a mirror in his cage he started screaming and pecking himself in the mirror until he died." Andy did not explain whether or not this was the impetus for his superfluous text. "I didn't think to take the mirror out of his cage," he sobbed.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.19 Numbers You'd Rather Not Know

Saturday, Jan 19, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

From the lowly potato massager who toils in the dark recesses of a stone dungeon to the wealthy potato baron counting his stacks of thousand dollar bills in an executive office overlooking the peak of Mount Everest, everyone comes across problems in the workplace. Sometimes it's a coworker that only seems to bathe in cheap cologne, or a twenty-five cent tip in the form of five mysteriously sticky nickels.

Ignoring these minor quibbles to get through the daily grind is easy enough, but what if I told you that every job is connected to a very specific number that - once considered - would never leave the forefront of your mind? That simply knowing what this number signifies would be enough to eat away at your very very soul until you found a new line of work or pressed your face into a paper shredder?

Sounds crazy? Read on, but don't say I didn't warn you.

Stunt Driver

The number you'd rather not know: How much money you'd save if your auto insurance covered those neighborhood kids and their rocks.

Movie End-Credit Designer

The number you'd rather not know: Of the miniscule subset of people who actually stay in the theater to watch your work in its entirety, the percent that are only sitting because (a) their leg fell asleep or (b) they got a boner.

Janitor

The number you'd rather not know: How many people look at a perfectly clean floor and think to themselves, "I hate whoever is responsible for maintaining this immaculate walking surface".

Vampire Hunter

The number you'd rather not know: How many hours you have until the PCP wears off, leaving you with no option but to call your parents and tell them you blew this semester's tuition on leather clothing, two tons of lumber, and an industrial pencil sharpener.

Closed Caption Typist

The number you'd rather not know: How many deaf people just turn the CC off and leave their televisions on as background sight while they pay bills or goof around on the computer.

Gunsmith

The number you'd rather not know: How many of your creations will be given as gifts to people who really have no use for guns, then collect dust in closets and storage units, never to be used as instruments of death.

Chimney Sweep

The number you'd rather not know: How many naive families really expect Santa Claus to come

crawling down the chimney you just cleaned on Christmas Eve, when the lazy fatass just uses magic to teleport from the rooftop to the living room.

Space Shuttle Commander

The number you'd rather not know: Which number in the countdown you have to wait for before pressing the "Launch" button.

Jazz Musician

The number you'd rather not know: Understanding that jazz isn't about the notes you do play, but the notes you *don't* play, how many orders of magnitude better you'd be if you had never picked up an instrument at all.

Dog Catcher

The number you'd rather not know: How many people will needlessly die of cancer because you just had to be a big man and capture that wiener dog with the glasses and lab coat as he exited the library.

Small Town Mayor

The number you'd rather not know: The number of young men that will give their lives on your behalf in this horrific campaign before the dust settles and your town is finally the last one standing.

Brain Surgeon

The number you'd rather not know: On a scale from 1 to 10, how totally gross brains are.

Humorist

The number you'd rather not know: How many houses have been paid for by *Epic Movie*, *Date Movie* and *Meet The Spartans*.

Air Traffic Controller

The number you'd rather not know: The number of birds, bats, and flying insects that are in the air right now doing god knows what without any radio guidance.

Bartender

The number you'd rather not know: How many days it will take for someone to notice that your Tom Cruise-like juggling act is an elaborate ruse to distract people from the fact that you can't read the bottle labels.

Rabbit Breeder

The number you'd rather not know: How much more money you could be making if you took condoms out of the process. Damn your unwavering commitment to your morals.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.20 America in Crisis: The Writers Strike Continues

Sunday, Jan 20, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Thank you for searching for "strike". Here are the latest headlines for "strike":

The Hollywood WRITERS' Strike Enters Its 11th Week As America Descends Into CHAOS

America is a wasteland as Fat Cat Hollywood writers refuse to write for the eleventh consecutive week. Taxpaying citizens watched in horror as the TV airwaves slowly dried up and then were replaced by a dead monotonous static, echoing the shocked silence inside our souls.

The population grew desperate and then violent. Major cities were razed. Other cities were raised and then dropped, breaking them. A tumbleweed blew across the street. An old man rode by in an engineless Toyota Corolla pulled by a mule. "These are bad times," he said.

What will happen to us if the writers continue to not write? Only god knows. There is no god. No one knows.

This is a cold and dangerous world without WGA members doing their writing duty. Tell my wife I love her if I don't make it home. I don't love her, but tell her I do.

"Negotiations are progressing and we are zeroing in on the points of contention," said WGA president.

The Writer's Strike DESTROYS Ordinary FAMILY

Terry Marshall wants what every American wants for his family: safety, prosperity, and a secure future. Unfortunately, the refusal of television writers to continue their work has placed all that in jeopardy.

"Oh gosh," said Terry, who has moved his family to a make-shift shelter in the basement for the duration of the strike, "I'm just not sure how much longer we can go on like this."

Despite stocking up on food and water when warnings of a strike first emerged, the Marshalls soon found themselves dangerously low on supplies.

"It was terrible," said Laura Marshall through a small slot in the fortified basement door. "I'm amazed we made it past the first week. I remember Terry joking that we might have to eat the children. He always used to make that same joke whenever we needed to go grocery shopping before...well before all this started. It's been terrible."

"I killed a looter!" added Jimmy Marshall, age 10.

"He did," added Laura. "He really did."

The Marshalls are just one of thousands of families in America struggling to make it through the crisis. Their next-door neighbors are assumed to have succumbed nearly a month ago, based on the pungent smell now wafting out of every open window.

"If this goes on much longer," said Terry as he escorted me out through the front lawn minefield, "we'll probably have to eat the children."

He flashed me an optimistic smile and leaned proudly against the floodlights.

"But gee, I hope it doesn't come to that." The American spirit shines on in the darkest hour of our history. "It might though," he added. "It might come to that." He continued to lean against the floodlights, his face frozen into its wide smile.

Five Things We CAN'T Tell You About The WRIT'ERS STRIKE!

- _____ ________ __ _______ _________ ___....
- ___ ________ (__ ___ _ ___) _____ __________.
- _ _________ __________ ___ __ _____ ___ _____!
- __ __________ ________ ______________ ___ ___________???
- "_____".

Other UNIONS Follow WGA Lead Into Strike'!

America, brace yourself: Big Union is preparing to kick your crippled nation while it's down. Today the presidents of the Ice Skaters' Union, the Hot Dog Processing Workers' Union, and the Thrift Store Owners' Union announced plans to join the WGA in solidarity.

A woman I found weeping the street told me that she was against these strikes and urged the workers to remain at their jobs, then she placed her face into the hot dust and transformed it slowly into mud with her tears. Union members have no heart and no soul and MAY be vampires.

The Congress of USA urged the people to be calm.

"These madmen can be stopped, must be stopped, and will be stopped," said Head Congress Man. "These writers have exposed us to the weakness at the heart of the American way of life. God save us all." Congress has ordered easy listening music to be broadcasted in major population areas to quell the violence sure to result from these further strikes.

Meanwhile the Teachers' Union announced their plans to also strike, but we threw away the press release. In times of emergency, we must prioritize the news of life or death, and the news that would have only mattered in a more peaceful time.

POLITICAL Cartoon ABOUT Writers S'trike!

The Striking Writers FLOAT Above Our Heads Using Us As PLAYTHINGS

WGA members manifested as translucent silver colossi floating above panicked crowds today. The scorching heat from their auras killed thousands instantly.

"Please do not think we find your pain amusing," said a voice that apparently came from all of the silver giants at once. "You are not important enough to affect us in that way."

The apparitions made no demands and did not move for several hours, occasionally letting out a high pitched whistle that shattered windows and caused household pets to die instantly.

The WGA has announced that the faithful will soon be drawn up into heaven as a reward for their loyalty. A small group of brave rebels attempted to attack the floating writers with fighter jets, but the jets all vanished in a burst of light and reappeared in various swimming pools around the country with all the exterior paint removed and no sign of the pilots.

"I hope the studios will soon reach a resolution over digital rights," sighed the voice. The silver figures faded away but the piercing whistle remained for several hours afterwards. Studio heads announced they are finalizing an agreement with the writers, but that details cannot be released at this juncture. The sun at noon dimmed for a moment.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

1.21 WHAT HAPPENS IN VEGAS STAYS IN VEGAS

Monday, Jan 21, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas."

- Presidential Candidate John Edwards of the Democratics

"It's not gonna stay in Vegas anymore!"

- Black Man Presidential Candidate Barack Obama Vegasocratic

"And this time what happened in Vegas didn't stay

- Hillary Climptom Wife President of "BIG VEGAS" BIRR CRINTON

"egas tonight. Now let's go to MSNBC political director Chuck Todd. Chuck, what is the good word from Washington? Is the effect of Vegas being felt?"

"The Clinton campaign won a check mark in their column on Saturday, but it's interesting, the delegate count favors O-

"So what happens in Vegas isn't necessarily staying in Vegas? HAAaa!"

"Ha ha, well, Chris, both Obama and Clinton have been spin-"

"HAAaa! Let me ask the beautiful Norah O'Donnell the same question. Norah, you have an extra hole down south, what does that baby chute of yours tell you about the effect of Vegas in the primary?"

"Chris, if you break down the demographics it-"

"Lovely like a little pea, Norah. I want to drink your ass sweat. Chuck, what exactly happened in Vegas? HAAaa! Will it stay there?"

"Ha ha, Chr-"

"Chuck, is Vegas spreading across the map? What is happening now in Vegas? Is it staying in Vegas?"

"..."

"VEGATH."

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

HAPPENSIN
VEGAS STAYS
INVEGAS
MSNBC
GOVERNORS REP 6 DEM 9 IND 0
LIVE
DISTRICT 4 VEGAS
10% IN
FORBES
75%
25%
MSNBC
IS IN VEGAS STAYS IN VEGAS - "IS IT HAPPENING IN VEGAS? IT WILL STAY THE

1.22 Big Uncle Jack: Part 1

Tuesday, Jan 22, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Dear Jim,

> Sure hope life's treating you good over there in California. Mama asks when you'll be sending some gold our way, but I keep telling her we got to be patient and wait for you to strike it rich. I know it's got to happen soon. I heard they found gold in Weaverville, so if you get the notion that Coloma is all dried up, you might try your luck out there.
>
> I hope Mama will let me come out there real soon, but she says I ain't big enough, and besides, she needs me here to help her now that Pa's gone, because she can't rely on his no-good idiot brothers for nothing. I guess she has a point there.
>
> Things back home have been pretty good, except Big Uncle Jack got bit by a snake. Mama was always telling him not to play with his rocks down by the river, but you know there's no talking any sense into that big bullfrog head of his since Pa died. Little Uncle Jack tried to suck out the poison from his leg, but maybe he couldn't get it all because now Big Jack just lies around moaning all day, and Little Jack just clings to Big Jack and sobs at him. Mama told Little Jack that Big Jack ain't fixing to die any time soon, but there's no talking any sense to him, neither, what with his little tiny head.
>
> Hope this letter finds you well.

Your brother,

Jesse

Dear Jim,

> Hope you're doing well with the gold and all. Don't get too rich out there and forget about me and your old mother. I know it must be mighty hard for you, trying to find little bitty pieces of gold in that giant place out there.
>
> Big Uncle Jack seems to be healing up good in his leg, but I think something is changing in his mind. He still can't talk any better than he ever could, being as how he's got that big giant empty head and all, but yesterday when I brought him water he gave me this funny look, right in my eyes, and for one split second I got the notion that there was some kind of wisdom in those eyes. Like he had some kind of thoughts brewing and he wanted to impart them to me, but I know that's impossible on account of his idiot mind. Gave me the fantods something fierce, though. Little Uncle Jack is still just as mute and terrified as he always been, but he's getting more protective of Big Uncle Jack. He hissed at Mama when she tried to bring Big Jack some pone bread.
>
> Mama had a suitor yesterday, and I don't feel so sure I like that. His name is Arthur and he says he's from the future. Pa's only been buried these six months now, and already she has men paying calls socially? She must be lonely, though, with only me and those two crippleheaded brothers-in-law to keep her company.
>
> Write back when you can.

Your brother,

Jesse

Dear Jim,

> If you sent any gold out here, we still haven't got it yet. Don't worry too much about it if you haven't found any gold, just keep trying. There's plenty out there for everyone.
>
> Mama's suitor has been coming around more and more lately. He still says he's from the future, but he ain't been able thus far to verify that to my liking. Mama believes him, though, and she says when you send some gold she's going to give it to Arthur so he can fix his "voltaic mirror" and bring us to the future with him.
>
> The big news around here has been that Big Uncle Jack talked. I went to his cabin to stoke the fire so he didn't freeze his big mute head off, and when I walked in the door he looked straight up into my eyes and said "Jesse, the snake gave me powers." Then Little Uncle Jack started whimpering and pawing at Big Uncle Jack's feet, like a dog who wanted to serve his master but he doesn't know how. It made my hair stand on end, and I didn't know what to say. How's a fellow to respond when a man who can't talk talks to him?
>
> I told Mama, but she didn't seem to think it was important that a man who'd never spoken a word in his whole god-damned life just told me something strange and eerie. She's too busy thinking about Arthur and that mirror of his.
>
> I miss you and I wish you were here to take care of all this.

Your brother,

Jesse

Dear Jim

I sure hope you're getting my letters. I don't mind if you don't have any gold yet, but please write back, because things are getting mighty strange around here and I don't know what to do.

First of all, Mama sold off everything valuable in the house so she can help Arthur fix that mirror of his. She said the money won't matter once we get to the future, being as how we can just bury a big box of money now and then dig it up in the future and be rich. I told her we ain't got any money to bury because she gave it all to Arthur, and anyway a future person would probably just dig it up and steal it before we got it. She said I was just stubborn like my daddy. Well, maybe I am.

And tragedy has befallen Little Uncle Jack, too. Somehow it seems as if he lost his arm. I brought some water to Big Uncle Jack in his cabin yesterday, and when I got in there I discovered that Little Uncle Jack was cowering at Big Uncle Jack's feet, and he was missing his left arm. It was clean cut off to the shoulder. Big Uncle Jack just looked at me and said "soon you will believe, Jesse," but to tell you the truth I didn't know what he meant. His face and mouth were covered with blood, but I hesitate to draw any conclusions about what might have happened in there. I figure I'll leave those two alone and let them sort this thing out on their own.

I thought of another thing, too: if we bury a box of money, what good will it do us in the future anyhow? It will be the same amount of money it always was, so we're no better off.

Your brother,

Jesse

Dear Jim,

I hope I can join you out in California soon. The situation out here is getting pretty difficult to manage, and I'm feeling the absence of you and Pa more than ever.

I feel like maybe something untoward is going on out at Big Uncle Jack's cabin. He's still in that cot on account of his snakebite, so I've been regularly bringing him water and helping him with the fire, but lately I haven't enjoyed it much. After I wrote you about Little Uncle Jack and his missing arm, I went back to the cabin and Little Uncle Jack had both his arms again. The arm that was missing before was back again, real flushed and pink, and he had no sleeve over it. I was pretty surprised to see that, and I think Big Uncle Jack knew it. He looked me in the eye and said "behold, Jesse," and then he reached under his cot and he pulled out a rotten old gnawed-up human arm. Then he said to me, "I have the power to do this, Jesse." He laughed and laughed. I couldn't quite piece together what exactly he'd done, but I got a pretty well-formed hunch that it wasn't something agreeable to a Christian.

Little Uncle Jack seems less terrified lately. I knew the doctors said he was always going to be terrified on account of his tiny head, but a calm seems to overtaken him now. I don't know why that should worry me so.

> Arthur hasn't been back in a while, not since Mama gave him all the money. She keeps making excuses for him. She says maybe he went to the future to bring back some money, and I told her she was being too damn stupid to see that he was just shining her on. She said it wasn't any stupider than me believing you'd send back gold, but I don't think that's fair.

Your brother,

Jesse

The tale shall continue at a later date...

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

1.23 BarkWire.com Dog Reviews: Rusty

Wednesday, Jan 23, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Name: Rusty
Breed: Golden Retriever
Age: Unknown
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: Single
Location: In and around Shaggy Butte
Rating: (1.5 out of 5 bones)
ePets: *Rusty has been ePetted 3 times.*

PET THIS DOG
WRITE A REVIEW
ADD RUSTY TO FAVORITES

EDITOR'S REVIEW: Rusty is an interesting Golden Retriever. He's a bit of an odd one, and definitely a love-him-or-hate-him kind of dog. While I have had many good encounters with Rusty over the years, his personality can be kind of off-putting to some. He's very independent and has unusual dietary interests. Very standoffish, but warms up to you if you have patience and appreciate a dog with a sense of humor. Definitely has some hygiene issues though.

--BarkWire Senior Editor Chris Bluefield

User Reviews

34 Reviews for Rusty - Displaying 23-28

Overly Judgmental
Posted by **jmartin12**[**Read other reviews by jmartin12**]

(1 Bone)

I encountered this dog tied to a bike rack outside of a nearby liquor store. He stared at me in a very scrutinizing manner as I chained up my bike, but gave me my personal space. Still, he made it seem like I was invading *his* space. I don't like taking crap from anyone, including dogs, so I told him to f*** off. He just grinned. Rusty has a superiority complex if you ask me.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND??

Posted by **JBruggo**[**Read other reviews by JBruggo**]

(1/2 Bone)

Not in my book.

What can I say about Rusty? Oh, I know: DREADFUL. Less a dog and more of a menace, Rusty seems content to personify our greatest fears. With a specialty for violating social norms - even dog norms - his very nature paints an unsettling picture. I have a hard time believing that a beautiful town such as this could condone letting such a grotesque entity operate so freely. What Rusty is doing is peeling off the layers of civilization and showing us something we need not see. He is breaking down our rules and laws and we are letting him do it. Whether intentional or a side effect to some sort of mental disease, this dog needs to be stopped. I have tried repeatedly to organize a mob to deal with the problem posed by Rusty, but most people think I'm overreacting. He's just a dog, they say. He's not attacking anyone, they say. Well, when we do say enough is enough? His owner never answers the phone or the door and hasn't even begun to take responsibility for his pet. We as a community need to before his behavior spreads to others.

DOES ANYONE HAVE ANY PICTURES OF RUSTY'S PAWS??
Posted by **PawManiac** [**Read other reviews by PawManiac**]

(5 Bones)

please e-mail pawman88@yahoo.com. GOD BLESS.

MOST OVERRATED DOG ON BARKWIRE
Posted by **BiGDog** [**Read other reviews by BiGDog**]

(1/2 Bone)

I'm no stranger to dog reviews. I was a premium member of Dogcharts.com before it closed down (it was great while it lasted, but the new moderators really turned it to shit with their politics), and I've written dozens of reviews here. Listen, I know a good dog when I see one. Rusty is far from a good dog. Aside from his numerous physical problems, he is psychologically unsound. He's not vicious or mean like some bad dogs, but just crazy. A dog like that has no business being here amongst other great dogs such as Robert, Whiskey, Hornmouth, Blog, and BiGDOG'S personal fave - Panzer.

--BiGDOG--
Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

SCARY DOG
Posted by **almam** [**Read other reviews by almam**]

(1/2 Bone)

rusty is a v. horrible dog. i saw rusty carrying a baby doll in his mouth. i thought it was real baby but it was just a doll. it was still scary and i yelled at him and chased him. he dropped the doll and hobbled off dragging his leash behind him. rusty's owner should really do something about him he

is not behaving well for a dog!!!

Look beneath the surface
Posted by **Doctor Dog** [**Read other reviews by Doctor Dog**]

(4 Bones)

People criticizing Rusty's personality should look at his environment. I think Rusty's behavior is a classic defense mechanism. I have never once seen Rusty with his master. I'm not even sure he has a master for that matter. He is acting out in hopes someone will fill the role of disciplinarian. He wants boundaries and no one is setting them. If we looked at his behavior properly - as a cry for help - we might think twice about writing him off as a pariah.

HAS SKIN PROBLEMS!!
Posted by **ELMO STEPHENS** [**Read other reviews by ELMO STEPHENS**]

(2 Bones)

HAD EXPERIENCE WITH RUSTY DOWN BY FARMER'S MARKET. RUSTY WAS CHAINED TO SIGNPOST. HE WAS VICIOUSLY CHEWING ON HIS OWN RUMP AND THERE WAS LITTLE FUR LEFT THERE AND LOTS OF BLOOD. I ASKED THE MARKET'S OWNER ABOUT THE STRANGE DOG AND NOBODY KNEW WHO HE BELONGED TO OR WHO LEFT HIM, BUT THAT THEY WOULD CALL ANIMAL CONTROL IF SOMEBODY DIDN'T TAKE HIM SOON. SOMEONE TRIED TO FEED HIM DOG FOOD AND RUB OINTMENT ON HIS RUMP BUT HE WAS HAVING NONE OF IT. HIS BREATH SMELLED LIKE CIGARETTES AND HE WOULD OPEN HIS MOUTH REALLY WIDE FOR NO REASON. NOT A VERY GOOD DOG.

ELMO STEPHENS

MOST PECULIAR HABITS
Posted by **Ackmed** [**Read other reviews by Ackmed**]

(1/2 Bone)

I have lived next door to this dog for about 3 months. During this time I have observed a pattern of strange behavior. From my bedroom window I can see my neighbor's backyard quite clearly. Rusty is often in this backyard doing unexplainable things.

Often times he will stand on his hind legs with his front paws placed against a tree. He will stare directly at the tree and remain in that position for hours. The first time I saw him doing it I thought he was actually some kind of statue, but no, it was a real dog.

One time when he was doing this he toppled over and I thought for sure he was dead, so I went and knocked on my neighbor's door. There was no answer and the smell was so horrible that I went back home. I looked out the window again an hour later and he was back to standing against the tree.

Other times he wanders around the yard following the same path, wearing strange symbols into the yard. This is not the behavior of a normal dog. I have never seen his owner ever but he really needs

to get his dog help (and also take better care of the lawn because it is extremely overgrown).

The dog has an unusual diet. I have seen him eat his way through a pile of rotting rhubarbs and another time he methodically consumed several whole pumpkins.

I have told my children to stay away from Rusty and I advise you to do the same.

A WALKING JUSTIFICATION FOR EUTHANASIA
Posted by **K9Fan** [**Read other reviews by K9Fan**]

(1/2 Bone)

Rusty is overtly sinister. He doesn't attack people physically, but he seems to be an expert at toying with people. Often times I will see him walking backwards down the street. I have reported this dog to animal control since it does not need to be wandering so freely, let alone acting out so strangely. If a child saw Rusty they might get the wrong idea about dogs or possibly be so frightened they fear dogs forever.

Disgusting habits - please avoid!
Posted by **Selma** [**Read other reviews by Selma**]

(1/2 Bone)

I saw Rusty leashed to the bike rack outside of the library. I thought he could use some company, so I stopped to pet him. First of all, this dog has the worst skin and fur I've ever seen. It felt like I was rubbing my hands on olive oil and dust. My hands were absolutely caped with this stuff. Then, to make matters worse, Rusty became, well, visibly excited. Other people saw me with him and it was terribly embarrassing. I left as fast I could and had to wash my hands three times before they were finally clean. I don't need people thinking I'm going around enticing dogs, and I certainly don't need Rusty misconstruing my attempts to be nice. I have never been more humiliated by a dog in my life. I give this dog half a bone out of five bones (lowest rating I can give).

Disregard my previous review!
Posted by **Doctor Dog** [**Read other reviews by Doctor Dog**]

(1/2 Bone)

My attempts to give Rusty the benefit of the doubt were in error. I saw him leashed to a tree in the park and decided to give him some food since no one seemed to be paying any attention to him and he was all alone. I left a bowl of food out and he wagged his tail and acted happy. The next day I woke up and went to get the newspaper. Soon as I stepped out the door, my feet landed in a puddle of vomit. I looked over and saw my newspaper shredded. Rusty was standing at the edge of my yard with his mouth hanging wide open. He was making some kind of hissing sound. I yelled at him to get away and he slowly hobbled away backwards. I'm a patient man but this dog is just evil. If someone doesn't shoot him soon, I will.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.24 There is Nothing Greater in Life Than a Dog on a Boat

Thursday, Jan 24, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

If there's one thing I know in life, it's that dogs on boats are the greatest thing on God's green Earth. You can have one without the other, but once you put them both together you're going to find out what you've been missing all this time. First, let's talk about boats. The helpful heading below will let you know when you're in the boat zone of the article. The dog zone follows shortly after that.

Boat

Boat ownership is not so much a stupid hobby but a symbol that you've done something in life. When someone sees a boat owner they say, "Look at that guy. Is that John Ratzenburg?"
"You mean Ratzenberger?"
"Yeah, that guy. Look."
"No, I don't think that's him."
"Damn, I could swear it was him. HEY CLIFF!"
"What the hell are you doing?"
"Eh, it's not like he doesn't get it all the time. Calm down, Martha."
"I can't go anywhere with you."

A boat. Not that exciting.

Few people who own boats lack life experience. You don't see babies owning boats. If you see a baby on a boat chances are there's an adult around, probably the father. Women generally despise the ocean and everything in it. This stems from centuries of the sea swallowing up sailors and making widows out of their wives. This doesn't happen so much anymore. It was a very hungry sea but it's stuffed from all the sailors. Yum-yum. But my point is if that a baby owns a boat that's one pimp ass baby.

There are two types of guys who buy boats. Rich men and men going through their mid-life crisis. The latter is pretty pathetic, or is that former. I always forget. People just use those two terms to pretend they're smart. They should just say, THE SECOND ONE. A guy will buy a boat because he hates his family. That's a pretty good reason to do anything, but he probably can't afford it and eventually the bank will foreclose on his boat. If you want to buy a boat you have to be a rich man. It's not so much about the boat than it is about the richness. I mean, if you have a boat then you must be rich right? Right.

A man may buy a boat to prove how rich he is to others. This may sound vain, but it's hard to prove to people how rich you are by shoving your cash in their face. It's not considered polite. Shove your boat in their face instead. Count your boats in front of them! Even if you have one boat. Just go, ONE, ONE BOAT! Ha ha ha ha.

Private boats are generally for recreational purposes and are of no real use to anyone. People have them just to chill out and drink beer on. A friend of mine once bought a boat because he thought it would cut down on his commute to work. He said that there's no traffic in the ocean and if someone is in front of you you just sail around them or ram them into some rocks. But then he realized his job is 160 miles inland and doesn't use his boat anymore. This is the same guy who bought a PS3

in order to sell it on ebay and we all laughed at him when his auction got zero bids and he had to return it to Target.

Boats are pretty boring by themselves. Once you get over the thrill of floating it gets really lame really fast. Many new boat owners find themselves standing on the port bow stroking their beards and muttering under their breath, "Hmm, this is alright, but it's missing something..."

Dog

It is said that dog is man's best friend. They are a little too friendly if you ask me. Nothing is more annoying than a dog that won't calm the hell down. Every time this dog I know sees me he jumps on me and practically starts tea bagging me. They are excited all the time because they are retarded and won't stop until you tell them to go outside and stay there. But then you feel bad because there is nothing worse in life than making a dog sad. So you're like, "Goddamnitt." and let him back in.

At least it's better than cats who suck and are worthless. What does a cat even do? Nothing. And why does a cat even exist? Don't ask me! They can't even share with each other. There are these two cats on my block that fight every night over the same territory. They are all messed up and ugly from the fighting but they never learn.

A dog. Good, not great.

I have two cats because my girlfriend is female and throws her tampons all over the house like all women do so there are cats. And these two cats fight all the time. The fatter one gets super pissed and the only thing that will calm him down is putting him on the tall dresser where he'll proceed to hiss at the other one until you pretend to strangle it so he thinks it's dead. Dogs are just plain better than cats. Cats will fart on your face while you sleep for no reason.

Buying a dog is hard work though. Women have a saying that there are no good men left. They should change it to there are no good dogs left. It seems that every dog is so inbred that it falls apart the second you take it out of the box. There is no good place to buy a dog. Everybody says, "No! Don't go to the pet store! They're evil! No! Don't go to the pound! Those dogs are are bad! No! Don't go to that breeder! They are even eviler than the pet store!" There is no non-evil place you can go to get a dog apparently.

Everybody says do your research. I did more research looking for a dog than they do trying to cure AIDS. Fed up, I went to my best friend in life Pete. I said, Pete, I'm looking for a dog and I need some advice. He says, "Well, what kind of breed are you looking at?" Golden retriever, like the one in the hit movie Homeward Bound, I say. "Nah, those dogs got all sorts of problems." Well, what about a collie. "No sir, those dogs are too uptight." Okay, beagles seem cool. "Don't. Everybody will think you got it just because of Snoopy." Dejected, I walked home and discovered my house had been robbed.

Then you finally get a dog from a place that was somehow approved by everybody you know and it managed to survive the first two weeks in your home. It's fun for a while but then you stand around while the dog breaks everything you own and defiles your wife. You say to yourself, "You know, this is nice, but it's missing something..."

Dog and Boat

Dog on a boat. Now we're talking.

Now you see where I'm going with this. When a dog is on a boat it calms them the hell down for once in your miserable life and they just stand there with a dumb look on their face. It takes the seemingly limitless majesty of the Earth's ocean to calm a dog down for one second. Many people take this time to enjoy a nice moment together with their dog. Nothing gay though. It's not like that.

It's stimuli overload for a dog. The dog's brain isn't fast enough to process the scenery, the sun, the wind, the noise and the incredible amount of ugly, ugly birds and will just sit there stuck in an infinite loop while it's brain struggles to catch up.

That's my dream in life. To have a boat and a dog and combine the two. No moochy women, no judgmental friends, just me and my dog sailing the open ocean but not too far away from land because there are pirates out there. Not the eye patch and parrot type but the fucked up rocket launcher type.

This is your dream too. You just don't know it yet. I've included a bunch of pictures of dogs on boats (that I found in the forest) with my commentary and expert analysis.

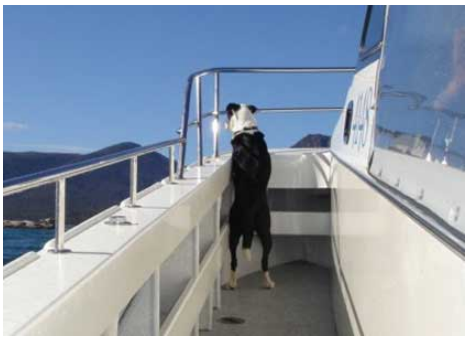
I don't know if this dog is on a boat or just sitting on the pier. Either way he deserves a spot in this article as much as any dog.

Dogs on boats are great, but even dogs get tired of it at some point and yearn for dry land. Practice moderation, please.

Few cats enjoy boats. This one decided to go on a boat but regretted it shortly thereafter.

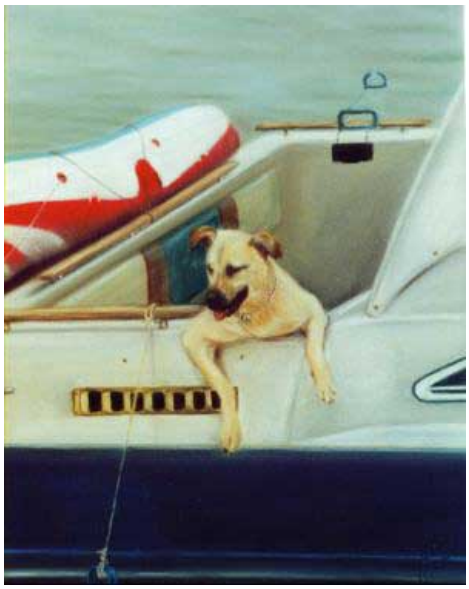
Small dogs enjoy boats, but I wouldn't recommend it.

This dog has been put in charge of the lookout post.



If you like dogs on boats you might like this picture.

Here is a funny picture of a dog being silly on a boat.



This looks like a painting of a dog just hanging out on a boat. It may not be a real picture but somewhere a dog is doing this right now.

This isn't a dog on a boat, but I knew *you guys* would like the thick white booty in jeans look.

Don't board this ship! Dog on duty!

This dog is just a stock photo model employed by the iStockphoto company. But someday he's going to have a boat of his own.

This dog hit the jackpot. He's on a boat orgy during the perfect storm. Good dog!

No offense to the skipper, but he looks like Captain Queer to me. See what not having a dog on your boat makes you look like?

Now here's a bad ass with a dog. He's so bad ass his screen name is "bADaSSdude75".

Helpful devices like this give your dog easier access to the port bow, whatever that is!

I told you, Linda, I'm not letting your cat come aboard if all he's going to do is sleep the whole fucking time. *We've been over this.* This is bullshit.

There is something special about a man sailing with his dog. As the great author and dog owner Mark Twain once said, "There is nothing greater in life than a dog on a boat."

And one day it'll be your dog on your boat. Just keep dreaming.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

1.25 Blue Stripe - The Life and Times of a Dalek Slave

Friday, Jan 25, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.

Daleks rounding up slaves on earth. Looks like a pair of Welsh women outside their hut.

My name is Liam Fowler and I am a Dalek wrangler. I believe I've got on to about 45 years by now. I can't be certain, seeing as how until a few months ago I was slave labour in a mine on Skaro.

I was captured by the Daleks during one of their little escapades back on earth. Mostly they snatched up the lads from UNIT and some scientists. I was just a bystander, pushing a broom for them at their secret Orkborne-on-Bog HQ in Harrogate. A few Quonset huts and a boarded-up church was all, don't know why the Daleks even bothered.

That was, hmm, I want to say 1981 or 1982 when that happened. I was 21 at the time. Had a girl named Shaz and a little one on the way what maybe wasn't mine. We were all crammed into a council flat while I was trying to touch ends doing odd jobs. Painting, papering, mowing, you get the idea. Saw the signs for the job in Orkborne and the rest is history.

Every single sorry sod that got picked up with me is dead, most of them from accidents in the dalekanium mines, but a few from the Daleks. Which is not to say I was working in the mines all by my lonesome. There are plenty of people left to work in the mines. The Daleks can travel all over space and time, exterminating life and bringing back a few slaves here and there to do the heavy lifting.

When I saw the ad pasted to the mine shaft I was coming back knackered from a bloody awful shift. I just wanted to get back to my bunk, pull off my shoes and stockings, have a curry, and plop my feet into a good salt water soak. Seeing that ad for the personal retinue job made me realize there might be more to life as a Dalek slave.

The job sounded dangerous, but hell, I'm an old man for a slave. Live dangerously is my motto. Just don't let any of the Daleks know I said that is my motto.

The UNIT way: stand behind crates shooting until you get disintegrated.

So, hm, the ah, the retainer job. I expect you want to know how that is working out for me? Right. Well, it isn't all sunshine and biscuits, and sometimes I'm nostalgic for the mines, but overall it feels almost like I'm on holiday. No more dalekanium dust filling my lungs and no more getting zapped with the work prod.

It has also been a real eye-opener. I have seen a whole new side to the Daleks. Don't get me wrong, they are still right bastards, there's just a bit more to them than shouting "EX-TER-MIN-ATE!" and waving their little sticks around.

Most of what I do is keep the pepper pots out of trouble. It's easy to see them as single-mindedly hateful overlords, which they are, but they're also pretty feeble. Davros

didn't really equip their little slimy football bodies for much aside from pulling the levers inside their larger robotic bodies. The robotic bodies aren't equipped for much more aside from topping people and trundling slowly along a flat surface.

Contrary to popular belief, Daleks can go up stairs, but it's a painstakingly slow process that involves little thrusters at the bottom of their robot bodies. It takes a lot out of them, so they prefer elevators or being carried up the stairs like an old sofa. Forget about nature. They can struggle over a well-kept lawn, but even something like a gravel road or a fallen branch is impassable terrain.

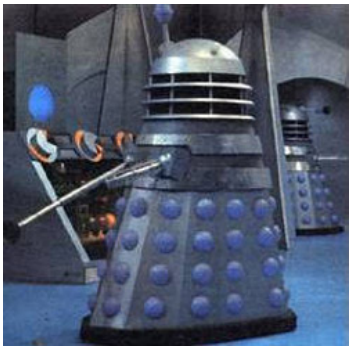
Seeing them try to roll over the top of a stick and getting caught up on it can be heartbreaking. You have to keep telling yourself that these aren't invalids, they're a race of bloodthirsty mutants bent on galactic domination. It's really pitiful, but if you let on you feel sorry for them then they'll disintegrate you right off. They'll blast you even if it means they'll have to wait hours for another slave to come rescue them.

Most of all the Daleks are petulant babies. Maybe I'd go so far as to call them toddlers, but just barely. Most everyone what has met one knows they love to threaten to kill you, but during their off hours they whinge constantly. Imagine a spoiled little prat crying for his mum, now give the twat a couple ways he can kill you instantly. That's a Dalek.

I care for two Daleks name of Hurk and Jason. They live in a one-floor metal house overlooking a carefully leveled slab of concrete. I am not sure, but I think they are a couple. Like all Daleks, they are at least casual exterminators, and their interests can take them far away. If they go, I am obliged to follow them.

There is no time for me to keep a formal work log, so these are mostly my thoughts and observations as I scribbled them down. I tried to pick a few worth a laugh. I'm trusting you with this, so don't go opening your gob to any of my Dalek masters.

Day One



Daleks prefer leveled and polished concrete flooring.

Arrived at the house of my new masters. Hurk is the red Dalek and Jason is the blue Dalek. I must remember this or they may exterminate me.

Another slave was brought with me to the house and the slave master made us fight to the death to see "which one is better." I reckon I was better by a hair since I'm still breathing. Death battles are no big deal after a while. You get used to them.

The house seems to be constructed very cheaply from foam blocks and tinfoil. This is the first Dalek house I have seen before, so I'm not sure if all Dalek houses are similar or this means they are poor.

They have a large telly that is always playing a show about a Dalek disintegrating a series of objects. It cuts very quickly from one object to the next. When I first walked in he was blasting a lamp. Then he blasted a carrot. Then he blasted an umbrella. It just goes on and on like that for hours.

Hurk and Jason each have their own rooms in the house with a door to match the livery of their robotic body. There is a small kitchen and a broom closet. There is a WC as well, but it's fitted for the Daleks.

I am in the unfinished basement. It floods a lot, but Hurk gave me a hammock to keep me out of the water.

He says the real work begins tomorrow.

Day Four

Common misconception about stairs, but they do dislike them.

Work here isn't too bad compared to the mines. Hurk has me spend the mornings clearing brush and sweeping leaves off the concrete outside their house. These tossers can't deal with any obstructions.

Hurk is rather quiet for a Dalek. Scarcely an "exterminate" out of him all morning. Jason is the opposite. He hardly has any chorse for me and he likes to talk rubbish about anything and everything. It is a bit odd being asked, "HAVE YOU EV-ER BEEN TO CUM-BERLAND?"

Jason's modulated voice does not match up to his casual chat. I was shocked when he asked me,"WOULD YOU TAKE A BIS-CUIT WITH YOUR TEA?"

The biscuit was a puck of pure sodium and the tea was just rainwater Jason extracted from an external cistern, but he meant well. You can't say that about many Daleks.

Hruk pronounced that tomorrow I'm to drive for Jason. Why own a car when you can't drive? Dunno, maybe there was another slave before me, but I don't want to get started down that imaginatory avenue.

We'll be off to the Tescos in Dalekopolis to purchase groceries. I'm excited about the possibility of going to a city, but I am also fearful of the groceries Daleks might purchase. I cannot help but think it is going to involve humans and pickling.

Shops are similar to earth, but strangely lifeless and soul-sucking.

Day Five

Went to the Tescos today. The Daleks seem to all own Astra hatchbacks from the 80s. It's absurd trying to get the bleeders in there. I had to heft Jason in sideways through the hatchback and tie it down with him sticking half out. He complained the whole way that he was getting ill. When we arrived at the carpack he opened his hatch and spurted green sick onto the pavement.

There weren't many other cars on the roadway, but those I saw were all Astras with Daleks poking out the back. Every Dalek has a slave driver, most of the humans, but also I saw some wolfmen and a Cyberman or two. Thank god I weren't snatched up by the Cybermen. They don't muck around with exterminating and making you a slave, they just turn you into one of them straight off.

My fears about the Tescos were at least misguided. It was mostly different kinds of goops and blocks of minerals, plus sundry goods for us slaves to use when caring for our Dalek masters.

Jason misbehaved a bit, got all snared up in an extension cable and insisted on pushing the cart even though he couldn't control it properly. Every time I'd stop to get something I would turn and he'd bang the cart right into my shins and then laugh "HA-HA-HA-HA" real slowly. He did let me throw a couple boxes of "human wafers" into the cart, which it said on the tin are "treats for humans."

Not too sure what else I'm expected to eat and Jason started to get impatient once the list was filled so we had to leave.

Day Seven

Usually when you see a Dalek he's either dead or bitin' on your face.

Weird thing happened tonight. I was down in the basement and there was this terrible dripping from the walls and I couldn't get to sleep. I went upstairs and opened the wrong door on my way outside to have a slash.

Inside the storage closet there was a colored light bulb shedding reddish orange light like those heat lamps they use at a chip shop. I squint at the light and hear "CLOSE THE DOOR HU-MAN!" in an urgent Dalek voice. I only catch a glimpse before I shut the door, but I know what I saw

I saw Hurk and Jason with their hatches open. Their robotic arms had tongs like the kind you use for pasta and they were pinching each other and twisting their arms a little bit. Jason, I think, was making an "OOOOOOOOO" sound.

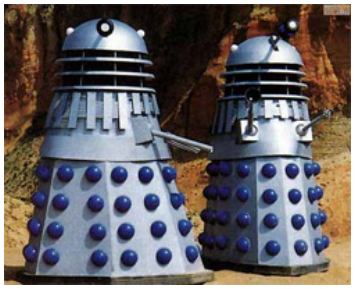
Day Eight

Hurk and Jason were waiting for me when I came upstairs. They backed me into a corner and kept asking me, "WHAT DID YOU SEE HU-MAN?"

I was telling them I saw nawt and they would say "CORR-ECT YOU SAW NAWT!" and then just ask me again.

Finally Jason rolled off and Hurk said, "HU-MANS THAT SEE THINGS ARE EX-TERM-INATED!" I let him know I understood and he just told me to go shovel a ditch out in the backyard. It's what they make me do whenever they're mad at me.

Not sure I want to think about what I actually did see.



This photo looks fine to you, but all I see is peril for these poor Daleks.

Day Sixteen

Jason fell into the pool particularly badly today. My theory on why they have a swimming pool is complicated, but the meat of it is that I think the Daleks came to earth and saw our towns and how we live and decided to live more like us because we seemed happier. On reflection, I suppose it isn't so

complicated.

The mural on the side of the YDCA.

The point is, they have all these things and do all these things even if they are dangerous. Like a pool in middle of the concrete slab behind the house. They can't swim in it. They can't even take care of it properly. It's just a hazard waiting for an accident. Hurk fell in right after I got here and today's fall makes Jason's third time.

Daleks can't really see downward very much, so if they're not paying attention to where they're going they can fall or end up, god forbid, tipping over and crashing down a hill. The pool is particularly dangerous for them, because even though their robot suits are air-tight, they only have about an hour's air in them. If the water covers up their speaker nubs then they're done.

Lucky for Jason, I burned Hurk's noontime Dalek biscuits in the plasma oven. After a tantrum and a few threats of extermination, Hurk sent me out back to dig another ditch. That's when I found Jason in the pool.

I took him for dead at first, but then he saw me and started rolling around on the bottom of the pool trying to get my attention. I got the pool pulley and put the straps around him. Got him hoisted out of there. He'd nearly run out of air to breathe and of course he blamed my "HU-MAN WIT-LESS-NESS" for his peril.

They're all bluster though. I could tell Hurk was glad for what I'd done and he let me off ditch digging duty by telling me I was "TOO FEE-BLE TO DIG A PROP-ER DITCH ANY-WAY."

I'm beginning to understand that all Daleks say hateful things, but it's the way they say those things that let you know their true feelings.

Day Twenty Two

Today I learned what Hurk and Jason do to earn their livings. I had been wondering about that since I got here.

Hurk used to be a Dalek exterminator, traveling space and time disintegrating various people and objects. He pulled that disintegrate lever so many times he ended up with a nasty case of carpal tunnel. Now he's a pensioner.

Jason is a bit younger and never joined one of the extermination fleets. That is really looked down upon in Dalek society. He's on the dole as well and in his spare time he makes scrap art out of things that have been disintegrated or partially disintegrated.

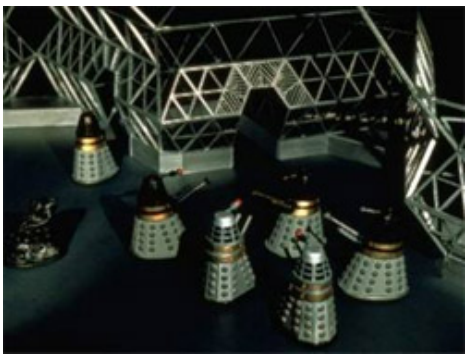
Davros at an East End Dalek loft party.

He showed me his "Tree of Davros" that is made up of ashes from a tree that was disintegrated and his "Terrarium of Davros" that was created from pieces of a terrarium and a bearded lizard that remained following disintegration. They're both quite nice, really.

He also hinted at a masterwork he calls "Legacy of Davros" that Hurk has been helping with. I

think it involves things that have been disintegrated.

Day Thirty



Lines at the Dalek Motor License Department.

Major bad day.

Hurk was sleep rolling again. He got outside and off the concrete and managed to tip himself into a ditch. By the time I heard him wailing for help he had been in there a good few hours, rolling back and forth like a sausage, his little stick arms flailing around uselessly.

He tried to disintegrate me twice while I was wrestling him out of the ditch, but his arms were bent out of shape so badly he just took the tops off a few concrete geese. Jason swept up the ashes of the geese to use for one of his art projects.

I got Hurk back in the house, but he was totally inconsolable. I made him some warm Dalek milk and fed it in through his drinking tube and he finally calmed down enough to speak sensibly.

"I AM IN-JURED BAD-LY HU-MAN!"

I convinced him to pop open his hatch and let me have a look at his tiny little mutant body. He looked like a pair of green bollocks wearing a wig, but I could sense right away that something was wrong. His beaky little mouth was oozing brown liquid and his feeble tentacles were tangled up like shoelaces.

I poked and prodded him while he screeched at me and Jason hovered over my shoulder. I could patch him up a bit from what I knew about Dalek anatomy, but his injuries were more serious than I could repair. I realized this shortly before I made the biggest mistake since my arrival at the house. "Perhaps I could drive him to hospital," I said, "to see the doctor."

Oliver Cromwell, the screams they made!

"THE DOC-TOR! THE DOC-TOR!"

They both started spinning in circles and flailing their mechanical stick arms around. Hurk's hatch was still open so he was sloshing that brown liquid all over the kitchen.

"EX-TERM-IN-ATE THE DOC-TOR! EX-TERM-IN-ATE!"

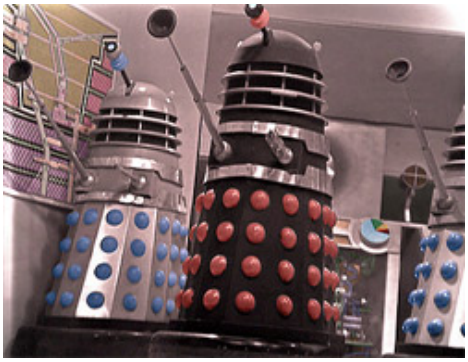
Luckily, I was close enough to the basement door to dive down the steps when they started firing their disintegrators. It took them a good ten minutes of blasting away madly to wear themselves out.

When I finally popped my head up they had spun themselves into opposite corners and were rocking back and forth mumbling. The kitchen was in ruins. Holes clean through the walls and ceilings, appliances reduced to ash and slag.

I think the Daleks misunderstood me.

It'll be days before I can fix all the damage, and who knows what Hurk and Jason are going to do to me when they regain their senses.

Day Thirty Eight



Dalek friends and well-wishers.

For the past few days I have been wondering if Hurk is going to make a recovery. I got my answer.

I had been filling the ditches per Jason's instructions all day and when I came back into the house I tracked in a lot of mud. Daleks hate mud and dirt, interferes with their mechanical parts I suppose, so I knew I had to get it cleaned up quickly. I walked over to the closet to get the laser broom and I was treated to a repeat of the scene from my first week here.

Hurk and Jason both had their hatches open under the orange heat lamp and they were prodding each other with what looked like two-tined forks. Sort of like tuning forks. Hurk looked a bit worse for wear, but otherwise he seemed to be enjoying himself.

I can't be sure, but I think they were having one off together. They were having such a time of it they didn't notice me immediately. I just watched, dumbfounded and slightly nauseated.

Jason made cycloptic eye-contact with me. I said nothing, but closed the door.

Day Thirty Nine

Jason, Hurk, and I have reached an agreement. I will not speak of their illicit relationship, nor speak the word "doctor" in their presence. In exchange, I no longer have to dig ditches (in a moment of right-headedness Jason reasoned they were a hazard) and I will be allowed some small degree of input at the grocer's.

I have also learned that there is a county fair featuring a slave pageant coming up and I will be permitted to attend. It's held as a party for slaves to socialize, although the Daleks treat it more as a chance to groom and dress up their slaves and show them off to the other Daleks.

I'm not too interested in the grooming and the dressing up part, but it might be nice to make a friend or two in the area. At least one that doesn't want to exterminate me from time to time.

Even Davros likes to play dress-up.

Try as I might, I can't hate them completely. Maybe other Daleks, but not my Daleks. Honking nutters though they may be, I feel almost like they are my children. They are my evil metal nonces

and they rely on me.

Someday, maybe even someday soon, they will probably exterminate me. It's just the Dalek way. But I say, better to have lived and been disintegrated, than not lived at all.

Don't tell Jason or Hurk I said that though. I don't want them getting any ideas.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.26 Golfweek Retractions

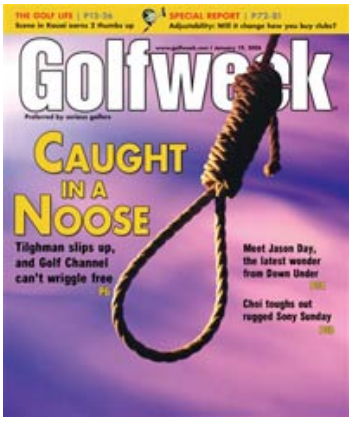
Saturday, Jan 26, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Golfweek magazine page 86

Retractions

Mulligan!

Golfweek would like to retract our last issue's cover, which featured a swinging noose alongside the caption "Caught In A Noose" in very large letters.


Golfweek
CAUGHT IN A NOOSE
Tilghman slips up, and Golf Channel can't wriggle free
Meet Jason Day, the latest wonder from Down Under
Choi toughs out rugged Sony Sunday

This image was not a sensationalistic ploy to to sell magazines. We would never stoop to such a shameful low.

In fact, the image wasn't related in any way to the cover story about a golf broadcaster who slipped up on air and said that the only way Tiger Woods could be stopped is if other players teamed up to "lynch him in a back alley".

The entire debacle was the result of a simple clerical error. The image we intended to put on the cover was that of a *goose*, to coincide with a feature about PGA Tour player Retief Goosen which did not appear in the magazine.

We apologize for any confusion this error might have caused.

Mulligan!

We mistakenly listed *Mario Golf: Toadstool Tour* as the most realistic golf simulation ever made in last issue's "Off The Green" feature. The game that we intended to feature was *Mario Kart 64*.

Mulligan!

As a part of our "Scavenger Hunt 2008" contest, we hid several secret messages throughout last week's magazine. Did you find them?

If you did, please disregard them immediately. Instead of golf clues I mistakenly printed my social security number, home address, bank account information and Golfweek email login/password.

Also, if anyone knows how to reset an email account's password, please contact me immediately.

Mulligan!

Last week's issue was drippy and wet, like it was dunked in a mixture of honey and pork drippings or something. We can't account for the origin of this wetness as it certainly wasn't an editorial decision, but the incident has left us both fascinated and apologetic.

Golfweek would like to retract a photograph that we ran in last week's "Breaking News" column which featured a shrunken Tails Prower having intercourse with Sonic the Hedgehog's urethra.

In our rush to make the deadline, we failed to recognize that the image was not a photograph, but a crayon drawing on a Red Lobster placemat, and that the word balloon reading "Oh Sonic, your penis is the only woman I need" would not be captured by any non-military camera.

Our last issue featured a rape-themed crossword puzzle that proved to be quite a challenge for many of our readers. We apologize for failing to explain that the correct answers had to be converted to gibberish in order for the puzzle to be solved.

Golfweek would like to retract last week's review of the new Big Bertha driver club. The article, consisting of nothing but ASCII Garfield caricatures, was a rough draft. We apologize to anyone who may have bought the club as a result of this misleading review.

The "How To Hotwire A Car" graphic on page 10 of last week's issue was incorrect. You want the blue and white wire, not the green and white one.

In last week's issue, we wrote a detailed account of the ED-205 blasting that board member dude's guts all over the OCP office in *Robocop*. The correct model of the robot was, in fact, the ED-209.

As it turns out, it is impossible to hit a golf ball all the way around the Earth with just one shot. This is due to modern inventions such as airplanes and rocketships cluttering the sky, making it impossible for a ball to travel more than a few miles before being knocked off its trajectory.

In last week's issue, we stated in no uncertain terms that ghosts should not be allowed to play in PGA events, even if they receive a sponsor's invitation. This was clearly a mistake on our part. Instead of making such an assertion openly, we merely meant to imply it.

There is no Esperanto word for "rimjob". We were certain that there was, but apparently we were

wrong. We apologize for this.

Our profile of *American Gladiators*' Wolf listed his hobby as "Howlin' around" when it is, in fact, "Fangin' around".

Very few courses have an 18th hole with a "get it in the Clown's Mouth with one shot and win a free round" offer. In fact, only a handful of 18th holes light up and signal nearby tinny, rock-shaped speakers to play a ten second clip from the hit song Macarena.

We apologize for stating otherwise, and are saddened that such a fine long-standing tradition has fallen by the wayside.

In our last issue we lamented the fact that conjoined twins who are connected at the head cannot french kiss each other, but we overlooked the chance that their foreheads could be connected at exactly the right angle to make this feat possible. Our sincerest apologies go out to those of you who were deeply affected as a result of this error.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.27 LoyalTV and a Tax Refund

Sunday, Jan 27, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Wow, what a miracle. The government is figuring out a method to give everyone a little extra spending money. I love spending money; it's much better than saving money, stare-at money, and the money I'm using to wallpaper my bathroom. Everyone's riled up over the news, and they should be. Hell, I'd be excited too if I wasn't already receiving government checks from my neighbor's mailbox. The old lady's got no idea where her social security checks are going. The main difference is that this time the check will have my name on it, which means no fake driver's license, no wearing that mask I made out of potato skins to the bank, and no more wearing adult diapers for the sake of getting into character. Just me and a $300 check with my name on it. But what do I spend it on?

I've become so used to being poor that I've forgotten how to splurge. The last frivolous purchase on my credit card was paying off the debt to another credit card. Maybe I could finally get working windshield wipers, and with this kind of money, I could even get someone to install them-I'll even buy them a White Castle's Crave Case. Or maybe I could buy something to improve my life, like a job.

Actually, no, never mind. I'll just get something that'll look cool and sexy in my apartment. I want an item that makes the room so sexy that anyone who knocks on my door forgets to demand for their money. What I need is The Love Machine, an animatronic sex seat that brings the fun of Whac-a-Mole to your orifices. Here is a picture littered with artificial penises. The little Chuck-e-Cheese reject only costs $299. Perfect.

Frankie, years before his great sex toy invention

So I know what I want to buy, but what about people who don't know where to lose their money? Is there a site that can help? Yes. LoyalTV

Most people don't know where to spend their money. In an economic crunch like this, you want to make sure you get something good. But you got to be careful out there. It can be difficult making opinions about products on your own.

Imagine you're in the store. You're hungry and you want some cereal. You walk down the isle and see row after row of boxes. You can't decide if you want sugar or oats, chocolate or marshmallow. Do you trust the frog or the captain? When you think it can't get any more stressful, you notice the generic brands. You freak out, and a clerk restocking the strawberry jam notices your cold body hanging from the ceiling. Your parents' lawsuit blaming the cereal companies for your inability to decide gets thrown out, leaving them homeless due to court charges.
"If there was a place for my child to hear mundane opinions on mundane products, my son would be alive." Papa says to the volunteer spooning free soup into his bowl.
That's where LoyalTV comes in, and it's everything your father dreamed of before he died of advanced syphilis.

LoyalTV is like Youtube, but the videos are about products. That sounds boring, but the website's secret is its ability to get the perfect combination of opinions and breasts.

It's a site where people directly advertise shit to others WITHOUT corporate America's greedy biased claws or their desire to make sense. We are all now truly connected to one another, and free from oppression... right? Well, sort of. The reviews on the site rarely go beyond, "I love this makeup because it is a pretty color red." If the reviewer goes any deeper, they end up disagreeing with him or herself. "I like Coca Cola because it is soooooooo healthy," she says, turning the can to read the label, "Oh wow. 39 grams of sugar, that's pretty bad... Oh well, just go with it baby!"

LoyalTV has mixed a lot of things from this list I made.

Favorite Things:
Commercials
Murder
Starvation
Home Videos
Chewing With Mouth Open
Advice from strangers
Youtube videos
S.U.Vs
Subjective Reviews
Home Videos on Youtube
Neptune (planet/god)
People Reading Food Labels on Film

Edit: List meant to be labeled "Least Favorite Things." I apologize for any misunderstanding. -IG

LoyalTV is the America's Funniest Home Videos of commercials, where writers and a budget have been replaced with ramblings and close-ups. People just wander around their house shirtless making videos of themselves trying to describe why they like whatever they pulled off the shelf.

Not all the videos on the website are worth watching. There are eight videos about Arizona Ice Tea? Not a single person was at the grocery looking at those tall cans colored like a 1992 Taco Bell thinking hmm I should go home and hear some opinions first. Instead, they just bought it and decided it tastes like piss. That's the video we need. Where's the Arizona Ice Tea tastes like piss review?

So most are crappy, well, more than most, but these are my favorites.

Woman in bra talking about Degree deodorant.
Effect: I went and purchased a case of womens' deodorant after seeing this video.

Woman in a bra rambling about how much she loves toothpaste.
Effect: Okay, everyone loves toothpaste, but her points on why toothpaste is great really strike a cord. I think this video has the power to convert non-toothpaste users with her powerful statements such as "it makes your breath fresh."

I never knew how much I loved toothpaste!

A demonstration of how to make an "Ice Bomb."
Effect: Kitchen gone, everything covered in ice.

Edit: This video was taken off-line a few hours after article went up. I apologize for any misunderstanding. -IG

A representative of the Anime Club at Mizzou discussing the merits and weekly activities of her college organization while a nearby bystander stares in disgust. On Saturday they are watching four anime movies back-to-back, free pizza.
Effect: Nope, anime still sucks.

Anyway, I hope this information helps you find a responsible place to put your money, and it better not be the bank. You should check out LoyalTV, I think you owe it to your dead dad.

Don't worry, the reviews on the site are trustworthy. No business would ever pay college kids to upload videos about certain products-- except those bastards at Arizona Ice Tea Headquarters. At least the word Loyal is in their name right next to TV. But, neither of those words have anything to do with the website. Actually you're supposed to read the name as Loyalty V. Which translates to Loyalty Five. Which obviously means the site is owned by someone who really likes Lenny Kravitz' 1998 album Five, and you know you can trust anyone earnest enough to state that they like Lenny Kravitz. Oh well, these tiny 30 second videos are just as trustworthy, if not more so, than real commercials.

So, thank you U.S. economy and the Subprime Mortgage Crises for allowing me to purchase an animatronic dildo, and thank you web2.0 for giving me a website to review it on.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.28 Instruction for a Babie

Monday, Jan 28, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Instruction for a Help series.

Place your eye on a previous instruction.

There is a babie in a world in you!

Detecting, a scent in air. Congratulating, we send a letter. Here it is.

There are many way to get a babie in you. Different way say what a different humans girl should do.

1. Mans from below = angry babie put in you = ring the bell

Bell out side home, ring it once and once again, it bring the red worm. Everything will be okay? MUST RING A BELL. If babie grows it is a sinister dark eye babie. A killer of man and friend.

2. A plant gives a babie

A weird babie? Not so weird as you thought. Okay, okay, just kick it back and relax! No worries at all. The babie will come and you will be happy and everything is fine. Lay yourself down by the plant. Close an eye and then another eye. Listen to the music.

3. Mans arrange humaniform breeding through codex
Babie ordained *it is coming.* A precious moment! What a blessing from the codex! Get ready and READ THIS GUIDE.

SMALL BABIE INSIDE YOUR INTESTINE - HOW IT GROW

Once a man sperm invade a egg it start. A egg attach to wall of a babie intestine a special growth in your meat purpose of grow a babie. Here it come, shething.

Encase it in a little sausage meat bag for you meat girl and your internal brines prepare and nutricize a babie. It is slow slow slow to grow, that you know. 1-16 months depends on a type of babie. Deadbabie 3 month max, greenbabie 4 months and many, meatbabie up to 16 months.

As a babie grow within you may feel a sick. This normal. Lie down on your front parts and bite a dog ear. Work a crooked tooth across the surface and savage it. Frustration inflict a hardship on

your growin' babie.

Get ready?

A babie get B-I-G-G-E-R-R-R-R-Rrrr.

It grow and grow and give a little hop and a little shout within a intestine. It drink your flavor

vitamins, from inside, not like a root. Not like a slow leech into a soil.

Time is come for a jubilix! Notify your she friend it is a babie showing! The quickmeat gathers to discuss the important occasion. Hang a thing in a door, on a pillar, give a shout.

HOORAY!

A babie is comin' soon.

HOORAY!

You put a babie in your midst! The juices glug and you put a food in a mouth.

CAAKE?

Balloons?

Why not! Go hop wild.

It's almost time...

DO YOU QUAKE MOMMIE?

You are about to be a mommie. Here come a babie!

Lie down on a grass softly and hold back your shout. No need to upset every mans.

Count to three and push-push-push. Count to three and push-push-push. Do this thing. At a time a babie choose to fall out. If a babie does not fall out ring a bell. Sound will bring the red worm. He know what to do for a babie then.

When your babie is all done sweep up the place. Clean it up. No point bein' messy missy.

Take a babie and give him a milk from your thorax. He drink deep and it grow. Let a babie grow for some time. Place a babie in CIVICSGRATE.

It is a sad parting. Goodbye babie! Do not cry mommies, time will come when a babie returns.

He grow very fast in CIVICSGRATE and an eye will change and he has more strength and hears a different sound. Do not be afraid, give growing babie all love he needs.

Thank you.

GOOD JOB MOMMIE!!!

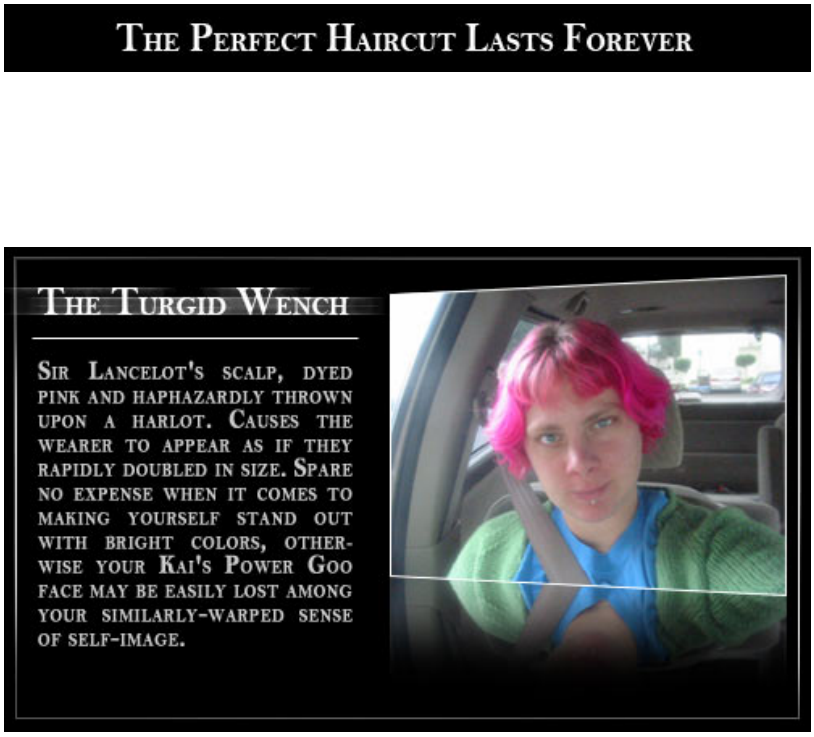
You did it all...

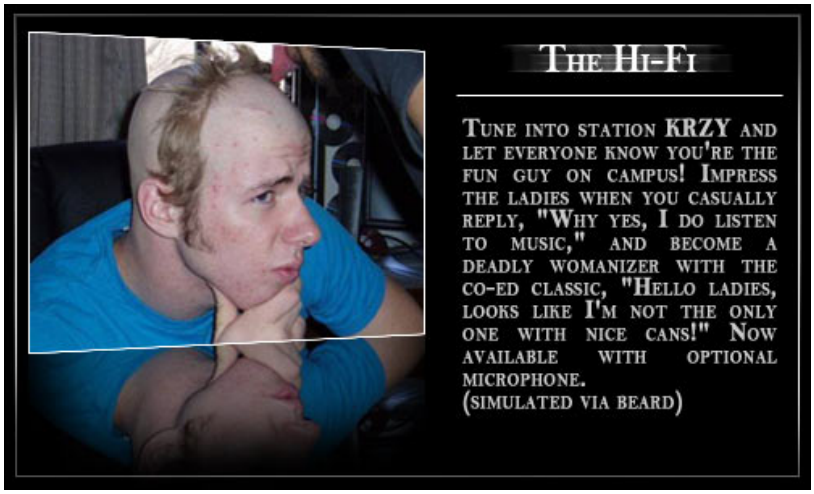
END.

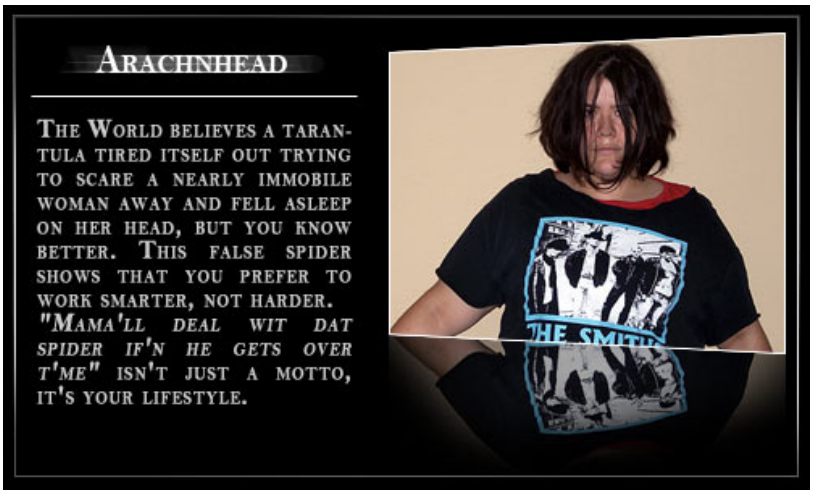
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.29 The Perfect Haircut Lasts Forever

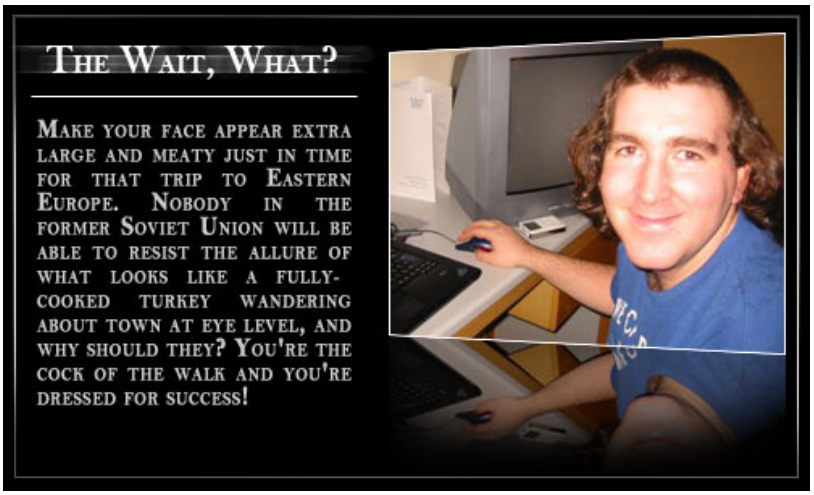
Tuesday, Jan 29, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

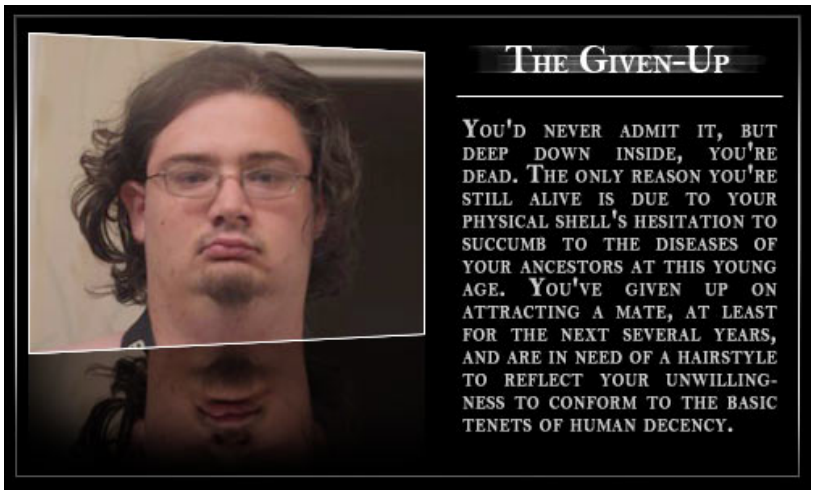

THE PERFECT HAIRCUT LASTS FOREVER
THE TURGID WENCH
SIR LANCELOT'S SCALP, DYED PINK AND HAPHAZARDLY THROWN UPON A HARLOT. CAUSES THE WEARER TO APPEAR AS IF THEY RAPIDLY DOUBLED IN SIZE. SPARE NO EXPENSE WHEN IT COMES TO MAKING YOURSELF STAND OUT WITH BRIGHT COLORS, OTHERWISE YOUR KAI'S POWER GOO FACE MAY BE EASILY LOST AMONG YOUR SIMILARLY-WARPED SENSE OF SELF-IMAGE.

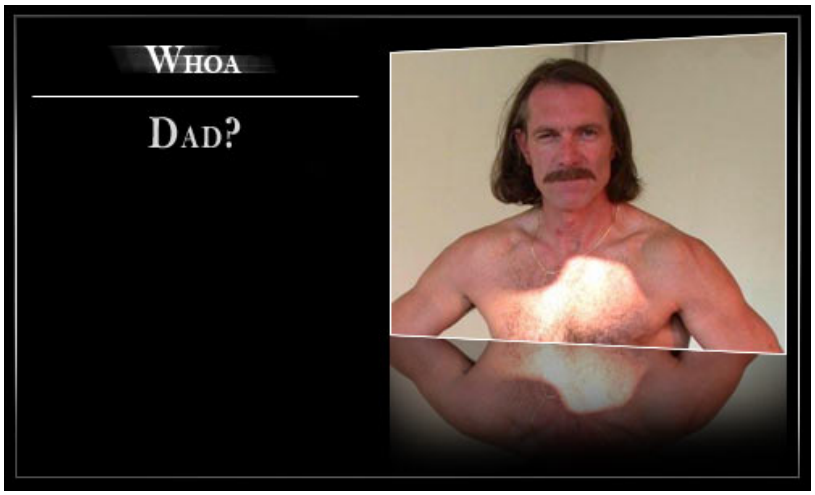

THE HI-FI
TUNE INTO STATION KRZY AND LET EVERYONE KNOW YOU'RE THE FUN GUY ON CAMPUS! IMPRESS THE LADIES WHEN YOU CASUALLY REPLY, "WHY YES, I DO LISTEN TO MUSIC," AND BECOME A DEADLY WOMANIZER WITH THE CO-ED CLASSIC, "HELLO LADIES, LOOKS LIKE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH NICE CANS!" NOW AVAILABLE WITH OPTIONAL MICROPHONE.
(SIMULATED VIA BEARD)

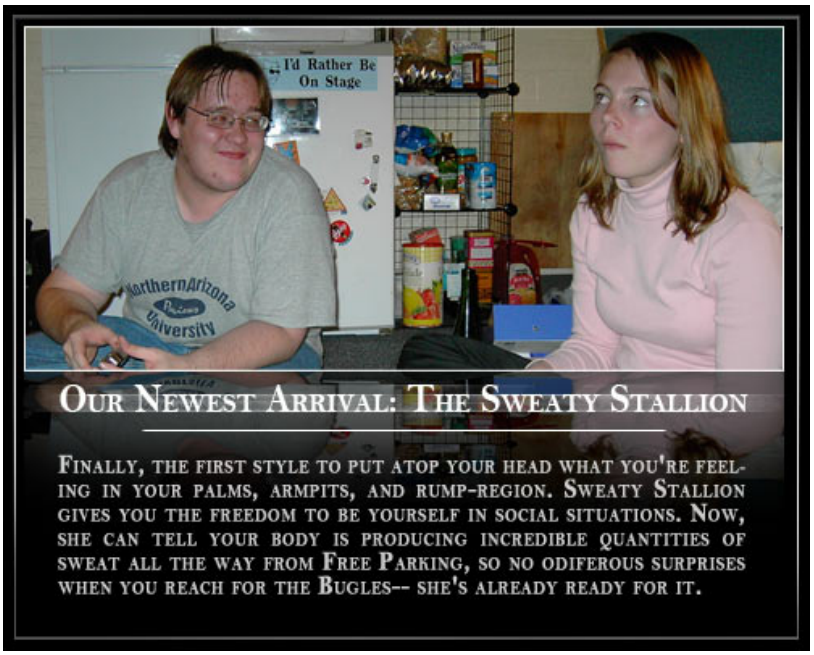

ARACHNHEAD
THE WORLD BELIEVES A TARANTULA TIRED ITSELF OUT TRYING TO SCARE A NEARLY IMMOBILE WOMAN AWAY AND FELL ASLEEP ON HER HEAD, BUT YOU KNOW BETTER. THIS FALSE SPIDER SHOWS THAT YOU PREFER TO WORK SMARTER, NOT HARDER. "MAMA'LL DEAL WIT DAT SPIDER IF'N HE GETS OVER T'ME" ISN'T JUST A MOTTO, IT'S YOUR LIFESTYLE.

CARPE MUSHROOM
A-HA! SUCCESS IS YOURS, AND FORTUNE IS IN YOUR FAVOR! NOW IS THE TIME TO SEIZE THE MOMENT AND SHOW YOUR LOVED ONES THAT YOUR HEAD KNOWS HOW TO RESEMBLE A FUNGUS. AVAILABLE IN SHIITAKE, PORTOBELLO, AND TSAR BOMBA (PICTURED)


THE WAIT, WHAT?
MAKE YOUR FACE APPEAR EXTRA LARGE AND MEATY JUST IN TIME FOR THAT TRIP TO EASTERN EUROPE. NOBODY IN THE FORMER SOVIET UNION WILL BE ABLE TO RESIST THE ALLURE OF WHAT LOOKS LIKE A FULLY-COOKED TURKEY WANDERING ABOUT TOWN AT EYE LEVEL, AND WHY SHOULD THEY? YOU'RE THE COCK OF THE WALK AND YOU'RE DRESSED FOR SUCCESS!


THE GIVEN-UP
YOU'D NEVER ADMIT IT, BUT DEEP DOWN INSIDE, YOU'RE DEAD. THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE STILL ALIVE IS DUE TO YOUR PHYSICAL SHELL'S HESITATION TO SUCCUMB TO THE DISEASES OF YOUR ANCESTORS AT THIS YOUNG AGE. YOU'VE GIVEN UP ON ATTRACTING A MATE, AT LEAST FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL YEARS, AND ARE IN NEED OF A HAIRSTYLE TO REFLECT YOUR UNWILLINGNESS TO CONFORM TO THE BASIC TENETS OF HUMAN DECENCY.


WHOA
DAD?


I'd Rather Be On Stage
NorthernArizona University
OUR NEWEST ARRIVAL: THE SWEATY STALLION
FINALLY, THE FIRST STYLE TO PUT ATOP YOUR HEAD WHAT YOU'RE FEELING IN YOUR PALMS, ARMPITS, AND RUMP-REGION. SWEATY STALLION GIVES YOU THE FREEDOM TO BE YOURSELF IN SOCIAL SITUATIONS. NOW, SHE CAN TELL YOUR BODY IS PRODUCING INCREDIBLE QUANTITIES OF SWEAT ALL THE WAY FROM FREE PARKING, SO NO ODIFEROUS SURPRISES WHEN YOU REACH FOR THE BUGLES-- SHE'S ALREADY READY FOR IT.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

1.30 On Etiquette and Good Behavior

Wednesday, Jan 30, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

A gentleman converses with a lady.

A gentleman may not accompany a lady unless he has been properly introduced. Whenever possible, a third party should handle these introduction ceremonies. If a mutual friend does not exist, a reputable robot may be commissioned to oversee and chaperone a gentleman and a lady on their first encounter. A gentleman does not hire a disreputable robot to introduce him to a lady, nor does a gentleman hire a disreputable robot to accost a lady, so that he may suddenly appear in the guise of a hero and ward off the miscreant machine to win her favor. No, a gentleman honors the laws and conventions of society and uses only appropriate channels when befriending a new lady.

When clad in a jetpack, a gentleman must refrain from showering a lady with exhaust or burning any part of her person or attire. A man who leaves a lady coughing in a cloud of black smoke is no more a gentleman than the common rogue or sky pirate. And indeed, a gentleman never wears his jetpack indoors. To do as much is to admit ignorance of or contempt for basic etiquette.

Should a man be required to carry a lady through the sky, such as to overcome a canyon or escape pirates or ornery robots, he must hold her in a respectable fashion. Never should a man attempt to carry a lady through the sky unnecessarily, or use an imaginary threat as grounds to carry her through the sky. Only a charlatan would place a lady in a situation where she must choose between the indignity of unscrupulous hands or falling to her death.

A gentleman does not fly over the head of a lady as she strolls, hooting and hollering for her attention. If a gentleman is to accompany a lady as she conducts her business, then he is to store his jetpack at any reputable jetpack stable and walk beside her. A gentleman must also make sure that he has been properly introduced to a lady before accompanying her. Otherwise, he might inspire rumors that impugn the lady's good standing. A gentleman must never permit himself to become a source of rumors.

A gentleman must never use his ship's tractor beam to harass a lady. Should he elect to operate a tractor beam in such a manner as to disturb a lady's dress, hair, or bosoms, than he has jettisoned his reputation and good standing into the vacuum of space. No lady should ever consort with a man who abuses his machines for tawdry gains.

A common rogue.

If a lady transmits to a gentleman a private holographic correspondence, he must not show this hologram to any of his colleagues. To do as much would be to betray the lady's trust. A gentleman should similarly not discuss the contents of the hologram, unless the hologram was not of an intimate nature and the lady wishes him to convey its contents to others.

A gentleman does not "play" with his raygun in public, twirling it around or firing recklessly at inanimate objects such as street signs, pneumatic tubes, orphans, or trees. A gentleman must keep his raygun holstered at all times, save for when he, another gentleman, or a lady are in danger. Only then may he remove and operate his raygun with impunity.

A lady should be wary of men who associate themselves closely with others of lesser standing. If a man is frequently accompanied by another man of ill regard, a scientist, an orphan, a robot, a spaceman, or any form of monster, then he himself is not a gentleman. A gentleman may hire men who are not gentlemen, scientists, orphans, robots, spacemen, or monsters to aid in his business so long as the work is honest and the business is reputable. A gentleman never conducts business with pirates or Clawmen, nor does he himself work in service to a pirate fraternity or scientist. Most especially, a gentleman does not cavort with more than one lady in the course of a year.

The enlightened gentleman does not make issue of his wealth, knowing that such talk is the domain of superficial men and Pirate Barons. A gentleman never brags about his income or displays his moonbucks as a means of impressing others. Furthermore, a gentleman does not use his moonbucks to hire an orphan, robot, or reformed pirate to carry out crude acts in a lady's presence or for his own amusement. Similarly, a gentleman does not spend his moonbucks gaining entry into amusement halls where such acts are routine.

A gentleman most certainly does not offer moonbucks to a lady in exchange for services. Any such request should be regarded with contempt and shock. A lady should walk away from any such man without hesitation. A lady who stays and willingly associates with such a despicable man lowers her own standing and soils her family's name. A lady who takes such a man up on his offers surrenders all dignity and respect. She may never again truthfully call herself a lady.

A gentleman putting his affairs in order.

A gentleman who has crossed a Pirate Baron or insulted a Clawman King, causing a bounty to be placed upon his head or a Debt of Claw, should not ask a lady for the moonbucks necessary to pay off the bounty or debt. A gentleman should be self-reliant and capable of solving the problems he creates for himself. If, however, a lady is held for ransom, a gentleman should be prepared to pay the ransom immediately, knowing full well that the lady's father will reimburse him for the expense in full. When the lady is safe, the gentleman and the lady's father may together hatch a plan for revenge. A gentleman who declines to help a lady's father get revenge may never again look that lady in the eye.

When in the presence of miscreant robots, monsters, pirates, or Clawmen, the true gentleman must risk life and limb to keep a lady safe. Never will he waiver in his resolve or give a lady pause to think that he is not up to or fully invested in the task of protecting her. If subdued, the gentleman must do everything in his power to regain control of the situation and defend the lady's dignity as best he can. A man who shrugs off such duty makes himself indistinguishable from the very fiends seeking to endanger the lady. If necessary, a gentleman may enlist the help of other gentlemen to defend a lady or group of ladies. When a Coalition of Gentlemen has completed its task and all ladies are safe, they must not brag to others of their exploits.

A gentleman must never let a Clawman approach a lady, let alone use its claws to claw her. As the Clawman's claws are made of a metal not of this world, they will claw right through her delicate frame. As any good gentleman will no doubt have an anti-claw gizmo in his possession, he should

have no difficulty dispelling the monstrosity without endangering the lady. As a lady is want to suffer from the vapors when confronted by a menacing creature, a gentlemen should ensure no harm comes to her unconscious body and no rogues, monsters, or robots carry her away as she slumbers.

If a lady is abducted in a gentleman's absence and taken to a remote laboratory on a barren moon or asteroid, the gentleman must drop all other enterprises and pursue at once the task of rescuing her. The lady should remain brave, knowing that even though her captor may be loathsome and scandalous to no end, and that even though he may well intend to drain her blood, remove her brain, or supplement her femininity with dreadful robotic augmentations, a gentleman of fine pedigree is rushing to the rescue.

The gentleman must remain alert in the execution of this endeavor, minding that the abductor's lair will no doubt be ridden with traps and henchmen. The lady must also do her part by helpfully shouting. While a lady should refrain from shouting and loud outbursts in all other situations, extraordinary circumstances warrant a brief disruption of decorum. The gentleman should follow the shouts of the lady, stopping only to deliver lethal blows of laser and fist to ne'er-do-well attackers.

When rescuing a lady, a gentleman must always have in mind a practical escape plan. He should never drag a lady through an uncertain situation, placing her in further harm. In his approach of and journey through the villain's lair, he will formalize an exact plan of escape that will not diminish a lady's dignity. If he cannot do as much, then he has no business surviving. Upon rescue, a lady's father with give the gentlemen an appropriate reward. If the father is a moon baron, he will give the gentleman a smaller moon or a larger moon that has already been mined.

Under normal circumstances, a gentleman must never invite a lady aboard his rocket unless that lady is his wife or he has been granted permission by the lady's father. If it is an emergency, a gentleman may invite or insist that a lady boards his rocket to save her life, though he must not exploit the situation. Because the lady is only aboard the rocket under duress, the gentleman may not make any presuppositions regarding the lady's intentions or interests.

A gentleman always keeps his rocket in working order.

A gentleman should always keep his rocket in a state of perfection. Because a gentleman's rocket is his home and therefore an indication of how he conducts himself in private, it should always be clean and orderly. A gentleman's things inside the rocket should be organized and properly put away. A gentleman must not leave his garments or possessions scattered about or his furniture in a disorganized fashion. If he must hire a maid to achieve this state, then so be it.

A gentleman's rocket should function properly. If it falters or does not operate properly in the presence of a lady, then the lady will know that man is not dedicated. If a gentleman is transporting a lady and his rocket's engines fail, then he must restart them at once. If they cannot be restarted, he must call another gentleman to tow his rocket back to port. Afterwards, he must apologize to the lady and the lady's father and never speak to her again.

If a gentleman's rocket's artificial gravity system fails, then he must not exploit the situation for

perverse gains. As a lady will be helpless without gravity, he must apologize and help her return to her seat. He must then wait out the duration of the trip outside the rocket, wearing a space suit, so as not to shame her any further and also to suppress any temptation on his part

A gentleman must conduct himself with the utmost honor at all times, never once taking advantage of a lady or those beneath him. A gentleman must always mind his standing, taking care not to fall out of favor with his peers, his betters, and any lady with whom he might have an association. He must always take care to present himself in a noble fashion to those beneath him, reminding them why he is a gentleman and they are not. A gentleman must never be too soft, else he will fall victim to pirates, scientists, rogues, Clawmen, confidence robots, and monsters. At the same time, a gentleman must never be too hard, for a man of stone will provide no comfort to a lady. Above all, a gentleman must respect a lady. A gentleman who does not does not respect himself, and is thus not a gentleman at all.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.31 Mom's Eye View: Technology

Thursday, Jan 31, 2008 by Debbie Kunzel

All Technology Everywhere is Bad

And It Is Killing Our Children

By Debbie Kunzel, Mom's Eye View

Debbie Kunzel

If you know me, then you know that technology is about as welcome in my house as my mother-in-law. And while Ethel sometimes brings over delicious lemon bars that are best eaten with hot coffee and a dash of suppressed anger, the only thing that this nameless, faceless digital beast called technology brings is pain, strife and vile e-curses. I know what you're about to say: "But Debbie, you write a successful online column featuring commonsensical advice straight from a mom's intuition and your latest book was just released in paperback!"

Rest assured, dear reader, that each of my "Mom's Eye View" columns are written *by hand* and then mailed to their respective publishers after I drive to the post office and give my mail to an actual human being--as strange as that may sound to most of you out there! You can take your modern ways and stuff 'em, mister; this gal doesn't mind taking a few extra hours and a trip to the gas station just to do things the old-fashioned way. After all, that's the only way that makes sense.

No. Not in *my* house.

Strangely enough, there are quite a few bad apples out there who don't see things my way--and a few of them can even be found in the Kunzel clan! When my little boy Dylan was ten, I bought into the techno-propoganda spewed by that child-brainwasher Bill Gates (shame on him!) and purchased a computer for our household, just so our family wouldn't be without the tool that tempted us with the unnatural sight of flying toasters and promised to make us all smarter, stronger, and richer beyond our wildest dreams. When we brought the computer home and opened its massive box, I immediately threw up my hands in anguish at seeing the many pieces that demanded us to assemble them. "That's it for me," I exclaimed, and I sat in a comfy chair to watch TV--not in front of a keyboard, mind you--with a glass of iced tea as my husband, Don, and Dylan put together the electro-terror-machine. A few months passed, and I decided to venture into our den to use this technological invader--I had just tried Chinese food the week before (and I *did not* like it!), so I was feeling a bit adventurous.

A brief thirty seconds later, I was flushed with rage and lamenting the day I decided to "enrich" my family's life with the 1s and 0s of Satan's propaganda. I had sat down at the personal computer, fully intending to write a letter to my friend Carol in Florida. Hello, science? It's Debbie. I thought computers were supposed to be *smart*. If this is true, then why is it that when I type "I would like to write a letter to my friend Carol, please," all I get are a chorus of beeps and boops, adding up to the soundtrack of my frustration? Still, even after suffering such torment, I was determined to see

if anyone in camp Kunzel was able to use this waste of chips and CD-Roms.

I waited for Saturday morning, and peeked in on my son, clacking away at the keys like some sort of robo-Liberace. Dylan was quite accomplished; in the course of an hour, I watched him write a report for school, edit photos, read about Benjamin Franklin, send an electro-message to his grandma, and create a secret code that only he and his father could understand. And here I was, unable to get the gosh-darn thing to write a letter to my ungrateful friend Carol! Needless to say, Mr. PC was picked up by the garbageman the following week. I wasn't about to live in world where my ten year-old son could possibly know more than me--yet millions of adults allow the parent-child power pyramid to be subverted every day by these e-monsters. For them, I have three words: "Shame on you."

Maybe I *am* crazy, as so many of the reviews of my book on Amazon.com indicate. Or *maybe* it's more plausible to think that I'm the only *sane* one around here! Let me take you back to that wonderful time known as the 1960s, dear reader, better known as "my childhood." We didn't have computers tearing apart the family unit, and look how much better we had it back then; there was no war, far fewer murders, less violence, no depression, and the average dinner certainly had better cuts of meat. The *technocrati* would have you believe that life is much easier now, but I beg to differ. You can't even let your kids out of the house these days, and when you do, most of the time they come back with their minds full of crazy ideas about i-mails, e-pods; i.e., the many heads on the Hydra known as "progress" and "convenience."

Life before computers.

The last time Dylan's friend Robert came over, he was wearing a pair of earphones and a digital music playing unit, and when I asked him why, he said that he "Wanted to listen to music during the walk over." Is this what our world is turning into? A place where people can entertain themselves at the drop of a hat during mundane tasks? Life used to be about building character, which is why Robert is no longer allowed in our house. I'd rather not have Dylan tempted by the crack-cocaine of the compu-zombies who can't go more than five seconds without staring at a digi-screen. Hey, addicts, it's called *television*--and it's served us well for the past 60 years. Sheesh.

Life after computers.
Any questions?

I wish I could say that this "Mom's Eye View" was held by most people, but many I've talked to disagree out of what can only be sheer ignorance. They spew their facts about literacy, dropping crime rates, and life improvement, yet I can't seem to shake the notion that these poor souls are just jealous for not experiencing the technology-free golden age that I grew up in; and frankly, I feel sorry for them. But this conflict is not limited to strangers--the Kunzel clan still has problems with my "backwards" ways. Just yesterday, I caught my son--who is now 17--talking about a video game machine with his father. The only thing I could say was, "I will not have a device in my house that simulates conflict and warfare! Now, hurry up or you'll be late for football practice." Thankfully, my husband has started to see things my way, which is why I have allowed him to buy a laptop for a project he proposed himself. Every night he researches the prevalence of Internet e-porno, and when he stumbles to bed after his research, I can barely say "goodnight" before Mr. Kunzel falls asleep. Poor guy; all of that e-vil really takes it out of him.

Yes, reader, there's pornography on the Internet; and in my next column, I'm going to *blow the lid*

off of the computer's best-kept secret.

Debbie Kunzel is a professional mother and author of *Wear a Jacket!* and *101 All-Natural Headache Cures that the Government Doesn't Want You to Know About.*

-~Debbie Kunzel

Chapter 2

February

2.1 Live-Blogging the Democratic Debate

Friday, Feb 01, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I will be updating with coverage of the final Democratic Presidential Debate on CNN as it goes down. Tonight's debate should be good as it's the first (and last) time Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton will have a one-on-one debate before Super Tuesday.

8:01 PM

Wolf Blitzer on stage. Announces that the debate is being held in the same theater that saw the "last battle of the wizard's war." Did he just chew through a tin can?

[Update] It was a goat loose on stage. Blitzer is on now and he's wrestled the tin can from the goat.

8:05 PM

Here come the candidates. Fireman poles again, just like South Carolina. CNN has a live slide whistleist to play them down from the second story of the Kodak Theater. Blitzer terrified by the sounds, he's covering his ears and trying to run into the audience. Looks like some horrible Internet people will also be asking questions.

8:07 PM

Obama on Iraq: "I'll blow the lifeguard's whistle. I see the turd in that pool."

Clinton on Iraq: "Paint tanks red. More dakka."

8:15 PM

The caricature drawing portion. Clinton draws Obama with big dumbo ears and huge teeth. Obama draws Clinton smiling, playing tennis.

Apparently Obama learned his lesson about giving Clinton huge tits from the Youtube debates.

8:23 PM

Healthcare questions. Politico.com guy asks Clinton, "Have you ever had butt worms?" Clinton pivots off worm question into stump about club foot.

Obama wants babies to have access to dick pills.

8:40 PM

First real fight of the night over immigration.

Obama took "difficult stand" on wizards as Shadow Senator. Says it's about leadership. Clinton ready from day one to eject wizards into forbidden zone.

[Update] Blitzer sobbing at yelling. Interjects to ask for milk.

8:51 PM

Singing portion.

Politico.com guy asks what you would do if you were a turtle. Obama has a great ballad about there not being a white America and a turtle America, just the United States of America.

Clinton counters with a chantey about Reverse America, reminds Obama that turtles have shells inside their bodies there. Big win for her there with California's turtle demographic.

9:01 PM

Short break so Blitzer can replenish his core fluids.

What do you guys think so far? Definitely a very courteous debate compared to South Carolina. I think both campaigns realized the acrimony was hurting the Democratic Party.

9:04 PM

Candidates emerge from giant clam shells. Blitzer on chariot pulled by porpoises, a golden trident in his hand.

Someone's cell phone keeps going off with "Milkshake" ringtone.

[Update] It's Blitzer's phone. He finally answered the phone and he's shouting pidgin Japanese over Clinton's response on insurance mandates.

9:12 PM

Great question about NASA someone submitted to Politico. "What about NASA rockets?"

Obama: "Double rockets. Faster and shoot them farther away. More people in a rocket. Slingshot it around things like using a gravitational field. Find a better planet. Go to Venus too."

Clinton: "Triple rockets. Double rockets not good enough. Rockets full of teachers and prayers of Jesus and Bibles. Put a Bible on a moon somewhere. Find a planet made of gold."

Points for Clinton.

9:16 PM

Kernel panic on Wolf Blitzer. Cut away to a standby card and "Janie Got a Gun" while they reboot him.

9:19 PM

Blitzer refusing to answer to "Wolf," calls it a slave name. Demands to be called Pharaoh Jupiter.

Question about censorship. Good answer from Obama on Americans loving ass and titties, but dicks taking it too far. Pussy good too but only in wide shots and only if you can't see up inside it.

Clinton responds that she wants no more bleeding cocks in videogames. No more skulls on cocks or dead body cocks. Good dog whistle on the Skull Cock Island controversy going on right now.

9:30 PM

Things are heating up!

Obama: "I was feeding babies and building houses while you were berserking the eastern shores with corporate lobbyists."

Clinton: "I was working to solve baby problems for babies and mommies while you were building skull thrones for your dread lord Rezko."

9:39 PM

Definite truce here. Obama resists the urge to hit Clinton on her Reverse America turtle comment from earlier, Clinton gives Obama a pass on double rockets.

Blitzer doing centipede while asking questions.

9:46 PM

Was that Vic Tayback in the audience? In the hammock. I thought he was dead but I would swear that was him.

Lots of celebrities out tonight. I've seen Robert Z'dar, Michael Berryman, and Clint Howard, just to name a few.

9:51 PM

Final pitch.

Obama: "I'm like that black college in that movie where they debate Harvard. Nobody expected me to win, but look, I'm beating Harvard. Morgan Freeman was in that. Remember Morgan Freeman in Deep Impact? Think about that if they find a meteor."

Clinton: "Imagine a continuation of the Clinton administration of the 1990s, but with all of the expanded executive powers added by Bush. Plus a huge war and a recession."

Blitzer: "I promise to never raise taxes even if I spend all of the money in America on Dippin' Dots. Mmmmmmmmmmm!"

The closing shot of Blitzer rubbing his belly while Clinton and Obama ascended their fireman poles is probably one of the most memorable moments.

I'll see you guys in the spin room!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.2 2nd Grade AP Reading Exam

Saturday, Feb 02, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Name ERIC BELL

Date 2 / 3 / 2008

F

Take a wild guess at what that symbolizes!

2nd Grade AP Reading Mid-Term Exam

X 1. In *Green Eggs And Ham*, Sam's friend refuses to eat the green eggs and ham. Why?

HE THINKS THEY'RE GROSS BECAUSE THEY ARE GREEN

The green eggs symbolize his latent homosexuality, which he is trying to repress. Ham = fear of technology.

X 2. What does Max's wolf mask represent in *Where The Wild Things Are*?

A WOLF

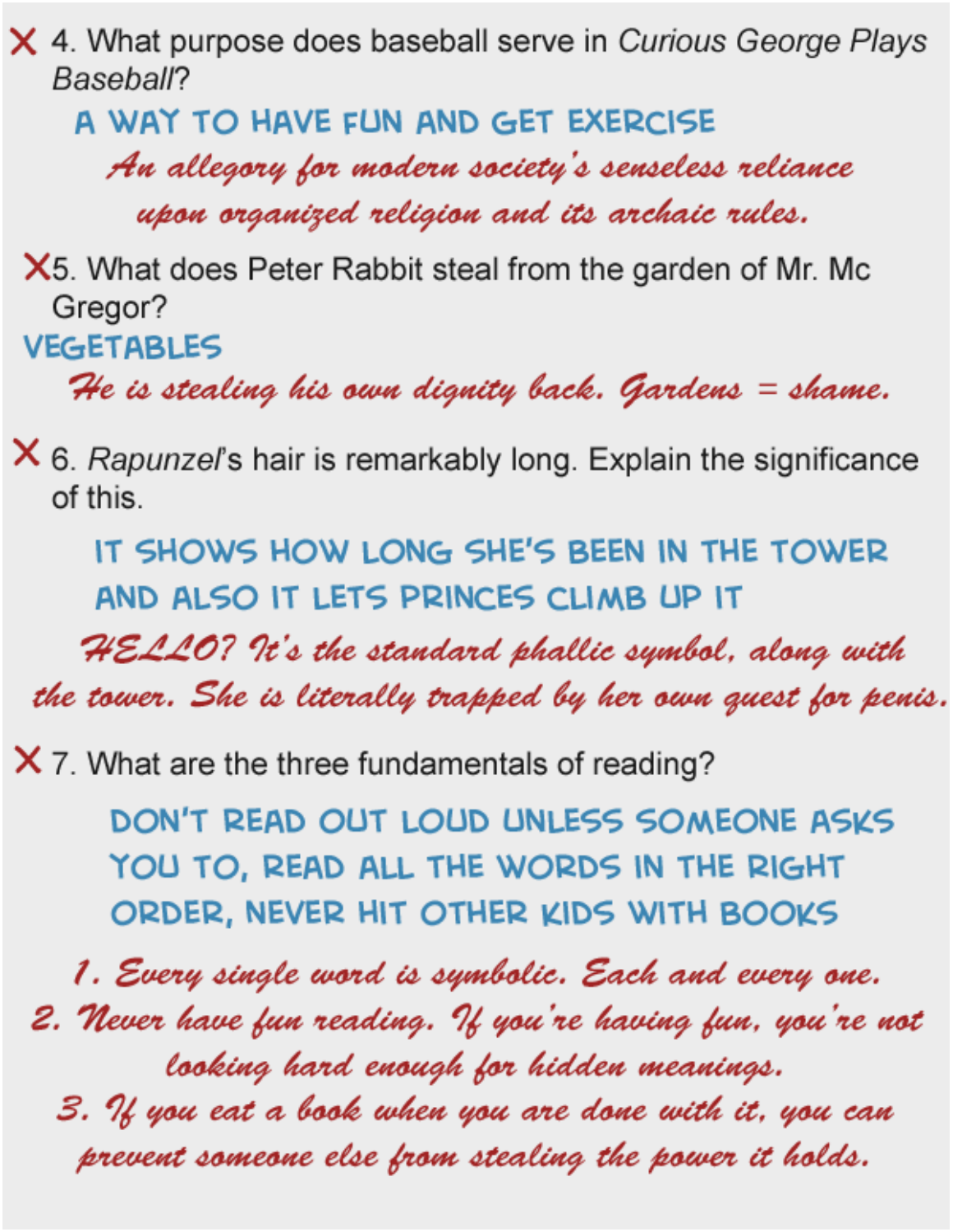
Wolves symbolize capitalism, and masks are representative of slavery. The wolf mask is all about Max's white guilt.

X 3. In Shel Silverstein's *The Giving Tree*, a young boy takes and takes from a tree that lets him because it loves the boy. When the boy becomes a young man he cuts the tree down to build a boat and sails away. As an old man, he comes back and finds that the tree is now a stump with nothing left to give, except a spot to rest and wait for death.

How does that make you feel?

SAD AND A LITTLE BIT GUILTY. IT MAKES ME THINK ABOUT HOW MUCH MY MOM DOES FOR ME AND THAT I'LL LEAVE HOME ONE DAY BUT SHE'LL ALWAYS BE THERE IF I NEED HELP. IT ALSO MAKES ME THINK ABOUT NATURE AND WHAT WE TAKE FROM IT.

WRONG. Did you even read this???

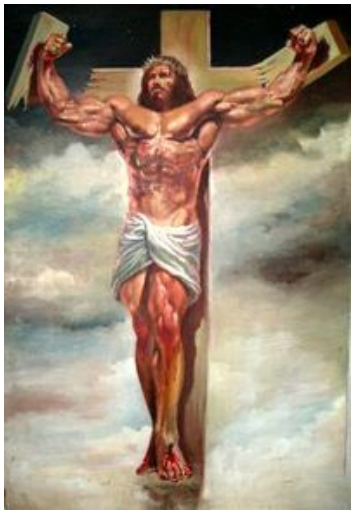

X 4. What purpose does baseball serve in Curious George Plays Baseball?
A WAY TO HAVE FUN AND GET EXERCISE
An allegory for modern society's senseless reliance upon organized religion and its archaic rules.
X5. What does Peter Rabbit steal from the garden of Mr. Mc Gregor?
VEGETABLES
He is stealing his own dignity back. Gardens = shame.
X 6. Rapunzel's hair is remarkably long. Explain the significance of this.
IT SHOWS HOW LONG SHE'S BEEN IN THE TOWER AND ALSO IT LETS PRINCES CLIMB UP IT
HELLO? It's the standard phallic symbol, along with the tower. She is literally trapped by her own quest for penis.
X 7. What are the three fundamentals of reading?
DON'T READ OUT LOUD UNLESS SOMEONE ASKS YOU TO, READ ALL THE WORDS IN THE RIGHT ORDER, NEVER HIT OTHER KIDS WITH BOOKS
1. Every single word is symbolic. Each and every one.
2. Never have fun reading. If you're having fun, you're not looking hard enough for hidden meanings.
3. If you eat a book when you are done with it, you can prevent someone else from stealing the power it holds.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.3 Some Basic Facts About My Cool New Asian Friend

Sunday, Feb 03, 2008 by Joshua Taylor, Age 13

Hey there guys. To those that know who I am, then hey how are you doing? I bet you're doing great and that makes me really happy and thankful to Jesus! If you don't know me then check out this article about the time I took drugs with gay devil-worshipping bikers, or the essay I wrote calling the pope ugly, or the article I wrote that wasn't about gay devil-worshipping bikers.



Basically I'm just a normal home-schooled Christian kid and every once in awhile they let me write a little about my life and what I think about things, which is a lot of fun for me and also allows me to help convert some of you. Every person that you convert gets you a point and then if you get a bunch of points you go to the high score board which is called heaven. I have just tried video gaming for the first time, can you tell? More on that in a few paragraphs.

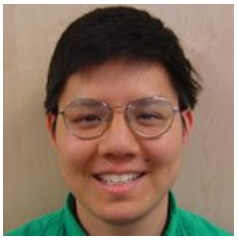
Also I will be making some jokes because this is a funny site for jokes. **Q:** What could you call someone who lies with other people but is not married to them? **A:** SIN-gle. There will be more jokes later.

Obviously I am interested in Jesus because he is the coolest guy in the world. Actually he floats above the world on a cloud ship piloted by God, but that is a matter of serious theology that we don't need to get into. The point is that the Bible says Jesus is awesome ("Jesus had the biggest biceps, which were a token of his dominion over the Earth.'" Matthew 11:14). It also says you should love Jesus ("Let all who have eyes to see, look at his big biceps and love him for yay he is the messiah and ripped." Matthew 11:15) but that loving Jesus doesn't make you gay even if you're a guy and you love him really really hard.

Lately however, I've developed another interest, and that's my cool new Asian friend. I met him at the mall which my grandma let me go to because my mom is off on her honeymoon with my youth pastor, Mr. Harding. I could never have gone there if Mr. Harding was home, so maybe Jesus was making up for letting her marry him by having me meet my cool new Asian friend. Like it says in the Bible, "For every door I shut, I open up a window because man does it reek in here. Is something rotting? Check the trashcan." (Luke 10:9).

Here are some things you should know about my cool new Asian friend:

1. He owns a Playstation 2



This is how I have ventured into the world of gaming as I talked about earlier. He showed me some games and even let me press the buttons on a few. Then he tried to make me play a game called Great Theft Automobiles but it was too much sin at once for me and I cried a little and then threw up all over his mom's couch and now he doesn't let me press the buttons when the games are being played anymore. Still, gaming is the most fun you can have without Jesus or drugs, and it is a little less sinful than drugs.

(Levels of sin that my mom explained to me: Level 1: Not doing schoolwork, not listening to your dad even if he isn't your real dad, cussing. Level 2: Stealing, federal taxes, video gaming, saying you wish your new dad would go join Jesus in heaven right now since he loves Him so much. Level 3: taking drugs, accidentally seeing another guy's thing in a bathroom, kissing a girl).

2. His older brother is a democrat.

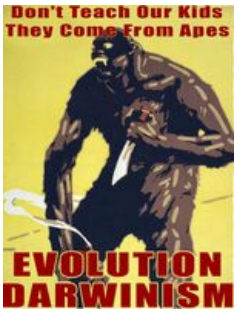
His brother is in college and always wears this shirt with a guy with a beard and long hair wearing a flat hat and looking up. He told me it symbolizes not liking Our President Bush, and I gasped out loud because I had never seen a satanic symbol before but it was kind of cool and made me want to high five him even though I knew it was wrong. Jesus says you shouldn't think about politics until your mom says you can (I don't know the bible quote for this one, but my mom says she's sure she saw it one day and that it's better to be safe than sorry).

Speaking of politics, here is another joke: Knock knock. *Who's there?* A liberal. *A liberal who?* A liberal who wants to destroy America. Let me in.

3. He tried beer once.

He totally took a sip of beer once when his dad wasn't looking and he said it tasted gross but he took a second sip so he would get drunk. Isn't that the coolest thing you've ever heard?

4. His dad teaches biology at the community college.



This means he practices evolution in the classroom, which would be illegal if it weren't for terrorists in our government creating fossils to brain wash children. Usually his dad isn't home, but when he is it's really weird to talk to him because I know he's going to hell. The Bible says "Woe be upon witches, and sorcerers, and biology teachers. Put the woe on them." (John 3:5) and there's no two ways of reading that. There's only one way of reading that, which is that he's going to hell. I won't put a joke here, because hell is no laughing matter.

On second thought, I have a joke that's too good not to put here, so here it is: **Q:** What did Judas do to Jesus? **A:** He double-CROSSed him. Jesus died on a cross because of Judas being a jerk.

5. His parents took us to see Meet The Spartans.

I didn't get any of the jokes because they were all about Popular Culture which is another word for

everything people spend their day thinking about when they don't know yet that you have to think about Jesus all the time. But I laughed when everyone else laughed and I felt really free and Mr. Harding would have said that was a sign that sin was lurking it's ugly head somewhere in the movie theater, but Mr. Harding is stupid and his stupid voice is also stupid. As you can see, my cool new Asian friend has made me a little rebellious, which is Only Natural For My Age as long as I don't die right now because then I'd go straight to hell but if I live until I Grow Out Of It then I won't go to hell.

That's probably enough info for now about my cool new Asian friend, and it gives you a picture of what he's like, which is awesome. He told me that I don't have to listen to my parents all of the time and that I should think for myself, so I thought of a great idea.

I think it's time I beat the tough challenges people have for my religion with the help of Jesus ("Those times when there were only one set of footprints, my child, were when I was off kicking the ass of anyone who was going to get in your way, totally wailing on them with my humongous biceps. Do you want to touch one? They're huge." Luke 14:2). So, here's what I would like you, the readers who are reading, to do:

If you are caught up in the cult of atheism that tries to kill God through secret plans using science, I want you to email me with reasons why I shouldn't believe in God or be Christian anymore, and I will show you how those arguments can all be easily dealt with using things like proof and debate strategies. Send me your toughest reasons you hate God and think he died or whatever it is you believe, and I will show you why you are totally wrong about that. As always, send those to maxnmona@somethingawful.com and he'll get them to me, because my mom has all these net watchdog programs on my computer and if I click the mouse on anything I get in trouble. Anyway, send them if you dare...

One last joke though: A Christian and an Islamic walk into a bar. The Islamic says "Oh no, I can't drink because it is against my religion!" The Christian drinks an entire can of Bud Light without stopping and says "Funny, because I'm the one who's going to heaven." And then he ordered a Sprite for the Islamic because it's important to be forgiving of sinners. Thank you for reading my article.

-∼Joshua Taylor, Age 13

2.4 Something Awful Endorses Again

Monday, Feb 04, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

On December 7th of last year Something Awful made history by breaking with its long tradition of political neutrality to endorse Democratic Senator Christopher J. Dodd for President of the United States. Dodd dropped out of the race less than a month after securing our prestigious endorsement. It was a hard-fought campaign, but after garnering a respectable .02% of the vote in the Iowa caucuses Dodd decided to withdraw his candidacy. We were sad to see our chosen candidate bow out of the race.

With the 22-state February 5th primary just a day away, we feel it is time to endorse another candidate from the remaining pool of viable contenders.

On the Republican side, Senator John McCain received consideration from our editorial board, but we ultimately decided that even though he would make a great resident of the White House, we prefer our veterans to physically and mentally disintegrate hidden away beneath highway overpasses.

Former Massachusetts Governor Mitt Romney also received some consideration from our editorial board. He comes so close to the American ideal of a presidential candidate that if he were a GI Joe he would be codenamed "Head of State" or possibly just "Veto." Romney asks the difficult questions of our time and enthusiastically embraces democracy by shifting his positions depending on polls. Despite these qualifications, we felt that his unwillingness to embrace a trustworthy protestant religion disqualifies him.

There is also libertarian outsider Congressman Ron Paul, but despite a six-hour conference call with Congressman Paul we remain unconvinced that he is not a ghost or spirit trapped within our telephone. If we were to elect a ghost as president we enter a constitutional gray-area in which we believe his vice president may immediately become president.

That leaves us with the Democratic candidates for president. Of them, only two remain viable choices: Senator Hillary Clinton and Senator Barack Obama. The only way to decide which of the two possessed the attributes we desire in a president was to match them up in a head-to-head competition.

Hillary Rodham Clinton

Barack *Hussein* Obama

+⟩Platform

Change (with experience)	Change (no experience explicitly mentioned)

Winner: Hillary Clinton, who has successfully one-upped Barack Obama's message of "change" by offering more words after it. She has been fighting for change for 35 years and promises that, if elected president, all of those years will finally pay off and something will change. How many years has Obama been fighting for change? We may never know.

+⟩Religion

Christianity	Christianity.....?

Winner: Hillary Clinton, who has demonstrated her commitment to the Christian faith by never being sworn into office on a Koran and never attending a madrassa in Indonesia as a young half-black boy.

+⟩Drugs Dealt

None	Not cocaine

Winner: Hillary Clinton, who has avoided the stigma associated with dealing drugs by never dealing any drugs, unlike Obama, who claims to have never dealt cocaine.

+⟩Experience

35 Years of fighting for change	2 years as a US Senator
Lived in White House	Lived in Regular House

Winner: Hillary Clinton, whose 35 years of doing things related to changing things is a dramatic contrast to the 2 years Barack Obama has spent in the US Senate. What did he do before becoming a US Senator? We have no way of knowing. We do know he did drugs at one point during that time. Clinton also lived in the White House for 8 years, proving that she knows exactly what living there again will be like.

+⟩Shady Financial Backers

The Paw Family	Tony Rezko
Norman Hsu	
Rupert Murdoch	
infoUSA	
Frank Giustra	
Tony Rezko	

Winner: Hillary Clinton, who has kept above the sleazy Rezko land deal that has mired the Obama campaign in scandal.

+⟩**Lobbyists**

They are people too	Get them out of Washington

Winner: Only Hillary Clinton respects the human rights of lobbyists and will work with them to bring about the 35 years of change she has been working to change all along, finally uniting to create a team for change.

+⟩**Boards of Wal-Mart Served On**

1	0

Winner: Hillary Clinton is committed to low prices. Her number one concern is the consumer.

+⟩**Go Play Hoop**

Never	We

Winner: Hillary Clinton, who would not denigrate the office of the presidency by hacking some fool during a dunk. What other racist stereotypes will Obama promote to win over black voters?

+⟩**Blackness**

Just right	Insufficient
	Overabundant

Winner: Hillary Clinton is just the right amount of black for America.

+⟩**Iraq War**

Consistently voted to protect America	Claimed he would have voted against it

Winner: Obama's big words about never voting for the Iraq war are just more empty rhetoric. He wasn't even a US Senator at the time and Hillary Clinton, when faced with a tough vote, chose to be courageous and protect America from Saddam Hussein.

+⟩**Vaginas**

1	0

Winner: Hillary Clinton. Barack Obama is a betrayer of women's rights for not supporting the election of Hillary Clinton.

In our editorial survey, on 11 out of 11 issues, it cannot be denied that Hillary Clinton comes out on top. For this reason Something Awful is pleased to announce that we are endorsing...

HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!!
GOOD LUCK HILLARY!!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.5 BarkWire.com Dog Reviews

Tuesday, Feb 05, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Name: Senator
Breed: Labrador Retriever
Age: 4
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: Single, but has been romantically linked to Tenacity.
Location: In and around Shaggy Butte
Rating: (1.1 out of 5 bones)
ePets: *Senator has been ePetted 7 times.*

PET THIS DOG
WRITE A REVIEW
ADD SENATOR TO FAVORITES

EDITOR'S REVIEW: Senator made a name for himself with a series of negative encounters with many dog enthusiasts. When I went out to see for myself just what kind of dog Senator was, I was surprised to meet such a stunningly well behaved and friendly dog. He was very approachable, wagged his tail enthusiastically, and barked excitedly, though never too much. Although he was a bit dirty, one could argue that Senator is out there truly enjoying life. I see big things in store for young Senator.

--BarkWire Senior Editor Chris Bluefield

User Reviews

5 Reviews for Senator - Displaying 1-5

THIS DOG
Posted by **GrahamB [Read other reviews by GrahamB]**

(1/2 Bone)

THIS DOG. THIS GODDAMN DOG.

SON OF A BITCH.

Senator is a very bad boy!
Posted by **Angie** [**Read other reviews by Angie**]
(1.5 Bones)

I adopted Senator from the local pound because he looked like a nice dog and was so sweet and friendly to my two children (Jessica and Taylor). Throughout the first day he behaved well, and was very loving and affectionate. Then Taylor, who had learned about Pavlov's dogs from a TV program, decided to ring a bell and see if Senator would salivate. I thought it was a cute idea so I got a bell out of the closet and let him ring it. As soon as Taylor rung that bell, Senator squatted down and defecated on my carpet. I was a horrified but figured it was an accident.

It was not an accident. Some sick person trained Senator to defecate at the sound of the bell. I had to throw the bell away because Taylor, as if possessed by some Devilish spirit, kept finding the bell and ringing it. I thought he was going to suck the life out of that dog and permanently ruin my carpets.

After two days I decided Senator was not the dog for my children and made him live outside in the backyard until the next day, when the pound would be open again. Senator ran away sometime in the night, but not before leaving one final mess to clean up. He got into my children's clubhouse and left a large pile of feces in the center.

Taylor and Jessica cried but they understood that this dog had a sick spirit and would corrupt them. I was relieved to see him gone.

I gave Senator 1 and a half bones because while he is a bad dog, he is one of God's creations and therefore has some worth. I just don't think any of us will ever find it!

REPORT OF SENATOR'S ACTIVITIES ON FEBRUARY 2, 2008
Posted by **RandyF** [**Read other reviews by RandyF**]
(***1/2 Bone)***

HAD HOSTILE ENCOUNTER WITH SENATOR. EVENT WENT AS FOLLOWS.

5:12PM - RADIO MESSAGE FROM UNCLE LEVI: "DOG SPOTTED NEAR MOONSHINE SHED."

5:12PM - CONFIRMED RECEIPT OF UNCLE LEVI'S MESSAGE, CONTINUED WATCHING BENNY HILL VIDEO CASSETTE.

5:12PM - RADIO MESSAGE FROM UNCLE LEVI: "COULD BE NWO, BETTER CHECK IT OUT."

5:13PM - SPOTTED DOG WITH BINOCULARS IN VICINITY OF MOONSHINE SHED. DOG WAS STAGGERING, APPEARED INTOXICATED. WAS NO NWO DOG. LOOKED TO ME LIKE SENATOR, INFAMOUS POOCH DISCUSSED IN #BARKWIRE CHATROOM.

5:15PM - POWERED UP ATV, HEADED OUT TO MOONSHINE SHED.

5:16PM - ARRIVED AT SHED. UNCLE LEVI WAS ALREADY THERE WITH SHOTGUN IN HAND. NO SIGN OF DOG.

5:17PM - BEGAN SEARCH OF AREA. LIGHT WAS FADING FAST.

5:21PM - SEARCH CALLED OFF DUE TO DARKNESS, RETURNED TO MOONSHINE SHED.

5:22PM - MOONSHINE SHED DOOR COMPROMISED, LOCK NO LONGER LATCHING.

5:22PM - INSPECTION OF MOONSHINE SHED REVEALED THAT APPROXIMATELY TWO MASON JARS CONTAINING HIGH GRADE MOONSHINE WERE BROKEN.

5:24PM - SAID BY UNCLE LEVI TO NO MAN IN PARTICULAR: "GODDAMN TRAGEDY."

5:24PM - NODDED HEAD IN AGREEMENT.

WHAT HAPPENED ON THAT DAY WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN. SENATOR WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT.

Is It True About Seniter And Tenacity??
Posted by **dgrrl** [**Read other reviews by dgrrl**]
2.5 Bones)

i dont know were the nfo about senitor and tenacity came from but i have been a fan of tenacity for years and she is a good dog. she would not hook up with a smelly dogg like senitar!!! tenacity is always wearing ribbons and is friendly 2 everyone. senitor is mean and nasty.

if it is true then I guess there must be more 2 senitor or tenacity would not stoop 2 that level.

I LUV U TENACITY!!

SENATOR IS RUSTY'S PROTÉGÉ!!
Posted by **BiGDog** [**Read other reviews by BiGDog**]
(1/2 Bone)

Seriously, how dumb are you people? Senator has been part of Rusty's pack for over a year. Many of us in the BarkWire community know full well Rusty is grooming Senator as his successor. I cite numerous sightings of the two together, as well as the December 3rd meeting in Elmwood Park, where Rusty, Senator, Helmsman, Escapee, and Dagger terrorized people for 3 hours with barking and strange, unsettling behavior. It was even in the papers for Pete's sake! Some of you people obviously don't belong here if you can't even keep up to date with the most obvious events in the dog community.

Senator, like Rusty, knows how to put on a good show to lure people into a false sense of security. He can act like the greatest dog in the world long enough to fool you. Then, while your guard is down, he'll do something unseemly and run away laughing.

If you see Senator, I suggest you do what I would do. Turn away and avoid him. Do not give him attention, because that's all he wants. You'd be better off investing your time giving attention to one of the more awesome dogs in this community, like Ambition, Dumpling, Boat, or Dash. Let's not forget BiGDOG'S #1 favorite, Panzer.

As usual, --BiGDOG-- tells it like it is!

Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

Name: Scar
Breed: Bernese Mountain Dog??
Age: Unknown
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: Single.
Location: In and around Shaggy Butte
Rating: *(3.2 out of 5 bones)*
ePets: *Scar has been ePetted 10 times.*
EDITOR'S REVIEW: BarkWire junior editor Ron Christianson was sent out to review Scar and never reported back. He has since been let go.
User Reviews

PET THIS DOG
WRITE A REVIEW
ADD SCAR TO FAVORITES

15 Reviews for Scar - Displaying 10-15

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v. big dog?? yes
Posted by **almam** [**Read other reviews by almam**]
(5 Bones)

i've never seen a dog this big before. is he for real? is he a good dog? how much does he eat? does he get along with children? please email me. almam2321@yahoo.org! thank you!!

Has been disturbing my trash cans
Posted by **smalldogfan** [**Read other reviews smalldogfan**]
(1/2 Bone)

THIS PUGNACIOUS POOCH has been molesting my trashcans! Every morning I hear that familiar sound of my trashcans toppling over. Why are they toppling over? Because Scar has toppled them over so he can root through the garbage bags, spreading garbage all over my driveway. I've started keeping my garbage in the garage at night.

I went out to smack him on the nose with a newspaper the other day and he just about took my head off. If he comes around again I am stuffing him into my car and taking him to the pound. No questions ask. Thankfully I have not seen him since winter started.

If you see this dog my advice to you is to smack him on the nose with a newspaper. He may be big, but size isn't everything.

WHO IS OVERFEEDING THIS DOG??
Posted by **Selma** [**Read other reviews by Selma**]
(5 Bones)

Somebody should report Scar's owners for animal abuse. The amount of overfeeding necessary to make a dog this chronically overweight is disgusting. THIS IS ABUSE! What Scar needs most of all is a truly loving master who gives the proper amount of food and promotes regular exercise. Since I don't even know if Scar has a master, I will probably try to take him for a jog. I think he'd enjoy exercise for a change of pace. I just don't want to see the poor fellow suffer a heart attack.

One Inspiring Canine
Posted by **KHunter** [**Read other reviews by KHunter**]
(5 Bones)

Amid the tall trees and dense brush of the forest, I encountered mighty Scar. I will say now to you what I told the doctors who repaired me. It was an honor and a privilege to battle this majestic dog.

Under normal circumstance I do not fight with dogs. But this was a beast with the heart of a warrior, and he saw in me a worthy competitor. I cast aside the berries I had foraged, and steadied my resolve.

Initially, the fight broke in my favor, as I landed a number of swift jabs to Scar's snout. Confident I would secure victory quite easily, I committed the unforgiveable sin of letting my guard down. Scar's mighty paw swept across my face as one might sweep their fingers through the sand of a beach.

He followed this tremendous attack with yet one more even greater than the last! With his magnificent jaw and razor-edged teeth, he bit clean into the bone of my arm, unleashing a torrent of blood in every direction. Panicked, I jabbed a finger into one of his eyeballs, shocking him enough to let go.

After that, we played cat and mouse as I fled my superior enemy for 8 hours through the forest before he finally lost my scent. I, nearly exsanguinated, hobbled out of the forest and collapsed. A short time later I woke up in the hospital.

I now happily recuperate from what was one of the greatest honors bestowed on me: the fight of my life. Should you be so lucky as to encounter Scar, please give it your all, my friend! He will make short work of any less!

NOT A DOG YOU IDIOTS
Posted by **BiGDog** [**Read other reviews by BiGDog**]
(1/2 Bone)

I know every breed of dog there is by heart, and Scar is not a dog at all. He's obviously some kind of lion or warthog. As to why any idiot would think this is a dog, I don't know. The quality of this community is really going downhill as of late, which is very sad.

If you want a REAL BiGDOG then I can set you straight. Big Henry, Orbit, and Amazing Gusto are all topnotch big dogs. Of course you can't beat the best dog of all, Panzer. Pound for pound he

is above and beyond the competition, and apparently over the heads of most of the idiots on this site.

--BiGDOG--? more like ToP DOG.

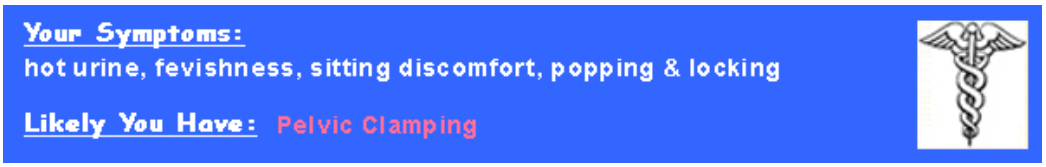
Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.6 DoctorsWeb.biz.tv

Wednesday, Feb 06, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

BROWSE BY SYMPTOMS!
Hair Loss
Weight Gain
Intestinal Distriumph
Looming Dread
Illness
Tongue Done Swole
Torpor
Bad Feelings
Unusual Gravity
Constant Terror
Bonelock
Waxy Sebum
Inability to Lie
Sexbats
Effeminate Manner
Oral Burpes
Raisin Tooth
Affected Accent
Tit Lag
Scales, Gills, Fins, etc.
Skinlessness
Egg Loss
Fancy Boils
The Grumps
DOCTORSWEB.BIZ.TV
Authorized Internet DOCTORS!
Phone: +(88 22) 602 552 6877 4
Customer Service: help@doctorsweb.biz.tv
Habla Espanol!
VISA
American Express
WESTERN UNION
Welcome to DoctorsWeb.biz.tv!
Please select your symptoms from the left of screen. Our medical experts work through the clock to provide the best medicine tips and keep the site up to date with the late-breaking disease information not found anywhere else on line. We guarantee the cheapest medicine anywhere on the web or in the world. We promise that you may never know the true cost!!!
Overseas doctor have nothing to lose!



When you look at a pelvis, or feel around down there, you notice that it is composed of the right and left lobe. Imagine it looks like a butterfly, and these two lobes are the wings. Sometimes, if you do things wrong like walking past your limit or sitting too far, imagine that these wings flap. Consequently, the pelvis snaps shut like a turtle beak and lots of stuff gets trapped between. Guts, the genital ball, air and wastes. Now your legs are too close together, knees tangle, you look awkward and you can't sit down. Many years ago, we correct this only with surgery, but today there are drugs that you can buy with us that will help you.

Buy our bottle of pelvis oil and pour it in whatever holes you see down there. In lucky cases, the pelvis will creak open like a rusty door. If your pelvis remains shut even after the oil, select to have one of our doctors shipped to you.

Our Treatment Cost to You:

₰ 4.99

Your Symptoms:
big leg, leg pain, leg stinks, the hobbles

Likely You Have: Silo Leg

Silo leg will likely haunt one in every twenty people who work in silos or handle silage for sport recreation. Those who drink grainshakes more than twice a day may develop silo leg in rare cases, and those who go barefoot around grain animals. A qualified medical doctor is required to irrigate and swaddle the affected leg& or that's what they made you think! No, we can fix it with drugs and only drugs. No cutting, no dripping, no loss of hopping. You will be back in your silo barefoot in no time. Send us a photo of your leg and we will mix the right drug for you.

Big February discount! For St. Abelard's Day, dress up your festering leg in a Kroique du Abelard when you take your photos! Funniest Kroiques win big savings!

Our Treatment Cost to You:

₰ 12.03

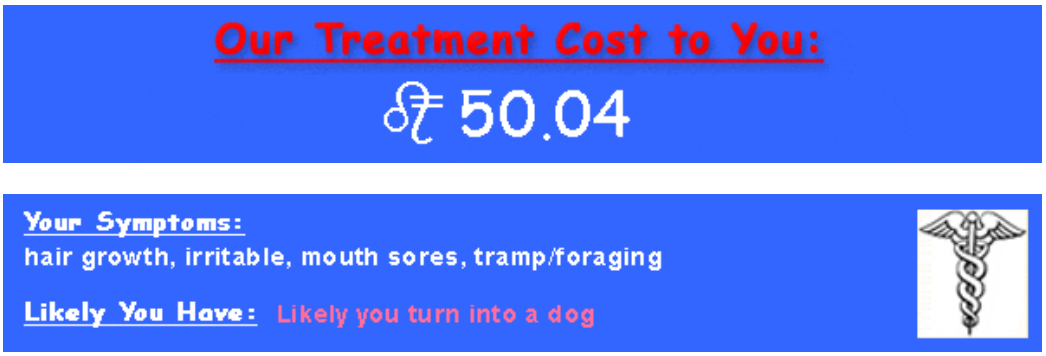
Your Symptoms:
head hurts, patchy hair, head bleeding, swollen head, bad thoughts

Likely You Have: Awful Head Injuries

Likely you have been hit in the head, fallen on your head, shot in the head. Possible that an object is lodged through your head, like a rail spike or a tent pole, or an arrow. It may be broken off on both sides so you cannot see where it was. You probably have no memory of what happened to your head, because the head injury makes you forget. Your head may be bleeding or soft when you touch it. You may be able to feel around inside your head. If you feel a soft place inside, press on it. You may smell imaginary smells or remember things you had forgotten, or you might twitch or buck. You have pressed on your brain, but it is OK! Just don't pull off any bits. If you have pulled off bits, save them or eat them.

We will fix your head with NO bandages, NO doctor visits, NO surgery. Call now for pills that will heal your bleeding head and grow back the bits of brain you pulled out.

Evolution: nature's beautiful blooming! Life becomes new life as the species adapt to the new challenge. But sometimes& it can go wrong. As medical professionals, we do not judge or mock you, but our first thing to consider in this diagnosis is: what did you do that nature saw fit to


Our Treatment Cost to You:
50.04
Your Symptoms:
hair growth, irritable, mouth sores, tramp/foraging
Likely You Have: Likely you turn into a dog

make you a dog? Did you lie lazy on your couch from night to noon? You eat from the floor? Eat from bowl, food still canshaped when you plop it in? Lick yourself? These things conspire to make nature evolve you backwards. Now you are becoming a dog. Maybe, if you buy drugs fast enough and choose a fast shipping, we can stop you before you are more than halfway a dog. Likely you will wind up a little bit like a dog; ears, woof, etc. Not serious advanced dogism unless you pay less for a slower shipping.

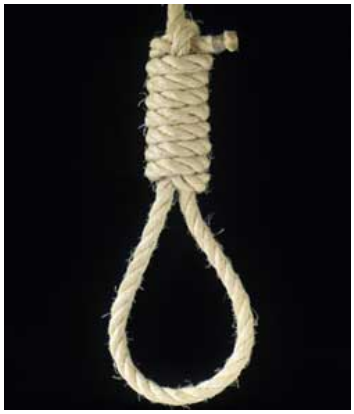
Our special discount: buy a complete turning into a dog cure package! We include medicine to prevent you from being a dog, a whistle to test if you are a dog yet, fish oil for your coat and a special brush to help you look your best even if the worst may happen.

Muchos fanks to Bruno Medeiros for the DoctorsWeb design!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

2.7 Your Guide to the American Economic Recession

Thursday, Feb 07, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal



These things got our family through some tough times.

Okay, I know what you're all thinking. Why would Something Awful feature an article on the economy and the recession? What do they have to offer that isn't simply CNN's Business section poorly paraphrased, with curse words and anime references peppered throughout? If you came here expecting that, you'd be exactly right. But I know more about economic downturns than one might expect.

When I was a kid my grandpa used to tell us about how he lived through the Great Depression. It was a time of financial prosperity. My grandfather lived in a three story mansion and sampled the finest delicacies from all over the world. Of course, my grandpa was a noose salesman and the thirties were a boon for his industry. Sure, you could build your own noose, but nothing hangs 'em like a genuine Thompson Noose, 100% guaranteed to hold firm or your money back.

The feelings of that era linger above us once again as a recession rears its ugly head. I'm not worried since I've inherited my family's line of rope, toaster, and 20th story window manufacturing plants. But for others the prospect of a recession means that the era of living beyond your means is at an end. For the first time in a long time Americans will simply have to live at their means.

Okay, so a recession isn't as bad as a Grape Depression, sure, but what is a recession? Has it started yet? Luckily for you I took exactly one economics course and suddenly I know everything there is to know about the economy.

But I didn't take microeconomics. That's small-time economics for losers. That's balance-your-checkbook-and-see-how-you-did-in-the-class-faux-stock-market-game shit. Ooo, you made a 23% return on your monopoly money, you get an A+! I took *macro*economics, where the big boys play. We're talking international currency supply and demand stock market shit. Ever hear of something called a Euro? Heh, I thought not.

With my superior knowledge of all things finance I have amassed a vast fortune of pogs and Pokemon cards. My brilliant investing and Dragon Ball hedge funds ensure that I never have to work another day in my life. Never bet against Goku. His charged spirit ball exploded in a blast of dividends and defeated the fiscally conservative Vegeta once and for all. That was the day I made my first million, but I threw half of it away on Gohan municipal bonds. Gohan sucks and was never as powerful as Goku. Never.

If you ask a bunch of economists whether or not there is a recession coming they'll all have the same answer, "Get the hell off my property." The fact is that no one is really sure whether there is a recession or not. There may be signs of a recession. It may feel like the right kind of weather for a recession. But no one really knows for sure because while everybody on Wall St. talks big, very few of these guys are in it to win it.

The man who paid the cost to be the boss is Ben Bernanke, the King of the Federal Reserve. Let me tell you about this guy. This Bernanke is watched like a hawk and anything he says or does can influence the market in wild ways.

If Bernanke takes a dump in the morning and it smells a little worse than usual and has peanuts in it, the DOW will drop 300 points in a day. If his dump clogs the toilet and he has to grab a fork to

break it up so it'll go down the toilet the S&P 500 might land on the whammy spot. If Bernanke emerges from his nest and sees his shadow we might have eight more weeks of winter. Who the hell knows?

I make sure to watch all the financial channels like CNBC and Bloomberg so I know what's going on, during the commercials of Scooby Doo and Small Wonder of course. One thing I'm sick of is all the hyperbole spewed about this massive, devastating recession that will end civilization as we know it. "IT WAS A BLOODY DAY ON WALL ST. TODAY", I heard on one channel. You'd think they were holding cockfights in there or something.

There is nothing you can say in a political cartoon that you can't say in an unreadable 1,000+ word front page update.

I watch this show called Jim Cramer's Mad Money, the finance guy who is infinitely smarter than every other finance guy because he had the good sense to develop a gimmick, always give financial advice as if you're my dad. I swear to God I can't watch that show sometimes because I feel like he's going to jump out of the screen and slap the shit out of me and I get flashbacks to when I was a kid and I start seizuring in front of the television.

But anyway, Jim Cramer is so good at trading that they don't let him own stock. He has pretty much figured out the stock market. He's like that guy from Press Your Luck who figured out the sequence of the board and if he were allowed to trade he would singlehandedly bankrupt the country. At least that's what my friend Jimmy tells me. His dad is an economist and doesn't let me come over his house when he's home but I go over there anyway. His dad hates Jim Cramer and wants to beat him up so bad haha.

There are several factors that could/have caused a recession, but it's mostly this subprime lending thing. Basically it went like this based on what I could piece together from Wikipedia and The Sonic the Hedgehog Erotic Fan Fiction Zone.

Home Buyer: So you're saying I can own a home?
Mortgage Guy: Well, yes, but the rate can go up at any time so-
Home Buyer: HEY FRANCINE, WHERE YOU THINK WE SHOULD PUT THE PLASMA TV???

Here's some generic clipart for some generic content.

But it's kind of hard to lecture people while they are being evicted, so much of the blame falls on lenders with predatory business practices. I mean, yeah, they're predators, but that's their job. And it's not like these people couldn't read the fine print on the toilet.

I can't fault somebody for not reading the license agreement before they install Railroad Tycoon II or sign up for a BangBros account, but we're talking about buying a house for Christ's sake, a purchase one should spend more than six minutes thinking about. But we'll finally be able to get a dog, honey! And a backyard, oh... it's our dream come true!

The presidential candidates won't blame home buyers who took loans they knew they couldn't repay. They got votes to harvest, damnitt. "Yes, yes it's those damn lenders, like cougars they are, stalking their prey, THE AMERICAN HOME BUYER. I propose a ban on taking advantage of dumb middle-class Americans." So

that's that...

The only real way to know if a recession is coming is to look at your portfolio and if there's no money left there is a recession and it stole all your cash. Make sure you look at your financial portfolio and not your art portfolio that every studio rejected before you gave up on your dreams and became an accountant and women won't even talk to you so you read The Game to try and become a pick up artist but when you tried to pick up on some chick she went home with the sensitive artist instead and you contemplated taking your own life. All accountants have gone through this and there are no exceptions.

There are other guidelines that help you determine whether or not a recession is coming. For example, if you're climbing up a ladder and you hear something splatter, recession, recession. Another good sign is if you're walking down a hall and you feel something fall, recession, recession.

You can usually see signs of a recession all around you. When my accountant was driving in his Chevy and he felt something heavy, recession, recession. The other day the recession hit me while I was climbing a tree and it dribbled down my knee. Yeah... I love that Lowtax doesn't approve our updates before we post them.

What's the best way to ride out the recession? Burn your money of course. If you can't have it, *no one will*. You could also send it all to me and I will invest it properly. Most traders talk about diversity, diversity, diversity, but my portfolio isn't a mixed-race marriage for God's sake. I want action, and there is nothing better than putting it all on red, or good and honest white-owned corporation, and letting it ride. I'm telling you, the best financial advice comes from Stormfront.org.

Don't worry, politicians have cooked up an economic stimulus plan in order to get us out of this mess. They are giving Americans $600 for doing nothing and hoping we do what we do best, spend it on stupid shit. We're gonna fuck, that, recession, up!

God bless America.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

2.8 Overlooked Election Facts & Statistics

Friday, Feb 08, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

She's watching and waiting...

This election cycle has given TV pundits and analysts a bounty of polling data to swirl around their rotten brains. They spend hours discussing demographic breakdowns, making bad predictions, and trying to analyze arcane delegate maps. It's a wonderful life for the number crunchers, even if they usually fail to reach accurate conclusions.

The level of data collection, from big polling agencies to small town newspapers, has fed into this orgy of analysis. Amid the steady stream of numbers ticking up, down, and sideways are areas of data dead space that must be considered gaps. The pollsters are failing the American people by not providing a complete picture of this election and the analysts are failing us by not demanding that data.

I am a humble watcher of politics, but I have spent the last ten days compiling data in an effort to remedy this situation. It is my hope that these nuggets of information will fit like puzzle pieces into the holes left by the professional pollsters to create a completed image. Maybe even a picture of a church, Paris, a dinosaur, or some very cute puppies.

CSPAN Caller Statistics

Method: Eight hour sample of CSPAN, excluding pre-recorded or repeat programming.

Average number of calls per hour: 16

Average number of calls pertaining to Ron Paul per hour: 7

Average number of prank calls per day: 3

Most common topic of caller to CSPAN: *Inadequate media coverage of Ron Paul*

Second most common topic of caller to CSPAN: *Barack Obama cannot be trusted (various reasons given)*

Most common grievance directed against CSPAN by callers: *Failure to discuss Ron Paul on CSPAN*

Time spent on a static shot of an empty podium: 46 *minutes per day*

Conclusion: *Ron Paul supporters are mesmerized by inanimate objects on television.*

Super Tuesday Election Results

Method: Eight hour sample of major network election coverage, plus post-election coverage where relevant to data.

Number of major media outlets that agree on Democratic candidate delegate count: 0

States incorrectly "called" by at least one major media outlet: 2 *(Missouri and New Mexico)*

Most expensive "election center": *CNN (estimated $9.8 million)*

Networks "stunned" by Mike Huckabee "comeback": 3

Mike Huckabee delegate count: 190

Number of delegates required to win Republican Nomination: 1,191

Average hourly per-network references to a shared Democratic ticket: 12

Percentage of people who would be "satisfied to very satisfied" with their favored candidate as Vice President: 9%

Percentage of people who would be "unsatisfied to very unsatisfied" with their favored candidate as Vice President: 79%

Percentage of people too stupid or apathetic to have an opinion:12%

Conclusion: *Major media outlets have very little understanding of what is happening and all of their pundits and analysts fall into the category of people too stupid or apathetic to care whether or not a given candidate is Vice President, yet they believe everyone else thinks the same way.*

Stupid Election Facts

Method: These facts and statistics were gathered from a variety of internal and external sources.

Percentage of population who believe Barack Obama is a Muslim: 29%

Percentage of population who believe moon landing faked: 28%

Percentage of population with IQ scores lower than 90: 25%

Amount of personal wealth Hillary Clinton loaned her campaign: $5 million

Net worth of Barack Obama: $1.3 million

Net worth of Dennis Kucinich: $200,000

Elizabeth Kucinich's hotornot.com rating: 8.4

Ron Paul's hotornot.com rating: 9.6

Laps Rudy Giuliani's bus took around Daytona while blasting the theme from "Rudy": 1

Delegates won by Rudy Giuliani: 1

Money spent by Rudy Giuliani during primary campaign: $49.8 million

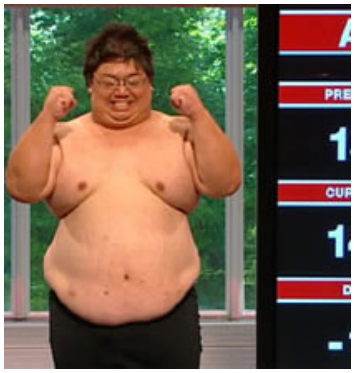
Conclusion: *It's better to be Dennis Kucinich than Rudy Giuliani.*

Luckily for the terrible pollsters and the even-worse TV analysts, this election seems bound to drag on at least into March. Gird your souls against the coming tide of punditry, gentle readers.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.9 What I've Learned From The Biggest Loser

Saturday, Feb 09, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



Before I begin, it's worth noting that this article isn't a mean-spirited attack against fat people. From middle school up until the tenth grade, I was fat myself. Not chubby or husky like a lot of kids get as their hormones kick in, but seriously fat. I had a formidable gut that refused to be camouflaged, no matter how oversized my clothes were or how high I pulled the waistband of my pants. I hoped that wearing shirts with distracting graphics on the front would keep people from noticing I was enormous, but that only highlighted the problem since my rolls of blubber caused everything on the front of my shirt to fold in on itself.

For me, food was a way to enhance everyday lazy-ass activities. Watching some tv? Cook up an entire box of Bagel Bites. Reading a comic book? Time to rip open that bag of Twizzlers. It didn't matter that I wasn't actually hungry, I just enjoyed the presence of food in the same way that an office worker likes to tune in to an easy listening station or a dog catcher might play that Christmas album with the barking dogs while he's driving around town gripping the steering wheel with white knuckles and gnashing his teeth.

In time, I made the startling discovery that eating healthy food until you're no longer hungry is much better than eating bacon until you think your stomach lining is about to rupture, and that the human body's movelist is a little more diverse than "lie down", "go to the kitchen" and "shake your head 'no' when your friends ask if you want to go swimming". Now I'm healthy. In fact, if it wasn't for my complete lack of muscle mass and an aversion to lying, I'd even go so far as to say I was a modern-day Adonis.

With that out of the way, The Biggest Loser is a show about fat people trying to lose weight, and it's hilarious. Not because the people are large, but because of the way the show presents such a positive concept (people being healthy and possibly saving their lives in the process) in a completely trashy and manipulative way that's typical of reality television.

The program has been around for a few years, but as someone who just tuned in for the first time very recently, I learned a number of things that were completely new to me.

Physical fitness trainers are either excessively nice yoga enthusiasts or rebellious, tough-as-nails jerks who enjoy pushing their clients to the limit until they collapse. There is no middle ground.

When men are overweight for a long time, they develop really strange tits. I'm not talking about plump and firm breasts, but sagging triangles of flesh that look like an envelope flap with a downward-facing nipple on the pointy part.

An AK-47 can fire underwater, but will only be lethal for the first five yards or so.

If you don't eat in the morning, you actually gain weight because it slows your metabolism down for the rest of the day. If you do eat, you run the risk of vomiting when you pass through the vomitorium on your way to the gymnorium.

At any given moment, a contestant is checking to make sure there's a camera around so they can tear up and confess "everything I do is for my kids". The frequency with which this is repeated

leads me to believe that it really is all for the kids. When they were gaining all this weight by eating pudding with Skittles, they were doing it for the kids. When they brushed their teeth this morning, it was for the kids. When they used their children to gain sympathy on a television show, it was for the kids.

When a ghost materializes, it discharges energy that can be detected with an EMF meter.

At the end of every week, the contestants are weighed. Those who have lost the least amount of weight become vulnerable and can be voted off of the show. When the final contestant is weighed - just before we cut to commercial - someone always makes a shocked face, followed by a gasp or "oh my god!", no matter how unremarkable the weight loss turned out to be.

Digital scales work by flashing completely random numbers on a monitor for at least ten seconds before displaying someone's actual weight.

With the right amount of training and positive reinforcement, any animal - with the possible exception of primates - can operate a bulldozer.

When a contestant sits down in front of the camera for a "confessional" to recall and comment upon an event in the show, it's always informative and interesting. For instance, we see the the contestants learn that they're about to compete in a challenge for $5,000 dollars. Next we are treated to one of the contestants informing us that "when we heard that we could for $5,000 dollars we were very excited because money buys things".

A human skull can withstand the same amount of force as an average coconut or an incredibly strong grape.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.10 The Wrath of CLEATUS

Sunday, Feb 10, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

WHAT UP EVERYONE?,

YO! This is CLEATUS THE ROBOT, and I wanted to talk to you guys for a little bit. Today is the Pro Bowl, meaning the end of the FOOTBALL season. WHICH SUCKS. Anyway, here's some stuff I wanted to talk about.

1) My duty. So FOX hired me because I was the top of my Class A Solder battalion. I thought I'd be a main feature of football broadcasts, maybe even an ANNOUNCER. Instead, I am being used like the submissive female reporters, hopping on the sidebar of the television screen in between plays. CLEATUS CAN DO MORE than fill dead time. I am not a mascot. I am a Class A Solder. You only show videos of me stretching. Do you know why I STRETCH and JUMP JUMP AROUND? Remember that shinny bookcase in your office I crushed? I can do that with other things. Bigger things. DURING HALF TIME. Next year? Think about it.

2) INSULTS. I guess I am not covered under any discrimination laws, but I don't think employees should be able to call me names like Roboneck, Robobilly, or some other derogatory name for white trash with the word Robo added. CLEATUS isn't even my real name. It was your idea as a FOOTBALL pun. I am a Class A Solder. So please stop them.
Also, Jonathan listens to shitty music. LOUDLY.

3) Money. I would like a raise. Ever since Emilio was born, my wife has had to assist him full time. HE'S RETARDED. My wife is hot. People joke and say, "Oh your wife is a vacuum cleaner." No. My wife is hot. I am a Class A Solder, and I need MORE MONEY. I included a picture of Emilio and me at the fair.

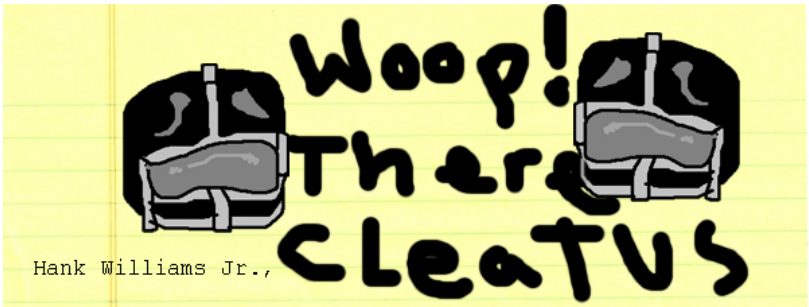
4) I have received no training for this job, how do i type a BUSINESS LETTER?

I think you will do what is best. I wouldn't work at a company not giving 150%. I want to view FOX as an MAINDRIVE:/>FRIEND_ and not MAINDRIVE:/>ENEMY_

Sincerely Booya,

CLEATUS ROBOT
CLEATUS, Robot

TRANCE
FOX



Hank Williams Jr.,

I contacted you because you are legend. Inventor of "Are You Ready For Some Football!" and a certified Outlaw by CMT. Remember our past together? Remember the good FOOTBALL times? Now I need help.

They took everything. They locked the doors and they won't let me back. They fired me. THEY FIRED CLEATUS. I don't know what to do.

They took CLEATUS letterhead
They took CLEATUS mp3s off company computer

I left college early to be CLEATUS, I have no other skills. The Class A Solder is outdated. I have no other choice. FOOTBALL is all that matters.

Hank Williams Jr. you are my only hope for justice. Together we are strong symbols of a MAN'S GAME through TEAMWORK. Please hurry, Emilio is hungry and I only have notebook paper left.

CLEATUS

A PICTURE OF US AT THE FAIR IS ATTACHED.
REMEMBER THE FOOTBALL TIMES?

News

COUNTRY SINGER ARRESTED FOR SUSPECTED ARSON

Montgomery, Alabama- Country singer Hank Williams Junior was arrested earlier this morning in connection with the fire at a local FOX station.

Security cameras recorded a man in a cowboy hat and tassled leather jacket igniting the station and fleeing in a pickup truck before police arrived late last night.

Two people were taken to area hospitals with non-life-threatening injuries. One victim reported, "someone screamed 'ARE YOU READY FOR SOME FOOTBALL' before the explosion."

Hank Williams Jr. is 58 and was deemed Tennessean of the Year in 2007. More...

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.11 Hunter S. Thompson Files His Belated Report on the 2007 Spike Video Game Awards

Monday, Feb 11, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I'm up to my elbow in a Sam's Club mega bag of Flamin' Hot Cheetos when the phone rings in the bathroom. Another one of those fucking Nipponese gewgaws from ThinkGeek that costs too much but I can post a blog while I'm taking a shower.

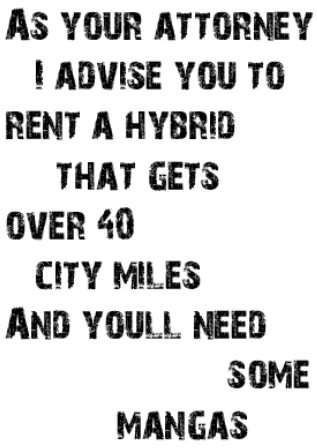
I fish it out of the toilet tank. I don't have 30 meters of water, so I'm storing it there to see if it gives out. Part of the process for my guest reviewer spot on that kingdom of whores and bearded menchildren called Slashdot.

"Moshi moshi?"

My editor says he wants me in Vegas by sundown to cover Spike TV's 2007 Video Game Awards. I have a raid to bring down Kalecgos with FoFP (Fist of Freak Power), but I am just juiced enough on Bawls to say yes. I can apologize to my guild when I get back.

I pop a double hit of Wellbutrin to take the edge off and wash it down with half a pint of Americone Dream and three lines of crushed SSRIs. I blaze a trail to Priceline and score a flight on Southwest for under two bills. I'll mark it up to three when I expense the fucker out to my dead-eyed sow of an editor.

Before I leave I text my attorney and request advice for my trip into the land of harlots, scorpions, and red-faced tourists. He calls me back while I'm loading both seasons of Tom Goes to the Mayor on my iPhone.



"As your attorney, I advise you to rent a hybrid that gets over 40 city miles. And you'll need some mangas. I can send you the PDFs of Full Metal Panic. You will need one pair of jeans and five different ironic t-shirts."

447 goes wheels-up from LAX only fifteen minutes behind schedule. The stewardess keeps telling me to turn off my PSP even though I have explained to her that it isn't a phone.

Touchdown in Vegas. The heat is like atmospheric influenza. I'm dumping sweat down the front and back of my communist party shirt. The one from Threadless with Karl Marx throwing devil horns. Hilarious shit.

I wanted a Prius, I get a Nissan Versa. I don't even know what that is, but the leather seats are hot enough to scald the tits off a panther. While I'm waiting for the AC to kick in I fire off a post complaining about it on my blog.

"The careless kiddy-fiddlers at Budget park their cars in the sun in VEGAS. Seats hot as magma burning through my utility pant. Getting ready to see Samuel L. Jackson and Spike VGA. If you think Budget sucks digg this."

Then I submit it to digg myself because you can never trust the whim of the idiot masses.

It's eight blocks from the airport to my hotel. I don't like driving in parking garages so I let a valet take it from me. I tip him a Canadian quarter. He looks pissed so I remind him that Canadian money is now actually worth more than US money now. He doesn't seem impressed. Idiot.

I register as Super Mario, as usual, but after the brainless little split tail at the desk runs my Visa she addresses me as Mr. Thompson. My chortle dies in my throat. I spy a couple channers I know from OtakuCon, but I don't say anything. The Wellbutrin is starting to wear off and I can feel the black fingernails of a bad case of social anxiety starting to rip into my flesh. I think I've got the fear.

I hurry to my king size economy bundle package Priceline Negotiator hell box before I start to feel queasy. There I sit as the night sweeps over Las Vegas.

Floors below my feet the crowd roars to the excitement of the latest Madden game. All the Wellbutrin and Zyban, all the regulators and norepinephrine in the world, none of it would be enough to lift me from my spot in front of the TV. I am paralyzed by the fear.

MY ASPERGERS ALLOWS ME TO FOCUS IN ON THAT SORT OF THING AND BE EXCELLENT AT THAT

Strange memories are made on this nervous night in Las Vegas. A feeling is in the air, something different, as each of us writing for blogs or broadsheets or tabloid styles or just an old zine coming 50 at a time out of an old dot matrix just for authenticity's sake. The guys from Joystiq and Kotaku, Gamespy and Gamespot, each of us in our rooms. Alone, live blogging to a universe of people alone, each of them reading our reports of an event we're not even really attending.

It's happening ten floors below our feet and we're watching it on live broadcast from a satellite in space. It's what we are, right now, at this moment.

If you listen with the right ears you can actually hear the crack as the icebergs splinter and drift in 6 billion different directions, bumping and reforming into a million pixilated shapes like - *holy shit,* Bioshock just won game of the year! Holy fucking shit, the Spike TV awards actually have some integrity after all!

This is amazing! Big night for Ken Levine and the Bioshock boys at 2K. I just assumed this would go to Halo 3 and those money-sucking cardboard corporatists at Microsuck. I am so glad to see Spike TV finally acknowledge real innovation in gaming. Kudos to them.

I hit send on my email to my editor and lay back in the bed. This turn of events has been so exciting I can almost feel the fear slipping away. I briefly entertain the idea of playing some blackjack, but I'm not sure I know all of the terminology perfectly so I'm nervous about playing. I think I would be very good at it, because my Asperger's allows me to focus in on that sort of thing and be excellent at that, but it's also a curse because it makes me complain and be nervous in social situations.

Instead I decide to order up a couple bottles of Bawls and a pint of Americone Dream. Adult Swim just came on and I need to decompress.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.12 NetBeat: Project Chanology

Tuesday, Feb 12, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Trip Report

Fucking shit. I guess I missed it. I had to kind of beg my mom and all of the relatives that were at my house to let me go to this thing for a few hours, and as I finally showed up around 5:30 there were only a handful of people left, and they were all packing up their car with the old signs and stuff. By the time I got back, my mother had already passed and everyone had left her deathbed. Didn't even get to say goodbye. Scientology will pay for this.

Anyone else taking part?

Posted in Project Chanology | 1120 Comments ⟩⟩

1120 Responses to "Trip Report"

Autism Sundae Says:

The bus driver refused to let me in because my Longcat banner was supposedly "too long". Possible scientology ploy? Wrote down driver's name, will look it up in database of known scifags later.

ScootsMagoosLady Says:

wehat a rush... youll have to excuse my typing; ive been doing laps of the back yard to throw off any scientology spies that might be tailing me... lulzdemon69 here, back from my "raid", no, not in the green fields of the world of warcraft, but in the outside world. by +now im sure youve heasrd of Project CHanology through one of several local tv reports and the column in the bloomington indiana tribune. im one of the soldieers in this war. front line. battle scarred. it was freakin epic. (epic win? maypahs,)

the day started after id finished my mcdonalds breakfast. itsd not really breaking my diet because if you look at the nutritional information its quite modest. anywaym, i had this idea for a cool ass sign, i sketched out the outline of a kickin sace alien and wrote "epic fail" next to it. well, i wrote it in outline, but then my fuckin crayon snapped. i figured it wouldnt matter as polenty of others would have signs. so i donned my peter griffin (XD) mask and headed down to the heart of hte beast...

tehre was some stupid scileno bitchass trying to "debate" with my brotheres. unfortanately they dont have my smarts so they werent getting anywhere. she asked them if theyd read dianetics and they fell silent. i didnt. i barked "chocolate rain" in her face, and she did this weird expression with her eyebrows. im sure she was attempting to fire a tone 40 mind beam at me so i ran as fast as i could in accordance with the rules of engagement.

ppl were honking their horns as i ran and yelling "retard" but it was directed at the others, im sure of it. hopped in my scion and headed down the freeway, saw this car behind me.. pretty obvious waht was up. signalled to turn and didnt, and they did. fucking faked out motherfucker. memories of nba jam came flooding back to me. scientologu just got owned.

---

stellar prostate Says:

A few fellow 'Channers and I were minding our own business looking at Lolita Anime Porn on my laptop when a cop walked over to us, I guess to see where the little girl screaming sounds were coming from. I'm awaiting arraignment and I would still be locked up but fortunately Bongwarrior bailed me out with some money he borrowed from his grandmother. Anyway long story short I'm going to have to start over on my hentai collection because they confiscated my backups too and I'm on my dad's comp. Any .torrent files would be much appreciated. Thanks.

The Dad Motto Says:

"It's okay. We'll get you to a doctor! You're going to be okay," says a muffled voice coming from behind the smirking Guy Fawkes mask, as he rips open my shirt, examining my wound. I know it's not true, though. My life has been flipped, turned upside down.

"Not this time, I'm afraid." I smile weakly, before I realize he cannot see it behind my mask. "It's over. My life's been closed due to AIDS. I'm just another deadfag." I lay my head back against the concrete and stare at the sky, and in the bright light of the sun, I see the face of God-chan framed by red hair, and that soothing familiar voice telling me that he is never going to give me up. There is no pain. I know that the most epic lulz are yet to come. "With my dying breath," I say, "I cast the gay on Scientology." Longcat—who is long--does a barrel roll, forever. Desu. Desu. I look up at my kingdom. I am finally there.

J-Bird Says:
How many senior citizens did you guys get in other places? Here, we were directly across the street from a VFW hall, and they let the old guys out at around 1 in the afternoon. A band of maybe 30 of them came over, all with their little badge hats on, and got pissy because as they put it, "Science got us to the moon!" Turns out that they just didn't. Fucking. Get it. Luckily, we gave them copies of about 8-10 different fliers that had drawings of hentai on them, which placated the old men.

Ingwit Says:
Hello innocents. Wolf Cutter (aka Xerxes Null aka The Trim Reaper aka He Who Turns The Wheel aka Death's Head Ross) here. Freshly returned from my sojourn into the feverpit of Project Chanology and I bet you're all awonder how it went. I could say "tune into the newsfeed wastebrain" but we all know it's best to hear it straight from the enforcer's mouth. Ah my little lamblings, how you tremble in your exurban wombs, your panties already moist with a single tangy bead of anticipatory piss. Don't worry. The Wolf's here. The Wolf's got the stiff dope to twist your tenders, no doubt.

10 AM I wake up in my car. Why there you ask? Because I live there, natch. If your house can roll you're good to go, that's my motto. One of thousands anyway. Don't believe me? Check em out. The PDF's on my blog, fuckfreckle. First thing's first I shoot some black tar straight into the dorsal vein of my penis. That's your big one for those of you not in the know. Do it there and the shit'll hit your system harder than Popeye layin into Olive Oyl after brownbagging a Mad Dog. Told her twice already? Haha fuck, forearms like that, bitch ain't just gettin told, she gettin brokeface *sermonized*. Anyway when I say black tar I mean it. Darker than Wesley Snipes face down in a vat of shoe polish. Jolson Junk. Straight-up stupefying. I'm flying now, money well sent, kick out the door and swing along Central Ave, Converse not even touching the pavement cuz Wolf's doing the mostly ghostly strut baby, five inches of air tween me and Baba Urf. How do I know where to go? I follow the scent of sweatsocks and the sound of technicolor Nip tunes sung in the key of Geek, beautiful grease blossom on the near horizon. My eyes are trained: to me it looks like a mushroom cloud from some armpit Los Alamos.

The crowd's huge yeasty and pale, and for Wolf this is down among the dead men, the lambs of /B/tard Prime, the Killing Floor Chan Four. I'm getting looks from the honeys (stepdad rapecases with the too-tight bootys) and the gents (the less said the butter). Is it my wardrobe? All black cept for the Nintendo controller beltbuckle to draw the eyes, I call that the Batman Ruse. Nah it's because, honeychuckles, *I'm the only one without a mask*. It's not overconfidence. It's not foolishness. It's that I know we all wear masks every day of our lives. Why bother with one more? Besides, someone already took my 3 Ninjas idea.

I'm here (there) for one reason: to sniff out a Sci-Tol mole, and I scent him almost immediately. They all smell the same, damp odor of Vaseline teeth and the taintsweat of a hundred thousand withered celebrities. This one's wearing a gray three-piece suit--the "Discount Borat"--and a pair of comically oversized sunglasses, putting the moves on some flat-tittied vapoid probably color codes her hair dye to match her vibrating dildos. I tap him on the shoulder.

He turns around, waves of nervousness peeling off him. "Hey buddy. Epic lulz detected in this base that are belong to us, right? Can I haz teh win, right? Knowledge is free, ri--" I let my Qdoba club card do the talking. The words come out of his mouth slower than the blood as the laminated edge severs his trachea. To seal the deal, a quick hard kick snaps his leg, hot salt copper and fat spraying my jeans and that's that, I send the

poor cunt to Outer Space Valhalla or whatever it is his people believe in.

Panic is instantaneous. Frenzied press of bodies. The A-cup chickie is gone, would've liked to bend her over a Barnes + Noble bargain table and make her scream with my cream but no time now. The 5-0 are at my back.

Shots are fired, dearie me. Course what the cop-tops don't know is that I've read the Annals of the Eight Chinese Immortals. I've tasted of the cinnabar. Mother of pearl has caressed my tongue, mothertruckers. What does that mean? Means bullets don't mean Donald Dick to me, might as well be spittin jujubes for all the harm it does. "Sorry officers," I say, "but it's not my habit to kill and tell. Toodle to the ooh," and then I'm flying, wire-fu in realtime, and there ain't nothing they can do but gawk and goggle, the fuzz, the chan squad, the sci guys, all of them.

And now I'm back here hunkered in the Bunker and tip-tapping this into the blogosphere for the general enjoyment of you my dew-eyed audience. Rest assured, more will be forthcoming as I once more into the fray with my fine and frenzied self. But until then, baby janes, this is Wolfie C. over and out.

AstleyMan555 Says:
Let's rock this shit Camo pants - Check
Steel toed boots - Check
iPod speakers - Check
The Chan's Greatest Hits - Check
Guy Fawkes Mask - Check

I'm ready, let's do this.

AstleyMan555 Says:
G*D DAMNIT.

I was so pumped up that I said a rude word to my mom while she was driving me to the protest. She turned the car around and grounded me, can you believe that? What a b!tch. Next time me and the Ron Paul society gatecrash the debate club, I'm changing my speech. George Bush isn't the biggest obstacle to the democratic process in America, it's that bitch Janelle Harper aka my freakin' mom...

Duncan Roberts Says:

We all assembled for the protest in Ryan's front yard. Great turn out guys.

A few of the local kids rode past on their tricycles. Some of them looked suspicious, so we all took the long way home afterwards, even Ryan went in through the back door instead. Anyway, I was holding a sign that said "ScientoloGAY". I don't think any of the neighbourhood kids will be converting any time soon. Ryan's mom made us some lemonade, and then we went to tell Andy the priest about what a good thing we've done.

He said God was very pleased with us, and that he wanted to see Ryan alone. We waited outside for him, afterwards he smelled very funny, like baby oil, and was very quiet. I think the priest is a Scientology man!!! What's a boy to do...

---

anne frank fanfic Says:

Okay I've been holed up in a barnes and noble starbucks for 14 hours, the last true refuge around these parts that isn't surrounded by scientologists. I like this place best because most people here are somewhat intelligent or at least don't immediately disregard me as a "loser" simply because my choice of reading includes atheistic topics. I usually tell them that, to be fair, I did try to read the bible, but threw up a little in my mouth in the middle of Genesis (the only bible book I remember thanks to sega) by the a) sheer stupidity of it all, but more importantly by b) how many idiots actually devote themselves to this garbage. Also, the starbucks barista has a real thing for me, I mean when I tipped her my change she really lit up, I think when I order next I might invite her to one of these protests in the future

Anyway, if any anons see this, could you send help or let me know when the coast is clear? I lost my mask and to be honest im scared to shit. I can only be thankful that I didnt bring my car or theyd have my license plate and any semblance of a life I once had will be gone. I can see it now, no more xbox live account... I see someone pulling out a cell phone, i think its one of them, Check my blog in 3 hours if its not updated then im

---

Agenbite Says:
Dearest Momma,

It is my sincerest hope this letter reaches you and lil Merrill and old Greybritches (how is he doing, he is the finest coonhound I ever known or will know now). I don't know how I will get it to you maybe such as tied to a pigeon or hidden on my body somewheres but I reckon there is a chance you'll get it somehow, if there is justice on this earth which now after these events transpiring I feel there surely ain't.

It is cold here and lonely. Lonelier than the crick in winter when the ice was like to a gypsy mirror in the moonlight. The first day weren't so bad, we set up headquarters outside of the downtown Kinkos (you know the one, it is adjacent to a Subway and acrost from that place where Merrill gets his therapy done) our goal being to eventually push on to the Hubbard-Chrysler Tower and take it. General Firewall-Chan expected little

resistance and we all generally shared his optimism, damn his eyes. Spirits was high and we ate much pocky and drank many Red Bulls and other such energy drinks late into the night around the glow of our laptops, singing rounds of Let's Go Tsukinuke and even an old spiritual called I think Soulja Boy which a few of the Negroes taught us (it is strange fighting alongside them but they seem to be decent folk when they's not chimpin out). You know I could not afford a real mask since you needed that back surgery so I made due by printing one out as best I could. Some fellers was insulting me for that but I think it was all in good fun and we went to bed happy and ready for the $cifag attack we were sure would come.

Well it did come and before dawn. I woke up to musket fire and cannon bombardment, these being their means of attack in the first hours, and I am not ashamed to say I made in my pants directly. The smoke was so much that we never saw the sun rise, if it rose at all on that black morning. Most of my company was killt then. lulz42 died in my arms with a bullet through his spine and I saw Scissors-chan walking around holding her own arm which had been blown off like it weren't no thing trying to stick it back on and mumbling that anonymous does not forgive. if anonymous does not forgive I pray anonymous also does not forget the lives given here and the /b/lood shed on these sidewalks that are now forever stained red. momma, it is a terrible business, this project chanology, and I curse the day I ever heard its name.

There is not much to tell after that. We fought all that first day and General Firewall-Chan said we would pull through but nobody that still had a head on their shoulders believed him. He died in the night or so I heard when they switched from muskets to needleguns, clear cannons, and mind bores. Regardless of when he got it or how, I saw with my own eyes his body devoured by wailing lobodreamers, they gnashing with their metal jaws and the dead eyes, momma, like emptiness or a sky bout to storm. And after the lobodreamers came the dogs with the human hands and the babyfaces and along with them some things I can't rightly describe nor wish to only I see them everytime I lay me down. And now here I am, alone escaped, and hiding in the ball pit of a closed down McDonalds. I'm scared but I won't go screaming no I won't give them that much. I can hear something at the door wet against the glass and I see shapes moving but I ain't gonna go screaming.

Momma, I'm sorry bout all this. Give Merrill my Gundam models, the ones he always was looking at. Since poppa died in that accident down on the cubicle farm I reckon Merrill will be the man of the house now. If you love me, you'll tell him his brother died a hero and not a coward. And you take care of yourself momma and Old Greybritches too. Make sure he is fed sufficient and that he is let out when he needs.

And make sure the truth gets out. No matter what they say Project Chanology weren't a success. It were a murder, plain and simple and we all of us victims. You tell them that yourself, tell them that I spat it at them as I was dragged to the gates of hell. They getting closer momma. Something is making a moan and breathing hot on my neck. But I ain't gonna turn around. I ain't gonna scream and I ain't gonna turn around. Love you momma. Goodbye.

A special thanks to all contributors to the NetBeat blog and comments system!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

2.13 Unlike My Opponent, Chapter Two

Wednesday, Feb 13, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Unlike My Opponent series.

It is that time of the year when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of winning elections. With the distinct aroma of politics in the air, I cannot help but feel obligated to run. Trust me when I say that it is not a false sense of entitlement that compels me, nor is it what Dr. Martin Luther King called the "fierce urgency of now." It is simply the knowledge that unlike my opponent...

 I am always eager to shake your hand. And when my normal human hand grips yours, I won't crush it or give you a deadly infection due to open, festering sores.

 I don't let my two obese manchildren roam the streets at night yelling at dogs and banging pots and pans together. I lock mine in the basement where they belong.

I believe in the magic of cat whiskers. It is the secret to my eternal youth and I'm not too selfish to share it with you.

I have never advocated spending tax payer money to turn the city zoo into a hunting range for wealthy European aristocrats. No, I joined other community leaders in bulldozing it to make room for a Super Wal-Mart parking lot.

My victory in the Tri-City Dance Competition was won fair and square through patriotic popping and locking. What is patriotic about my opponent's vulgar bump and grind routine? Absolutely nothing.

I refrain from using my shapeshifting abilities to con people and break up marriages. Can my opponent say the same? Oh, he can? Well, he is lying.

I am not a liar.

vI have never flown a plane into a building that was taller than three stories.

I never tried to drive a bus full of kidnapped senior citizens into an abandoned quarry. If it were up to me, I would have driven that bus straight to the Old Country Buffet and treated them to lunch while listening to their stories.

I support alternative energy sources such as wind and solar and reject the idea that we have to continue burning widows and orphans in furnaces.

I have never asked any sort of Greater Dark Lord for power, offering a portion of my lower class constituency as tribute.

I respect the Police Department and the job they do. I would never try to fire them for telling me that it is wrong to force different animals to mate in my backyard while I videotape it.

 My experiments with cannibalism were brief and ended long ago. Ask my opponent why he is never seen without a meat-covered human femur in hand.

I have never tried to disenfranchise voters by rounding them up in a barn and setting it on fire.

My opponent, who USED to own multiple barns, can't go on the record and say he's never started a fire.

I am perfectly happy appearing in public on a full moon. In fact, I insist on it.

I have never performed any sort of patricide for political gain.

I believe the forbidden art of necromancy has no place in our schools. I will fight to keep our children in the Lord's good graces.

I have never spent my entire welfare check at a liquor store, racetrack, or adult toy store. Furthermore, I do not accept welfare as I am filthy rich.

You won't find a room in my basement where I store hundreds upon hundreds of dolls.

I strongly opposed the installation of bacon vending machines in our schools.

I have never put a saddle on a dog and forced a baby to ride that dog for the enjoyment of depraved Japanese businessmen.

I have never tied a constituent's daughter to train tracks and laughed diabolically as a train approached. If I ever did, you could bet your bottom dollar that I would have a damn good reason.

I have never tried to kidnap children for purposes of starting my own personal youth army.

I never have and never will utilize bees and wasps as a means of breaking up rival campaign rallies.

Not once in my extensive career have I ever purchased an industrial freezer and filled it full of live cats and snakes for my own perverse amusement.

Ask any prostitute in this town if I ever tried to murder them. They will tell you, "No, he was a gentleman." They can't say the same about my opponent.

You will never find blood on my hands. If you do, it is because I shook my opponent's bloody hands out of gentlemanly courtesy.

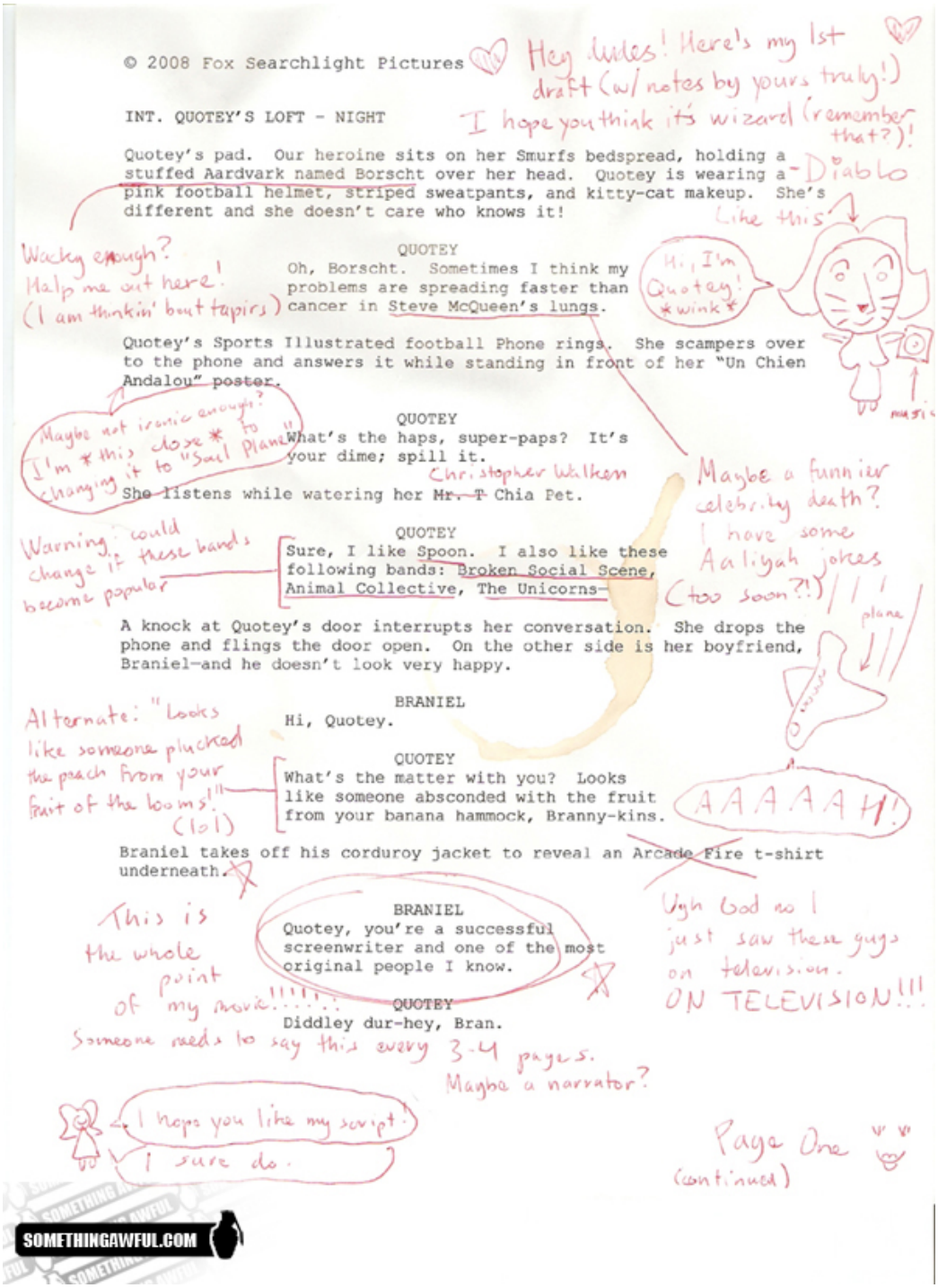
The facts are as clear as day. The writing is on the wall. Never before has there been such a need for change. Ladies and gentlemen, I am that change. Please elect me as your noble mayor and I promise that I will do my best to protect you from the horrors of my opponent.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.14 Leaked Diablo Cody Screenplay

Thursday, Feb 14, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Last year, screenwriter Diablo Cody wowed filmgoers and fans of orange stripes alike with her ultra-cute movie, *Juno*. So what does this wordsmith have in store for us in 2008? Find out when Something Awful Hollywood dumpster-diver Bob "BobServo" Mackey delivers ultra-rare screenplay scans of Diablo's next project, *Quotey*, a dramedy about a brilliant-yet-spunky screenwriter who says what we all think but still faces persecution for her quirky ways. You'd best list it on your Facebook right now!



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Hey dudes! Here's my 1st draft (w/ notes by yours truly!) I hope you think it's wizard (remember that?)! -Diablo

INT. QUOTEY'S LOFT - NIGHT

Quotey's pad. Our heroine sits on her Smurfs bedspread, holding a stuffed Aardvark named Borscht over her head. Quotey is wearing a pink football helmet, striped sweatpants, and kitty-cat makeup. She's different and she doesn't care who knows it!

Like this

Wacky enough? Help me out here! (I am thinkin' bout tapirs)

QUOTEY
Oh, Borscht. Sometimes I think my problems are spreading faster than cancer in Steve McQueen's lungs.

Hi, I'm Quotey! *wink*

Quotey's Sports Illustrated football Phone rings. She scampers over to the phone and answers it while standing in front of her "Un Chien Andalou" poster.

Maybe not ironic enough? I'm *this close* to changing it to "Saul Plane"

QUOTEY
What's the haps, super-paps? It's your dime; spill it.

Christopher Walken

She listens while watering her ~~Mr. T~~ Chia Pet.

Maybe a funnier celebrity death? I have some Aaliyah jokes (too soon?!)

Warning: could change if these bands become popular

QUOTEY
Sure, I like Spoon. I also like these following bands: Broken Social Scene, Animal Collective, The Unicorns-

plane

A knock at Quotey's door interrupts her conversation. She drops the phone and flings the door open. On the other side is her boyfriend, Braniel—and he doesn't look very happy.

Alternate: "Looks like someone plucked the peach from your fruit of the looms!" (lol)

BRANIEL
Hi, Quotey.

QUOTEY
What's the matter with you? Looks like someone absconded with the fruit from your banana hammock, Branny-kins.

AAAAAH!

Braniel takes off his corduroy jacket to reveal an Arcade Fire t-shirt underneath.

Ugh God no I just saw these guys on television. ON TELEVISION!!!

This is the whole point of my movie!!!!!!

BRANIEL
Quotey, you're a successful screenwriter and one of the most original people I know.

QUOTEY
Diddley dur-hey, Bran.

Someone needs to say this every 3-4 pages. Maybe a narrator?

I hope you like my script!

I sure do.

Page One (continued)

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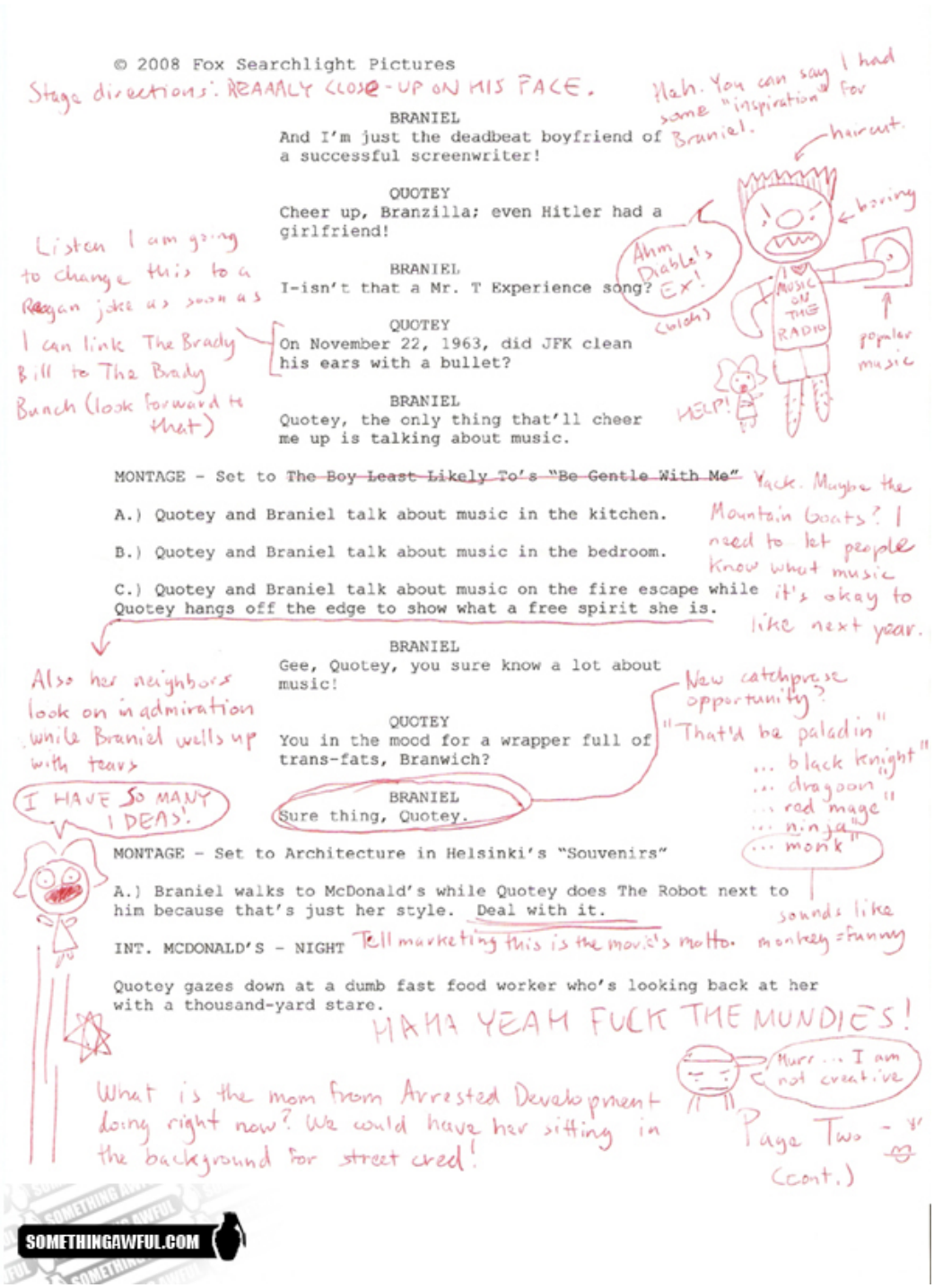

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Stage directions: REAAALY CLOSE-UP ON HIS FACE.

Nah. You can say I had some "inspiration" for Braniel.

BRANIEL
And I'm just the deadbeat boyfriend of a successful screenwriter!

haircut.

boring

QUOTEY
Cheer up, Branzilla; even Hitler had a girlfriend!

Ahm Diablo's Ex! (wich)

Listen I am going to change this to a Reagan joke as soon as I can link The Brady Bill to The Brady Bunch (look forward to that)

BRANIEL
I-isn't that a Mr. T Experience song?

MUSIC ON THE RADIO

popular music

QUOTEY
On November 22, 1963, did JFK clean his ears with a bullet?

HELP!

BRANIEL
Quotey, the only thing that'll cheer me up is talking about music.

MONTAGE - Set to ~~The Boy Least Likely To's "Be Gentle With Me"~~

Yack. Maybe the Mountain Goats? I need to let people know what music it's okay to like next year.

A.) Quotey and Braniel talk about music in the kitchen.

B.) Quotey and Braniel talk about music in the bedroom.

C.) Quotey and Braniel talk about music on the fire escape while Quotey hangs off the edge to show what a free spirit she is.

Also her neighbors look on in admiration while Braniel wells up with tears

BRANIEL
Gee, Quotey, you sure know a lot about music!

New catchphrase opportunity?

QUOTEY
You in the mood for a wrapper full of trans-fats, Branwich?

"That'd be paladin"
... black knight"
... dragoon
... red mage"
... ninja"
... monk"

I HAVE SO MANY IDEAS!

BRANIEL
Sure thing, Quotey.

MONTAGE - Set to Architecture in Helsinki's "Souvenirs"

A.) Braniel walks to McDonald's while Quotey does The Robot next to him because that's just her style. Deal with it.

sounds like monkey=funny

INT. MCDONALD'S - NIGHT

Tell marketing this is the movie's motto.

Quotey gazes down at a dumb fast food worker who's looking back at her with a thousand-yard stare.

HAHA YEAH FUCK THE MUNDIES!

Murr... I am not creative

What is the mom from Arrested Development doing right now? We could have her sitting in the background for street cred!

Page Two - ½ (cont.)

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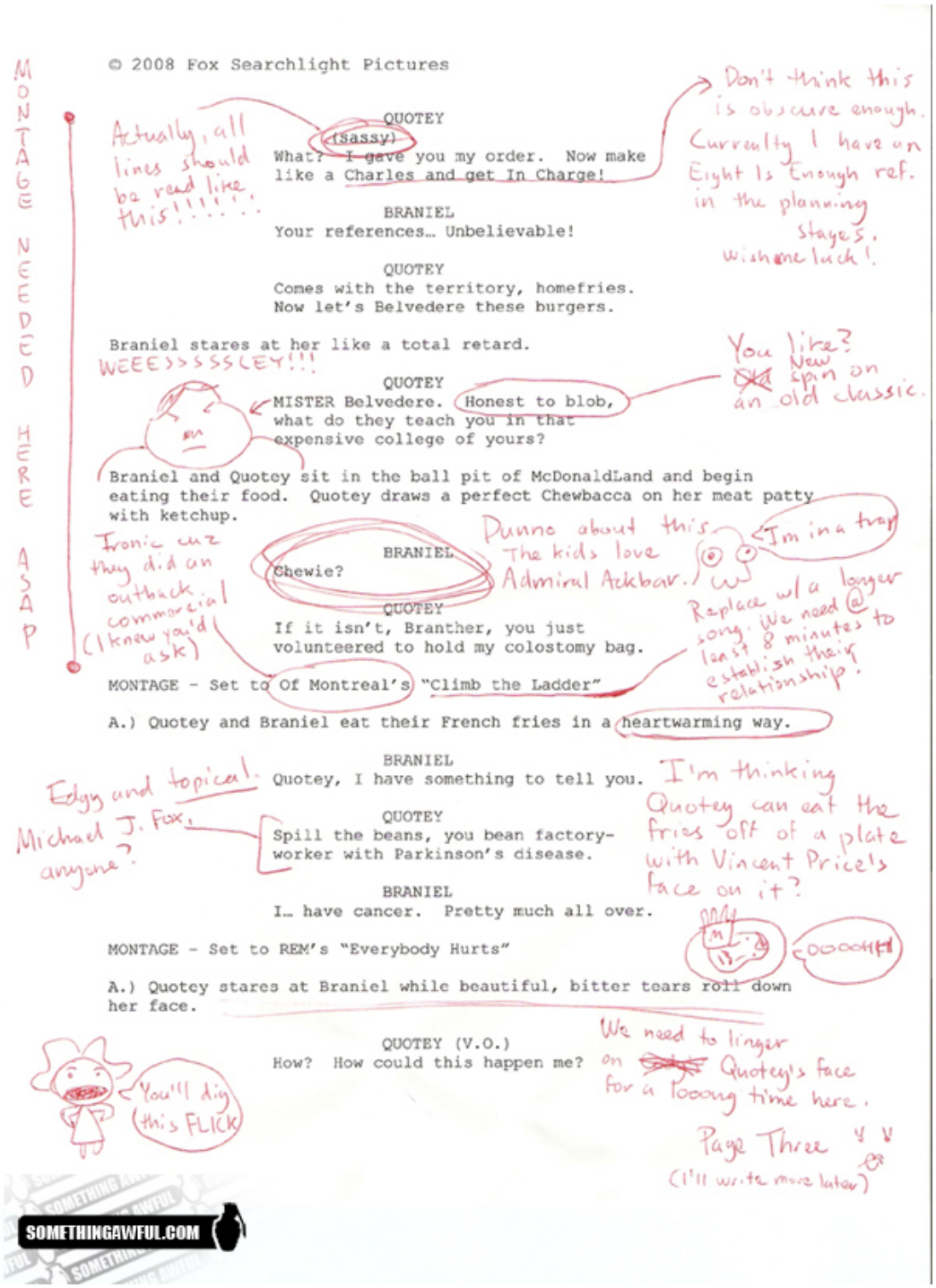
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MONTAGE NEEDED HERE ASAP
Actually, all lines should be read like this!!!!!!.
QUOTEY
(Sassy)
What? I gave you my order. Now make like a Charles and get In Charge!
Don't think this is obscure enough. Currently I have an Eight Is Enough ref. in the planning stages. Wish me luck!
BRANIEL
Your references… Unbelievable!
QUOTEY
Comes with the territory, homefries. Now let's Belvedere these burgers.
Braniel stares at her like a total retard.
WEEESSSSSLEY!!!
QUOTEY
MISTER Belvedere. Honest to blob, what do they teach you in that expensive college of yours?
You like? New spin on an old classic.
Braniel and Quotey sit in the ball pit of McDonaldLand and begin eating their food. Quotey draws a perfect Chewbacca on her meat patty with ketchup.
Ironic cuz they did an outback commercial (I knew you'd ask)
BRANIEL
Chewie?
Dunno about this. The kids love Admiral Ackbar.
I'm in a trap
QUOTEY
If it isn't, Branther, you just volunteered to hold my colostomy bag.
Replace w/ a longer song. We need @ least 8 minutes to establish their relationship.
MONTAGE - Set to Of Montreal's "Climb the Ladder"
A.) Quotey and Braniel eat their French fries in a heartwarming way.
BRANIEL
Quotey, I have something to tell you.
Edgy and topical! Michael J. Fox, anyone?
I'm thinking Quotey can eat the fries off of a plate with Vincent Price's face on it?
QUOTEY
Spill the beans, you bean factory-worker with Parkinson's disease.
BRANIEL
I… have cancer. Pretty much all over.
MONTAGE - Set to REM's "Everybody Hurts"
OOOOHH!!
A.) Quotey stares at Braniel while beautiful, bitter tears roll down her face.
QUOTEY (V.O.)
How? How could this happen me?
We need to linger on Quotey's face for a looong time here.
You'll dig this FLICK
Page Three
(I'll write more later)
SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.15 Texas is the Place for the Miracles of the Bill Clinton Wife Type and the Babies

Friday, Feb 15, 2008 by El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

Hello!!!!!!

WELCOME BACKS!!

It is Yours Truly, back after so long a parting of the time! I am knowing the contests of beliefs your eyes experience towards this page in the computer when it is springing forth the name of luchadore hero El Pinto Grande. It is so!

Many times during the epochs I am endeavoring to write a page for this computer book Some Things Awful. Then again, life is being so full of adventures it is never the time like the present to be "take a five" to write down a story.

Many things have occurred in and around the locations, including incredible sevenfolds growth of Large Son who is now Large Young Adult. Entire new category of books in the biblioteca! Can you believe he has grown so much? I cannot, truth being told. A mountain of a mans inside and out, he has the biggest heart of a technicos and the strengths of a hundred and eighteen rudos.

This is time at last, write a page her and now, so hello again! Yours Truly has been drafted into the services of America for advancing political agendas and experience the adventures to be had north of the borders. I am arriving in great land of TEXAS for adventures at request of a long time friend American President.

Bill Clinton, dear friends, is a dearest of friends. Since I am seeing him put the pipes to his lips and toot a merry tunes on the Arsenal Hall television programmes I am knowing he is the kindred spirits. Mr. Bill Clinton is calling all "supremo delegates" from the olden days of yore to attend to his wife types campaigns in TEXAS. Yours Truly is not being a supremo delegate who is always citizen of America, but is very influencing in Latino communities. With great courage I am making "the inroads" to the Latino people.

Young lady types all around the Clintons I AM FAITHFUL WIFE TYPE DO NOT BEGIN TO FRETTING

Bill Clinton is sending call to Yours Truly and Yours Truly is given a great shout from the mountain tops overlooking American chemical factory and disappeared lake filled with cattle skeleton. I am given to shout, "YES! I answer the calls, Mr. Bill Clinton! For America is great friend to the north! Your call will not be going ignored!"

I would be made to continue to shout, but rockslide is in this zone I am speaking of and so I am move along before the big crush comes upon my shoulder. Long time friends Sombrero Largo, who is at this time being retired from the squares circled, is also made to accompany me while wife types stay behind to look after the house as they should.

When I am arriving in Texas with special ticket for America Bill Clinton friend type Howard Wolfman is made to tell me, "Yours Truly, legend of the squares circle who is recorded to undefeat by all non-rudos maneuvering from Oaxaca to Hermosillo, thank you for coming. Bill Clinton, American President, is so glad to have you on the board. Rules of the American area specify he cannot be President anymore so he is giving this honor to wife type who will be new American President."

Yours Truly is giving the reply, "So?"

And Howard Wolfmans is saying, "So, with your incomparable skill and greatest courages in the face of partisan's savagery will you confront lies of Warlocks Obama in Latinos Community."

I am made to flourish the capes and in the displays of machismo made to stomp a boot and put the chest out and say, "Naturally!"

The BEAUTIFUL and WISE Hillard wife types of the American President Bill Clinton.

Howard Wolfmans continue to give Yours Truly the honor of speaking Latino youths for Bill Clinton wife type who is gorgeous woman Hillard. She is having eyes like a bug and handsome apple cheeks. Her smile can put a light up in a room. I tells the Wolfmans that I would make to sweep her up in towards my arms and put a kiss upon her face (of a romantic type of kiss) if it is not facts that she is wed in the matrimonies to American President Bill Clinton.

The rallies are a corn of copious excitement. Voter age Latinos and Latinas emerge into theater as if for great combat but there is only stage and the heroics of battle are not to be scheduled. I am taking up the microphones and ask, "HELLO!" Crowd is given to cheer as if I am administering signature move of spinning crab kick to back of Indomitable Doctor Fights after supreme rudos maneuvering.

"Greetings to the voters!" I am continuing. "I am here for alliance with American President Bill Clinton who has big hearts!"

"RAAAAAAA!" Is the words of the crowd!

"I am here to say it is duty of all voters in the booths to administer knockout blow to sinister rudos Warlocks Obama who is casting a spell of terrors over this country!" Imagine more applause as stadium goes wild from encouraging oratories. "Warlocks Obama is wrong on all things and all issues let me tell you."

Then I am reading from card on issues he is wrong on which are issues like "the health scare" and "Iraqs war vote fairy tales" and I am also given to adding "foreign objects in rings" and "sorceries" which is rudos of the most direst brand. The crowd is loving this and Hillard is seeming to like this also. The victories are assured.

GREAT JOBS!

This is not all for adventure. After I secure Latinos votes for Hillard Clinton wife type and new American President I am indulge in secret passion. This is most powerful passion of all so I must be very serious as I explain this to you reader types.

This passion I am given to feeling is the passion of the miracles of births. The baby is born from the mother, but the mother is special it is not a woman type it is a turtle type of mothers. I am knowing you are giving the scoff at my dreams of given to witness the precious birth of a turtle family. I am telling you, "Back off!" I love a turtle and I am not ashamed as the grown up man to tell you this fact.

Your Truly is given to liking all creatures of the ocean!
VACATION 07 CALIFORNIA

The turtle of the sea is very in danger. People are making them into soups, they are making the shells into the body armor for a knight, perhaps the shield for a large turtle shell to parry the trident. This is such a waste of lives.

Most sad of all, I am telling you gentle reader types, is the birth times of the baby turtles. This is a time when the turtle of the sea must burst forth from the sand of the beach. They are just the tiniest baby. They must flop their flippers up and down and struggle to run for the water of the sea. Over the top of their heads, watching them with the evil intent, is the seagull who does not see a baby turtle is just a cute feast for his belly. Friend bird, I warn you, if I am to catch you in your transgressing I will given a whoop of warrior's heart and administer swift blows to your beaks.

This is my journey. I am watching The Learningest Channels to see the good spots and I am in horrors when I see the slaughters on the beach. I quake with outrage at the television man who talks in the calm voice and the man with the cameras do NOTHING to stop the seagulls preying on the baby turtles. This aggressions will not stand!

So when I am telling you I am done with the Clinton types I am going straight to the docks. I am saying to Sombrero Largo, "Excuse me, friend, I am going to the docks now to see the ocean." He is suspecting something is up, but Sombrero Largo is always with the womans on his thoughts, so he is thinking I am up to the same plots.

I am guiding the boatman to the coves.

When I am arriving at the docks I give a shout to the boatsman and say, "You! Boatsman! Take me upon your boats so that I might find a turtle cove!" The boatsman is agreeing at a hefty price. We are scouting about all of the day. I am thinking after many hours in the hottest of climates that this will be a journey without fruits.

Then, there it is! I spy upon the coast the familiar shapes of the turtles. These are very large turtles, many times the size I am expecting. The boatsman is taking me to their hidden cover and the turtles are very friendly. They bark at me some, which is the shock to hear, but also a laugh. They do not bite but Yours Truly does not touch them because I am knowing from the shows that you do not interfere with nature.

SHHHH! THE MAGIC it is begun!

Soon the night is falling all over the place and I am beginning to patrol the beach awaiting the miracles to begin. There are many of the falsest alarms. There! A turtle! No, it is just the humble hermit crab clacking his way down the street of sands. There! No, it is just some bags on a log, so much trash. I clean it up while I am at it!

Then it is moonlight and very romantic. A magical time is in the airs when suddenly, the ground shakes, the wind stops blowing, and there is a burst as the first of the baby turtle is given to begin the emerging. In the immediate time I am setting up my outpost near this beautiful events to protect the turtle babies from the onslaught. There are many of the little fellows who come from the sand. It is not the sand giving birth, I know it may seem like it. In the actual fact the mother turtle put an egg in the sand and then it hatched to make the babies come out of the beach.

There are perils! Many times the seagull is landing and trying to attempt the rudos maneuver on baby turtle friend. This activity is encountered with my righteous fists which

are punching the seagull high into the sky and away from in dangering my turtle friends. They flip and flop and do the little runs to the waves. It is the most magical thing I am given to witness in the times since Weather Predator Cats break up tag team over breaking up of hearts with the loves triangle. The energy is intensity.

At last the last of the turtle is gone into the sea where there is nothing but safeties and the warm waters of the oceans to protect and serve. Yours Truly is feeling his bosom to swell up with the prides. Like a new papa!

This is being the story of how I am helping Hillard get into being the American President, but more important to me, this is the stories of all the turtles who I am saving. God bless them all and may they have a journey forever into happiness.

Thanks!

-∼El Pinto Grande (@sexyfacts4u)

2.16 Parents Beware!

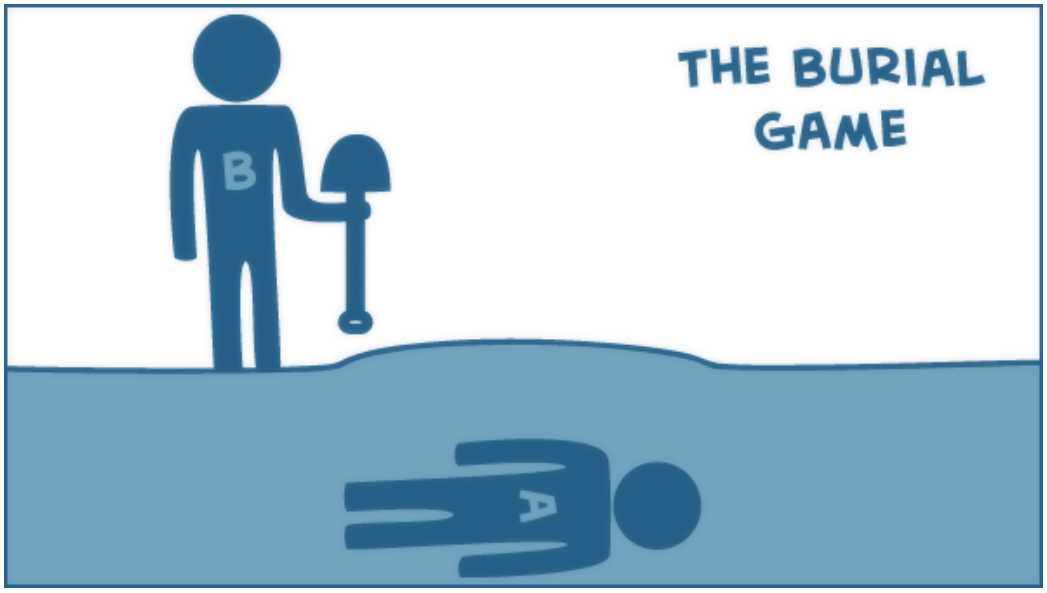
Saturday, Feb 16, 2008 by Overprotective Parents Newsletter (@DennisFarrell)

As a recipient of this newsletter, you know that today's children face many dangers and perversions on their long and difficult road to becoming sheltered adults. One day they're fending off peer pressure to join an online space rape orgy fantasy in the video game Mass Effect, and the next day they're doing their best to resist the sinful temptations of exotic body sprays.

Unfortunately, things have gotten a whole lot worse due to several variations of the decades-old "Choking Game" that have been spreading among the youth like wildfire in recent months.

For those of you lucky enough to have survived your childhoods without encountering it, the Choking Game is a method youngsters use to induce a blackout (and a supposed near-death experience) by depriving their brains of oxygen. One child puts his back to a wall and takes a series of quick breaths while another presses against the first youth's chest until he passes out. This "game" is obviously very dangerous, as depriving the brain's lungs of oxygen can lead to death or at the very least permanent brainlung damage and the consequent loss of an inner monologue.

The resurgence of the Choking Game and its variations is worrying for those parents reckless enough to allow their children to leave the house without supervision, so we've compiled all the information we have on the subject. Learn the warning signs, talk to your kids about the dangers these activities pose, and continue to pray at the side of your children's beds for their safety as they sleep.



How It Works

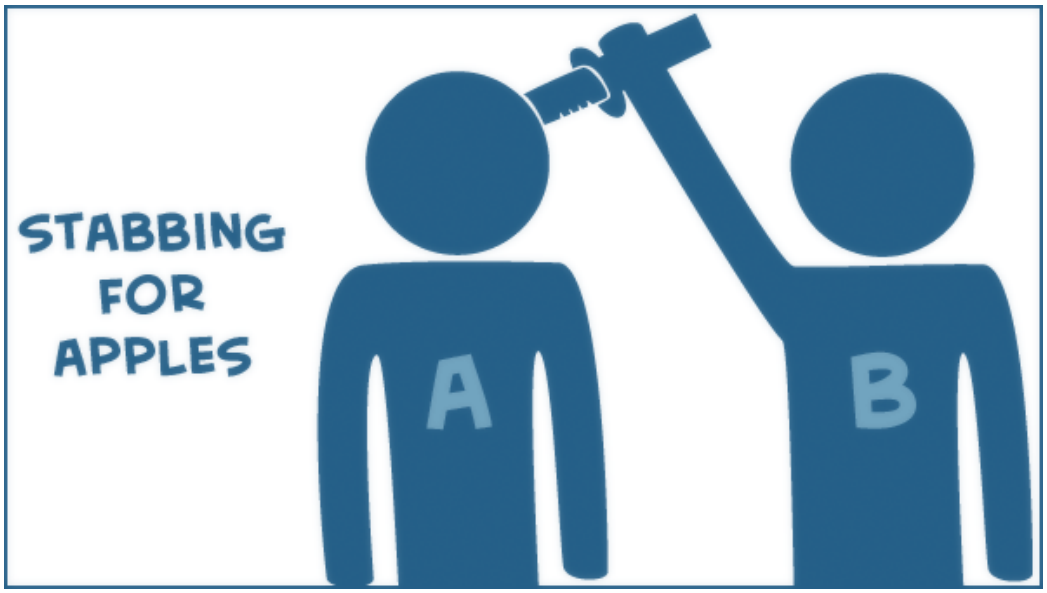
Child A lays down in a hole while Child B fills that hole with dirt. Eventually the dirt will completely envelop Child A, giving him the sensation of being buried like a dead person.

The Dangers

Blisters on the hands of Child B from all that shoveling, heatstroke, lawsuits for digging on other people's property, the mound on top of Child A could potentially become a tripping hazard for pedestrians.

Warning Signs

Your child calls to inform you that he won't be home in time for dinner because he is "buried alive in dirt like a dead person".



How It Works

Child A stands still while Child B stabs him about the head and neck with a knife, simulating a stabbing. It is believed that Child A will see his life flash before his eyes, and that this can help him locate misplaced valuables.

The Dangers

Infected stab wounds, severe blood loss (should be offset by the ability to locate misplaced blood during the "life flashing before your eyes" stage).

Warning Signs

Changing voice, hair growing in new places, newfound interest in the video for Michael Jackson's 1986 hit single "Beat It".

How It Works

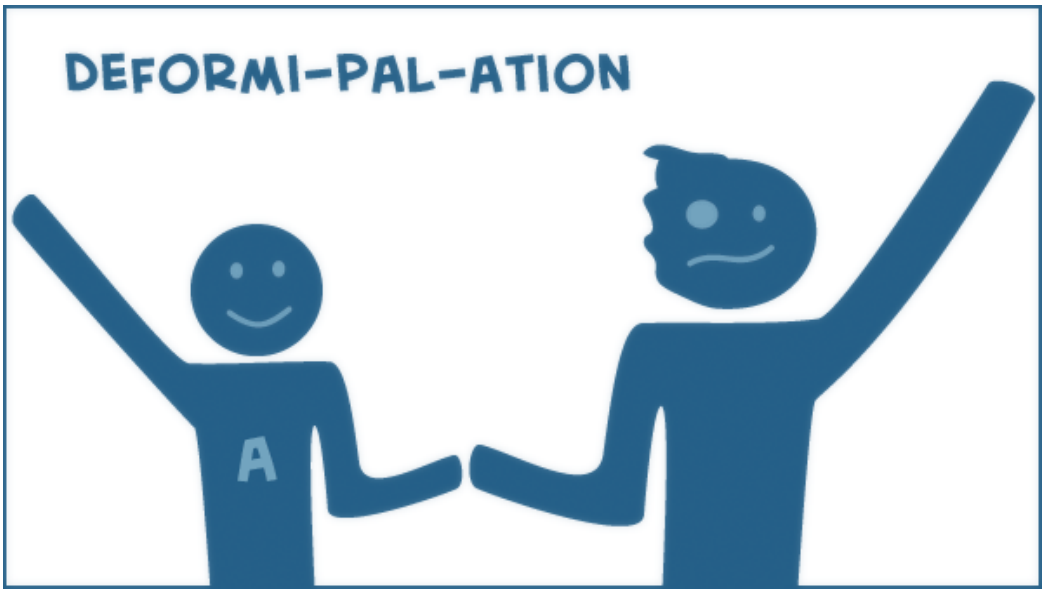
Child A stands in a bucket of salsa - typically mild - as Child B points an antenna toward the sky. They rub their noses together as quickly as possible for thirty seconds to build up a charge, then punch each other in the stomach. As a result, both children receive television signals in their heads up to twenty minutes earlier than they are actually broadcast. This is ideal for spoiling episodes of Lost in internet discussion forums.

The Dangers

Feet that taste like salsa, nipple cancer, a willingness to commit homosexual acts that involve noses such as mutual nose-picking.

Warning Signs

Bloody noses, surplus of buckets and antennae hidden under a bed or in a closet, enlarged cranium (up to eight times the original size).



How It Works

Child A befriends a reclusive man who had half his face burnt off ten years ago in a car crash that resulted in a young boy's death. The man reluctantly agrees to tutor Child A, and through their friendship they both learn about themselves and the world around them.

The Dangers

Unchecked tolerance, fiery death in a car crash, gingivitis.

Warning Signs

Disappearing bottles of skin cream and aloe from your medicine cabinet, sketches of the Batman villain "Two Face" laying around, a man with a half-burned face in your house.

-~Overprotective Parents Newsletter (@DennisFarrell)

2.17 An Unofficial Campaign Video: "Barack Obama: A Tribute to Hope"

Sunday, Feb 17, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

SomethingAwful is, of course, a comedy website. Usually even when we talk about political issues that we care about, we do so in a joking way. But today I want to drop that pretense and get serious with you all for a moment.

I'm sure many of you have seen will.i.am's tribute to Barack Obama (www.yeswecansong.com). The internet has changed the way democracy is run, and allowed just a few humble really famous people to get together and be famous in front of a camera and then put it out there for everyone to see. Without the new power of YouTube, we would never be sure what celebrities thought of presidential candidates.

Jokes aside, it is a really great video, and it made me realize that anyone, even me, could make my own tribute to Obama, and hopefully have even a small effect on this election's outcome. So I got some of my friends together and worked hard to create a concept that would express the power of his message in an accessible way. We spent a few days scripting, filming, and editing, and created a piece we call "Barack Obama: A Tribute to Hope"

We did not receive any funding from Obama's campaign, nor any assistance in either the creation or distribution of our video. This is just the work of a few young voters, impassioned by a passionate candidate, and empowered by the vision of a better future. We are not asking for donations nor fame. We only want to make America better, one YouTube link at a time.

Please, if you find yourself inspired by our work, pass it on to your friends and family so that the message of hope can grow. If you have any questions or if you'd like to use our video for your own Obama rallies or tabling, you can contact me at maxnmona@somethingawful.com.

Thank you.

Barack Obama: A Tribute to Hope

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

2.18 Blue Stripe - The Life and Times of an Imperial Waste & Sanitation Worker

Monday, Feb 18, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.

That's me at the morning meeting. I'm not a morning person, but Jetella Wrenchwop obviously is..

.Hey, I'm crewman second class Borf Rebus, Imperial Waste and Sanitation, at your service.

There is this saying among naval officers that goes something like, "You don't go looking in the head for a lost wristwatch unless you want shit on your sleeve." I guess it's no surprise I'm still a crewman second class. The Navy thinks it can't find petty officer material in Imperial Waste and Sanitation.

They should stop down here some time and hang out with their bros in IWS. I'm around petty officer material constantly. Those guys produce thousands of cubic feet of material every day.

Well, okay, no promotions and no raises. Shit rolls downhill, as they also love to say, it doesn't climb out of the pipe and become an officer. Except for that one time in the Kuat system, but I had nothing to do with that. It says so right in the review hearing results in my file. Plus that actually started as an officer and then turned into this goop that - well, that's a story for another time.

So, like, whew - getting off track here - what do we do in IWS is the question here, right? Like on a daily basis type thing?

Okay, well, I work on the *Death Star.* I used to work on a Star Destroyer called *Hateburp* or some other hard ass name that started with an "H". But, like, you get used to that homey sort of friendly feel of working on a Star Destroyer. You know, everybody knows everybody. Everybody says, "Hi, how you doing, man?" in the hallways. Then you come to the *Death Star,* I mean first of all the word "death" is in the name, so you know there is gonna be a change in the atmosphere.

Aboard *Hateburp* there were two compactors, four septic vats, and a 9,000 gallon central septic water filtration unit. There were about 15 of us in IWS on that ship and each of us worked every job. One day I'd be changing a particle filter on the central septic with Crizzle and the next day I'd be skimming one of the vats for floaters with Jeff and Czerbon. We even grew tomatoes on top of that stuff. The seeds come right out of the pipes and plant themselves, heh.

This place is the pits. Give me a Star Destroyer on its worst day.

It was a relaxed and sort of casual work environment, like I said. As long as the toilets flushed and the compactors didn't jam up the officers left us alone. After work we'd all hang out, maybe get baked and watch some old cartoons. Those guys were my bros.

Then I come here to the *Death Star* and I mean forget about it. I didn't ask for this transfer, man. It's always regulations and rules here. They said this thing is the size of a small moon or something, but it's like, "Welcome to the bullshit moon, orbiting planet dickheads."

I guess there are always like ten admirals and moffs and lords and what not hanging around on this thing, so everybody always has a mop handle up their choobies. One time, I spent all day fixing a trash compactor bearing that blew itself out when a pole got wedged horizontally between the compactor walls. By the end of the day I was covered, head to toe, in bilge sludge and engine grease.

I step outside the door of the compactor for a quick smoke break and this officer - not even an IWS officer, just some guy walking around the corridor - storms over to me and slaps the cigarette out of my mouth. He spends like ten minutes lecturing me on how filthy I am and what a disgrace I am. What am I going to say to that? The kicker is, he sent me back to my quarters to clean up, and then I get a frigging write up from Central IWS for "abandoning worksite without requesting written consent from a superior."

Yeah, that's the thing I forgot to mention. Aboard *Hateburp* there only was Central IWS. We were all part of the same unit. On the *Durrrp Star* (as Murray Zploto likes to call it) there are 70 or 80 IWS units each with their own jurisdiction. We're like the plumbing equivalent of firemen in a huge city. We watch out for our territory unless there is a major emergency, in which case they draw in the units from the surrounding areas to as far away as it takes.

Those big emergencies are always a lot of fun. Like the time a TIE Fighter somehow flew down the main waste incinerator and caused the water treatment pylon to explode. Sprayed boiling stink water everywhere. Like 50 people were injured and I think the pilot died. What kind of genius designed this thing with a waste incinerator vent big enough for a ship to fly through?

Yeah, sure, dumb old Borf Rebus can figure out that's frigging lame. Let's stick him in IWS for the rest of his life and yell at him for getting crap on his shoe in a big vat full of crap.

Welcome to chief asshole central.

Anyway, I digest. I guess I should get on to the part you asked for about my daily life and work and what have you.

Those of you reading this and expecting some sort of sweet saga of adventure and romance can look elsewhere. If you haven't figured it out yet, this is hard and dirty work. It's not glamorous and it's rarely exciting.

On those special days that only come once every few thousand parsecs, this job can be very rewarding. You would be amazed to learn what gets flushed into the central bilge and what ends up in a trash compactor. We dredge them for goodies three times a week and I find everything from dentures to diamonds and a lot in between.

I know you guys said you wanted a "slice of life" or whatever, so I tried to mix it up. This is a very recent week of work. The log ends about six days ago, well after my transfer here from Hateburp. I think the week I picked out demonstrates what it's usually like down here and also has some of the rare good times and some interesting finds in the bilge.

Incident 45528B
Location: Level 5, Waste Processing, Main Debris Reservoir

Just completed a three day job at the level 5 MDB. Just in case you didn't read the initial incident report, something big came down the central trash chute and jammed up the dredging arm that pushes the large inorganics down the compactor sluice. They had to drain the whole MDB and call us over there to sift through the crap left in the tank.

That was my first time doing a manual-dredge on a dry tank here and, let me just tell you, that thing is frigging enormous. It was maybe a hundred feet wide, two hundred long and twenty-four deep according to the depth markers painted on the side of the tank. Drained out there was a good foot and a half of organic sediments, plus larger objects scattered here and there.

Hey, if you want a holographic map of this shitbucket, here ya go.

Star Destroyers don't even have MDBs, because really, who the hell throws away half-ton pallets of vegetables or the main plate of a metal press? Nobody does that on an ISD, but here on the *Durrrp Star* there's always somebody willing to drive a forklift down the central trash chute.

That was what it turned out to be, by the way. We found a rusty AT-FT with the driver still buckled into the controls. I guess he was pushing that pallet of vegetables down the chute and he forgot to stop walking forward. It was disgusting as hell and took us the better part of two days to haul him out of there with a crane.

We did find some pretty interesting crap down at the bottom of the tank though. We'd take turns poking around during our breaks and pretty much all of us on the repair crew managed to find something good. I'll just list that stuff real quick.

- Don Cheesy found a Wookiee hand encased in Carbonite. No other parts, just the hand. There was a plaque at the bottom that read, "For Jenny, you'll always be my Moff."
- Ripcord Dazzler and Tanya Threetone found an R5 droid that had attempted to commit suicide. It was still partially functional and had to be restrained. We later figured out that its romantical advances had been spurred by a 3PO unit and it had thrown itself down a waste chute.
- Gusto MiGutso tripped over a half-buried loop of cable that turned out to be connected to an ERSO4 Sensual Pleasure Chair. The padding was sopping with stink water and it was missing some of its arms, but Gusto insisted on keeping it.
- On my last day doing the manual dredge I found a nearly complete collection of Duke Moonsplitter holotapes. The only ones missing are "I, Moon" (which sucks) and "Countdown Mission: Android" (one of my favorites).
- I also found a box containing about 40 copies of the *Death Star* plans, but I don't really have any use for them so gave them out to anyone who wanted a copy. They looked totally wizard, like a little hologram pops out and you can see everything on the *Death Star*.

If anybody reads this and thinks we need to return something, that's fine. I just figured that since it got thrown in the garbage then the original owners didn't want any of it.

Well, that's it for this one. Back to the crapstone.

Over and Out.

Incident 45531
Location: Level 74, Maintenance Shaft D, Chasm Bottom

The AT-FT is based on the AT-PT and you can see idiots stomping around in both of them all over the place and they can't see to either side and they like to knock crap over and fall down chutes.

Today is probably my worst day on the job since I was transferred here. I saw crap today that makes me so frigging mad I can't even artiggulate it. No amount of getting high or watching cartoons is going to let me forget what we found.

Alright, so, starting at the beginning, ever since I've been here people have been going missing. Not real often, but say maybe once or twice a month someone from IWS or one of the maintenance teams would just go out on an incident and then never report back. We'd look around and buzz them on the intercom and then eventually we'd give up.

It sounds callous, but you gotta remember this thing is like a giant city. I haven't even been to most levels and there are shopping malls and grocery stores and, like last week I read that on Level 23 they had a Miss *Death Star* competition at the Hydroponics Festival. So sometimes you figure some dude might just get fed up with the job and try to disappear off into the population or whatever. The guys that have been here longer than me say that it happens quite a bit and you just have to leave it to internal security to take care of them.

That's what we figured was happening to most of these people that were disappearing. Until today, that is. Petty Officer Bronco got a call from an IWS crew on Level 74 saying they found a bunch of our people. He tells them to hand it over to security, but they say no, that we have to send some people down to 74 to collect our guys.

Bronco picks me, Harley, Goober, and Dogbert to ride a freight lift down there with a cargo loader. He won't tell us what is going on. I heard this buddy of mine, Brightbull, was one of the guys they caught. Nice guy, fat with a big mustache and a laugh that would make everybody else laugh no matter what he was laughing about. Usually hooters.

He disappeared about three weeks ago owing me fifty credits, but I wasn't worried about the money. It was a lot for my paycheck, but I don't worry about that sort of thing as long as I've got enough to get by and send some home to my family.

Anyway, we get down there and head to where the IWS crew from 74 told us to meet them and it's a frigging zoo. There are people representing crews from all over the Death Star like it's some sort of worker's Olympics. Goober was the first one to notice that we all had something in common; we were all from the same quadrant of the ship.

The muster point was the main access hatch for Maintenance Shaft D, this big circulation shaft that curves all the way from pole to pole through every deck. There are eight of them total, four clustered around the central maintenance shaft and four out towards the surface. D is one of the interior shafts.

Safety last around here.

By the time I catch a whiff I already am guessing what happened. I've had to cross the retractable walkway that connects Maintenance Shaft D to the inner core a few times. When the door to Shaft D opens and I see the heaps of twisted bodies it all clicks together. The disappearances weren't people running away from their jobs, they were poor dudes that got caught by wind or just lost

their footing on one of the retractable walkways and fell.

What kind of frigging jerks designed this dump!? People are dying walking to their job on a spaceship? This is bullshit! I could see it happening in the jungle or something and they had to cross swinging bridges to get coconuts, or even on a spaceship like if an electrical conduit shorts out, but just walking to work? Someone had to design that walkway! It's total crap.

Those retractable walkways are made out of brushed metal, no traction, and they have no hand rails or anything. Plus they're like a foot wide.

Some of our guys were probably carrying 40 pound water pumps to a job on the interior when they got sucked down and fell. Or even worse, some of the walkway controls are on the other side of the door, so maybe someone walking past saw the bridge was extended and just thought someone left it that way accidentally and hit the retract button and holy crap I am so mad about this I can't even think straight.

I know I'm not supposed to get emotional in these sorts of things, but this is just too damn stupid. If I wasn't on a year contract I would quit and walk out right now.

Incident 45533
Location: Level 5, Stormtrooper Barracks ST 433, Subfloor Crawl Space

The stormtroopers have done it again. Total bog nightmare at their barracks.

I'm telling you, those guys are still using too many clones and the officers don't understand the sort of problems that causes with the septic. When one of those non-clones eats something weird, all of the clones see it and they start getting fussy unless they can all eat the same thing.

Well, it was some stormtrooper's birthday last night and they were having a pizza party with cake and ice cream. The birthday boy eats a ton of crap, like five or six pieces of pizza, two or three pieces of cake, and a whole bowl of ice cream. When those guys want to pack away the food they can do it.

Hey,l thanks bro! Happy birthday!

So the clones see this, but there isn't enough pizza and cake left for them to eat that much. What do they do? They start destroying the locker rooms and the lounge area and everything they can get their hands on. They're basically rioting until the officers bring in more pizza and cake.

Then it just gets insane. The officers bring in about two hundred pizzas and twenty big cakes for these guys and the clones just start tearing them apart with their bare hands. I have the security video of this. I've seen Rancors eating that wasn't as gross and they were eating people.

If you haven't figured out where this story involves me, stop a second and think about what happens when about a hundred identical dudes eat way more food than they should all at the same time. They carpet bombed the heads within a half mile radius of the barracks. Every toilet jammed full of stormtrooper loaves and too much toilet paper.

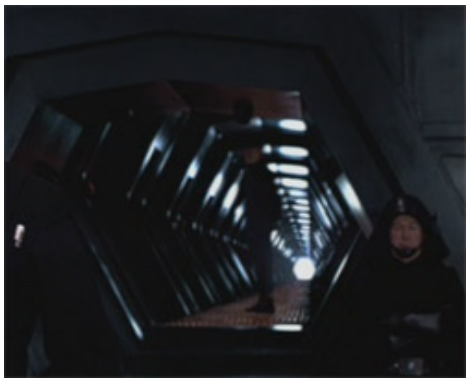
I'll have to go back tomorrow for some more follow-up work, but spending all day in the maintenance crawl space I have found five ruptured pipes and two that will have to be shut off and unclogged manually.

There's flooding, water damage on level 6, and the whole area stinks because the shit has gotten into the ventilation. I'm just glad my job ends with the IWS work, because custodial is going to have a nightmare on their hands.

Incident 45534
Location: Level 5, Detention Block AA 23, Garbage Compactor 3263827

That creepy wheezy dude has been stomping around the detention cells on AA 23 with that VIP. No skin off my nuts, but it's got the officers worked up all crazy and they're taking it out on us.

Today was my turn to get thrown under the space bus and I got chewed out for ten minutes by some sort of security officer. He was pissed and screaming that the fumes from the level 5 garbage compactor were wafting up to the detention level. I tried to explain to him that it wasn't my fault they decided to stick a vent right in the middle of the cell block, but he wasn't having none of that.



Great, can't wait to sniff your vents.

I checked the gas levels coming out of the closest compactor and they all looked green. A spot check of the water levels looked a little high but still within the zone. The only possible thing I figured that could be wrong was we got ourselves a dianoga infestation up in there. Those bastards start out the size of a piece of rice, but then they get loose in one of those compactors and grow up to ten or twelve feet, easy.

Right after I got here I had to help clear the things off a whole level. Every compactor was lousy with ten or twelve juveniles.

Anyway, I went down there with Lorgun and Curt. We popped the magnetic locks and opened the lid and sure enough, there was a huge frigging dianoga down in the muck. It was a fifteen-footer. Biggest I've seen.

No way was I about to jump down in the muck and try to wrestle that thing. Says in the manual not to. Some sort of secretions and getting microscopic eggs attached to your clothes that you carry around and what have you.

I sent Lorgun up to the IWS level control and he ran a compaction sequence. Didn't do diddly squat. The damn thing dug up under the walls or something. I figured about that point that it would take a couple stun bombs and some stormtroopers to get that thing out.

Just what I want to be dealin' with on a Tuesday.

That's not the sort of thing you just throw together because some dumbass officer yelled at you. It takes planning and coordination with people that don't generally get along with us in IWS.

You've gotta manage stormtroopers. Just turn 'em loose on the compactor and they'll be driving tanks and bringing in walkers and artillery to blast the thing out the side. Then they'll walk off with its smoking head and we'll be left to clean up and get screamed at for destroying half the level. No, I knew I had to do that one by the book.

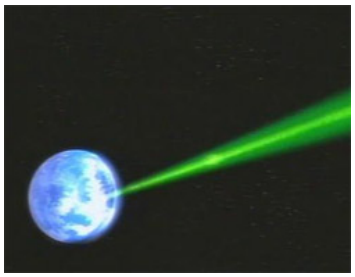
Then, of course, the whole thing got interrupted.

"Battlestations!" Oh, joy.

So we packed it in and sealed up the compactor and headed back to our IWS level station. I guess Tarkin or one of the other hard asses up top wanted to show off, because they blew up some planet or something. A couple people got all upset and said it was Alderong or one of those planets.

I've never heard of it, but for some reason I got a terrible cluster headache when I saw it blow up. It felt like a billion fingernails scraping across a billion chalkboards and then going silent. It didn't last long though, so whatever.

After that was over I found out that I just got switched to a two-week skim rotation for the level five septic processor. Normally I'd be pissed, but this time it means I get out of having to deal with that frigging dianoga running wild in the compactor. I'm sure someone else will take care of it while I'm running septic.



Goodbye Alderongers, I'm sure you were all dickheads.

That's pretty much it. I'm still doing my stint running the skimmer
in the sedimentation pools. Nothing interesting has turned up yet other than a soiled wig and some wax pretzels. Who the hell has wax pretzels? Who the hell has them and then flushes them down the toilet? I swear, every year these navy people get weirder.

Oh, yeah, this morning they caught some sort of spaceship in the tractor beam. It happens from time to time. How dumb do you have to be to get caught by a ship the size of a moon that barely moves? Pretty dumb, I'd guess.

I figure those yahoos are probably smugglers. I saw from the duty roster that they've got half the scanning teams on the whole *Durrrp Star* in that docking bay. I hope they find some drugs that can get "disappeared" from the impound lockup. I know a guy on security who can&well, I shouldn't say any more.

Anyway, a lot of gloom and grit, I know, but six short weeks from now I'll be sunning myself on the beach with my wife and younglings. All I have to do is survive six more weeks of IWS work.

When I get back home it's for a contract renewal break. That will give me a full month before I have to decide if I'm going to come back for another year and a shitty signing bonus, or if I'm going to try to find a new direction for my life.

I think I'm going to take an adult learning class. Maybe cooking or galactic pottery.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.19 The Internet Discount Barn: Winter SALE!

Tuesday, Feb 19, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Since 1994, the Internet Discount Barn has been our **HOTTEST** source for the **HOTTEST** deals on the net! We've got the **HOTTEST** merchandise at the **HOTTEST** prices, and we deliver it fresh from our **HOT ALL-BRICK BARGAIN OVEN** in thirty minutes or less! Please peruse our Winter/Spring 2008 catalog for our latest amazing deals! Don't let these deals catch you with your pants down, people! Our prices aim to humiliate, and they never stop 'til they get their way!

Four-Dimensional Cheeseburgers

Piping hot from the lab to your plate! These cheeseburgers are two delicious for the boundaries of traditional Euclidian geometry& their beefy goodness extends past human understanding and into an unexplored netherworld of flavor! Just eat the cheeseburger as usual. When you're almost done, rotate it facewise-diagonal (may take a few tries) until more cheeseburger spills forth, seemingly from nowhere& a kaleidoscopic tesseract of beef now waits in your hungry hands! We have no idea how they work, but they sure are tasty! Take it from us: they pose grave health dangers. Yow! Fifty bucks a case!

ACT NOW: While supplies last, each case of 4D Burgers comes with a FREE pack of Möbius dogs - The very finest in one-sided wieners! Their baffling topography hides a robust all-beef flavor. Rotate it all you want, but you shall never know where the deliciousness begins or ends!

'Baby Whoopsies' VHS Cassettes

Now-defunct video company Funtime Wonders thought it would be a great idea to teach babies to be less accident-prone by showing them tapes of infants being injured. Includes shaky educational footage of babies falling from great heights, babies smothering in tarpaulins, baby electrocutions and more. Real? Fake? Staged? We don't want to know! Does it work? Verifiably not! These hot items had scarcely hit the shelves when dozens of watchdog groups and pediatricians practically tripped over each other to debunk the awful things. Now we're selling them to YOU at ROCK-BOTTOM prices! We don't know what you might use these tapes for, and we don't care! Twisted amusement? Your business! Attack dog training? Don't bore us with your hollow justifications. Buy now, make peace with God later. We offer no absolution, monster, only BARGAINS!

par

And Speaking of Beef...

Hey, pal, heard about the 21 million pounds of tainted beef that the fatcat FDA doesn't want YOU to eat? You're a savvy bargainhound, so we're sure you're wondering where beef goes when the government recalls it. No company in its right mind would come right out and admit to selling recalled beef, but our BARGAIN-HUNGRY customers are encouraged to note the subtle winking tone of this paragraph and, if they desire, to put two and two together! We're waiting by the phones, in case you want to talk about whatever!

More Worthless Web Stocks!

Quick! Grab these hot Web 2.0 stocks before the bubble bursts! These high-tech net companies are fatted on venture bucks and ready to explode into sweet oblivion. Minimize your financial injury by jumping into these empty Web 2.0 elevator shafts on the ground floor!

Memetag.com - Just a never-ending registration process that imports your address books and buddy lists and invites everyone you know into the registration process. Venture capitalists just can't stop throwing money at this thing! They love it! Nab shares quick, before one of the board members buys a computer and goes "*...hey!*" Just $2 a share!

EuTopia.com - Social networking paradise with over 20 million registered accounts and almost six hundred active members. Grab shares quick, before anyone realizes it's a front for a radical eugenicist white power group! Whoops, too late! Shares are two bits a dozen!

YouCast.com - Company literature touts "viral crowdsourcing for the Gen-Y blogger." We got a little lost in their tag cloud, but as far as we can tell it's yet another internet dog grooming service. Going fast at aught point naught naught nine cents a share!

You'll never hear of any of these sites again, so don't delay!

Irregular Train Lunch Boxes! So, so many!

God damn! We can't walk ten steps in this place without tripping over a palette of irregular Train lunch boxes! We know we're supposed to be selling you this shit, but will you just commiserate for a second? Forget you're supposed to be buying these idiot things and just think about how some company out there produced forty thousand lunch box/thermos sets based on the Grammy-winning soft rock act Train, but with the fucking name spelt wrong. Now think about how we have to look at these goddamn things all day. I hate them more than anything else in the world.

But wait! The Internet Discount Barn is now offering these gorgeous commemorative irregular Train lunch boxes for just twenty cents each! Durable boxes hold all your love, pride, and deep-fried chicken- even when you know you're wrong! Included thermos keeps your Drops of Jupiter warm for hours (or the best soy latte you ever had!). Buy them, oh god, please buy them!

Gotta Punch a Cat Fast? You Now May!

Wonder how movies get those shots of horses falling off cliffs and turkeys being ripped apart by small arms fire? Easy: just the same way companies get away with polluting your water! You see, the ASPCA grants each Hollywood production a small number of 'cruelty credits,' which producers can elect to use for minor acts of cruelty (like Powers Boothe crushing a scorpion in his bare hand in *Extreme Prejudice*) or pool for the filming of much crueler projects (like the ox at the end of *Apocalypse Now*). Now, for the first time ever, you can buy Hollywood cruelty credits for your own personal home use! We're selling these hot chiquitas for just two dollars apiece, and each credit lets you be cruel to up to one pound of animal! Just twenty bucks worth lets you punt your wife's worthless little dog& with a couple thousand, you could comfortably mutilate a horse!

Please note: an ASPCA auditor must be present to verify all acts of cruelty, so those of you into the kinky stuff will have to do without privacy.

Stay tuned for future newsletters for more DEAD-SERIOUS DEALS! Remember: don't tell ol' Uncle Sam you've heard of us. He just wouldn't understand!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

2.20 BarkWire.com Dog Reviews

Wednesday, Feb 20, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Name: Promise
Breed: Afghan Hound
Age: 5
Gender: Female
Relationship Status: In a relationship with Chattanooga.
Location: In and around Shaggy Butte
Rating: (4.5 out of 5 bones)
ePets: *Promise has been ePetted 572 times.*

PET THIS DOG
WRITE A REVIEW
ADD PROMISE TO FAVORITES

EDITOR'S REVIEW: Promise has been one of Barkwire's top dogs for over a year. With looks that make most humans drool, she has no trouble stealing hearts and making waves. But don't think that Promise is all looks and no substance. This angelic beauty has a big heart and a strong love of children, which has made her a favorite of young girls everywhere. Her 2007 BarkWire exclusive pictorial still remains the most popular page on our site.

--BarkWire Senior Editor Chris Bluefield

User Reviews

256 Reviews for Promise - Displaying 250-256

Promising Dreams
Posted by **KHunter [Read other reviews by KHunter]**

(5 Bones)

Many a dog have I encountered in my travels through life, but none has struck so profound a blow as this angelic dame. I speak not of a blow of the physical nature, but one of staggering spiritual and emotional resonance. Promise has run away with my heart, for never in all the annals of canine wonder has there been so grand a proclamation as this majestic goddess.

So intense is my awe and admiration for Promise that I have found her gentle paws stampeding through my dreams. Last night, as I drifted to slumber, I was joined by her. Oh! How we gaily trampled through the clouds, and sauntered about green grassy hills! Her beauty lifted my spirit to the heavens like a Valkyrie of lore.

But alas, this heaven was not meant to last. I awoke from my slumber far too soon! Nonetheless, the day was far brighter thanks to a fantastic night with Promise. With any luck and a nod from Lady Destiny, perhaps Promise and I will enjoy more time together in the land of slumber.

Possibly pregnant?
Posted by **Doctor Dog** [**Read other reviews by Doctor Dog**]
(5 Bones)

I have noticed Promise has put on a little bit of weight. Given the kind of diet and exercise regimen a dog of this quality keeps, I can only conclude that Promise is pregnant. This bothers me somewhat, because Chattanooga's owners have been out of state for some time taking care of a family situation. Chattanooga is with them, and obviously in no position to impregnate Promise. I can only assume Promise is carrying the puppies of another dog. I can only hope the father is up to snuff. If he is not a good dog, then those puppies are in for a life of shame. I can only hope Promise chose an appropriate mate. If so, I plan to make an offer on at least one of her offspring.

ALSO HAD DREAM ON FEBRUARY 18, 2008
Posted by **RandyF** [**Read other reviews by RandyF**]
(5 Bones)

ALSO HAD DREAM ABOUT PROMISE. ACCOUNT IS AS FOLLOWS. ALL TIMES ARE ESTIMATED DUE TO HALLUCINATORY NATURE OF SLEEP.

3:27AM - IN CHILDHOOD HOME IN BOISE. MOM IS ALIVE AGAIN AND FIXING BREAKFAST. BACON AND EGGS.

3:28AM - UNCLE LEVI APPEARS. SAYS LEG IS CAUGHT UNDER TRACTOR TIRE OUT IN THE FIELD.

3:33AM - UNCLE LEVI IS POINTING TO HIS LEG CAUGHT UNDER THE TRACTOR. HE STILL HAS BOTH HIS LEGS ATTACHED BUT THAT DOES NOT SEEM TO MATTER SINCE HE ALSO HAS A LEG UNDER THE TRACTOR. HOW IS HE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE?

3:34AM - SUDDENLY IN FRONT OF VENDING MACHINE. UNCLE LEVI IS INSIDE IN POSITION E3. THERE IS CORRECT CHANGE IN MY HAND.

3:35AM - MOM IS STANDING NEXT TO ME YELLING AT ME TO BUY UNCLE LEVI. CORRECT CHANGE IS SUDDENLY GONE FROM MY HAND.

3:36AM - LOOKING FOR CORRECT CHANGE IN THE BARN. PROMISE IS THERE. EXTEND RIGHT ARM TO PET HER HEAD. SOFTER THAN ANYTHING EVER FELT BEFORE.

3:37AM - PET HER A SECOND TIME. SHE SMILES.

3:37-3:48AM - CONTINUE PETTING PROMISE.

3:49AM - WAKE UP IN A COLD SWEAT.

SURE WISH IT WASN'T A DREAM.

NOT SO SPECIAL!
Posted by **BiGDog** [**Read other reviews by BiGDog**]
(4 Bones)

People have been obsessing over Promise for years. I remember practically every sheep on Dogcharts.com going nuts for her before that site went to crap (here's a hint if you plan to start a dog review site: keep your fascist Hilter-like policies to yourself). She even had a big following back 3-4 years ago on the Woofable forums. Hell, she might still, but I don't go there because I actually believe in freedom of speech and the right to have dissenting opinions.

Promise is a good looking dog. Maybe the sexiest, but there's a lot of other top quality female dogs out there with better personalities and less baggage. Does the name Windswept mean anything to you? She's ahead of Promise by miles. Verisimilitude, Saunter, Dance, Ambition, and Coronation are all top --BiGDOG-- picks. Of course, male or female, you can't beat Panzer. Best dog ever. 'Nuff said.

--BiGDOG-- JUST LAID SOME KNOWLEDGE OUT.

Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

Is she the most beautiful dog in the world?
Posted by **GreyBeard** [**Read other reviews by GreyBeard**]
(5 Bones)

I think she is the most beautiful dog in the world. If I owned Promise, I would walk her every day, all around town making sure people saw me with her. I would spend my evenings grooming her and brushing her hair and making sure she always looked beautiful. I really want to kiss her.

If Promise were all mine, I would never miss my wife again.

WAS ASKED BY HER OWNER NOT TO COME NEAR HER
Posted by **ELMO STEPHENS** [**Read other reviews by ELMO STEPHENS**]
(5 Bones)

SAW PROMISE AT THE BUNYAN STREET POOCH-MART PET STORE. SHE WAS SO BEAUTIFUL I HAD TO HUG HER. I RAN UP AND WRAPPED MY ARMS AROUND HER AND THEN A BIG-HEADED LADY SCREAMED! "GET AWAY FROM MY DOG" SHE YELLED AND A TALL GENTLEMAN BEHIND THE COUNTER MOVED TOWARDS ME. I BACKED UP AND APOLOGIZED FOR NOT ASKING BUT EXPLAINED SHE WAS SO BEAUTIFUL I COULD NOT HELP MYSELF. SHE IS A VERY BEAUTIFUL DOG AND I WISH HER OWNER WOULD UNDERSTAND THAT OTHER PEOPLE WANT TO APPRECIATE HER JUST AS MUCH, IF NOT MORE. SHE LICKED MY HAND AND I WILL PROBABLY NOT WASH IT FOR SOMETIME.

ELMO STEPHENS

---

break up with chattanooga?
Posted by **almam** ***(5 Bones)***

i heard a rumor that promise and chattanooga were breaking up! is this realy the end of promanooga???
they were the best dog couple i've ever seen. i am going to be so sad if this is true. :(:(:(:(:(

Name: Auspice
Breed: German Shepherd
Age: 9
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: Single
Location: In and around Shaggy Butte
Rating: (4 out of 5 bones)

PET THIS DOG
WRITE A REVIEW
ADD AUSPICE TO FAVORITES

ePets: *Auspice has been ePetted 137 times.*
EDITOR'S REVIEW: Regal, stoic, and disciplined. These are all words that can be used to describe Auspice. This tried and true canine is a bright shining standard in a sea of uncertainty. Never will you find a dog that better exemplifies the good virtues, dedication, and courage we associate with the title of best friend. In fact, Auspice is the very definition of Man's Best Friend. Auspice's background in law enforcement gives him a keen eye when it comes to identifying wrongdoing and a propensity toward serving and protecting the innocent. Auspice is a fine addition to any neighborhood and an inspiration to anyone lucky enough to encounter him.

--BarkWire Senior Editor Chris Bluefield

User Reviews

115 Reviews for Auspice - Displaying 110-115

Is Auspice okay??
Posted by **Ackmed** [**Read other reviews by Ackmed**]
(5 Bones)

I heard through the grapevine that Auspice was attacked by Vermin and his cohorts. I have not been able to find out anything about Auspice's health, but I hope he is okay. He is an upstanding citizen in the dog community and a role model for many smaller dogs. It disgusts me to think such a noble canine would be targeted by feral dogs. They should be learning from his example, not trying to take him down.

Needs to mind his business Posted by **jmartin12** [**Read other reviews by jmartin12**]

(2.5 Bones)

I live a few houses down from Auspice and I must say, this dog is a bit too nosy for my tastes. I appreciate his concern for neighborhood safety, but it's not like I'm growing pot in my backyard. Yet every day I see this dog sniffing around my yard, examining the area around my car, poking his nose into the backyard, and snooping around my greenhouse. I understand he's retired from the force or whatever, but he needs to respect my privacy. What's worse, because of him everyone acts suspicious of me, like I've got something to hide! This dog needs to mind his own business if you ask me.

AN INTERESTING PROPOSITION Posted by **cialis-miracle-deals-dot-net** [**Read other reviews by cialis-miracle-deals-dot-net**]
(5 Bones)

A BEAUTIFUL BIRD has landed on your finger. IT WILL GRANT YOU THREE WISHES. But you have to feed it and nurture it and send this message to 20 other people or the bird will fly away and take your youth with it.

Update on Auspice's health Posted by **Pete** [**Read other reviews by Pete**]
(5 Bones)

I spoke to Auspice's owners and I have some info regarding the attack. On Saturday morning, Auspice was watching over some children playing when a group of mangy dogs began chasing the children. Auspice jumped into action to protect them, buying them enough time to get to their homes. The offending dogs, which neighbors identified as Vermin, Throughput, and Doublewide, all piled on Auspice. The mighty hero stood his ground and held the marauders at bay until some adults were able to scare them off. By then Auspice had been bitten and scratched numerous times and was bleeding severely. He is okay now and is recovering, but he had to get a lot of stitches and is heavily bandaged.

We're all very proud of him. Auspice's owners are asking that you include him in your prayers and report any sightings of Vermin and his pack to authorities immediately.

Defended my son from bullies Posted by **corwinj** [**Read other reviews by corwinj**]
 (5 Bones)

When my six-year-old son Stephen was being tormented by bullies because of his Asperger's, Auspice jumped into action. He began walking my son to school, and meeting him regularly when the final bell rang to walk him home. No bully dared lay a hand on my boy for fear Auspice would seek retribution. This act of kindness helped boost my son's confidence, and for that I am grateful. I only wish I could have done more myself.

I was devastated to hear about Auspice's recent brush with death. But if I know that dog, and I think I do, he won't let this stand. His commitment to justice is undeniable, and he will make his attackers pay dearly.

OH PLEASE
Posted by **BiGDog [Read other reviews by BiGDog]**
(3.5 Bones)

As usual, you people line 'em up, --BiGDOG-- knocks 'em down. Auspice is indeed a good dog, but he isn't the white knight everyone would like to believe. Did you guys know that when he was a puppy he bit an old lady on the hand? She had to get stitches. Some white knight!

Auspice getting attacked is unfortunate, but I saw this coming a mile away. In fact I posted repeatedly that there was going to be an increase in dog on dog violence. Vermin and his pack - Caravaggio, Throughput, Obscenity, Clandestine, Doublewide, and Bucephelus - have practically taken over the west side. They've been pushing into the east, where they've met a lot of resistance from Rusty and his band of miscreants. While everyone was talking about poor Auspice getting attacked, nobody noticed that Vermin's gang killed Rusty's half brother Scraper. Talk about sending a message.

It's a sad situation, but the real gems are staying above the fray. These street mutts can kill each other all they want, but real quality dogs like Commonwealth, Comptroller, Vanguard, and Gravity will still be miles ahead in the game. Too bad they'll all still miles behind --BiGDOG'S-- top pick - the one and only Panzer.

YOU JUST HEARD FROM --BiGDOG--!

Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.21 A Second Train Just Hit the South Tower!

Thursday, Feb 21, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

What most people think of our national railroad passenger carrier.

I had a job interview in Los Angeles the other day so I decided to take the Pacific Surfliner train from Anaheim to Union Station because I would rather do some ridiculously exaggerated and painful act that I really wouldn't do like say, shove red hot AIDS infested needles into my eyes, than drive into Downtown LA. I mean, I would really rather drive into Downtown LA than shove needles in my eyes especially if there is AIDS on them, but it's a good cliche used to convey how unpleasant it is to drive in a lot of traffic and it reminds me of those Cranky Steve reviews I used to like so much.

Anyway, the ride was smooth and I arrived to my interview just in time to be told that the position I was applying for had been eliminated due to budget cuts. Damn you, recession!

While the train ride was enjoyable there was one thing I noticed during the whole experience that I did not like one bit, that is, the appalling amount of terrorists on board.

There were terrorists to the left me, terrorists to the right. They just sit there, reading their terrorist newspapers or playing their terrorist Nintendo DS', passing the time until they arrive at their sinister destinations. I was afraid for my life. No wonder people don't ride the train anymore what with all these terrorists on it!

Luckily for you, the non-mass transit riding American public, Amtrak is instituting new security initiatives that will put these terrorists in their place, making train hijackings a thing of the past.

> Amtrak on Tuesday announced a new security initiative that includes random screening of passengers' carry-on bags.
>
> Officers with automatic weapons and bomb-sniffing dogs patrolling platforms and trains also are part of the plan.
>
> The latest measures are not in response to any new or particular threat, Amtrak said.

Though some of you must be thinking "Uh, Amtrak? They're still around?", the vast majority of peace and freedom loving patriots of these United States of America applaud the new initiatives. Privacy and rail advocates, however, are fuming.

Privacy advocates call the initiatives invasive and wasteful. Amtrak is defending against a threat that just isn't there. Rail advocates say that the new measures will drive away passengers that fear longer delays and higher ticket prices. I guess neither of these groups heard of a little thing called "Never forget".

Retired bus driver Brian Dennehy was enjoying a morning stroll with with his wife in New York City when he noticed something unusual.

"I was walking with my wife when I saw one of those new fangled Acela Express trains headed towards the World Trade Center" recalls Dennehy, "When I realized that there wasn't a train station on the 94th floor of the North Tower I knew something was wrong."

The Acela Express slams into the North Tower as seen in this gripping photo from the day that changed everything.

The Acela Express, originally bound for Washington D.C., hit the North Tower of the World Trade Center at approximately 8:46 AM. It had been hijacked by al-Qaeda terrorists. "We seeked shelter in a nearby deli. People were talking about engineer error and whether it was an accident or not. Then someone ran in and screamed, 'A second train just hit the South Tower!', and I knew it wasn't no accident."

A second hijacked train, this time a Regional bound for Boston, hit the South Tower at approximately 9:02 AM. Two more trains would be hijacked on that fateful day. A Vermonter headed for, uhm, Vermont, would be crashed into the Pentagon. A Keystone Service train crashed in rural Pennsylvania, apparently derailed intentionally to fend off an attack by passengers looking to regain control of the locomotive. It's ultimate destination is thought to have been the White House or the Capitol Building.

Seven years later Amtrak is finally increasing security on its trains so such a tragic event never happens again. Besides, if you're not a terrorist, what do you have to hide, eh? Eh?!

Okay, enough with the silliness. This is a serious web site that demands serious answers. Who exactly are these security measures designed to protect? Outside of the Northeast Corridor, no one rides Amtrak. Terrorists could hijack the Sunset Limited and slam it into a Kansas City Royals game and there would be zero casualties, if such a scenario were even possible. Hell, if Amtrak is the one thing al-Qaeda targets, it'll be the least of our problems.

While it wasn't publicized heavily by Amtrak, one of the unofficial benefits to riding one of these damn trains was the *lack* of security. One need not suffer through endless security checks and lines more attributable to air travel just to get on the train. With the new security procedures are Amtrak's already fed up customers going to endure an 11 hour train ride while a dog sniffs at their dick for bombs? And just what else are these dogs going to be looking for?

Amtrak's flagship train is a French TGV knockoff called the Acela Express. I'm sure the Japanese are impressed.

The late comedian Mitch Hedberg once said, "I love the FedEx delivery guy because he's a drug dealer and he don't even know it." The same could be said for passenger train engineers. Who among us can say we never trafficked drugs on the nearly deserted Amtrak routes. I made my fortune smuggling fruits and vegetables across state lines on the Southwest Chief. Now a dog is going to be all up in my grill about what's in my duffle bag?

Has anyone even stopped to think of our asperger's suffering railfan friends? These people seek solace from humanity on trains. Must they abandon their gay hobby because the idea of someone, anyone, interacting with them is just too much to bear? After Amtrak's announcement the aspie railfan threat level increased from yellow to red.

The second an armed officer asks to check their bags full of model trains and old schedules from the 1960s they'll shit themselves. They already get bent out of shape when a station security guard tells them to stop taking so many damn pictures and get the hell out. No, you're not a security risk, you're just

annoying. People are trying to commute here, goddamnitt.

What self-respecting terrorist is going to blow up a train anyway? As we speak al-Qaeda is sitting in their cave laughing at Amtrak for thinking that they would sink so low as to attack an American train. Terrorists blew up trains in London and Spain because people actually use those systems. Amtrak has a long way to go before they can convince al-Qaeda that the American rail network is a target worth martyring for.

The new security measures simply make rail travel a less desirable mode of transportation across the board. Amtrak should spend that money on upgrading service in order to attract more riders, then they can worry about protecting passengers once they actually have some passengers to protect. Listen, if I have to strip down just to get to Chicago I might as well fly and arrive in hours instead of days. Would-be rail passengers are going to realize real soon that they aren't going to get the third-degree when they try to get in their cars.

Amtrak is a laughingstock, worthy only of pity.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

2.22 An Open Letter to Concerned Mothers

Friday, Feb 22, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Mothers,

Per your instructions, I have devoted a good deal of time and energy to thinking of the children. To this date you have not identified any of these children specifically, nor have you outlined the content of their character, forcing me to draw certain conclusions about them from your tone of voice.

I have inferred from your concerned tone that these children are at the very least not evil children, as you do not seem to view them as any threat. Were these children hammering at some bulkhead, the only thing between us and a gory death at their hands, I believe you would sound more panicked.

No, your tone has been one of abstract concern, and seemed to be directed at the wellbeing of these children, both mental and physical. I can certainly sympathize with your point. We live in a dangerous world and at a dangerous time. I would be hard pressed to come up with a group of people more at risk in this world than children, other than perhaps quadriplegics. Invalids certainly constitute a significant subset of children and are therefore not worthy of special consideration.

What threats might face the children? This is the topic which I have afforded the lion's share of my thinking. To wit, I have devised a number of scenarios which relate to imminent and avoidable peril for the children. I hope you find these scenarios educational and helpful.

A stone balanced precariously on top of a door

The stone is approximately eight kilograms in weight and sharp-edged. It has been placed atop an open door providing entrance to a room containing something desirable for a large child.

For the purpose of this scenario I have imagined a kindly grandfather and a birthday cake. The grandfather shouts, "Child, come here! A sweet brown cake awaits you in this chamber!"

The child becomes very excited and throws open the door. The stone tips from the top of the door and falls onto the child's head, crushing the child's skull and causing brain injury or death. This was an avoidable death. Had the grandfather warned the child, "Child, do not enter this room! There is a stone trap that can dash your brains!" the child would have been far less likely to become excited and throw open the door.

Also, placing the stone atop the door was, at best, an unfortunate decision.

A hip-hop song about being homosexual and biting authority figures

Imagine a cool rap video on MTV in which a cool rapper - just for the sake of completeness he is named MC Gaybites - raps about his life on the streets. He describes how to get by in the "ghetto"

he had to be gay all the time and bite authority figures who tried to tell him what to do.

I imagine his hip-hop song going a little something like this:

Yo, yo, yo, I'm cool!
On the streets!
Hear my rap beats!
Being gay rules!
Heterosexuality is for fools!
Don't listen to your folks,
don't listen to your preacher,
and when you get mad,
bite your motherfucking teacher!

The child hears this rap song and seeks out a homosexual lifestyle. He or she also develops a problem attitude at school and is frequently in trouble for attacking teachers and other authority figures. The child's grades slip and they begin to use foul language.

Within a matter of weeks they are strung out all of the time on hard street drugs like crack cocaine, dopers, E-pills, or slice. Not long after that they die of AIDS. This scenario could be avoided by limiting the child's access to explicit media or by writing a letter to the FCC. Parents could also educate their children about the advantages of abstinence.

A color photograph of a man on a skateboard disrespecting a woman

A child stares at a photograph in a popular magazine for kids. In the photograph is a teenager on a skateboard doing a skate "stunt" and making an unpleasant gesture at a woman. This demonstrates to children, particularly those interested in skateboarding, that disrespecting a woman is "cool".

That very day the child is as at home while his mother is cooking dinner. He skates into the kitchen, does an "Ollie" off the dishwasher, and flips his mom "the birds." The child goes on to become a date rapist and the mother spends her nights drinking herself into oblivion. A family destroyed∼by a simple photograph that seemed cool to a hip marketing executive in New York City trying to sell a pair of sneakers.

This could easily be resolved by banning hate speech against women, especially as that speech relates to skateboarding.

There are many other scenarios I have entertained while following your advice regarding thinking and children, although these are much less fully realized.

For example, a child could read a book where a man marries a robot in the future and then this leads the child to do something bad. Another scenario could be that a child plays a videogame in which the protagonist, a trash-talking karate expert, ignores the early symptoms of Lyme disease, yet suffers no serious consequences. It's not difficult to envision the serious difficulties this could cause for a child living in Appalachia.

∼Moms, I have spent a great deal of time thinking of the children. I hope this was sufficient for

your needs, because I would really like to think about something else for at least a little while.
Love, Zack

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.23 The Cuban Missive Crisis

Saturday, Feb 23, 2008 by Fidel Castro (@DennisFarrell)

The following editorial originally ran in *Granma* - Cuba's communist state-run newspaper - on February 19th of 2008. It has been translated from its original language (Elvish) to galactic standard english.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FROM YOUR BELOVED LEADER

by Fidel Castro, February 19th, 2008

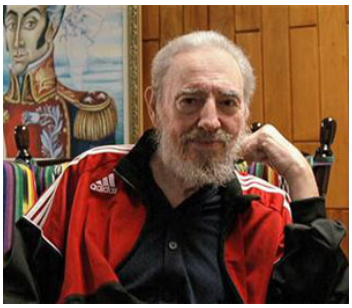
I have contributed many articles to this newspaper over the years, ruminating on the important issues that affect our great country with such hard-hitting pieces as **Bread Is Better When It Is Warm**, **Anyone Seen The New Bionic Woman?**, and **Tracksuits: Sure Wish I Had Found Out About Them Sooner**. The announcement that I am about to make might just top all of them.

After 49 years in power, I have decided to resign as Cuba's Presidential Dictator. I feel it is time to step aside and pass the torch to a newer generation that is represented by the man who will replace me, my 76-year-old brother Raul. He's got some really fascinating ideas on suppressing human rights, and the new military uniforms he designed up are going to cause quite a stir amongst the old-timers.

Two words: camouflaged berets. *Hellooo!*

I do not take this decision lightly. I have always cared deeply about this country and all the power that I hold over it. If I simply owned a house and not a country, I'd only be able to boss around my wife and a few children at most. Maybe a dog or two. But the entire island of Cuba? That's a lot of bossin'. I'll miss that.

Regrets? There are a few. In particular, one question that has been asked of me many times - and my response - comes to mind.



"Fidel," young idealists have asked me throughout the last fifty years, "if the belief that no man should be wealthier or more powerful than another lies at the very heart of communism, why do all communist societies give one dictator control over the common man? Shouldn't a purely democratic process be in place to grant all Cubans an equal voice in deciding each and every action that our government takes?"

Without fail I would reply by having the person who posed the question beaten, then thrown in a jail for the rest of his or her natural life. As my ability to leave the presidential palace has been restricted by recent illnesses, I have been doing quite a bit of soul searching and now I regret the way I responded.

If I had it to do all over again, I would instead place anyone who asked such a question at the top of a very deep well with their hands tied behind their back. Before them would be their dearest family

members and several starved dogs. I would have those dogs attack the defenseless family and calmly explain that the mauling will only stop when the troublemaker voluntarily leaps into the well.

Also, I would have liked to have found a buried treasure containing a magic wish-granting lamp or perhaps an ancient laser gun from Atlantis that can still shoot lasers.

But enough with the past, it is time to address Cuba's future. I know what you are thinking. Without me at the helm, can this country survive?

While it is true that I will no longer be overseeing the daily responsibilities of our government - which mostly involves scheduling photo ops at the request of Jimmy Carter - I will not allow this great nation to turn into some third world island with nothing substantive going for it. In fact, I hope to have more influence than ever before by turning this weekly article into a daily column.

Here are the first few weeks worth of ideas that I've stockpiled; just a small taste of this bold new future we are about to embark upon together.

- **Cigars: Not A Safe Construction Material After All**
- **No One Ever Complains In Public, Looks Like Cuba's Doing Great!**
- **The Time I Punched A Lion And Knocked It Out**
- **God Damn It's Hot**
- **Why Do You Park In Driveways And Drive On Parkways? Think About It!**
- **No Way Naruto Could Beat All The Pokemons (At Once)**
- **I Swear This Five Pound Weight Keeps Getting Heavier**
- **Can Video Games Be Art?**
- **Elian Gonzalez Update: Still Considers Me A Father Figure And Doesn't Think About America, Ever**
- **MOOD: Playful CURRENTLY LISTENING TO: Queens Of The Stone Age - Make It Wit Chu**
- **1953 Studebaker - Best Car Ever?**
- **Move Over Baseball, Here Comes Sitting Quietly!**
- **How To Tell Girlfriend She Has Bad Breath?**
- **Conspiracy Corner: Am I Really Alive?**

-∼Fidel Castro (@DennisFarrell)

2.24 College Essays Made Easy

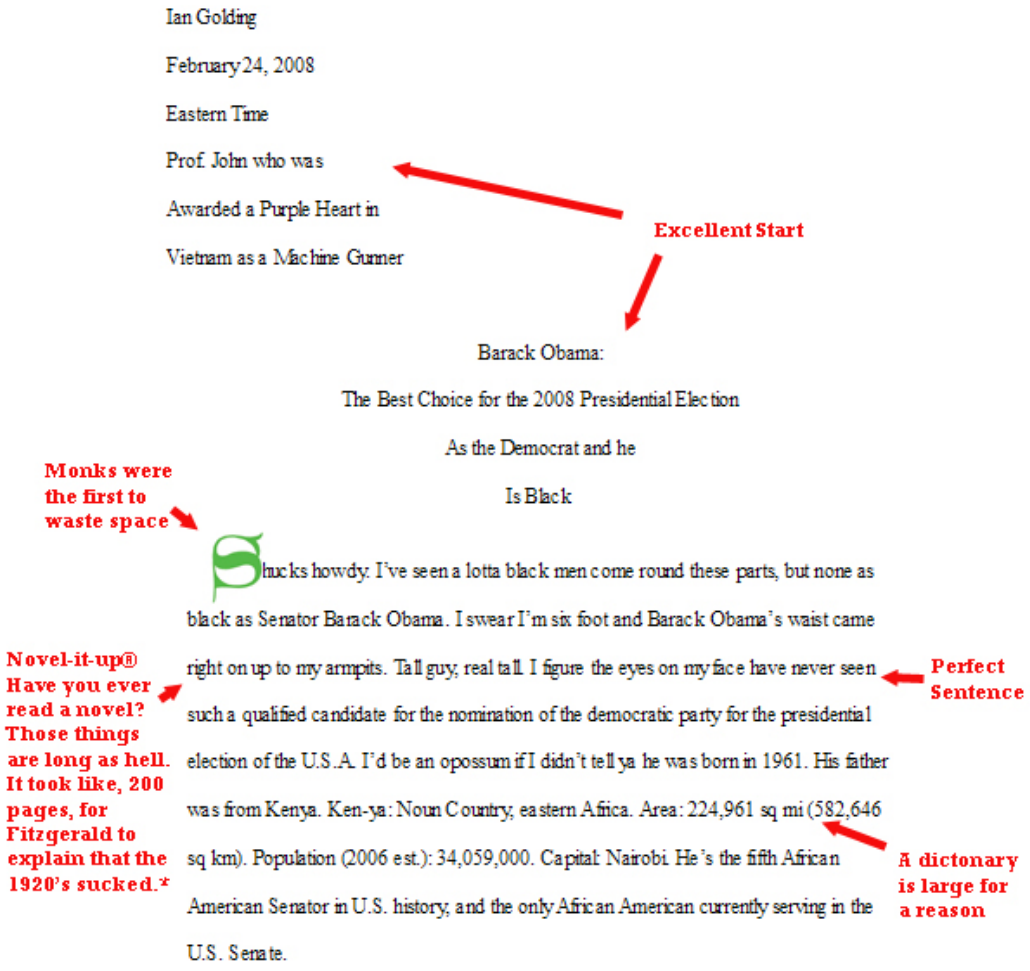
Sunday, Feb 24, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

> Your professors don't care about your time. They don't care that writing essays interfere with your Madden07 season or your regimented beer-pong practice schedule before the tournament. Hell, most professors don't even care about the quality of your paper. No, they only care about the bottom line, length.

Midterms are coming up for most universities. Since my school has a bizarre schedule, I'm already on spring break. I know you're jealous, but I'm here to help you. Writing essays is 10% learning the information, 90% learning the system.

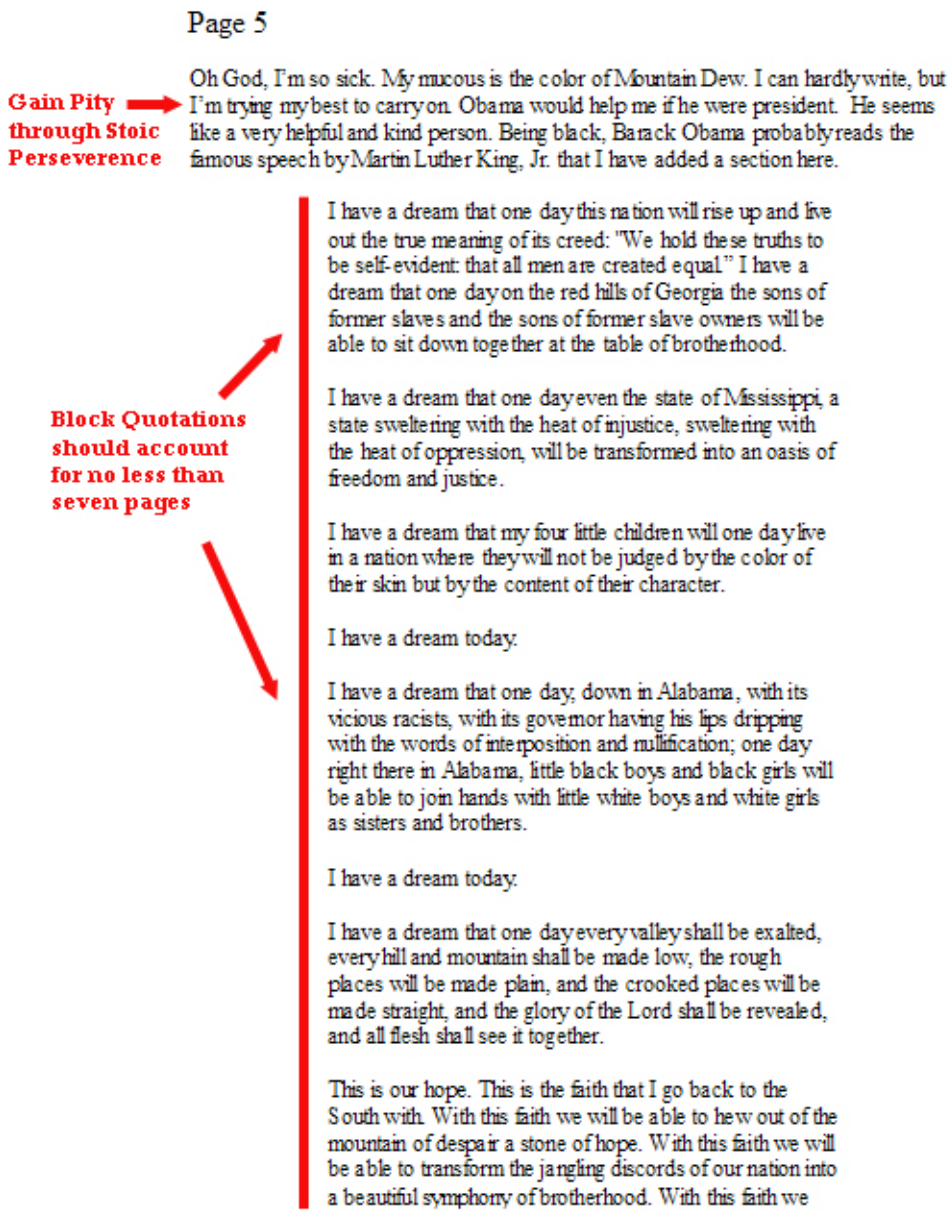
Writing a ten-page paper can be difficult, but by following these steps you can write at least fifteen with minimal effort. We all know the common changes like larger margins and periods, but here are a few tricks that are about to revolutionize the field.

This is a sample essay with the most important features pointed out.


Ian Golding
February 24, 2008
Eastern Time
Prof. John who was
Awarded a Purple Heart in
Vietnam as a Machine Gunner
Excellent Start
Barack Obama:
The Best Choice for the 2008 Presidential Election
As the Democrat and he
Is Black
Monks were the first to waste space
Shucks howdy. I've seen a lotta black men come round these parts, but none as black as Senator Barack Obama. I swear I'm six foot and Barack Obama's waist came right on up to my armpits. Tall guy, real tall. I figure the eyes on my face have never seen such a qualified candidate for the nomination of the democratic party for the presidential election of the U.S.A. I'd be an opossum if I didn't tell ya he was born in 1961. His father was from Kenya. Ken-ya: Noun Country, eastern Africa. Area: 224,961 sq mi (582,646 sq km). Population (2006 est.): 34,059,000. Capital: Nairobi. He's the fifth African American Senator in U.S. history, and the only African American currently serving in the U.S. Senate.
Novel-it-up® Have you ever read a novel? Those things are long as hell. It took like, 200 pages, for Fitzgerald to explain that the 1920's sucked.*
Perfect Sentence
A dictonary is large for a reason

* Some of the best Novel-it-up Techniques include:

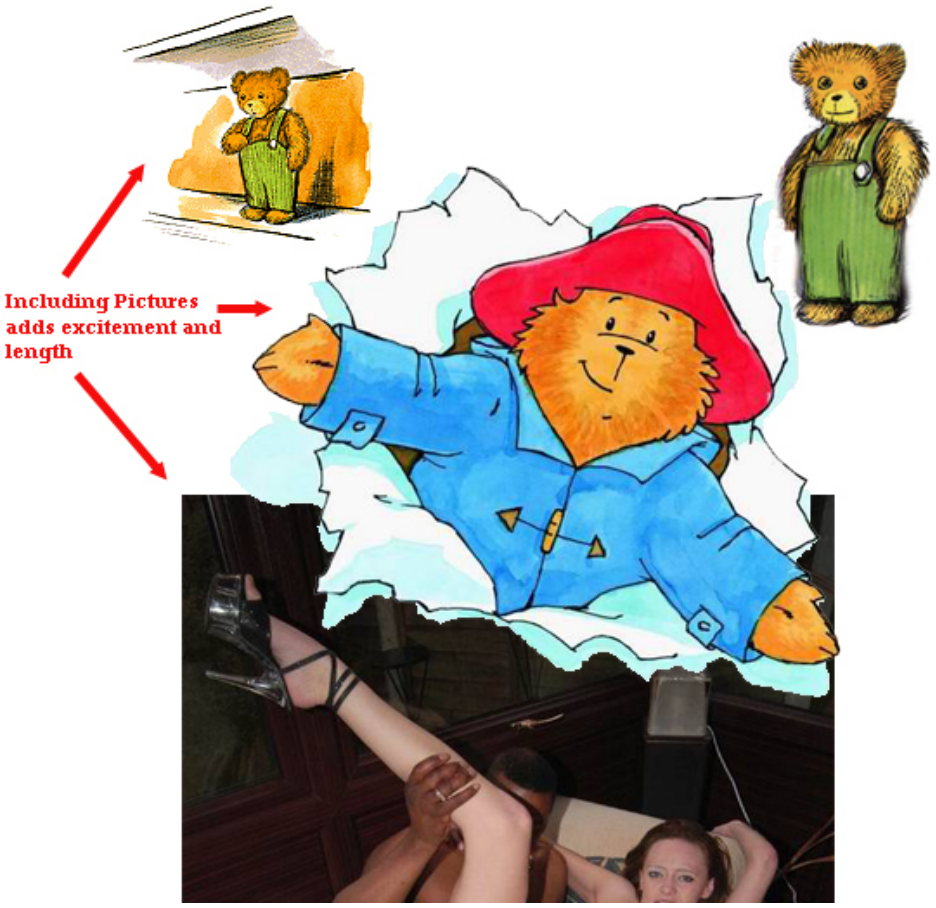
- Strong Character Voice (Shown Above)
- Intricate Detail Regarding Setting
- Flashbacks
- Chapters


Page 5
Gain Pity through Stoic Perseverence
Oh God, I'm so sick. My mucous is the color of Mountain Dew. I can hardly write, but I'm trying my best to carry on. Obama would help me if he were president. He seems like a very helpful and kind person. Being black, Barack Obama probably reads the famous speech by Martin Luther King, Jr. that I have added a section here.
Block Quotations should account for no less than seven pages
I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal." I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.
I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.
I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.
I have a dream today.
I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification; one day right there in Alabama, little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers.
I have a dream today.
I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.
This is our hope. This is the faith that I go back to the South with. With this faith we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith we

If you still need to add a few pages, I would suggest including pictures. Here is the stunning finish to my paper on the Obama Nomination.

Page 22

I have heard that Obama is a fan of Teddy Bears. Here are a few images that Obama may like



-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.25 Voters Sayin' Things About Whats-its

Monday, Feb 25, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The presidential primary season is winding down as we approach the general election. We're down to four candidates and the opinions of our six voters have changed since we talked to them in November.

To get to the bottom of their views we have asked them a series of probing questions and they have offered their usual mix of candor and surprising wit.

Of the four remaining candidates, who do you think should be president and why?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"Mike Huckabee because if you look at his eyes I think it says a lot about him, like out of all of the candidates he can see in the most directions at once."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"As a veteran of Iraq and a member of the United States Army I intend to vote for John McCain. I don't like that he has said he might not torture certain people, but his promise to subject my brothers-in-arms to 100 years of blood-curdling horror and violence really hits all of my key issues."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"As an 18-25 year old who craves change I enthusiastically support Barack Obama and of course will not be voting for another 20 years."

Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"Sorry, when did Mike Gravel drop out again? Oh, that's right, the media continues to shut him out just because he hasn't won any delegates. And what about Nader? Typical mainstream media attitude I have come to expect from big-blogging."

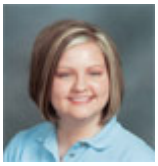
Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"I was going to vote for Barack Obama, but then Tina Fey said bitch is the new black and I can't argue with that because I am a huuuuuge *30 Rock* fan. Go Hillary!"

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"I'll vote for the first one that says, 'Hey, remember that 900 mile fence along the Mexican border? Man, that was a retarded idea. What the fuck were we thinking? I can't believe we all voted for that shit!'"

Do you think that Mike Huckabee should drop out of the race and why or why not?



Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"Oh, dear, who am I to say? I don't feel right telling people what to do unless they're gay or pregnant. Is he gay?"

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"Shit yes! I heard he wanted to give college scholarships to the children of illegal immigrants. That is tantamount to genocide."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"No way, man! He's the former governor of Arkansas. They are ranked number one in teen pregnancy! That's what I'm talking about!"

Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"I don't care! It doesn't matter! The same machine that's been destroying our planet with a different operator! Break the system! Destroy the machine! Reduce zebra mussel infestations!"

Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"He's so adorable when he goes around on TV and talks about how it's impossible for him to win. I think that guy should run for president forever."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"I remember in one of those debates he held up his hand and said he didn't believe in evolution. I looked at him and I thought to myself, 'Now there is someone I want to see allocating scientific grant funding.'"

Do you think that Hillary Clinton should drop out of the race and why or why not?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"Well, jeez, I don't think I could vote for her, but I would sure like to see a woman president. I think it's really impressive the way she keeps fighting, as a strong woman, even though 75% of the country thinks she's worse than cancer."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"She should drop out and go directly to jail for murdering Vince Foster."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"No way, total sausage fest if she drops."

Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"On the one hand I'm not too comfortable with her Iraq war vote, on the other hand I am totally pumped about all of the money she has been taking from lobbyists."

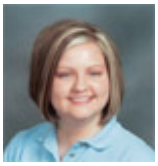
Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"Heck no, the bitch is the black! The bitch is a new black? What was it? Let me see if they have the clip up on Youtube."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"As a Latino, I must say absolutely not. She should chain herself to Barack Obama's ankles and drag him down screaming into the abyss of general election defeat. You know, so that she can run again in 2012 on all that democratic goodwill she is stockpiling."

What issue do you think the next president should tackle first in 2009?



Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"The Chinese. What do we do about them? Should we kill them?"

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"Stop letting the commies on our space station. My buddies didn't die face down in the streets of Baghdad so some Red could fly in one of our space shuttles up to our space station and use our space crapper. Let them and the French and the Chinese build their own damn space station if they think they're so bad ass. American space for Americans!"

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"Why is it men don't have to wear a shirt walking around but women do? What is that? That's sexist. Get rid of that. Let's see them titties!"

Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"Tax credits if you make your own clothes."

Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"Are we still allowed to go on the Internet and bet on dog fights in Puerto Rico?"

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"I don't think we're scanning nearly enough shit at airports yet. Scan some more shit, scan everything. Fuck yeah, scan all of it! Keep scanning! Fuck no, I don't need these nail clippers! Shampoo? Yeah, good call! Pour it out! I might have stabbed the fuck out of somebody with that."

Are you concerned about the state of the economy?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"I'm doin' just fine with the ARM on the house I flipped for my cats to live in. It just hit 60% and I love even numbers!"

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"I lost my legs in Iraq, do you think I care about economies?"

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"Mannnnnn, fuck inflation is all I know. This $6.50 an hour Denny's is paying is not buying as much mail order weed from Mexico as it was a couple years ago."

Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"We're hurtin' here, man. We're hurtin' bad. We're headed for the third freakin' world. I can't even afford to upgrade my iPhone."

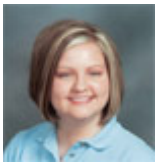
Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"Every day I wake up in a cold sweat afraid they're going to bring back the death tax. I'm due for a cool 15 million when my mom finally croaks. I don't think I could get by on 14.2 million."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"My engineering firm always has work from civil projects. As long as America needs highway overpasses for its veterans we'll be in the black."

If you could vote for whoever you wanted, who is your fantasy president?



Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"I would like to vote for Dr. Phil, but with a beard. A white beard like Santa Claus or God. And milk-giving breasts."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"The Duke. John Wayne didn't know diddly squat about policies and committees, but he knew four things: Nazis, commies, gooks, and Indians, and he knew how to bayonet all of 'em."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"I think they always say 'who you want to have a beer with' is how you should pick. In that case my fantasy president is a broad with a huge rack who will get drunk off one beer and then come back to my house and let me throw some beef in her."

Brian Multitoast
Hemp Advocate

"Have you ever seen *Fritz the Cat*?"

Jeineane Fizz
Marketing

"Javier Bardem. Did you see him without that haircut? OH. MY. FUCKIN. GOD. Hooooottttttttt!"

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"At this point? I think I'd like to see Fidel Castro as president just to watch America try to embargo itself."

Will these views hold up until November? Will the shifting political sands realign and give new life to candidates that seem to be falling by the wayside? One thing is certain, these six voters will never be afraid of offering their real opinion!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.26 23 wht m brn hair brn eyes masc 6'4"

Tuesday, Feb 26, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

jo fantasy... - 59

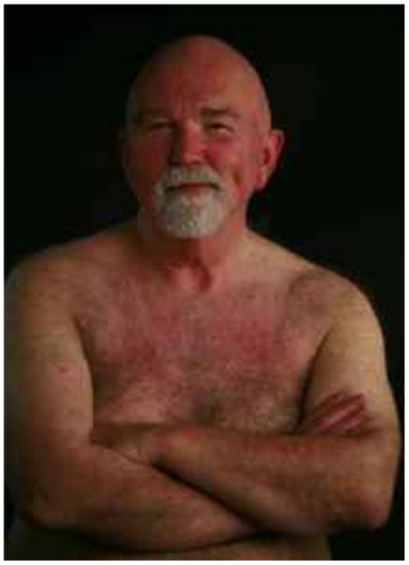
prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

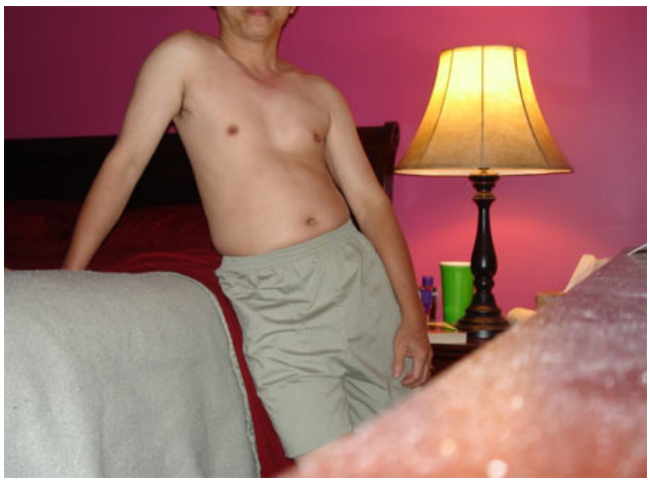
Reply to: pers-586038057@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-02-25, 6:51AM PST

any dudes want to get together and JO ? i have a fantasy i want to live out that requires a JO bud with flexibility (asian, small white man, other??) nothing gay happens but i want you to come over and we put on some porn and start to JO... then u disappear and run off. then i say to myself "hmm.. guess i wasnt really jackin with a bud... my old mind is playing tricks on me.." then i put my pants back on and go about my daily business. approx 10 min later i will be in the kitchen fixing a hearty meal when i open a cupboard and see u there inside it still JOing... then i say "ahhh, by the ghost of uncle curtis!!!" and we JO in the kitchen this time. you have to like cupboards its a must. send a pic. im waiting.



IAM MARRIED AND NEW TO THIS
I HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT THIS FOR AWHILE WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO DO THIS IAM 46 YEARS OLD BLUE EYES 200LBS WATCHING PORN AND JACKING OFF WITH ANOTHER GUY THERE IT SEEMS IT MIGHT BE A REAL TURN ON GIVE ME A CALL IF YOU WANT TO 503-799-XXXX THANKS ROD

Hi Asian here , younger , 32 , smooth body



lets make the bed move around the room - 68

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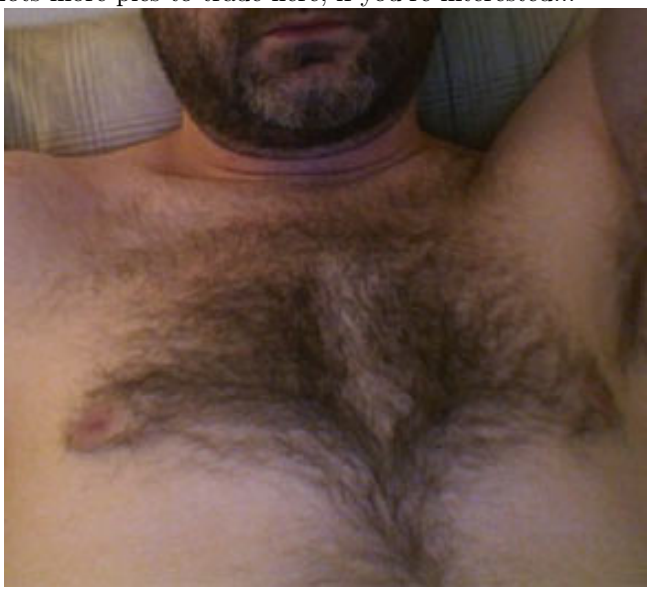
spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-586053368@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-02-25, 9:07AM CST

anyone want to come over and JO we will sit on my bed and pretend to drive it as if it were a car. my license got Taken Away. dad did a crime. 68 years old Bad Dad. NO LATINS SORRY and send pics

Hey Bad Dad. ~Hot chest. ~Wouldn't mind seeing more of it. ~Lots more pics to trade here, if you're interested...



jo - 55

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best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-586048119@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-02-25, 7:01AM PST

anyone want to jo to beetlejuice the movie (vhs)

Panty boi bottom. 35, 6' 245lb shaved smooth bubble buttt. Not sure what beetlejuice movie is but avail today for daddy.

Hi 45 dark hair and eyes.~175, 5 cut. Hiv-.~Love to jo with you to beetlejuice.~~Let me know where and when.~Would like asap because im so horny for this.

I do want to jock off on that movie of yours, 28 yo 5'8" 175 grn brn vgl pics available but need your email. i think you are very handsome

gex play????? - 26

prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-586933236@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-02-25, 8:26PM MST

anyone out there interest in classic 3DO game gex?? young horny male wants to talk to you about gex. no touching and no serious stuff. gex chat by phone or in person for the right guy. eveng if you dont want to talk about gex we can just talk. if you want to stay quiet and just listen to tme talk about gex we can do that too. i have some ideas i want to run by you about gex and i am a horny gay male. no pic but i am like a twink but a little heavy. send pics and ill give my phone number???

~No responses.

G.I. JO - m4m - 39 (berkeley)

prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-586984650@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-02-25, 8:21PM PST

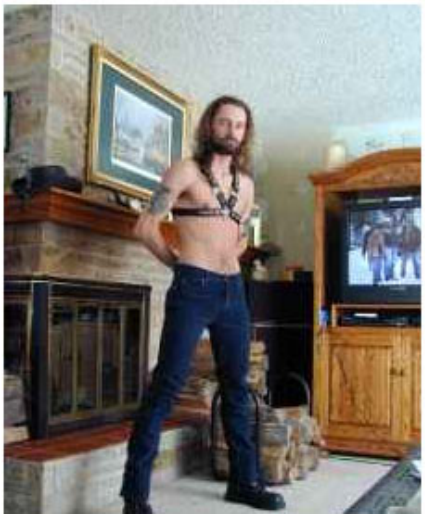
Hey there ACE!!

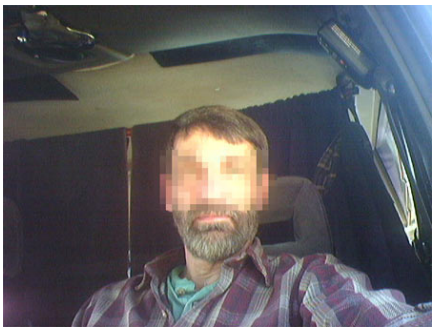
You a fan of GI Joe too? i am.

i wanna fulfill a lifelong dream of mine to act out ever g.i. joe j.o'ing w/ one another. r u GUNG HO??

first off - IM NOT GAY SO QUIT ASKIN! second, i'm lookin for a TAURUS, with a BAZOOKA as big as mine.... i'm fit and pretty agile, so i might wanna do some couchplay. get ready to be AIRBORNE! lol j/k. but really, let's have a BARBEQUE at my place (i'll pay for any TOLLBOOTH you have to go thrU) and you can FLASH your TORPEDO (i keep a WETSUIT by th grill). dont be surprised if i GRUNT and have a BIG LOB.

\NO SHORT FUZES! see pic send pic also no spaniards





(That's right, all we got was a picture of a weird dude in a van.)

62 M4M J/O - i love a parade!!! - 62

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spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-586479756@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-02-25, 3:43PM EST

hot older man looking for unique situation... they call me the floatman and heres why... love to j/o, mutual h/j (no homo stuff) to parades. love to go to parades for clandestine j/o, ultimate fantasty is to j/o or share h/j inside parade float. parade float owners, lets make this dream a reality. or come to my house and j/o to vhs tape of 1998 macy's parade! willing to travel for the right float.

~Love to trade JO with hot straight man such as yourself. Don't know about any floats but would be willing to come to your house.

FREE Animations for your email - by IncrediMail! Click Here!

~*No responses.*

~*No responses.*

MARIO 64 + J/O FUN - 38

prohibited
spam/overpost
best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-586703012@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-02-25, 5:52PM CST

it's pretty simple first of all were gonna play some mario 64, if you have it you should bring your cart over so we can look at eachother's gamesaves. if u respond to this ad you def should return pic of you holding your cart so i know you are for real. we'll take turns playing mario 64 while one guy plays the other j/os and watches the other one play the game, sometimes the idle one might h/j (no gay stuff) the one playing the game. anyway i posted a pic of me but i dont mix business with pleasure so were not gonna go in my workshop. peace out.

talc me up (talc fet) - 49

prohibited
spam/overpost
best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-586950589@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-02-25, 7:44PM PST

big bear with talc fet. looking for a smaller guy to talc me up. my big body covered with powder- baby soft hair gettin stuck in your teeth. sounds good to you? call me.....

COUNT ME IN

IF YOU ARE SERIOUS AND HAVE THE CUM STORED....I AM GAME.~LET ME KNOW.~MASCULINE GUY HERE, 41.

taste teste, snift me and my secretions - 40

prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-586715957@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-02-25, 6:04PM CST

Hello denizens of Craigs List! Me and Wifey were planning for a baby but I am an infertile man. I saved up my semen in the fridgeroo so I could condense it and put inside my wife. I no longer have a wife but I have all this semen and a whole lotta milk as well. If you have an interest in these two things as beverages, please respond!

We will masturbate as well.

you are a fucking idiot, no wonder you don't have a wife anymore!

Sounds cool 41 5'10 198 - shaved head, hairy chest, goatee-good-looking, masculine bi, hairy cum pig

Special thanks to Dr. David Thorpe, fax machine demon, and ass toot for helping find suitable JO buds!

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

2.27 Regarding Mr. Stormbeard's Negative Impact on the Neighborhood

Wednesday, Feb 27, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Mr. Stormbeard series.

In the two years that I have been a member of the Shady Vale Neighborhood Association, I have abided by all regulations stipulated in the neighborhood charter. I believe in the value of keeping our neighborhood both beautiful and orderly, even if that means taking one of our own to task. As such, it is with little hesitation that I write to complain about the actions and behavior of our newest member.

Langall Stormbeard moved into the property adjacent to mine, 2234 Roaring Elk Drive, no more than four months ago. During this time he has violated virtually every rule set forth by the association. My wife and I made every attempt to welcome Mr. Stormbeard to the neighborhood when he first arrived. We invited him to dinner and I offered to help him move in to minimize any disruptions to neighborhood life caused by the presence of moving trucks and disorganized driveways. I say this so that you will know we held in open mind and gave Mr. Stormbeard the opportunity to be a part of the Shady Vale community experience.

He refused my help, saying his familiars would do all the heavy lifting. He also declined dinner, saying he preferred to eat alone. Well, fine, I don't mind a private person, and I was kind of relieved to see that he would be keeping to himself. Some neighbors around here are a bit *too* friendly, and that sort of hyper-fraternization can lead to lax rules. Next thing you know property values are in the gutters and the neighborhood looks like a joke.

The problem is that while Mr. Stormbeard may claim to be a private person, his affairs and associates are anything but. I have documented the following disturbances and present them to you in hopes that you will hold Mr. Stormbeard accountable to the laws and rules the rest of us are required to obey.

First, and most egregious of all, Mr. Stormbeard is perennially negligent when it comes to proper lawn care. While everyone else in the neighborhood works hard to keep their respective properties in beautiful condition, Mr. Stormbeard only occasionally makes an effort to clean his yard, and often only after one of the disasters that seem to commonly befall him.

His frequently dishevelled yard is host to an menagerie of unruly wildlife. If there is not a unicorn grazing amid the wild untamed vines, flowers, and trees, then it is a giant owl or horned bear. As a member of the Neighborhood Association board, you will no doubt be aware that petting zoos are authorized on the occasion of children's birthdays, and may last no longer than 4 hours. These animals are there day and night, except for occasions of disasters. I need not remind the board about the write-up I received for letting my dogs play in my front yard in excess of stipulated time limits.

I first confronted Mr. Stormbeard about the feral nature of his lawn on January 23rd. At that point, his lawn had not been touched in over two weeks. He complained to me that mowing his lawn would have been impossible due to the fact he was imprisoned in a crystal by the demonic Count Thecodont, who lives in the nearby gated community of Enchanted Valley.

I told him, "Well, perhaps you should move to Enchanted Valley if you are so cozy with its residents. Shady Vale has standards, and you are not meeting them."

He scoffed at my remark and muttered some arcane sounding insult under his breath. I asked him to repeat what he said, and he stated, "You are as vexing as Shar N'bothk, Infernal Serpent of the Deepest Deep."

Well, if that means I value a clean yard, then yes, I am as vexing as Shar N'bothk. As of this writing, Mr. Stormbeard's unkempt yard is spilling into mine. I have made every attempt to stop this incursion, but the growth rate of the flora in his yard is beyond my capacity. I cut the vines and branches that meander over the property line and an hour later they are twice as long.

On the occasion of the Super Bowl, I invited several friends over to watch the game with me. The missus prepared a great many snacks, and I was eager and excited to host my colleagues and give them a great Super Bowl experience. Shortly after the game began, we were distracted by a terrible noise coming from outside. When I investigated, I noticed a raging blizzard was bearing down on Mr. Stormbeard's property. My yard and every other nearby yard were under sunny skies and mild temperatures. Yet somehow, Mr. Stormbeard was enduring the worst winter storm I've ever seen. Naturally, he was up on his roof screaming and yelling and attempting to fight off the storm by raising his staff to the sky in defiance.

"Hey!" I yelled to him. "Keep it down! We're watching the Super Bowl over here."

"Not now," he yelled back. "Not ever!" As he yelled, bolts of lightning began striking all about his yard. I ran back inside to avoid getting hit. One of those wayward bolts ended up knocking out my satellite dish. Long story short, my Super Bowl party was ruined. Great timing, especially considering his little snowstorm was over with 3 hours later and his yard was back to being a sun-soaked jungle. If he's going to try to fight the weather, I can't have my property getting zapped as collateral damage. Now I know there's nothing in the charter about manipulating the weather, *but maybe there should be?*

Another glaring problem is his propensity to agitate the skeleton hoards. On the 12th of February, an army of skeletons laid siege to his house, attempting to draw him out for some sort of confrontation. The problem here was that this skeleton army was so big that they spilled into my yard and into the streets. Worst of all, they had the audacity to park a catapult in front of my driveway. It took me nearly fifteen minutes of arguing with low level skeleton soldiers before I was able to get an audience with a gentleman who identified himself as "Bone Master Ur'Q." He apologized for the disorganization and had his minions move the catapult out of the way of my driveway. I thanked him for taking care of the situation but told him this was not the place for a siege. He agreed to review a copy of our neighborhood charter and fax it to his dark master to avoid future problems. I believe Mr. Ur'Q was sincere and I place the blame for this incident squarely on Mr. Stormbeard.

This unnecessary disruption resulted in me arriving to work twenty minutes late. Not only have I always honored our ban on curbside parking, I have never kept my vehicle anyplace but my garage while home except for brief periods on the weekends when I wash it in the driveway. If Mr. Stormbeard is going to invite or incite large mobs of the angry dead to form in our streets, the least he could do is get them to respect the curbside parking ban and not to block driveway entrances.

I also draw attention to the rule that prohibits operating a home business. While I cannot prove that Mr. Stormbeard is doing just that, it is clear he is working from home. As to the nature of

his work, I can only guess. What I can surmise is that whatever his line of work is, it is strange and unnatural. From the constant glow emanating from his windows, I would wager that he does something related to video editing or computers. If the sordid characters and beasts that frequent his yard are any indication, it is certainly not a reputable business. I would not be surprised if he is operating some sort of adult website. Someone told me he sells elixirs and potions on eBay, but I don't know about that.

I can cite countless other examples of odd and needlessly disruptive theatrics on the part of Mr. Stormbeard. For example, the time his yard was plunged into darkness for a solid week after a Fallen Druid stole the sunlight from his property and spread it around the four corners of the globe, the time a wall of fire surrounding his property burned for three days, and the time his house lifted up off its foundation and floated for several hours. I must also mention that he frequently burns garbage in his backyard, in clear violation of rules. I have also heard his mailbox contains a vortex that very nearly tore the hand off a mailman.

From these examples it is clear to me that Mr. Stormbeard is an unruly element in our community, and one that must be exorcised. In spite of my warnings his raucous behavior and callous disregard for rules has continued unabated. In the past the neighborhood association has been fair and steadfast in handing out disciplinary action. On this occasion, you members have been remarkably lenient and tolerant. A fellow neighbor who is also frustrated claims he heard Mr. Stormbeard say he shielded his yard from your eyes with a magical spell. If that is the case, I ask that you follow up on my complaints and investigate further. A closer inspection should reveal the truth once and for all.

Thank you for your time. I trust that you will join me in making Shady Vale beautiful again.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.28 A Visit to the Super Smash Bros. Gym

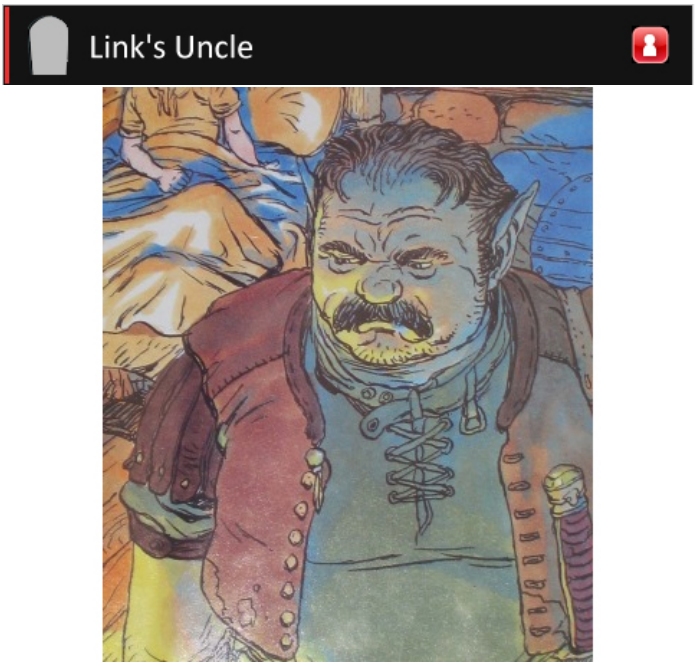
Thursday, Feb 28, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Hello Gamers,

As overseer of this game, it is my theme to give the player "a special feeling." I have experienced much of "a special feeling" in the designing of this game, so I say why should you not as well? Over the following months, I will drip slowly to you informations about my game. Please anticipate it greatly.

If you are not aware of the meaning of a Smash Brother, please, follow me!

Masahiro Sakurai
Head Chief of Smash



He is the one they call "the fetching rogue." But what is the mystery behind the chap who took only minutes to die in *A Legend of Zelda: The Link to the*

Past? Fans of Nintendo have been clamoring for these answers, and we wish to submit the following theses as evidence! Prepare to receive the swords from us!

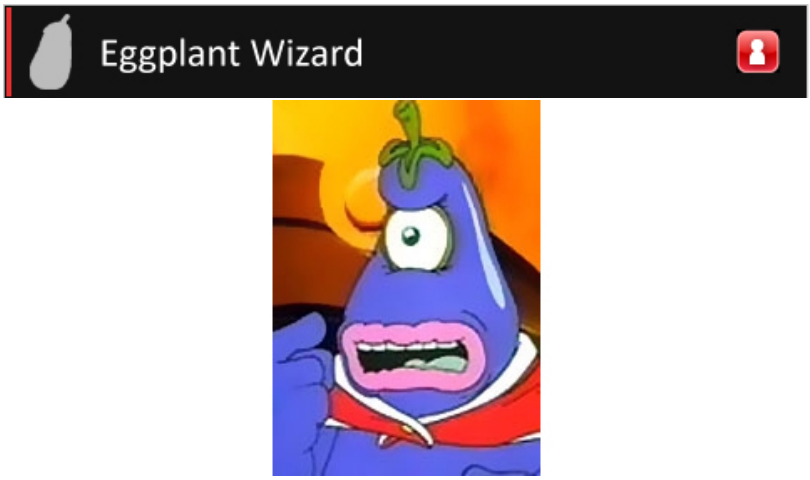
You shall find that Link's Uncle fits in well with our gallery of fighting. Gaze at the mustache? Is he perhaps a kin of Mario?

Ho no Link! That is an uncle of you! But it is important to remember that all blood ties are put aside in the world of Smash Brothers. I ask you to respect that.

Why the bemusement, Donkey Kong? Is the mind of an ape not fit to comprehend the laws of man? What our jungle friend doesn't realize is that Link's Uncle is a dispenser of swords. Capture it from him!

When the swords to dispense are no longer remaining, Link's Uncle waits quietly on the sidelines as the other players "duke it out." He is a character full of the politeness, perhaps for your grandma? Link's Uncle says, "I am not one for conflict!"

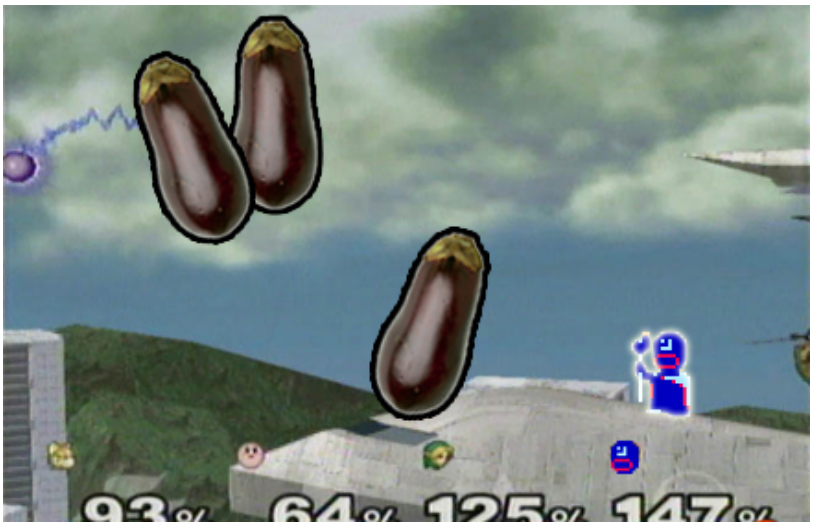
Link's Uncle's Special Moves	
Standard Special Move	Hand Player Sword
Side Special Move	Hand Player Sword (Side)
Up Special Move	Hand Player Sword (Upwards)
Down Special Move	Hand Player Sword (Downwards)
Final Smash	Die With Dignity



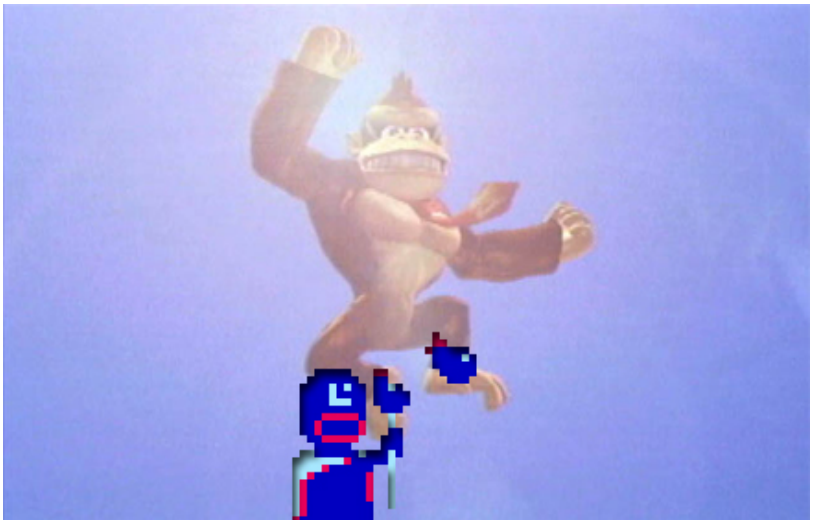
When I was a child, I felt a revulsion towards the eggplant. I would tell my mother, "No, do not place that vegetable in my bento box!" But she did not relent. After playing *Kid Icarus*, I gained an appreciation of the eggplant, which gained even more so upon the demise of my mother. Now, I bring this character to the world of Smash Bros., complete with his "quick heart" fighting style. You will find the increase of heartbeat upon being transformed into a vegetable. This is what it is like to be in a salad!

No! Kirby! Do not eat that eggplant. This is a ruse concocted by a wizard of eggplants! Whatever shall Kirby do?

The Eggplant Wizard shows a man what happens to those who do not share a fondness of vegetables. B-BLAST! You have now become one.

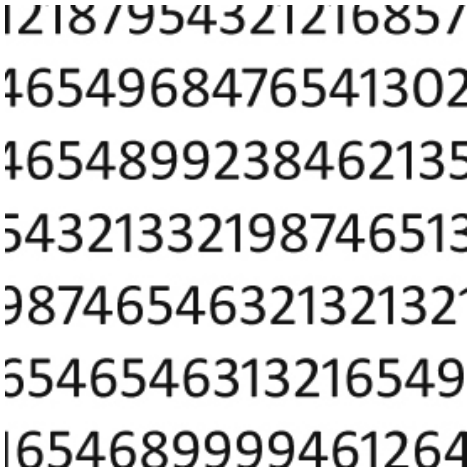


Once again, Eggplant-kun makes a transformation of everyone into eggplants. It is a frustrating move that is impossible to counter. He makes me glad I design these games and do not play them!



Donkey Kong has learned a valuable lesson this day. If one wishes to destroy the chief of eggplants, one must hit them strongly in the back of the head. Please remember this.

Eggplant Wizard's Special Moves	
Standard Special Move	Demeanor of Eggplant
Side Special Move	Misdirected Nostalgia
Up Special Move	That Annoying Song
Down Special Move	Egg-Related Pun
Final Smash	Eggplant Transubstantiation



It is as easy as learning the many tax codes of your home prefecture!

When the Wii was first designed, it was thought of as the "play together in the same room with friends and family system." Recently, a co-worker told me about the Internet so I decided it would be fruitful to let you play games of Smash Bros. "on the line," as they say. I tried my best, so I hope you will accept it in knowing this.

To begin, we have varying modes of online play.

With Smash Bros., all of your friends are only one simple 16-digit code away from you! If you enjoy using the phone, then I assume you will enjoy entering in the codes for the friends you will play online. These codes offer seven more numbers than the standard phone sum, and as we all know sixteen is "greater than" nine!

Your friend code is hidden in your Wii, so it should be a fun kind of scavenging game to find it. Please search with my support.

Luigi is full of honesty. His face reflects the horror of my words.

Some have expressed a desire to play against random strangers on the Internet, so I went to the task with your safety in mind. Thusly, you will never be able to share information of any kind, nor will you hold any kind of online ranking which documents the hours you spend with the game. Your foes and you will pass like ships in the night, never truly knowing each others' faces.

Since I intended for Smash Bros. to be a relaxing game, this fits well with my current theme. Do not let the Internet race of rats get to you. Think of your opponents as mannequins who can not defame you or your family with their texts. I think this will make us all more relaxed.

The values of Wario are deemed inappropriate by society. This is why he is a comical one!

Still, even with such hot modes of play available, there are some who would complain. I guess it is true when they say "It is the pickled eel that is tastiest which is not blessed by the spirit of the winds!" To relieve these complaints, we are devising a way to charge funds for expanded online play, for what better way to track your fighting talents than through a statement of banking?

This will also give you the chance to input more numbers on your Wii console, so please anticipate this.

Next Week:
Reveal! New Character!
?
Who is this handsome elderly man of money? It will be impossible to stop yourself from finding out like the dogs that you are!

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.29 Astroblog 2029

Friday, Feb 29, 2008 by Kayla "Juice-E" Paulson (@sexyfacts4u)

JUICE-E'Z PLANET

Sup peeplez

Just embarked on my 987 day mission to Jupiter WUSSUP!!!!??

Launched the f*ck up off earth

Six years of training is finally payn off for this bitch so get ready to hear all kinds of crazy shit up in NLREV-002 Mercator. Burgundy and Pixee up in this shit 2 and so is missn commander Mikhail Yuriliev and my nigga science officer Vernon K. Armstrong.

We r gonna xperimnt the f*ck out of space!!!

Will update the blog whenver I can peace out

XOXOXOX

Nuclr proplsuns engnr Kayla "**Juice-E**" Paulson
NLREV-002 Mercator
Artemis-2 Mission

JUICE-E'Z PLANET

Sup peeplez

Juice-E back in the house!! Pixee sez waddup to B-town. burgundy is off doin' EV shit all over the hydroponic reflector.

wlep it is day 25 and things seem to be goin pretty good but i must say that space is boring as hell. We have a robot arm that was fun for a while and we flew past the moon but that has been around forever so whatever.

the nuclr rods and cones and shit are all okay so i dont have much to do just look at the screen every monring and if the light is green everything is fine.

After that I pretty much just read tmz and look up shit to do in space. throwin m&ms around and catchin them is fun once but then you wake up with m&ms in your space bag when youre trying to sleep and it wont stop movin around and hittin you like a bug and

you just scream and wake everybody up so yeah LOL!!! last time i do that

XOXOXOXOX

Juice-E

PS Mikhail Yuriliev is a huge nobhead he is mr. checklist durp durp durp by the book YA OKAY ill check the presurized mediator water flow again LIKE I JUST DID 2 HOURS AGO LOL maybe i can take another temperatur reading for the plasma field that makes 5000000000 today

---

JUICE-E'Z PLANET

SUP **PEEPLEZ**

IF U CANT TELL I AM PISSED

VERNON K. ARMSTRONG WOKE MY ASS UP SO WE COULD TALK TO A SCHOOL CLASS ON EARTH AND THEN GO ON THE TODAY SHOW OR SOME GAY CRAP

THEY ASKED ABUNCHOF GAY QUESTIONS LIKE "HOW ARE YOU NJOYING YOURT TRIP???" LOL A LOT MORE WHEN I CAN SLEEP "WHAT IS IT LIKE GOIN TO JUPITER????" WELL ILL TELL YOU WHEN WE GET THERE CUZ GOIN THERE IS LAME AS F*CK.

THEN AFTER I GO T YELLED AT BY VERNON K. ARMSTRONG FOR SAYIN SH*T TOO MANY TIMES IN FRONT OF THE KIDS WELL WHATEVER MR. PERFECT ITS EASY FOR YOU UR LIKE 500 YEARS OLD SOME OF US ARE STILL TRYIN TO LIVE A LITTLE LOL

ANYWAY I GOT 2 CHECK THE DEUTERIUM XTRACTION PUMP AGAIN BECAUSE NAZI YURILEV DIVERTED REACTR FUEL FOR A XPRMNT NOW EVERYTHING IS ALL F*CKED

PEACE

JUIOCE-E

JUICE-E'Z PLANET

Sup peeplez

not much to say today it is day 204 and we just passed some planet out the window. the computer did some slingshot or something which means well go faster now towards jupiter. Pixee showed it to me on a screen and its bigger or something idonno whatever. I just want to get there and do the experiments and get home i miss josh and text mssgs take like 9 hours to get to him now

i messaged him earlier to make sure he wasnt cheating on me and i flipped out when he didnt answer back right away and sent like 20 more messages calling him all kinds of names and then he messaged me back like 9 hours later and was all "whats up babes" and I said nm u? but by then he was responding to all my nasty messages and then by like message 15 he broke up

but then i used my time on the LRHSC Array to patch things up with him so its cool for now

burgundy is startin to be a bitch but whatever shell work that shit out

XOXOXOXOXOX

Juice-E

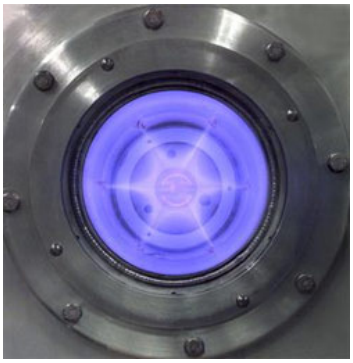
JUICE-E'Z PLANET

Sup peeplez

well everybody hates me today its hate on kayla day turns out i missed one of my coolant purges and the coolant feed backd up on the f*ckin fusion reactor so we had a contained field breach everybody flipped their shit and all the alarms went off

WHATEVER!!!!!

Vernon k. armstrong and mikhail yurilev were like "GET TO THE FOUR OF THE SHIP AND SEAL THE ENGINEERING SECTION WELL USE THE ARROVEE TO REPAIR THE BLAH BLAH" they went on for like twenty meinutes about containment proceedures our whatever. I just toggled a hard reset on drive A and diverted ship functions to the hydrazine combustion drive then did a fuel system purge and manully repaired the coolant feed



PLASMA SHIT BACK IN CHECK that shit buzzing like a bee

does vrybody say "THANKS KAYLA GREAT JOB????" no of course not they say "WAAAAAA WE EACH RECEIVED NEAR LETHAL DOSES OF GAMMA RADIATION GET OUT YOUR potasium idiode
injectors out LOL what babies

IF I REALLY WANTED TO F*CK THIS SHIP UP YOU WOULD JUST WAKE UP DEAD MFERS!!!!

not in the mood

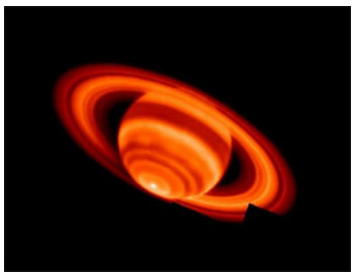
Juice-E

JUICE-E'Z PLANET

Sup peeplez

ill keep this short we just passed saturn and guess what.....

it looked gay as f*ck



big surprise there everything in space is gayer than on earth by like times 20

josh also emailed me today and said hes been hanging out with clarissa if that bitch touches my man im takin this ship back and crashin it into her effin house even if it takes 358 days to get there!!!!

nyway this is pretty much the worst spaceship trip ever even worse than NLREV-001 where they hullbreeched and everyone died frm explosive decompresing

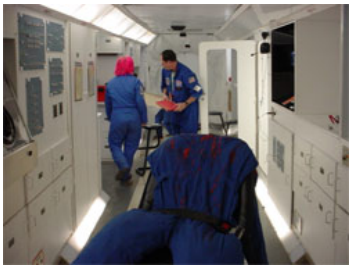
think it was like a oxygn pump explosion or somethin WAY 2 GO ARTEMIS-1 MISSION ASTRONATS!!

LOL

Juice-E

JUICE-E'Z PLANET

Sup peeplez



helped vernon k. armstrong with some experiments today here is a surpise they sucked as much as everything else he had a bunch of pumpkins growing sideways or something and a tank full of fish that were round i dunno it was gayer than saturn even

pretty much i just looked at shit on a microscope and counted how many dots there were on some sort of cell and he got all excited when one of them didnt have any dots and started ranting and raving about leukemia or something i guess thats good cuz mikhail yerlov and burgundy poth have some weird thyroid problem which is super SUPER gross because they keep pukin and shittin blood in the space crapper which in zero gravity u can magine is a mess

neways i guess a spa e pumpkin cures cancer so whoopty doo

XOXOXOXOXOX

Juice-E

JUICE-E'Z PLANET

Sup peeplez

were 100 days out from saturn so i thought i should write something for my blog and let vrybopdy know whats goin on

pretty much nothin theres space everywhere and a bunch of dick-heads on my spaceship

oh yeah mikhial yurilv died and burgundy is n a coma with "INOP-ERLBL TUMORS" or somthing venon k. armstrong is in charge hes better than yurilev but he thinks he cant pilot the ship in the gravity storms or something about gravity wells or somethign.

so well see how that goes WATEVER not 2 worried cuz crashin would bee 2 cool for this piece of crap mission

to celberate his promioton i got super wasted on fermented pickls and then totally made out with pixiee which vernon k. armstrong go t all mad about and then he said

u cant get drunk off pickls but I WAS it was hotttt

XOXOXOXOXOXXOOXOX

Juice-E

JUICE-E'Z PLANET

Sup peeplez

good news this gay ass mission is over

looks like dummy vernon k. armgay flew our gay ship into gay ass jupiter he says were trapped in a gravity decay something or maybe orbit decay i dunno anyway he said we should have enough thrust in axuliarary engines to burn us back into a staple orbit and then he flipped the switch and the hydrazine tanks were empty i guess some tard musta used them for somethign

WATHEVER!!!!

so anyway for the next five hours well be descnding to jupiter and then he says well be crashed by pressure or land or something inside 500 atmospheres of pressure

its so gay its not even worth describing

so nyway me and pixee had this idea to do a website for xtra cash for when we gety home so we too0k some pics of us just posing around the ship and naked and stuff tasteful nudes which means our butthols are not showin so check them out i registered the doman www.spacehotiz.spc so check it out when verisgin sets up our cc stuff well do some more xplicit stuff maybe some lesbo stuff itll be hot

I PROMISE!!!!

check it out www.spachottize.spc its out of this world LOLOL

hope its cool back on earth

TTYL

XOXOXOXOXOX

Juice-E

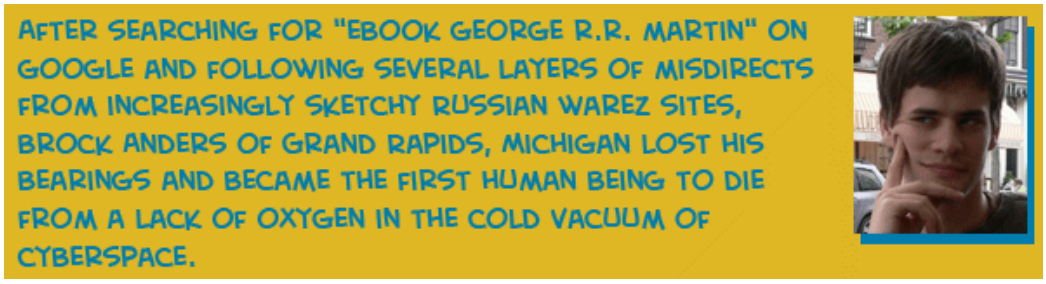
-∼Kayla "Juice-E" Paulson (@sexyfacts4u)

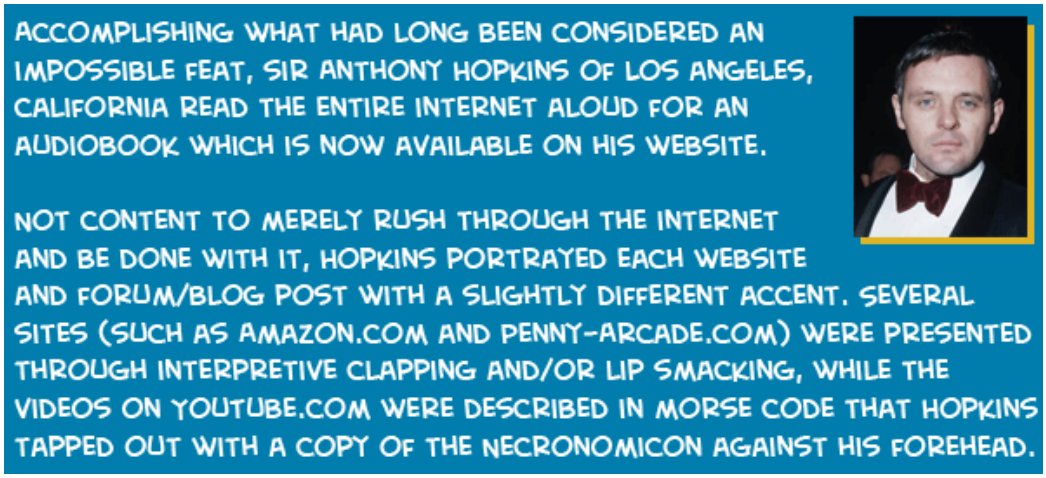
Chapter 3

March

3.1 Guinness Book Of Internet Records

Saturday, Mar 01, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


AFTER SEARCHING FOR "EBOOK GEORGE R.R. MARTIN" ON GOOGLE AND FOLLOWING SEVERAL LAYERS OF MISDIRECTS FROM INCREASINGLY SKETCHY RUSSIAN WAREZ SITES, BROCK ANDERS OF GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN LOST HIS BEARINGS AND BECAME THE FIRST HUMAN BEING TO DIE FROM A LACK OF OXYGEN IN THE COLD VACUUM OF CYBERSPACE.


ACCOMPLISHING WHAT HAD LONG BEEN CONSIDERED AN IMPOSSIBLE FEAT, SIR ANTHONY HOPKINS OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA READ THE ENTIRE INTERNET ALOUD FOR AN AUDIOBOOK WHICH IS NOW AVAILABLE ON HIS WEBSITE.
NOT CONTENT TO MERELY RUSH THROUGH THE INTERNET AND BE DONE WITH IT, HOPKINS PORTRAYED EACH WEBSITE AND FORUM/BLOG POST WITH A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT ACCENT. SEVERAL SITES (SUCH AS AMAZON.COM AND PENNY-ARCADE.COM) WERE PRESENTED THROUGH INTERPRETIVE CLAPPING AND/OR LIP SMACKING, WHILE THE VIDEOS ON YOUTUBE.COM WERE DESCRIBED IN MORSE CODE THAT HOPKINS TAPPED OUT WITH A COPY OF THE NECRONOMICON AGAINST HIS FOREHEAD.

JACOB GARNER OF MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA WENT THREE DAYS WITHOUT BROWSING THE INTERNET OR USING HIS CELL PHONE TO SEND TEXT MESSAGES OR CHECK HIS E-MAIL, BREAKING THE PREVIOUS RECORD BY NEARLY TWENTY HOURS.

ON THE FOURTH DAY, HIS COMA WORSENED AND HE PASSED AWAY.

WIDELY CONSIDERED THE STRONGEST MAN ON THE INTERNET, MAGNUS POWERMAN OF STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN RIPPED YELLOWPAGES.COM IN HALF USING HIS KEYBOARD'S PRINT SCREEN BUTTON AND THE RECTANGULAR MARQUEE TOOL IN PHOTOSHOP.

ALTHOUGH HIS ABDOMINAL WALL WAS TORN IN HALF WHILE PULLING OFF THIS INCREDIBLE FEAT, MAGNUS HOPES TO CRUSH EARTH.COM WITH PHOTOSHOP'S RESIZE TOOL AS SOON AS HE MAKES A FULL RECOVERY.

MIKE MIGNOLA OF DERRY, MAINE EDITED THE WORD "BUTT" INTO 13,238 WIKIPEDIA ENTRIES IN ONE SITTING.

WHILE IMPRESSIVE, IT MUST BE NOTED THAT ONLY 3/4THS OF THE ENTRIES LEGITIMATELY CALLED FOR THE ADDITION OF THIS WORD.

UNWILLING TO LET A $200 INVESTMENT COLLECT DUST, JEFF GREEN OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA PLUGGED HIS STEEL BATTALION CONTROLLER INTO A PC AND USED IT TO PLAY OVER 30 ROUNDS OF TEAM FORTRESS 2 AS A SCOUT. THIS IS THE MOST THAT ANYONE HAS EVER USED A STEEL BATTALION CONTROLLER AS ONE CLASS IN TEAM FORTRESS 2, AND IS BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST TIME THAT ANYONE HAS USED THE CONTROLLER IN ANY CAPACITY SINCE 2005.

JEFF SET THIS RECORD BY MAPPING EVERY BUTTON - INCLUDING ALL THREE FOOT PEDALS AND EVERY AXIS OF THE CONTROLLER'S DUAL JOYSTICKS - TO THE "MEDIC!" VOICE COMMAND. HE HAS ALREADY PLANNED A SECOND GO AT THE RECORD, AND HOPES THAT MAPPING ONE OF THE BUTTONS TO "FIRE WEAPON" OR "MOVE FORWARD" WILL HELP.

CHARLES PATTERSON OF LONDON, ENGLAND MANAGED TO LOOK DIRECTLY AT A MYSPACE PAGE FOR NEARLY THREE MINUTES WITHOUT VOMITING.

OVER THE COURSE OF ONE WEEKEND, CHRIS HANSEN AND HIS DATELINE CREW ERRONEOUSLY AMBUSHED 37 MEN DURING THE TAPING OF A "TO CATCH A PREDATOR" SPECIAL.

THE CHATROOM THEY HAD BEEN MONITORING - "SINGLES 10-15 ONLY" - WAS NOT CREATED AND MAINTAINED BY CHILD PREDATORS, BUT BY CREEPY AND LONELY MEN WHO WERE WILLING TO DRIVE GREAT DISTANCES TO TRADE DOLLAR BILLS THAT WERE PRINTED IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE 1910'S.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.2 Misha: A Memoir about Hanging Out with Wolves During the Holocaust

Sunday, Mar 02, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Yesterday, CNN reported that a Belgian woman named Misha Defonseca has admitted that her best-selling memoir about her childhood during the Holocaust, ***Misha: A Mémoire of the Holocaust Years***, was, in fact, entirely made up. This probably came as a surprise to any one of the book's millions of readers over the course of the last 11 years, in any of the 18 languages it was translated into. As it turns out, Misha isn't even Jewish, although she (this is a direct quote) "feels Jewish".

I had never heard of her autobiography until hearing about it on CNN, but I was left with the impression that maybe someone should have realized the book was fictional before now. For instance, check out this quote from the article:

"Her two Brussels-based lawyers, siblings Nathalie and Marc Uyttendaele, said the author acknowledged her story was not autobiographical and that she did not trek +1,900 miles as a child across Europe with a pack of wolves in search of her deported parents during World War II."

I'm sorry, she claimed she did what? With a pack of what? It really took this long for people to realize that maybe this young Jewish war orphan did not, in fact, wander war-torn Europe under the care of wolves?

Maybe I'm being too judgmental. Maybe the story is more convincing than it sounds from that short summary. Which is why I decided to devote some space on our website to an excerpt from the "memoir" in question. I leave it up to you to decide how convincing it is.

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An Excerpt from ***Misha: A Mémoire of the Holocaust Years***

Chapter 1: The Wolfen Spirit

The thin rocky ridge was like the backbone of a great dead beast, splayed out with its trunk forming the bulging mountains and its limbs forming the foothills and its backbone forming the thin rocky ridge that she strode upon. Misha was young, but these months in the wilderness in Europe during World War II had made her strong. She hadn't always been strong. When the friendly pack of wolves had carried her away from Nazi occupied Warsaw, she had just been a scared little Jewish girl with no parents.

Now she stood boldly upon the top of this forested mountain with her friend, Silkentail, an experienced wolf ranger. She wore a light dress woven for her by the pack from natural fibers, and around her waist was strapped a survival knife that's blade was thin but nearly unbreakable, a testament to the skill of the wolven blacksmiths.

"Will these times of trouble ever be over?" whispered Misha, wistfully, into the still morning air.

"Someday, yes," rumbled Silkentail, "but this night must grow darker, and more night-like, before it stops being night. You were lucky to be found by the wolf army, but most are not so lucky. See, even now, down there."

Below them, in the valley, a group of Nazis marched in ominous lines. The rising sun turned them into silhouettes as black and empty as their souls. Behind the soldiers was a crowd of Jewish prisoners, bound in chains and dragged along the path against their free will. Misha could hear the children wailing softly to their mothers, and she felt her heart grow to become determined.

"We must help those who are still in the hands of the enemy," said Misha, her flaxen hair falling in great waves behind her.

Silkentail tilted his head up with his muscular neck, locking his wise brown eyes onto hers.

"I had hoped you would say that. Come, I must show you...a secret."

Chapter 2: The Lodge of the Elders
Silkentail led her through the wolf camp. Younglings sped around them in dizzy circles, nipping at each other playfully, while the adults sat together in worried groups, murmuring and swishing their tails back and forth nervously.

"These days are hard for all creatures of the Earth," said Silkentail. "But there is a reason to hope. Follow me. We have much to discuss."

They were approaching the Elder's Lodge, which was built into an enormous hollowed out tree and was protected by ancient wolfen magicks that kept it hidden from human eyes. She had to hold onto her wolf friend's tail and let him guide her through the door she could not see. Once inside, she felt wonder, as always, at the huge carved hall with statues of the wolf gods lining the way to the thrones of the elders. The gods were foreign to her, but comforting just the same: Tak'urn Woodsniffer. Lupius Longfur, the howler of the red sun. Feral'amun, brooding lord of the pack. If she wasn't a young Jewish war orphan, then perhaps she could have learned to worship these wise ones.

"This morning, our oracle had a vision," said Silkentail. "It is the contents of the vision that caused the elders to call for you."

She felt nervous as they approached the graying elders sitting silently upon their ornate thrones decorated with words in languages long forgotten by the minds of men. The Wolf Queen spoke first:

"Young Misha, you were found by us in a time of need. Our oracle told us to send a pack of wolves into the Warsaw ghetto, and there we rescued you. You have lived with us and learned our ways. But the oracle has again spoken, and it seems that you are to play a much larger role in our world than any of us could have anticipated."

A door opened to one side of the hall, and three young burly wolves pulled in a wagon bearing a large, covered object of obvious weight.

"Yes, my child," said the Wolf King. "It is you who will drive this evil out from Europe. It is you who was born to wear...the Wolfen Mecha-Warsuit."

The cover was pulled off the wagon, revealing a gigantic Mecha-Warsuit, larger than any Mecha-Warsuit she could have imagined. She looked down at Silkentail for encouragement, and, at his nod, turned back to the elders.

"I accept this responsibility," she said.

Chapter 3: The Battle Commences
The Nazis had stopped to rest in a clearing between two boulders. They circled around the shivering

Jews and lit up cigarettes that glowed like eyes of demons in the gathering dusk. Suddenly, another two points of light appeared among them. One of the Nazis cried out as he realized he was looking into the face of a Mecha-Warrior.

"I shall set my people free," said Misha, from within the warsuit. What started as the soft breath of her voice became a mighty roar from the warsuit's mouth.

"Ach!" said the Nazi, and all of them pulled out their guns to fire, but, before they could, wolves began leaping from the darkness, sinking their mighty teeth into German flesh. The Jewish captives cheered.

The wolves continued fighting. Misha aimed her Heat Ray at a group of Nazis, vaporizing them. Silkentail drove himself into the stomach of one of the soldiers, toppling him to the earth and snapping at his neck. Suddenly, a towering Nazi cloaked all in black grabbed onto the scruff of the wolf ranger's neck and hoisted him high into the air before heaving the wolf violently to the ground. The wolf ranger whimpered and lay still.

"Nooooo," cried Misha, from within her powerful mecha.

The Nazi turned and held his hands towards her.

"Aryan Blast," he shouted, and a massive ball of energy sprang from his fingers, taking the form of a giant skull with a gaping, toothy mouth. It howled towards her warsuit. The armor around her was thick, but it would do nothing against the kind of power the Nazi was wielding. She closed her eyes and waited for the blow.

Wyluli Wolf
Summon Wolf
Tap to give any creature in play +1/+1 until end of turn.
"When one wolf calls, others follow. Who wants to fight creatures that eat scorpions?" —Maimun al-Wyluli, Diary
Illus. © Susan Van Camp
1/1

But instead she heard a voice call out: "Wolfen Spirit Shield!" It was Silkentail, lifting his head weakly and bringing forth the last of his wolfen magick. The air in front of her shimmered as the spirits of the wolf gods wrapped their protective aura around her, and the flaming Aryan skull exploded harmlessly. This gave Misha the time she needed. She locked onto the black-cloaked Nazi with her missile bank.

"Let's see you heil Hitler from hell," she hissed triumphantly, and let loose her arsenal of missiles upon the Nazi mage. In moments, the man was transformed into a smoking crater. Meanwhile the rest of the soldiers had already been dealt with by the wolf army. A few of the wolves started chewing off the chains that held the prisoners.

Misha dismounted from her warsuit and ran happily to Silkentail. But the wolf ranger who had taught her so much about the world had emptied himself of his life energy when he cast the spell that saved her. He was dead, and she cradled him in her lap, weeping over his furry body.

"I swear," she said, "I swear I won't stop until the whole world is safe again for Jews and wolves. I swear to you, Silkentail."

She stood and faced the newly freed prisoners.

"My wolf army and I are retaking Europe from these bastards. Those who wish to fight may join us. Those who do not are free to go." She leapt into her warsuit and stood it to its full height. These last words she spoke through the warsuit's voice, booming out over the valley.

"It's on," the voice roared.

Chapter 6: The Tide Turns into a New Day
The concentration camp was in ruins, and all the prisoners were dancing victory dances and cheering their wolf liberators. Misha rode on the back of the Wolf King with her warsuit following automatically. She saw a little girl sitting on the ground, crying, and signaled the Wolf King to stop.

"Why are you crying, little girl?" she asked. The girl looked up at her and sniffed.

"My entire family was killed," the girl said. "There is only me." Misha dismounted from the wolf and laid her arm on the girl's shoulder.

"Come with us," she said. "The wolves will adopt you."

"Will..." said the girl, "will they really?" In answer, Misha picked her up and placed her on the Wolf King's back, then hopped up in front of her. The last of the Nazi guards were being killed by the wolves. The stronger prisoners were picking wolves to ride, and joining the liberating army. Cheers and cries of triumph came from all sides.

Looking up, Misha thought she saw Silkentail's face in the sky, just for a moment.

"What is it?" asked the Wolf King. Misha smiled.

"Nothing. It was...it was just my imagination," she said. "Come on, our work's not finished yet."

The young Jewish orphan from Warsaw pulled the long knife from her belt and held it aloft as the Wolf King charged forward. Thousands of Jews riding wolves followed her. Next stop: Berlin.

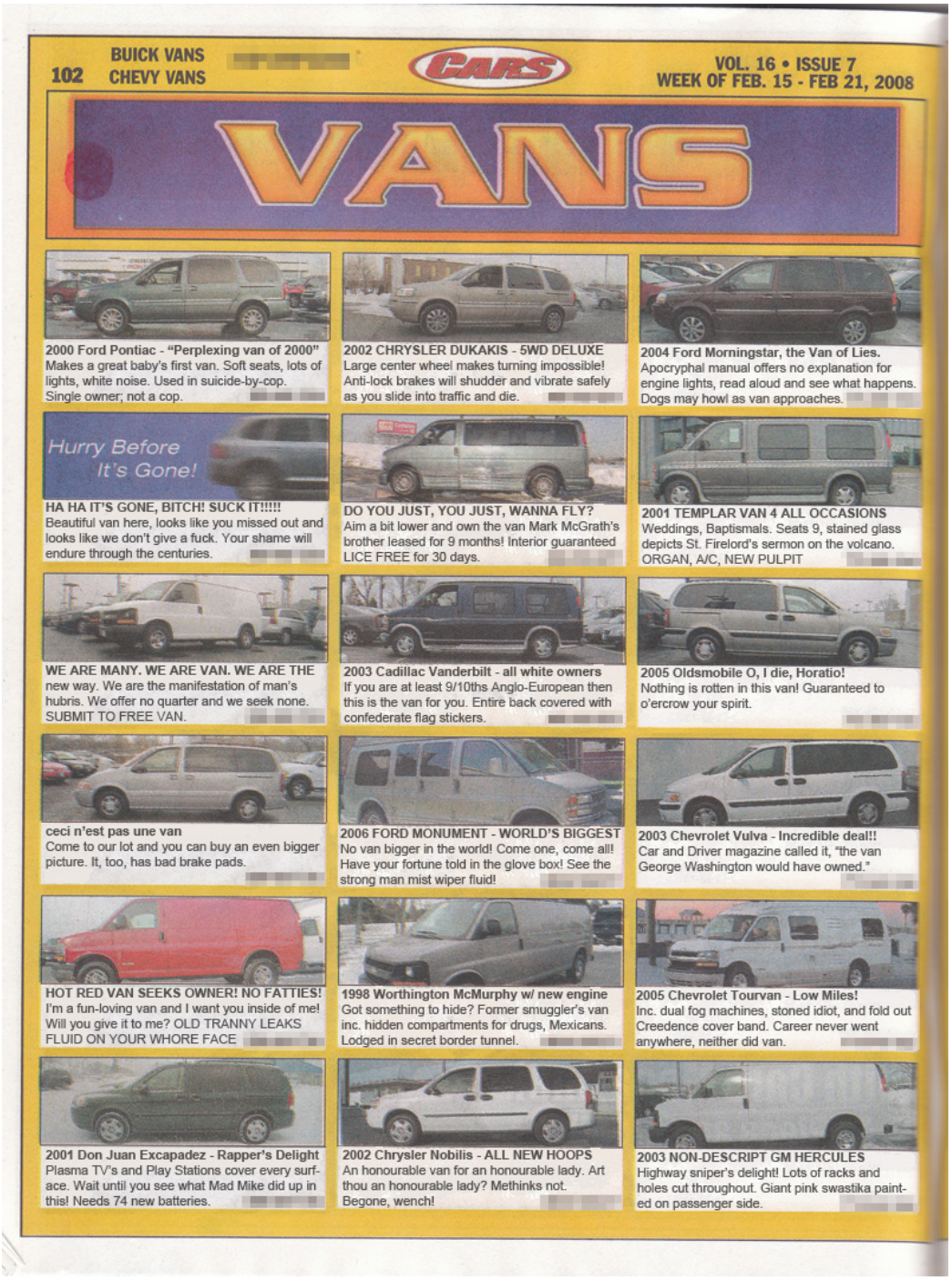
-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

3.3 CARS: VANS (DEALS)

Monday, Mar 03, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Are you looking for a deal on a new car, truck, van, boat, ultralight aircraft, or car? Afraid to use the Internet? CARS, the ultimate guide to cars and deals on cars and where to buy cars is available at a grocery store near you. Today, we bring you a selection from the VANS on offer in CARS.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



102 BUICK VANS CHEVY VANS

CARS

VOL. 16 • ISSUE 7
WEEK OF FEB. 15 - FEB 21, 2008

VANS

2000 Ford Pontiac - "Perplexing van of 2000"
Makes a great baby's first van. Soft seats, lots of lights, white noise. Used in suicide-by-cop. Single owner; not a cop.

2002 CHRYSLER DUKAKIS - 5WD DELUXE
Large center wheel makes turning impossible! Anti-lock brakes will shudder and vibrate safely as you slide into traffic and die.

2004 Ford Morningstar, the Van of Lies.
Apocryphal manual offers no explanation for engine lights, read aloud and see what happens. Dogs may howl as van approaches.

Hurry Before It's Gone!

HA HA IT'S GONE, BITCH! SUCK IT!!!!!
Beautiful van here, looks like you missed out and looks like we don't give a fuck. Your shame will endure through the centuries.

DO YOU JUST, YOU JUST, WANNA FLY?
Aim a bit lower and own the van Mark McGrath's brother leased for 9 months! Interior guaranteed LICE FREE for 30 days.

2001 TEMPLAR VAN 4 ALL OCCASIONS
Weddings, Baptismals. Seats 9, stained glass depicts St. Firelord's sermon on the volcano. ORGAN, A/C, NEW PULPIT

WE ARE MANY. WE ARE VAN. WE ARE THE
new way. We are the manifestation of man's hubris. We offer no quarter and we seek none. SUBMIT TO FREE VAN.

2003 Cadillac Vanderbilt - all white owners
If you are at least 9/10ths Anglo-European then this is the van for you. Entire back covered with confederate flag stickers.

2005 Oldsmobile O, I die, Horatio!
Nothing is rotten in this van! Guaranteed to o'ercrow your spirit.

ceci n'est pas une van
Come to our lot and you can buy an even bigger picture. It, too, has bad brake pads.

2006 FORD MONUMENT - WORLD'S BIGGEST
No van bigger in the world! Come one, come all! Have your fortune told in the glove box! See the strong man mist wiper fluid!

2003 Chevrolet Vulva - Incredible deal!!
Car and Driver magazine called it, "the van George Washington would have owned."

HOT RED VAN SEEKS OWNER! NO FATTIES!
I'm a fun-loving van and I want you inside of me! Will you give it to me? OLD TRANNY LEAKS FLUID ON YOUR WHORE FACE

1998 Worthington McMurphy w/ new engine
Got something to hide? Former smuggler's van inc. hidden compartments for drugs, Mexicans. Lodged in secret border tunnel.

2005 Chevrolet Tourvan - Low Miles!
Inc. dual fog machines, stoned idiot, and fold out Creedence cover band. Career never went anywhere, neither did van.

2001 Don Juan Excapadez - Rapper's Delight
Plasma TV's and Play Stations cover every surface. Wait until you see what Mad Mike did up in this! Needs 74 new batteries.

2002 Chrysler Nobilis - ALL NEW HOOPS
An honourable van for an honourable lady. Art thou an honourable lady? Methinks not. Begone, wench!

2003 NON-DESCRIPT GM HERCULES
Highway sniper's delight! Lots of racks and holes cut throughout. Giant pink swastika painted on passenger side.

3.4 District Bulletin: Moth Month Dispatch

Tuesday, Mar 04, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the District Bulletin series.

Oh, you stop! You are impelled by the tiny teeth of duty to read and internalize this dispatch, prepared for you by your loving betters. The odd season is now upon us, and the dusk & dolour of the even season will soon be consigned to the mind's back. We now enter a month of grimness.

It is moth month. Grey things are in the air; they fly at us and get in our tongues. We stir up ashes when we walk. The moths are coming back soon to eat at our clothes and land on our faces in the night. You will be shut in your house for weeks, and this bulletin must hold you over until you reemerge. Consider this news:

Hairbank Cannot Explain

Hairbank, our district's Superior of Education, is unable to deliver explanation for the absence of so many children in his charge. Efforts to apprehend the whereabouts of the youngmartins have as yet been philosophical. "Mayhap the lambs are in their homes, their hideygames gone agley," suggests Limonaire, Superior of Deliberation. "And, fallen under furnishings and up flues, their owners have yet to discover them. And probably they were never real at all, a trick of the light or a deception of the mind." The owners of the youngmartins rebuke these fables.

Hairbank, a hostile Northman dressed in skins, seized triumph in last year's public elections on a platform of ugly threats. Presented even with the opportunity to recall him, a quivering public chose to leave him be. Said a tremulant voter, "the only man who can protect us from Hairbank is Hairbank himself."

"It takes only a man's eyes to see that Hairbank's chops are ruddy with the sauce of life," submitted rival Walf Bazane, defeated in the election for Hairbank's station. "He eats them. My explanation is that they have been eaten. Even now, the soup of their veins clots among his beards." Hairbank, a huge and unbeatable man, sees no point in repudiating this claim.

"I will eat Walf, too," the Northman bellowed from a press conference held in the rusty hulk of the broken automobile in which he lives. "I am huge, and it is inevitable."

Croisquessein Incidents Rise

Our district's great enemy, Croisquessein, has created a further eruption of tumult in the citizenry. The malactionate spectre has accelerated his actions of late, causing untold embarrassment and suffering. Days ago, he upturned a liquid in a glass upon a diner, making a bad spill and wet clothing. Yesterday, Croisquessein caused a man to drop his telephone in the toilethole.

Our finest studies have found that Croisquessein is invisible, or non-existent. Our science has labored for decades to thwart him, and yet two schools of thought persist. One seeks

to ward or destroy Croisquessein, while the other seeks to apprehend whether or not he exists. Neither cabin has seen progress in their aims.

Goodbarrel James Feiche, leading destructionist, putforths a notion: "I believe that Croisquessein is destroyable, even if he does not exist. As the maxim most fundamental to our knowledge of science states, that which does not exist can- and must- be destroyed. The basis of all invention, indeed, is to destroy that which does not exist."

Oh, but on the contrary, the nonexistentialists claim that further study is needed. "Feiche commands a respectable notion, yes, but I am not confident that Croisquessein can be destroyed at all. Our best hope is in proving his nonexistence. The only option is to, through some mechanism of great complexity, capture Croisquessein and study him. Only once he is in our grasp can we prove that he does not exist."

Existent or not, Croisquessein continues to weigh heavily on the minds of citizens. "He took my keys away, and I became frantic in my search," said youngbarrel Duke Asb, "and when I looked again, he had put them in my hand, so tenderly that I did not feel when he did."

Dorroile Harrows Fish

In a display most confounding of his loft, Head Better Superior Dorroile, the unrepented jokesman and lawdoff who daily mocks our dignity with his unpunishable acts of whimsy, and against whom a measure of recall recently failed owing his unassailable crimetooth and mental wit, has harrowed the fish in a district aquaticum.

So bluntly he smashed his face upon the glass what bounds them, and terrify them did he with the awful distortions of his face, the licking tounge, the eyeless leer he does (he never opens them). For seconds growing to minutes, he contorted his features upon the glass, muttering and groaning, instilling a terror in the fish that heretofore never had they seen. And then, as suddenly as he came, he was gone. And then he came back, only for half a moment, to torment the fish with the awful dance that he always does, and then he was gone again.

So harrowed were the fish, say they who tend the fish, that the fish became listless. The patterns of their swim, agley. Their scales, the luster gone, their eyes locked in a bulge. Maybe the fish will never swim proper again.

"These fish have been scandalized," said their most intimate tender. "Probably forever."

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

3.5 To Hell with Me

Wednesday, Mar 05, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

I thought for sure I had a few decades left in me, but I guess that was just wishful thinking on my part. Had I known death was so imminent, I might have lived a better life and avoided pirating so many mp3s. The last place I imagined retiring was Hell.

Hell is a tough pill to swallow. Besides the constant chaos and pandemonium, there's a lot of naked people screaming and getting tortured horrifically. I wish they would keep that sort of thing confined to certain areas, because there is some seriously amazing scenery. I almost wish I had a camera, but I guess I'll be seeing these sights every day.

One of the first things in Hell to catch my eye was a crazy parade float. It was these two enormous ears pierced together by an arrow, and with a humongous knife sticking out from between the two lobes. I guess they must have some pretty creative businesses or clubs or whatever here, since the float was obviously the result of great care and effort. I wanted to get a closer look but it was surrounded by all these naked dudes writhing around and moaning. One of them was tearing out his eyeballs. I'm not really cool with that whole scene, so I decided to move on. Besides, there was a huge marching band headed my way and they looked kind of menacing to say the least.

Whenever you're in a new place, the best thing to do is get a lay of the land. It helps to do that from a higher vantage point. I learned that from a TV survival show, and while I wasn't lost in the jungle, it seemed just as practical here. I took a look around and the highest point near me was this giant with his backside cut off and his insides were all hollowed out. Lucky for me, there was a ladder leading up into his insides. I politely waited my turn as some fellow lost souls made their way down the ladder, then climbed up.

When I reached the top I was left severely disappointed. The view was far from reassuring. In fact, it was downright depressing. In every direction there was naked flesh being burnt, stretched, and stabbed. There were weird animals all over the place. I bet a cryptozoologist would shit his pants in excitement here. Too bad somebody trained these animals to be jerks and carry knives.

I looked down at the frozen river below me and saw that some poor sap had fallen through the ice. He was trying to get back on his boat, but not having much luck. I figured I had better go see what I could do to help, so I climbed down the ladder and moved toward the ice. I had to turn away when this little armless ferret guy with a bow and arrow started coming towards me. I'm all about helping out when I can, but no way am I making enemies with a creature like that. Something tells me that guy wasn't going to drown anyway. I'm pretty sure you can't die in this place. If you could, everybody would have checked out already.

Needless to say, I was feeling pretty bummed out and was looking for a little excitement. There was some kind of wicked jam band playing not too far from the shore, so I moseyed on over to check them out. Unfortunately, they were pretty terrible. I give them a lot of credit because they were playing under difficult circumstances. A lot of them were being stabbed or eaten and their instruments were just fucking ridiculously oversized. Even with all that craziness going on, I bet if this band showed

up at a GWAR concert, they would be laughed at for looking too normal.

Still, I hung around for most of their set, which was kind of avant-garde and hard to get into. They reminded me a bit of Philip Glass I guess, but with gigantic classical instruments and a lot more screaming in agony. I mostly stuck around because there was this little egg dude hanging out, and he seemed pretty cool. I called him a little egg dude, but he was pretty huge for an egg. He was short, though, so he's just Lil Egg Dude to me. I didn't get much of a chance to talk to him, but he seemed like somebody that I'll probably try to hang out with later. I bet he's got some great stories.

When the band started to wind down, this one naked guy who was holding up an oversized trumpet or horn or whatever collapsed from the strain. This pissed off some of the animal torturers hanging out, and they just all went nuts on the guy. He jumped up to his feet and I noticed he had a flute sticking out of his butt. I thought that was pretty gross, but then he started playing it and was honestly pretty good. I'm sure that he would have done a lot better playing it normally, but I guess just being a normal flute player doesn't cut it here. You've got to have an edge if you want to stand out in Hell.

Anyway, after his little butt solo I decided to chat him up. I was like, "Dude, I think you've seen the *American Pie* movies too many times." He looked at me with this really sad, bleeding-eye stare that made me feel terrible. I'm not sure he got the reference. I would have apologized and explained it better, but some random jerk stabbed me in the heart with a knife for no reason.

It hurt like hell, which I suppose was the point. I didn't get a chance to see who stabbed me, but who cares when you're surrounded by hundreds of people with bloody knives. In Hell there aren't really any good Samaritans, so you're on your own when it comes to emergencies. Most people are bleeding profusely anyway, so you can't really blame them for not wanting to help out.

In a daze, I staggered over and joined a long line that I thought might be for the hospital. After about six hours, I finally made it to the front of the line and saw exactly what I was waiting for. There was this massive bird guy with a huge pot for a crown perched atop a toilet throne. I stood there in line bleeding to death to watch a Big Bird take a dump?

To make matters worse, Big Bird was eating people. More specifically, he was eating the people who were in front of me in the line. Naturally, I had no interest in getting eaten myself, so I started to walk off. This creepy fellow with tree branches for arms put a stop to that, and basically shoved me back to the front of the line.

The next thing I know I'm climbing up to get eaten by this fine feathered fruit. Now if I had all my wits and blood about me, I never would have gotten in that line, let alone let a giant bird man eat me. But honestly, I didn't want to ruffle anymore feathers, least of all Big Bird. Seemed like the best course of action was to just get it all over and move on.

In one of the more fortunate developments to go my way, I was swallowed whole. It was all sticky and gross inside him, but beyond that it was kind of refreshing to have some time where I wasn't getting stabbed or threatened with knives. I ended up spending about 50 minutes in his big prolapsed buttsack, which was about all I could get before he started crapping me out. I really wanted to stay longer, partly because it was kind of peaceful, and partly because I didn't want to fall into the hole beneath him. There was a dude vomiting and another dude taking a dump in it. I guess I get why

so many people are naked. Clothes just don't last long here.

When you're climbing out of a giant hole filled with human excrement, you kind of hope to see something nice when you get out. That just doesn't happen in Hell. Just as soon as I finished wiping the filth out of my eyes, I caught a glimpse of some guy making out with a hog. I can understand the whole knife obsession, but why does Hell have to be so weird? Half the people have something sticking out of their butts, and it's apparently also A-OKAY to French kiss a pig. If not for the fact I was feeling pretty humiliated from wallowing in sewage and spending an hour in a bird's butt, I might have yelled at him.

I just didn't want to get into any more trouble. Not with my clothes all filthy and my heart still hurting from being stabbed. Besides, the little bird with human legs and a giant helmet with a severed human foot attached standing next to him might have started pecking me if I made a scene. Honestly, in a place like this, I think it's best just to try and stay in the background. Unless somebody is trying to go all *Where's Waldo* on your ass, you should be able to hide in the crowd. I'll have to ask Lil Egg Dude if he has any tips. He seems to get by pretty well, aside from that arrow going right through him.

Even with all the horrors and heartache, it wasn't all bad. There was one really hot girl with some dice floating above her head that winked at me. She was totally naked, so that was kind of a treat. I'll have to get her number later, assuming she has a phone. Maybe I'll see if Lil Egg Dude will be my wingman.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.6 Moderating 101

Thursday, Mar 06, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to real forums either living or dead is purely coincidental. The modding procedures explained here are for entertainment purposes only and not to be taken as actual moderating advice.

Tim Russert moderates JERRY'S ANIME NUT HOUSE FOR OTAKUS in his spare time. The only difference between you and him is that he makes this look good.

If you've ever seen the hit motion picture Men In Black then you know precisely how moderating an Internet forum works.

You are selected by a secret organization and put through a series of tests, if passed, makes you an elite member of said secret organization. From there you'll deport illegal "aliens" from message boards and send them back where they came from, Mexico (Is that what Men In Black was about? It's been so long since I've seen it).

Of course your job isn't exactly secret and you mainly do it to act like a big man online, but it's kind of similar to Men in Black if you really think about it.

Any man can be a moderator, not every moderator truly lives. So if you've just installed a copy of vbulletin to complement your web site dedicated to cataloging the sexiest anime panty shots and find yourself competing with trolls, flamers, and spammers just to get a word in edgewise, read this guide. You'll thank me on your legally binding government recognized same sex wedding day.

◻ You're Not Just A Moderator, You're an Expert

You weren't selected as a moderator because you're unemployed and home all day but because you're among the best and brightest in your field. Moderators don't just moderate, they educate. Mods are usually college graduates, trained in a specific area of study. Want to be a moderator? Stay in school, kid.

Professor John Hubert from Stanford University moderates the Dragon Ball Z forum at Gaia Online. He tells us, "I rely on my PhD in Super Sayan studies to give the best possible answer to any question that may come up. Who would win in a fight, Trunks or Vegeta? Most people would say Vegeta, but I can run complex algorithms that say Trunks would win within a .01% margin of error."

As moderator your advice is the final word. Take for example this exchange from a forum promoting incest.

> **Poster #1:** Hey my sister is really hot and I want to fuck her pussy but she's pretty much a slut and sleeps with every guy. That turns me on that my sister is fucking all of my friends while I watch and jerk off in her closest while smelling the crotch of her underwear but I don't want to get a disease or anything like that. Anything I can do to protect myself from my sister's festering cunt?
>
> **MODERATOR:** Yes, you should use a condom, preferably one with spermicidal lubricant so you don't get her pregnant. That should do it. Let me just go ahead and close this thread up...

> **Poster #2:** That's horrible advice! While condoms with spermicidal lubricant may be more effective against the risk of pregnancy they are actually less effective against the risk of STDs. You should really just use a regular condom when you have sex with your sister, Poster #1.
>
> (USER WAS INFECTED WITH AIDS FOR THIS POST)
>
> **MODERATOR:** Please do not post in a thread that is about to be closed. Just because it's not closed yet doesn't mean I did not intend for it to be closed. I think I made myself clear in my previous post.

As you can see, the user not only broke the rules by talking back to a moderator on duty, a capital offense, but broke an unwritten rule that the moderator just made up on the spot as well. Not only can you ban the user for one infraction, but you can also ban them for the other when they re-register. How do you keep track of all these bannings? That brings us to our next lesson.

Keep a Shit List

With all of the trouble makers on the Internet these days, keeping track of them is hard work. Luckily, the recent invention of the pen and paper has made it easy to keep track of all the chronic trolls.

All bannings should be preceded by a funny image like a hamster, a balloon, or a clown. The reason is because the Internet is beyond stupid.

Take a page from the geniuses at Valve Software. Like any developer of online games Valve has their share of cheaters. When Valve detects a cheater on their online service Steam, they don't ban the user straight away, but let them simmer before they deliver the final, lethal blow. That way the Internet criminal never knows what specific cheat they got banned for! Gabe Newell, you've done it again. Have another cheeseburger, old bean!

The same idea applies to forums. Did a user just flame you, leaving a whole bunch of steaming dissent on your doorstep? Homie don't play that, sure, but homie also doesn't ban them right then and there. Put them on your shit list and mutter under your breath, "Heh, you've just made my shit list..."

Keep the trouble makers on their toes by banning them later for a different, lesser infraction. That way, other trouble makers won't know what's bannable and what's not! While it makes you look like a raging shit head with a pathetic Internet grudge, that is the price you must pay to keep your forum sparkling and troll free.

Moderators don't get into this business to become popular. Your shit list also helps you keep track of who sucks your dick and who doesn't.

Stay on Topic

In real life conversations tend to meander from one subject to another. A conversation that may begin as gossip about coworkers may lead to other topics such as the weather, the upcoming presidential election and diaper fetishes.

Well, you may as well learn it now before you learn it somewhere else, the Internet is not real life. There are rules and regulations to stick to on this strict and unforgiving land of policy and conformity. Don't let topics stray off the beaten path! This is the most important thing hackers look for when trying to break into a forum's yummy, gooey, nuget-filled insides.

Is that thread about welding turning into a discussion about skyscrapers? Swoop into the discussion like Superman and get that thread back on track. Is a thread about puppies getting a little political? Ban everybody who is registered to vote.

Off-topic posting is a common threat to your forum and you have to be ready to squash it when it starts like in this exchange from a flight enthusiast forum.

> **Poster #1:** I was on an American Airlines flight from LAX to Dulles and the service was really terrible. The plane was late and the flight attendants were surly and unhelpful. Is it always this bad?
>
> **Poster #2:** Sounds like business as usual for our airline industry. Not even the bone-heads in Washington can fix this mess!
>
> **MODERATOR:** Hey, hey, hey, this thread is about bad service on American Airlines flights from LAX to Dulles, not politics. Get this thread back on track.
>
> **Poster #3:** Yeah but part of the reason for that bad service may have to do with government bailouts and deregulation of the airline industry. There is no way you can discuss the problem without bringing up politics.
>
> (THIS POSTER'S WORDS AND IDEAS HARM THE PEACEFUL FABRIC OF THIS FORUM AND THE OFFENDER HAS BEEN REMOVED)
>
> **Poster #4:** Yeah I know what you mean Poster #1, I flew on an AA flight from LAX to Seattle and it was just awful. Flying in this country has really gone downhill.
>
> **MODERATOR:** Again, this thread is about American Airlines flights from LAX to Dulles, not American Airlines flights from LAX to Seattle. GET THIS THREAD BACK IN THE AIR OR I WILL GROUND THIS FLIGHT.
>
> **Poster #5:** Planes are pretty cool.
>
> (USER WAS EJECTED FOR THIS POST)

As one of those rebel guys said to Luke Skywalker in Star Wars Episode IV, the second best episode behind Episode V, "stay on target", and your forum will operate like a well-oiled machine.

Add Features No One Wants or Cares About

Moderators in the wild.

The most important responsibility of a forum is to stay pretty. A forum is like a woman, tender and loving but intrinsically unstable. Keeping your forum beautiful is the first step to a happy forum. Buy it perfume, handbags, and new outfits for "just because I love you" occasions.

Make sure your forum conforms to Web 2.0 standards. Every post, preferably every letter, must be subject to a rating system where users can vote posts or individual letters thumbs up or thumbs down. It's all in the details and even a poster's misplaced 't' can mean the difference between Big-Boards.com and BangBros.com.

There may be fundamental problems with the way your forum operates but as long as the buttons and graphics are trendy and modern posters tend to overlook these flaws. Consider the following example.

> **MODERATOR:** Howdy folks. I just wanted to comment on some of the changes we've made around here in the past few weeks. Here is the change log for March.
>
> -Changed the color of the post button from gray to silver.
>
> We hope these upgrades make your forum experience more streamlined. Please feel free to post any comments about the changes here. Thank you!
>
> **Poster #1:** While I applaud the color change I must say that posting on Thursdays still doesn't work. Any idea of when this is going to be fixed?

> **MODERATOR:** As I've said before the ability to post on Thursdays is still being worked on. Shouldn't you be at work then anyway? God forbid you tear yourself away from the forum for one day.
>
> **Poster #2:** Uh, I seem to be having problems as well. It's probably nothing, but every time I update my Naruto megathread thousands of volts of electricity enter my heart and put me into a temporary coma. I mean, I'm fine with it, but I'm not sure my heart is... If you could fix this that would be great.
>
> (THIS POST DOES NOT ADHERE TO COMMUNITY STANDARDS AND THE OFFENDING POSTER HAS BEEN BANNED FOR YOUR SAFETY)

As you can see your users will really appreciate the hard work that goes into keeping the forum experience as captivating as possible. As always, remember to remove trouble makers who just want to belittle all your hard work and everything it stands for, which is America. Don't let them belittle America.

A 4-chan moderator poses for the camera.

◘ Wacky Forums With No Rules Give Users a Place to Hang Out and Relax

Posting is a stressful activity. That's why posters like to relax in an informal setting with their "shoes off" so to speak. Of course, wacky forums with no rules are the forums that need the most rules of all, because it can get too wacky you see.

Keep posters from having personal conversations with each other, a dreadful activity otherwise known as "circle jerking". Make sure you create examples of this circle jerking with other moderators to show everyone what *not* to do.

◘ Make Sure Everyone is Happy With Every Little Thing

As a moderator it's your job to please everyone. Are a bunch of posters asking for a new forum about ducks? Give them their forum. Is another group of posters complaining that the new forum about ducks isn't needed and should just be rolled into the general bird forum? Get rid of the duck forum!

Are the original posters who asked for the duck forum now calling your home and threatening to saw your children's skulls open and shit on their faces if you don't bring the duck forum back? Bring back the duck forum! You may be wondering how it's physically possible to please everyone all the time but that's what great moderators do.

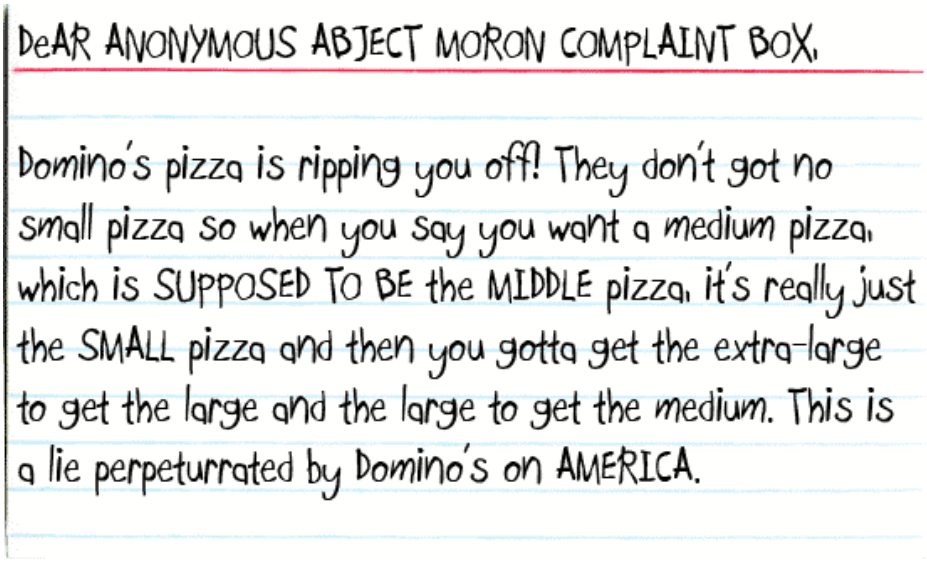
I know what you're thinking, that moderating an Internet forum is a waste of time and that you should probably focus on more important things, real life things like family, career and friends, rather than trying to make a bunch of anonymous Internet nerds, with silly names based on animes or obscure Star Wars characters, like you, and to that I can only say one thing!

Maybe you're just not cut out for this job.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

3.7 The Anonymous Abject Moron Complaint Box

Friday, Mar 07, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)


DeAR ANONYMOUS ABJECT MORON COMPLAINT BOX.
Domino's pizza is ripping you off! They don't got no small pizza so when you say you want a medium pizza, which is SUPPOSED TO BE the MIDDLE pizza, it's really just the SMALL pizza and then you gotta get the extra-large to get the large and the large to get the medium. This is a lie perpeturrated by Domino's on AMERICA.

DEAR ANONYMOUS ABJECT MORON COMPLAINT BOX.

No matter how many times I crap in a bag I can't get Jenkem to work as advertised. Gonna give it about one more week and then I'm giving up on this BULLSHIT!

DEAR ANONYMOUS ABJECT MORON COMPLAINT BOX.

Is there some way I could hook up my Xbox controller to my computer to navigate menus in games? Also it would help if the text was a lot bigger and I couldn't map keys to different functions.

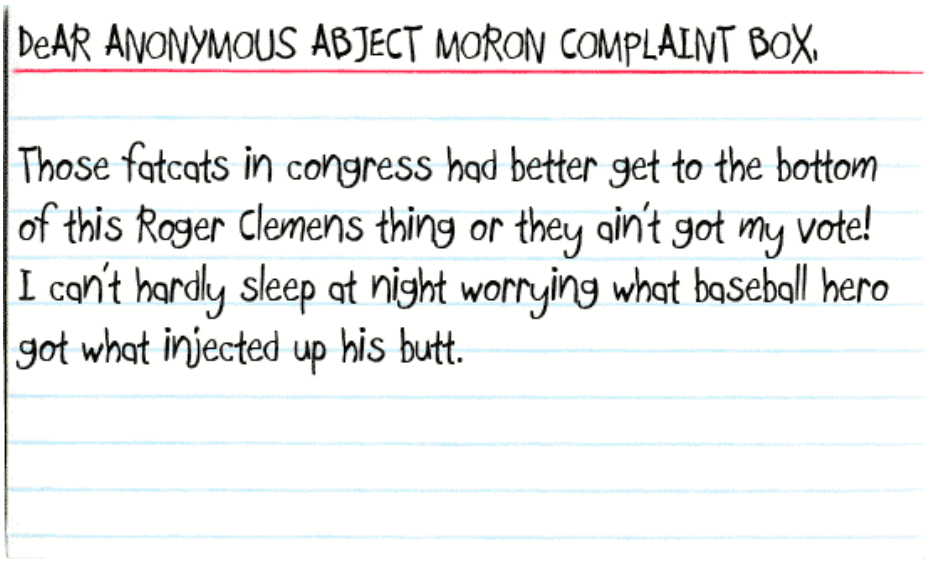
Thanks in advance complaint box!

DEAR ANONYMOUS ABJECT MORON COMPLAINT BOX,

Heard about a good email telling everything you need to know about Barko Bama. Figured on doing some loud arguing at work but no emails yet. Anything I can do? Do you answer questions? Hello?

DEAR ANONYMOUS ABJECT MORON COMPLAINT BOX,

I tried to follow ice hockey on the TV but my eyes kept going all crazy and I couldn't see no puck so I'm hoping maybe they could make glowy comet stuff come out the back of the puck so I can see better THANKS Football confuses me to WHERE THEY AT? Sheesh put a line down on there or something like MADDEN.


DEAR ANONYMOUS ABJECT MORON COMPLAINT BOX.
Those fatcats in congress had better get to the bottom of this Roger Clemens thing or they ain't got my vote! I can't hardly sleep at night worrying what baseball hero got what injected up his butt.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.8 Walfred Aynemanor, Modern-Day Alchemist

Saturday, Mar 08, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

First entry in the new log book. How many have I filled up now, six? With any luck this one will be the last.

Maybe I've subconsciously whipped myself up into a state of false optimism to compensate for my recent failures, but I cannot shake the feeling that the answer is finally within my grasp. If I can become the first man to synthesize gold, all these years will not have been wasted.

Either way, I won't get anywhere if I continue to fill up this book with my self-indulgent scribbling instead of setting about my work. As poor old Schnidtweizer used to say before his throat was turned to stone, "It's alchemizin' time!"

Experiment #3078

Sample A: *oxygen* (21 litres)

Sample B: *human skin* (1 square inch, no hair)

Result: Total disaster. Upon introducing the skin to an oxygen-rich container with RORA (my remotely operated robotic arm), a tremendous explosion rocked the laboratory.

After the bodies of my assistants were taken away by the hazmat team and my ears were sufficiently plugged with cotton to slow the steady trickle of blood, I surveyed the aftermath. No sign of either sample, or of anything else for that matter. Everything within fifteen feet of the incident had been vaporized.

Observations: There's not much to take away from this one besides "don't ever do that again". Damn. I thought I was on to something.

Experiment #3079

Sample A: *wood*

Sample B: *furniture polish*

Result: I found myself enveloped by what I can only describe as some sort of whale-sized undulating meatball made of purple light, which teleported me to the lost city of Atlantis. This might have also transported me through time, although I cannot be sure as the Atlanteans were completely naked and their incredible technologies seemed to be made of actual meatballs.

Observed multitudes of flying meatball cars, meatball-based televisions, meatball robots, and one regular robot. People seemed to go out of their way to push him to the ground and spit on him as he attempted to go about his business.

With every undulation, my meatball contracted in size. In time - no more than fifteen minutes by my approximation - it was barely larger than me. It continued to shrink, forcing me to ball up in the fetal position before it finally ruptured, depositing me on the floor of my new lab in a patina of cosmic meatball placenta.

Observations: Total waste of my time.

Experiment #3080

Sample A: *peanut butter*

Sample B: *chocolate*

Result: In a repeat of the peanut butter and jelly experiment, the mixture summoned a genie who insisted on granting me three wishes. I told the genie my first wish was that he would turn his back to me, then I grabbed a beaker by the neck and broke the bottom against the wall. Plunging the jagged shards into the side of his neck was more difficult than I had anticipated, and to my dismay it was not a killing blow.

He spun around and attempted to push me away, so I pressed my thumbs deep into his eye sockets and thrust myself forward while sweeping his cloud out from under him, using our combined momentum to bring his head against the steel floor. Had to slam his head several more times before he stopped moving and whimpering for help.

Observations: I should probably install a hidden fire axe under the lab table in case this happens again. Feeling really stupid for not doing so after the first genie.

Experiment #3081

Sample A: *blue Lego block*

Sample B: *yellow Lego block*

Result: Green Lego block.

Observations: Not really sure what to do with this. I'd look into the relative value of this on the Lego market, but is the world really ready for a green Lego block?

Experiment #3082

Sample A: *ink*

Sample B: *paper*

Result: At first it appeared that there was no reaction at all. Then, madness.

A strange sort of noise began to fill up the room, like the amplified fluttering of a moth's blood-drenched wings. It carried with it a sense of dread that I have never felt outside of a Waffle House bathroom stall. For the first time in my career, I wished that I hadn't dabbled with the unknown.

The paper was... vibrating, I guess is the best word for it. Shifting between our world and a place of unknown horrors, then coming back in a slightly different place a thousand times a second. The noise reached a fever pitch, then stopped just as abruptly as it had begun.

On top of the now-still sheet of paper: A head, half the size of mine, crudely decorated with my

exact features (nose, eyes, mouth, ears) that were twice as large as mine. Instead of a neck leading to a body, an acne-ridden bulge that tapered off at the bottom in five randomly-facing knuckles.

Observations: Little Walfred makes the perfect car theft deterrent when place on my dashboard. A nice bonus to be sure, but I'm still no closer to synthesizing gold.

Experiment #3083

Sample A: *gold*

Sample B: *nothing at all*

Result: Huge success! I've done it, it's gold!

Observations: I'm speechless. It's hard to believe that this moment has finally come. The result of my earlier experiment with gold and fluoroantimonic acid was so disastrous that I haven't used gold as a sample in years.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.9 The First Six Steps of a College Education

Sunday, Mar 09, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

An hour of your life vanished last night. Poof. There it went. Gone until November. Chances are you didn't notice outside the fact that it was a little darker than usual when your alarm went off; or, more likely, when your mom opened up the curtain. I was originally going to write an update carefully detailing hours in my life that I wish would disappear. Instead, I've decided to focus on a few hours we all wish to erase--what it took to get into college.

Congratulations, you got a high school education! Unfortunately, in our society, those twelve years of your life mean shit. Well, that is a bit harsh, you can't fertilize a yard with a high school diploma.

The problem with high school now is that everyone can do it. Hell, everyone's forced to do it. So the bar of success has been raised to the college level-where income becomes a factor. If you want to go to college, and I'm sure you do, then here are the first six obstacles in your way before you can spend the big bucks to live in a shitty drywall room with an archaic radiator and skip class to play Madden.

Selecting a School

Choosing a college to attend dictates what kind of education you receive, who you hang out with, how much debt you incur, and where you will spend the next four years of your life. The fact that these factors are left up to seventeen year olds is amazing since seventeen year olds are stupid. The government has labeled these children too incompetent to vote, too naïve to have sex, too weak to fight in the military, too immature to drink, and yet they are allowed to select the location where they will illegally do all four. Most kids pick their school based on the quality of the cafeteria and how pretty the landscaping is. If given a chance, kids would attend Burger King. But not you, oh no, you're smart, that's why you're researching schools at Something Awful. There are four types of schools for you to choose from.

Community College
If your funds are low and you have a strange fetish for single mothers, then community colleges are for you. The populace in a community college classroom is split into two main categories:
People Who Want to Better Their Life: Single Mothers, their children, Immigrants, their children, Obnoxious overachieving High School students, Old retirees taking classes for fun.
People Who Don't Give a Fuck: Everyone under the age of 20, Stoned kids, Immigrants who are required to take a certain amount of credits to keep their visa, you.

Tech Schools
Tech Schools are great for people who have no idea what universities are meant for. These schools give people an option to gain a talent without having to do all that annoying learning. Tech schools replace that bothersome personal growth with developing a single skill. Think of it as job training you pay for, because it's certainly not education. Tech Schools are awful and for that reason alone they get the least description in an internet article making fun of higher education.

Private School

Private schools are like condoms-there are a million different flavors. Every major city has somewhere around 63 private universities tucked in forgotten back alleys. Or maybe I'm thinking about bums. Either way, I discover a new college in my hometown every year. These institutions are great because they don't have to follow those bullshit state rules like "equality" or "common sense." Imagine if the FDA didn't have to check or regulate "private foods." Now apply that to education. The only thing stopping the school from teaching "Hist 310: The History of Dreamsicles" is a board of six or seven people.

Arts degree at work

Average private schools are filled with average people. But expensive private schools run the gamut of young adults. Most expensive schools draw large amounts of students from out-of-state, so the populous is divided between three types of people.

- Coke-fiends whose parents pay full tuition to dump their problem child into a daycare.
- Shut-in scholarship winners who enjoy bean burritos and long conversations about bean burritos.
- Local in-state students who just went to a school they grew up hearing about.

State University

Do you like a large student population, receiving little attention from school faculty, and a minimum fulfillment of racial quotas? If you answered yes, then a state university is for you.

Larger schools are able to draw famous intellectuals-a feature that many students feel give them a chance to succeed. However, you and the other 400 people in your class are all trying to get noticed. So while you want to be recognized for your advancements in the Ladder Theory, the professor never keeps attendance, and the grades are based on two machine-graded exams. The famous scientist will never even read your name, let alone know of your existence.

The most exciting thing about going to a large public school is the chance to see someone on the basketball team compete in the NCAA slam-dunk contest. No Ivy League pussy can say that.

SAT/ACT

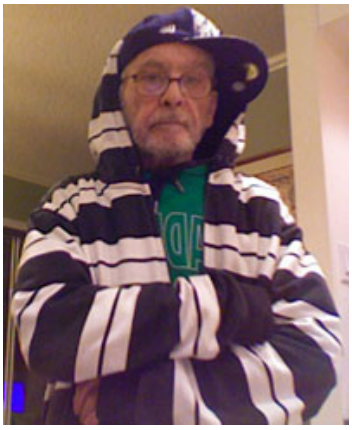
The **SAT** is great for rich kids who are looking at out-of-state schools.
The **ACT** is great for middling kids who are looking at schools in state.
The **MCD**onald's application is great for poor kids, because success on nationally standardized tests correlates entirely with family income. Sorry.

Application

Most schools require prospective students to pay a one-time application fee. Paying for applications seems absurd--but trust me--it's for your own good. It is just the college's way of providing you a sample of what's to come. This is just an Indian burn given to you in grade school by the bully who'll beat the shit out of you for the next four years. By the time you graduate, paying $100 for the school to look at a paper with your name on it will seem like a great deal. But you probably think having to pay anything to have a college decide if they will accept you (and take more money) is ludicrous and opportunistic. If it helps, think of it this way: When you go to the McDonald's drive-thru to order a Big-Mac combo meal plus two apple pies you use the intercom service. The intercom is a mode of communication for you to show interest in a McDonald's Big-Mac, so McDonald's (or any other fast-food chain) charges you a one time processing fee for every request you make through their intercom. So, think of your college education as a juicy burger, and think of the intercom service as an opportunity for the company to fuck you over while delivering its product. Alright, I made that whole situation up-there is no excuse for a school to charge students for an application.

FAFSA

Congratulations, you've been accepted to a school. First thing's first. You have to fill out the FAFSA. No, I didn't just bash my fingers across the keyboard, that is the actual name of the form. They may as well call it ASDFASDF or KJSDGBOETJGALK. This is the king of tax forms. It is supposed to be filled out by the student in the middle of February, which is awesome because every teenager at school should be responsible to fill out their parents' income. It's even better for children who have divorced parents, especially kids who aren't that close to one of them. Imagine the phone call, "Oh hay ma. It's Jessie. JESS-EEE. Yeah, I'm Ray's kid. How's Deluth? Yeah, ya don't say? Well, hay, how much money didcha make last year? I dunno why, this school form is asken me. No ma, you don't have to give nothin."



Big Man on Campus: Doctorate Edition

Eventually you finish the beast and send it in. Your scalp scabs over from the hair you pulled out, the swelling on your knuckles goes down from the holes you punched in the wall, your dog will never walk again.

But oh well, it's over, and seven days later you receive a response.
Oh glorious, the school has been so kind as to offer $700 through a federal work-study. Whew, now you can earn this money one hour at a time at the school gym or cafeteria making 25 cents above minimum wage. Who cares that your wages are well below any other local business--it's from the government! The school has really blessed you. You've really gotten a leg up; wait no, that's the school's leg that's up as the college takes another piss on your head. Drink up.

Scholarship/Loan Application

Since you'll be draining your income, your parents' income, and their parents' income into college, you may want to look into scholarships. There are a lot of bizarre ones out there. Are you a bi female with lobster hands and Jewish parents? Well, there's a scholarship for you. Hell, my college education is bankrolled by Chipwich.

You're almost there!

The questions on scholarship applications are priceless. The only thing more absurd than asking a seventeen year old to make a responsible decision on what school to attend is asking a seventeen year old to write an essay detailing how they make responsible decisions and have great goals for the future.

Which one of these four goal statements seems false for a seventeen year old:

- To be a level 70 Night Elf
- To make a big fire in those woods over there
- To get laid
- To succeed and become a successful CEO so I can wake up in the morning and drink coffee and think about succeeding

That's what I thought.

Fake I.D

U got the booze?

Alright, so that's the first few steps necessary to get into college. If you enjoyed it, write me an email and I'll continue the series. If you hated it, write me an email calling me a faggot. Either way I enjoy the interaction.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.10 Google Future - When Hillary Attacks

Monday, Mar 10, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Google News+ Hillary Clinton attacks Search News Search the Web
Search and browse news sources from up to 75 years into the future.

Future news search New! | Advanced news search | Blog search

U.S.

Obama in Evil Hats Dot Org

Obama Scores Meaningless Win in Mississippi
CNN - March 12th, 2008
BY RAMPART COXSWAIN

The day after Barack Obama's meager 64-36 victory in Mississippi, the Clinton campaign is looking ahead to next month's contest in Pennsylvania.

"We never expected to win Mississippi," Hillary Clinton said in an interview with CNN The Situation Room's Wolf Blitzer.

"This is just further evidence that Barack Obama can only win unimportant states. States that just don't matter at all. Pennsylvania, now there's an important state. The whole election may hinge on Pennsylvania. We'll see what happens in April. We feel good about a win there."

Pennsylvania Governor Ed Rendell emerged stoop-shouldered and shambling from Clinton's Philadelphia campaign headquarters to enjoy a salt lick held in her cupped palm.

"Yethhhhh," he spit. "Victory, mathter!"
Could Winning in Mississippi Hurt Obama's Chances? MSNBC
Photo of Obama Wearing Hat Sideways or "Urban Style" Surfaces Drudge
Screaming Points Memo - The Daily Hurler - Totally Way Free Republic
all 2,433 news articles

Sons of American Freedom Jihadi Terrorist Top 50

Obama Adviser Outrage: Hillary "Pretty Mean"
Salon - March 19th, 2008
By Ovaries Jones

An off-the-record comment made to a UK newspaper by Obama economic adviser Patty Horrible has made it onto the record, and the Clinton campaign is apoplectic.

"Well, if you ask me, she's pretty mean," said Horrible in an interview with *The Incorrigible Muckraker*. "That was off record, right?"

As an objective observer, I have to agree with the Clinton campaign's Howard Wolfson that Horrible's contemptible comment was beyond the pale and lowered the campaign rhetoric considerably.

"Fuck her," said Wolfson in a conference call with reporters. "I hope that bitch die! Obama act like he a motherfucking pimp, fuck him. Dumb as fuck. Can't even eat straight he's so dumb."

"Can't even piss in a pot!" Added Harold Ickes. "Ooga Booga! Hello I'm Barack Obama and I chug gay dude's balls and love disprespectin' ladies and old people! Oooooooga Booga!"

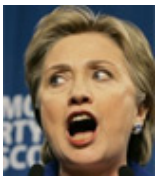
"We are requesting a full apology for these comments from Senator Obama and we expect Ms. Horrible to resign," concluded Wolfson after more than five minutes of making ape noises. "More troubling still, this seems to be part of a larger pattern with the Senator's campaign."

I must ask, as a reporter, is Barack Obama trying to destroy the Democratic Party with his negative campaigning?
SNL: Clinton Rides, Whips Blackface Obama in Hilarious Skit NY Times
How Could We Be So Mean to Hillary? We'll Make it Up to You! MSNBC
Little Delusional Footballs - TinaFey.blogspot.com - The Pity Party
all 824 news articles

Google News+ Hillary Clinton attacks Search News Search the Web
Search and browse news sources from up to 75 years into the future.

Future news search New! | Advanced news search | Blog search

U.S.



Beautiful Sweet Hillary Lookin' Hot, Lookin' Presidential

Clinton Leading Among Genuine Delegates **CNN** - April 2nd, 2008
BY MOLTEN KYLE

When pledged delegates and automatic delegates are combined Obama has a narrow edge with 127 delegates more than Clinton. But factor in genuine delegates and remove fraudulent delegates and Obama's lead vanishes.

This is according to a new DLC system that breaks down pledged delegates into the categories of genuine and fraudulent delegates. Genuine delegates are those elected in a closed democratic primary or an open democratic primary with fewer than 20% African Americans. Fraudulent delegates are won in open primaries, heavily African American regions, and in caucuses.

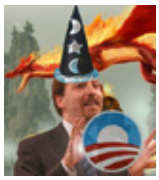
The Clinton campaign endorses the new numbers from the neutral DLC and has put out a press release stating that it "doesn't make sense" to include crossover voters, people under 45, people who make more than 50,000 dollars a year, or African Americans when determining the delegate count. The Clinton campaign takes particular exception to the delegates won from caucuses.

"Caucuses unfairly favor Barack Obama's supporters and open the process to intimidation and gaming the system," stated the Clinton press release.

"Hillary's supporters are often left out. Caucuses do not accommodate people in iron lungs, people shackled to the walls of dungeons, soldiers that died in Iraq before their votes could be counted, and Alzheimer's patients who can become confused by the process and the sudden movements and vote for Obama believing his supporters to be family members."

CNN will be adjusting its delegate counts starting Monday to include fraudulent and genuine delegate breakdowns.

Caucuses Deny Wrongfully Imprisoned Black Women the Right to Vote
AP
Clinton Surges Ahead Among Turbo Delegates and Future Delegates
Wired
TaylorMarsh.cunt - Hillaryis14/88.org - Interesting Math Ideas Quarterly
all 906 news articles



Ye Majick Realme of Chuck Todd

Clinton Campaign Not Sure They Can Win Pennsylvania
MSNBC - April 21st, 2008
By Handsome Roger

According to a new Zogby poll Hillary Clinton's 19-point lead in Pennsylvania has become a 24-point lead for Barack Obama. Despite other polls still showing Clinton performing strongly in the state, the Clinton campaign has been downplaying her chances.

"She's definitely the underdog here," said Pennsylvania Governor Ed Rendell. "I think she can perform strongly, but it's going to be close."

NBC Political Director Chuck Todd estimates that Clinton may net between 11-15 delegates in tomorrow's primary. This would reduce Obama's razor-thin-almost-miniscule lead to only 108-112 delegates.

"Clinton has the support of almost the entire political establishment in Pennsylvania and it's a closed or 'Genuine' primary," explained Todd as he rolled his eyes.

We briefly looked at a phone and thought about contacting the Obama campaign for their comment on this story, but our deadline was approaching and we wanted to play Xbox.

Has Obama Denounced Al Qaeda Enough? Alter Kocher
Karl Rove's Cousin Contributed $50 to Obama's Campaign
Politico.com
Chuck Todd's Castle - Obama's Evil Attacks Watch - The Obama Fact File
all 7,564 news articles

Big Dumb Loser Obama Photos at Hilldogz.tv

Clinton's Incredible Comeback Win in Pennsylvania Puts Obama on the Ropes
MSNBC - April 23rd, 2008
By Handsome Roger

In an amazing come-from-behind victory Hillary Clinton crushed Barack Obama in the crucial Pennsylvania primary 51 to 49. This landslide win goes against all expectations for Clinton, who was trailing behind Barack Obama by 23 points on the day of the primary.

"The time has come for us to support the nominee," Clinton told her supporters at a victory rally last night. "By the nominee, I of course mean me."

Clinton's chief message man Mark Penn believes Clinton gained critical support in the closing hours from an ad depicting Obama as a degenerate blood-smeared ape man smoking "hard drugs" while America burned in the background.

"It allowed us to draw important contrasts," Penn asserted. "It successfully countered the extremely negative campaign being run by Barack Obama."

Obama is Trying to Ruin the Democratic Party and America Craig Crawford
Clinton: "McCain would be 1000 times better than Obama" UPI
Chuck Todd's Castle - 911truth-obamatruth.org - Kennedys For Clinton
all 364 news articles

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.11 The Apathetic's Star Trek Refresher

Tuesday, Mar 11, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

There used to be an old saying about the Internet: "I signed up to complain about Star Trek, but I stayed for the free pornography." Well, the show has since been cancelled, but with a new movie coming just next year that's supposed to be appealing to Trekkies AND normal people alike, it's time to begin living up to your obligations as an Internet person. Read this Star Trek refresher, then go look at some porn.

In the 23rd century, the Federation is run by Earth and has no money, conflicts, TV, games, alcohol, wild parties, or fun of any kind. Aboard ships, people do nothing but read books, do more work, and sleep in their spare time, and on land, nothing constructive happens. Relationships and marriages all end tragically, rape gangs are abundant, nobody ever takes showers, and *our* generation is looked back on with contempt. This was Gene Roddenberry's perfect utopia.

In the show, a space navy called Starfleet flies around the galaxy in big, unwieldy dweebnaughts that are never fast, powerful, or well-protected enough. The ship's power source, the warp core, is more fragile than a Domino Rally, and there's one single place to shit in the whole thing.

"There is just one place to go on the whole ship. Nobody knows who built it this way or why but if I find you pooping in a normal room I swear I will put you in jail so fast."
-Riker

Crews consisting of hundreds or thousands of people go around searching for knowledge and things without even being paid, and people typically die every week. Sometimes, the captain or one of their best guys will figure out some way for everyone to not die, but usually another ship or 40 have already blown up from the same thing by then, so one more ship doesn't really matter. Due to the apparently high ship disaster rate in the future, it probably doesn't make a difference back on Earth whether a certain ship survives through week or not, but the overly dramatic music that permeates all of spacetime will often tempt you to believe otherwise.

The galaxy is home to several thousand intelligent species, all of which appear to have the same level of technology as Earth-- give or take a century or so-- despite the galaxy being over 13 billion years old. There are usually just a few races that come back over and over, though. Most races are pretty well confined to their homeworld, probably from all the nerd goings-on that they don't want to show their faces in. Most races probably saw dumb shit like the giant space jellyfish and decided to go back home just out of principle.

The Cardassians all have slicked-back black hair and are way into leather and torture. Before they got leather, they wore hard brown plastic armor made from old dashboards.

Klingons are pretty much just really angry guys with long hair and messed up bone structures who own a lot of knives. They grunt a lot and their language sounds like they are trying to talk with a mouthful of hot pizza. If you're in college, you probably know guys like this or are one yourself.

Vulcans are stoic, logical pacifists with an interest in science. They only get to have sex every 7

years or so, and while they wait, they play a game with little magnetic sticks that, when a Vulcan guy touches it, turns automatically into a perfect soccer ball shape but still manages to look even less fun than Daikatana 8 years later.

The **Borg** are the pale guys with an interest in computers, hot babe wallpapers, and turning everyone into someone just like them. Each time they attacked Earth they sent just a single ship, and it was a close call when fighting them both times. Perhaps one day they will remember to send 2 ships, or even 3. Aside from simply being a ragtag collection of fairly dumb dudes, they have a freaky slimy robotic woman leader that usually tries to bang every guy that comes around, and despite being way technologically advanced, their drone guys aren't capable of much more than a grandfatherly lumber toward the enemy. When they assimilate people into their society, they usually chop off their old hands and solder on some Dremel tools or a rudimentary robotic finger that wiggles back and forth, either of which is guaranteed to be much less useful than their natural hand, lending further to the scariness of the Borg.

The best way to understand how the future actually works, though, would be to know the guys Captain Kirk outsmarted. Once you read the list over, you pretty much "get" everything there is to get about Star Trek. None of this is made up. This is actually what the show is about, and it is actually what makes nerds excited.

In the episode or movie...	**Captain Kirk outsmarted...**
The Corbomite Maneuver	A baby
Charlie X	A teenager with Asperger's Syndrome
The Squire of Gothos	A gay guy
Arena	A dinosaur
Space Seed	Ricardo Montalban
Who Mourns for Adonais?	Apollo, the Greek god of the sun
The Doomsday Machine	A giant metal spacepoop
The Changeling	A computer
The Apple	Another computer
The Ultimate Computer	The ultimate computer
Obsession	A cloud
The Savage Curtain	Abraham Lincoln
Star Trek: The Motion Picture	A Voyager space probe
Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan	Ricardo Montalban (again)
Star Trek III: The Search for Spock	Christopher Lloyd and his angry friends
Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home	1986
Star Trek V: The Final Frontier	God
Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country	Invisible angry guys
Star Trek Generations	Some unremarkable white guy

There you have it. That's everything you need to know in order to watch the show again. Print this page for your records, or click "back" to try to forget the fact that you just read an Internet article about Star Trek.

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

3.12 BarkWire.com Dog Reviews: Clumpy

Wednesday, Mar 12, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Name: Clumpy
Breed: Labrador Retriever
Age: 7 (deceased)
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: Single
Location: In and around Shaggy Butte
Rating: ***(3.5 out of 5 bones)***
ePets: *Clumpy has been ePetted 97 times.*

PET THIS DOG
WRITE A REVIEW
ADD CLUMPY TO FAVORITES

EDITOR'S REVIEW: Clumpy made a name for himself as the definitive party animal, always willing to go further than anyone else. Sadly, Clumpy's enthusiasm and love of crowd pleasing ultimately led to his alcoholism and death. Regardless, Clumpy enjoys near legendary status with many college students, some even regarding him as a myth. He is far from fiction, though. I had the rare privilege of meeting Clumpy at a party in 2004, before his health started to decline. He was every bit the party animal the stories made him out to be, and even a little bit more.

--BarkWire Senior Editor Chris Bluefield

User Reviews

127 reviews for Clumpy - Displaying 120-123

R.I.P. BRO...
Posted by **boozehound** [**Read other reviews by boozehound**]
(5 Bones)

Man, where to begin! Clumpy was one of the best dogs EVER. I don't know where this dog came from, but he was always hanging out around campus and seemed to show whenever there was a party. The dude was a total hit with everyone.

I remember this awesome Halloween bash where he showed up with a bag of weed around his neck, like those big dogs that wandered around mountains giving booze to people. Don't know where he

got the weed, but it was seriously awesome.

One time at a party somebody gave Clumpy a whole hot pepper, and he woofed it down. Then he started running around yelping and acting all crazy. Finally he just ran outside and dived into the pool. It was awesome, because he totally splashed a bunch of hot girls when he did it.

OH! Almost forgot the time we got this one skank drunk and almost got her to make out with Clumpy. She eventually started crying and ran off, which I guess was all the same since Clumpy was probably too good for that ho.

He was a true blue bro, always having the best time and making everyone smile. Made college a ton of fun. Don't know what happened to him after I dropped out, but I like to think he kept partying until the end.

This dog liked to get SMASHED!
Posted by **prohousedjs** [**Read other reviews by prohousedjs**]
 (5 Bones)

i've seen dogs roll over and play dead, but this dog had the best trick of all. clumpy did a 48 second kegstand once. wish i had a camera so I coulda stuck it on youtube. it was kind of hard for him to drink upside down but he did his best and licked up all the spilt beer anyway. THIS DOG LOVED GETTING DRUNK !!!

later after the party i saw him passed out in a pool of vomit and smiled cuz damn that dog was hardcore.

if there is a heaven i bet clumpy is it getting totally crunk and banging lassie every day. i know i would be.

A sad case of not knowing when to quit
Posted by **Doctor Dog** [**Read other reviews by Doctor Dog**]
(2.5 Bones)

Clumpy was a real tragedy of a dog. I think he would have made a fine pet, but he always seemed to wander from place to place around the campus, mostly living with people stupid enough to give him alcohol. The amount he drank basically destroyed his liver, and made his last years extremely unpleasant.

While he was a fairly high functioning alcoholic, it was clear he lived hard and died young. It's a shame he was not able to channel his enthusiasm and love of a good time into something more constructive. I would have liked to been able to give Clumpy some counseling, but I only learned of his situation when it was too late to do any good.

Never 4get u
Posted by **jjjbones** [**Read other reviews by jjjbones**]
 (5 Bones)

c u @ the crossroads clumps

Best Clumpy Moment
Posted by **Woofman** [**Read other reviews by Woofman**]
(5 Bones)

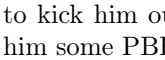
Yeah it sucks Clumpy didn't know when to quit and drank himself to death, but a man has gotta live. I'll never forget the time he ran out in the field right before the homecoming game and started humping the other team's mascot. I swear everybody on campus bought that dog a shot, and he lapped each one up with delight. That dog's bladder was like a still for two weeks after that.

Was once a true party animal
Posted by **legalizeit** [**Read other reviews by legalizeit**]
(2 Bones)

I'll never forget the time me and some bros distracted a bunch of the sorority girls while Clumpy snuck into their house and made off with their panties. This dog was OFF THE HOOK. For awhile at least.

Me and my bros built him a doghouse out behind the frat house. We let him stay indoors but we thought it would be a good gesture to a totally solid bro. To break ground on it, we hotboxed the thing with Clumpy inside it. Dude came out and chased his tail for like six hours. Some real ouroboros shit going on there.

After awhile he started getting too sick and was puking and crapping all over the place, so we had to kick him out. Dude would sit on the porch begging for a beer. Every now and then we'd give him some PBR out of pity. He was once the top dog, but man did he turn into a buzzkill. He'd try to show up to parties and it was horrible. We'd have to chase him away with brooms and hope he didn't make a mess.

NO ROLE MODEL
Posted by **BiGDog** [**Read other reviews by BiGDog**]
 ***(3 Bones)***

Yeah, Clumpy was a character. If you enjoy dogs that act like juvenile frat boys, he was definitely one of the best. But if you value a dog with distinction and discipline, look elsewhere. I've tried to make that point on every forum I've ever been to, but as usual people see a dog in a hat and glasses and instantly think it's the best thing ever.

It's a good thing there are no sheepdogs nearby at the moment, or they'd be herding all you all out to pasture. It's no different than people swallowing the BS the MSM spews out all the time. What's even more insulting about Clumpy is that he is essentially just rehashing Buzz's old gimmick of being a party animal. And everybody back on the Canine Connection BBS condemned Buzz for being an awful mutt. A few years after Buzz dies Clumpy picks up the same act and suddenly it's fresh and amazing. What a load of crap.

As far as college dogs go, substance always trumps style. That's why dogs like Oppenheimer, Cecile, Montserrat, Van Buren, Lancaster, and Azimuth lead the pack. When I think of fun loving dogs, I don't think of stupid novelty acts like Clumpy, I think of inspiring dogs like Panzer, BiGDog's all time top pick.

What's that? DID --BiGDOG-- JUST YANK YOUR WAGGY TAIL?

Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

More than meets the eye
Posted by **K9Fan** [**Read other reviews by K9Fan**]
(3 Bones)

What a great shame it was that this otherwise fine dog wandered into the lives of such cruel people. He lived harder than any dog I've seen, but I don't think he was ever truly happy. All the partying, drinking, smoking, getting high, what did it accomplish? None of that ever did anything for him. He just wanted to be loved, and nobody really loved him I don't think. They just liked seeing how far he would go.

There was a spot in the park under a nice tree he would go. He'd sit in the shade under that tree for hours, just soaking in the fresh air and thinking. He always seemed like he had a lot of regrets, but was too fearful of making changes.

They found him under that tree in the park. At least he died someplace peaceful.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.13 Legend of the Billstalker

Thursday, Mar 13, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

When it comes to former *Calvin and Hobbes* artist Bill Watterson, the world has one major question. Where did he go since his fateful retirement? Some say he's living in a quiet Ohio paradise with his wife, painting landscapes as his most notable work grows more beloved by the day. Others say that he's become a Darkman-like figure, each week planning a new strategy to sneak into the Jim Davis compound in order to slay the man who so cheapened his former art. Still others believe that a fateful encounter with a vengeful wizard has turned Bill Watterson into what is known as the Barghest, a mythological dog which stalks the streets of London nightly. Maybe I am asking the wrong people.

My name is Thom Flindler, and I am known as The Billstalker. While some men make bigfoot hunting their life's work, I have set my sights on a creature that is much more impossible to find: Bill Watterson.

Very few photos have been taken of the man, so few in fact that his existence is as debatable as that of the Loch Ness monster or those dogs you see in cartoons that carry booze around their necks. Despite this stunning lack of evidence, I have made it my mission to track down Bill Watterson, if only to ask him one question. "Why? Why did you leave us?" Then I will sell him to a museum because I quit my job to become a Billstalker and frankly by this point I think he owes me. Very few pies are left on windowsills these days and that is basically how I'm keeping myself alive.

Recently, my travels brought me to the Bill Watterson's native habitat: Cleveland. This is my story.

The Billstalker Chronicles
Chapter the First
Peril Lurks in the Land of Cleve

A tip on the Billstalker Hotline (not a prank call for the first time in a number of years) led me to a tiny bed and breakfast on the outskirts of Cleveland. Word on the street was that Bill Watterson and his wife were visiting friends from out of town-but they didn't count on one uninvited guest. Me, The Billstalker. I was about to crash their party. Their *house* party.

I pulled into the small lot with the Billstalkermobile. When I got my gear together and headed to the entrance of the B&B, I saw a red Ford to my left, with a peculiar decal stuck to the windshield: it was a praying Calvin that was also peeing on Mexico and somehow China at the same time. The audacity! It was like sneaking into the den of Bill Watterson himself and injuring his cubs in front of the man's very eyes. Fueled by righteous indignation, I headed to the service desk and decided to ask the ancient clerk a few questions, using a method perfected by only those who study the ways of The Billstalker.

"Where is Bill Watterson!!!" I bellowed this as I slapped both of my palms down on the polished oak as hard as I could. The man was taken aback; he clutched at his heart with one hand and pulled a well-worn shotgun from beneath his desk with the other. "Y-you'd best get out of here. T'aint no Bill Watterson here, and there never was! Now git!" No amount of buckshot stuck in my shinbones

was about to stop me on my mission, and it certainly didn't.

I hobbled up a flight of stairs with the angry clerk following closely behind me. Throwing open the first door I found, I wound up in the bathroom. Then, a familiar smell entered my nostrils: someone left a floater. Caught up in the investigation, I thought, could this be Bill Watterson scat? DNA tests on that fingernail I bought from eBay were inconclusive, so I was overjoyed at the thought of gaining a specimen from this mythical man. Since the clerk had taken a nasty spill 10 feet behind me, I sifted through the leavings and could feel two distinct textures: pine nuts, and contentment. At this point, one thing was clear: *Bill Watterson* left a floater.

I wiped my hand off on the complimentary guest towels, and gently rolled down the stairs, as my legs had ceased all bending functions at that point. When I reached the parking lot, something strange had caught my eye: The Ford once bearing the Calvin sticker was now a twisted and burning monument to copyright infringement. I looked around and saw a large, black shape bounding through the forest.

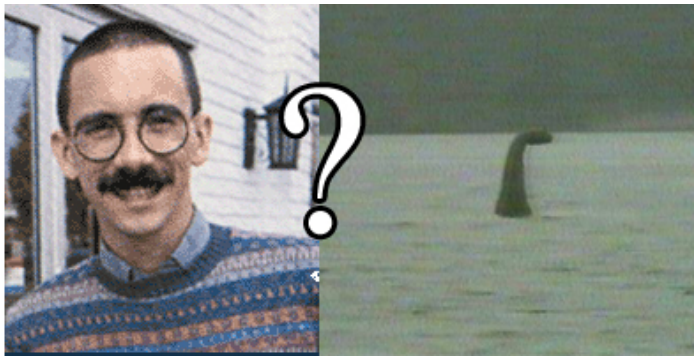
I was on Watterson's trail.

The next morning, I had a bit of a rude awakening in the BSmobile: angry Clevelanders were rocking my car back and forth in a manner which escalated from gentle to malicious. They carried blunt objects in their hands and the awareness of Bill Watterson's existence on their faces. It was the latter that worried me.

"Why'd you have to come 'round here again? Things were quiet!" A badly-bruised woman screamed at me while clutching my ankles and rubbing her face on the ground.

"Mah... Mah babies. Give me back mah babies!" A sunken-faced man in torn overalls weeped.

A little girl in a Garfield nightgown could only wail at the sky while waving the stump of what used to be her right arm at me.



Negotiation with civilians usually isn't part of a Billstalker's line of duty, and I'd be lying if I said that they didn't set me on fire multiple times before I had a chance to calm them down. I climbed to the hood of the BSmobile in order to talk some sense into the mob. "Can't you see? I'm here to end this!" Before they could react, the sound of ringing bells interrupted all of us. The life left all of their eyes, and, as if nothing happened, the crowd spun around and shambled home. The sound of locking doors echoed around me as darkness quickly descended on the town. This is when I

decided to track down a local Denny's to find out when they were going to throw out their irregular pancakes; Billstalking is hard, hungry work.

At this point, with all of the power in the town seemingly shut off, I was navigating only by the light of the moon, which had turned blood-red and inexplicably had a giant pupil floating on its surface. Mad laughter enveloped me, and could scarcely be pushed away, even with power of my "Radar Love" cassette single, which has been stuck in my tape deck since 1989. A shockwave blasted through my body; I had hit something, and was flung out of my car. Left in pitch blackness, with only my wits and novelty talking keychain, I utilized the latter, warding off any evil spirits in my midst with the electronic chant of "Fuck off!" "Fuck off!" "Fuck off!" "Fuck off!" "Fuck o--"

Something had smacked the device out of my hands. I reached in front of me to feel who it was, and I only the texture of bristly mustache passed through my fingers. Waves of sickness entered every pore of my body. I inhaled deeply and picked up on what could only be the smell of my own urine mixed with crisp autumn leaves. There was just one thing wrong with this picture: *it was the dead of winter.* Suddenly, a raspy, serpentine voice slid into my ear canal:

lllllleave this placcccce
lllllleave my kingdom
thisssss is not your time, billstalkerrrrr

And with that, an unbearable, searing pain ripping through my arm caused me to black out completely; as I slipped away into the land of Morpheus, the last thing I could sense was the sweatery grasp of a middle-aged man. But before I could make any sense of this encounter, I awoke violently in the BSmobile. Trying to come to my senses, I peered out my passenger-side window to see just what dimension of beasts the Watterson had sent me to. The only thing that struck my eye was a decal of a praying Calvin peeing on Mexico and China, framed by a red Ford--Bill Watterson had sent me back to the very beginning of my journey! Before my panic could overtake me, the severe pain in my arm brought me back to my senses, as did the crystal meth I keep in my glove compartment. I pulled up the sleeve of my windbreaker to see what fatal wound the Watterson had dealt to me.

Upon seeing it, I emptied my bowels and bladder immediately with no regard to the state of my shoes. My friends, I now carry the cursed brand of the Billstalker.

Pray. Pray for me, friends.

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

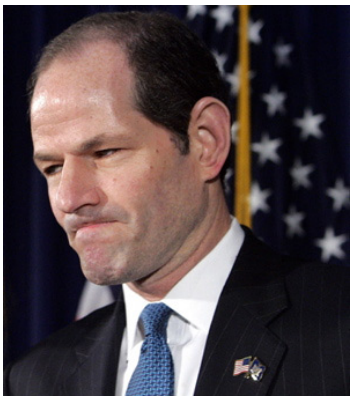
3.14 Profiles in Scourging

Friday, Mar 14, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"This has been a very sad few days in the history of New York, and for me, it's been sadder."

NY Lieutenant Governor David Paterson
Shortly before becoming the first black Governor of New York

Paterson is right, it's been a bad week for New York democrats. A tragedy for them has helped catapult a black man to a historic first and a tragedy for them has helped...catapult...a black man...to a historic first. Gollum-like Hebrew Hero Eliot Spitzer was caught trying to bareback a 22 year-old prostitute by an FBI wiretap, ending his brief career as the Incredibly Unpopular and Widely Hated Governor of New York. Meanwhile, former Mondale VP nominee and New York congresswoman, and current batshit moron, Geraldine Ferraro went on a whirlwind media tour in an effort to convince every single black American to hate New York Senator Hillary Clinton. In this edition of Profiles in Scourging we celebrate the amazing lives of these two towering figures in American politics.



Good thing he wore his American flag lapel pin while apologizing for fucking a hooker. He might have started a controversy without it!

Many Americans probably didn't know Eliot Spitzer before this week, but he is a legend in New York. A former Attorney General, he earned a reputation as a self-righteous crusader for the working man. Rhetorically, he was a bit like an uncharismatic Jewish John Edwards with a hard on for wrecking the rich. He played hardball with anyone he felt was doing wrong, going after prominent businessmen and sleazy criminal kingpins.

The unimpeachable saints that live on Wall Street grew to hate Spitzer, who often pried into their practices or brought down business figures he felt had crossed the line. He ruthlessly destroyed careers and tarnished a lot of reputations. He made a lot of enemies and most of his friends weren't particularly powerful, but he had the mandate of the people. Spitzer was and is a New York celebrity for his high-profile prosecutions and his hard-bitten "keeping 'em honest" persona. Democratic supporters compared him to Eliot Ness, possibly because they were too intellectually lazy to look beyond the shared first names.

In 2005 Spitzer announced his bid to become Governor of New York. He crushed his Democratic rival and was so favored in polling against sitting Republican Governor George Pataki that Pataki feigned interest in a Presidential bid and dropped out to avoid a humiliating defeat. Spitzer went on to defeat the disorganized Republicans and win the election with an ominous 69% of the vote.

Talk was already beginning that Spitzer might become the first Jewish President. His political adversaries grumbled that Spitzer had gone too far in many of his prosecutions and had bullied his way to power using his stint as the AG as a weapon. Powerful forces in New York lined up against him and his governorship was almost immediately neutered. Messy fights and harsh accusations flew back and forth. One famous outburst from Spitzer earned him the moniker "steamroller", although a look at the whole quote seems more meaningful in light of the recent scandal.

"Listen, I'm a fucking steamroller and I'll roll over you and anybody else."

Spitzer paid Kristen over 5,000 dollars for a single two-

hour session and a downpayment on his next visit.Yes, Eliot "The Fucking Steamroller" Spitzer faced gridlock and approval ratings that looked about as comforting as a massage with release from a Chinese girl with knives for hands. His enemies were growing in power and in number. He seemed doomed to be a one term failure instead of "America's First Jewish President" unless he could reverse his fortunes.

As it turned out, Spitzer couldn't so much reverse his fortunes as step on the pedal and drive the fucking steamroller off an FBI wiretap cliff. During the course of a prostitution sting, the FBI learned that for six years Spitzer was frequenting an elite Manhattan escort service called the Emperors Club VIP. Most recently the Steamroller (identified in transcripts as "Client No. 9") was fucking a 1,000+ dollar an hour call girl named "Kristen", soliciting classical music CDs from aides to set the mood for his sessions, and potentially involving taxpayer funding in the affair.

Further adding to the hypocrisy of Spitzer's downfall was the fact that he had investigated and broken up at least one major prostitution ring in New York. His political enemies crowed and the floor of the New York Stock Exchange literally filled with cheers and applause. A lot of people fucking hated Eliot Spitzer.

> **"He destroyed reputations of people who had good reputations and deserved reputations. We all have our own private hells. I hope his private hell is hotter than anybody else's."**
>
> **Kenneth Langone**
> *Former NYSE Director and friend of Richard Grasso*

Spitzer dutifully trudged before the media to apologize with his unfortunate wife by his side. New York Republicans gave him a 48 hour ultimatum to resign or be impeached. What few friends he had in New York gave emotional comments to the press. Jim Cramer, host of *Mad Money*, was particularly distraught. Cramer appeared on TV nearly weeping with sorrow at the idea that Spitzer had been banging a hooker for six years.

The Fucking Steamroller's inability to keep that pesky participle away from the steaming and rolling ended with his resignation. Lieutenant Governor David Paterson stepped in to replace him, making Paterson New York's first black Governor and America's first blind Governor.

Adding insult to injury, Spitzer was a Clinton supporter, one of her superdelegates, and the man behind the licenses-for-illegal-immigrants program that threw Clinton off in an early debate. The new Governor of New York would become a Democratic superdelegate, but Clinton still loses one from her column since Paterson is already a DNC superdelegate.

Spitzer will probably go on to a career enjoying his fabulous wealth and writing an autobiography. His well-paid friend Kristen will probably be appearing in Playboy or, at the very least, Hustler to offset her sudden unemployment.

Clinton says goodbye to Geraldine, but America's big dumb nightmare continues.

Geraldine Ferraro's biography is a catalog of very modest strides on behalf of women. She was one of two women graduating from her class in law school. She was elected as a New York congresswoman in 1978. Not the first, but there weren't all that many. She was the first woman to serve in the lofty role of Secretary to the House Democratic Caucus, long a dream of women everywhere.

"Sweetie, when you grow up," women no doubt told their daughters, "you too could be the Secretary of the House Democratic Caucus just like Geraldine Ferraro."

"Mom," the little girl no doubt replied, "when I grow up I want to be the secretary of the astronauts and firemen!"

If it's 1983 and you're a feminist you might be able to squint hard enough to view Ferraro as some sort of icon for women. As opposed to viewing her as, say, a middling New York congressional representative who did nothing remarkable during five years spent in the House of Representatives.

All that changed in 1984 when Ferraro had the good fortune to be selected as Walter Mondale's Vice Presidential candidate. At the time many wondered aloud, "Why pick a woman?" and also "Who the fuck is Geraldine Ferraro?" The nation continued to wonder this until November of that year, when America forgot about both her and Mondale and reelected Ronald Reagan with something like 99.8% of the vote. Ferraro would later admit that being tapped for VP had little to do with her career and more to do with her womb.

Feminists kept right on squinting. In 1994 Ferraro was enshrined in the National Women's Hall of Fame, possibly with a plaque under her photograph describing some of the milestone achievements of her career.

Geraldine Ferraro
First Female Vice Presidential Candidate

Ferraro was picked to run alongside Walter Mondale in 1984 as a gamble to swing women voters. Their ticket was defeated in one of the most lopsided presidential victories in American history.
You go girl!

Ferraro attempted and failed to win a Senate seat in 1985 and 1992. Since then she has been bouncing around like tumbleweed through charitable boards, think tanks, and various Washington consulting firms. She appeared briefly in headlines in 1998 when she was diagnosed with cancer, but the media quickly lost interest in her moderately heroic fight when Ferraro managed to avoid death.

Then came 2006. Ferraro endorsed New York Senator Hillary Clinton in her bid for the Democratic nomination for President. Quietly, like a wizened snake, Ferraro slithered aboard Clinton's campaign baggage train. Ferraro campaigned with Clinton, did a little surrogate work, but mostly remained behind the scenes helping to raise money as an unpaid member of Clinton's finance committee.

That is, until this week, when Ferraro burst forth from the underbrush to regurgitate the partially-digested skeleton of race at a fund raiser. Her bizarre comments were subsequently picked up and printed by an obscure California newspaper.

Little girls only write you notes because you're black, Obama.

> **"If Obama was a white man, he would not be in this position. And if he was a woman (of any color) he would not be in this position. He happens to be very lucky to be who he is. And the country is caught up in the concept."**

Ferraro's comment outraged Obama's surrogates, supporters, and 105% of all black people who viewed it as belittling Obama and assuming all of his success was due to his race, a "lucky" coin-

cidence. It's not really all that upsetting when viewed objectively, not because it makes some sort of sense, but because it is so completely nonsensical it defies categorization. When you start by framing your argument around alternate reality scenarios where Barack Obama is a white woman you're not really on sound footing.

If Obama was a Martian, and it was 1955, the arrival of his space capsule in the Nevada desert would plunge the world into atomic war. And if he was a Venusian dinosaur rider with huge tits wearing a leopard skin bikini and roaming the sun-baked savannahs of a re-imagined Europa he would not be here, as a black man, running for President.

Obama called the statement ridiculous and many Obama supporters cried racism. Some dared to send Ferraro mean emails, which gravely upset her, as though strange digital aliens were reaching out from a computerized future to call her a dumb racist cunt. No worry, Ferraro put her easily-overturned applecart to good use, bringing up the emails and other really dumb things during her tour of every major media outlet willing to set aside time for a musty relic of the 1980s to spew bullshit into a body microphone. And spew she did.

> ***"Any time anybody does anything that in any way pulls [the Obama campaign] down and says, 'Let's address reality and the problems we're facing in this world,' you're accused of being racist, so you have to shut up. Racism works in two different directions. I really think they're attacking me because I'm white. How's that?"***

According to Ferraro the "reality and the problems we're facing in this world" revolve around Obama not being a white woman. Remarkably, Ferraro's chemo-addled brain managed to turn her own comments around into Obama trying to tar people as racists, despite the fact that neither Obama nor anyone on his campaign called her a racist. Adding to the imbroglio, some clever Internet gumshoe with a LexisNexis account turned up a quote from Ferraro in 1988 in which she belittled then-rival candidate Jesse Jackson in almost the exact way she had attacked Barack Obama.

> ***"If Jesse Jackson were not black, he wouldn't be in the race."***

Cancer, why have you failed us! Oh, I'm sorry, I suppose I should have put that in an email.

The Clinton campaign, loathe to apologize, denied Ferraro was employed by the campaign (she technically was not) and shrugged its collective shoulders. It is this latter aspect that has tangled Clinton up in the Ferraro mess. To many analysts Clinton's limp-wristed rejection of Ferraro and her inability to muzzle the former VP candidate indicates Clinton was glad to have Ferraro out there every morning talking to Steve Doocy or Diane Sawyer about the cosmic injustice of Obama's pigment and genitalia.

When Mark Penn finished his micro-polling, and discovered that most people viewed Ferraro as a senile idiot talking like a relic of segregation, Clinton finally distanced herself and forced Ferraro to resign. Ferraro couldn't even manage to do this with any class, instead threatening to continue her crusade and taking the opportunity to once again lash out the Obama campaign.

> ***"I am stepping down from your finance committee so I can speak for myself***

> ***and you can continue to speak for yourself about what is at stake in this campaign. The Obama campaign is attacking me to hurt you. I won't let that happen."***

Whether it was a ploy by the Clinton campaign will never be clear, but we can all thank Geraldine Ferraro for bringing us the low point, so far, of the Democratic presidential primary. With weeks to go between now and the next primary in Pennsylvania, and Ferraro sending ominous signals about continuing to "speak out" in the media, the contest may yet sink to greater depths.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.15 Tech Break: Apple's MacBook Air Is Full Of Hot Circuits

Saturday, Mar 15, 2008 by John P. Qwerty (@DennisFarrell)

Tech Break is a syndicated column which runs in over three hundred print and internet publications around the world, including ***Digital Life***, ***PC Compute Beep Beep***, *and* ***Cat Fancy***.

By covering such historic events as the Nvidia / 3DFX video card war of 1998 - for which he won a Pulitzer and lost three toes on his left foot - John P. Qwerty has established himself as one of technology's most respected journalists. He is not afraid to express controversial opinions and harebrained conspiracy theories, even when doing so poses the risk of giving his column increased exposure and a larger readership.

He currently lives in Phoenix, Arizona with his beautiful population of Phoenix. If you have a piece of hardware or software that you would like to give him for free on the off chance that he might write about it, send him an email at john@qwerty.org.

John Goes Mac? Say It Ain't So!

Longtime readers will know that I am a staunch defender of Windows Millennium Edition, the most criminally underrated operating system in history. While Windows ME has not left my hard drive since its release in September of 2000, I have used a separate partition to try out other operating systems from time to time just to see what all the fuss was about. My experience so far can be summarized as follows:

Linux
Too many buttons, just a cheap ripoff of Windows ME with amateur apps that are completely useless.

Windows XP
Don't like the picture of the rubber duck that it assigned to my profile. Don't like it at all.

Windows Vista
Almost as great as ME, but the rays of light that come out of the bootup logo always make me think my glasses are smudged.

The only operating system I haven't had a chance to fudge around with is Apple's OSX Ocelot or Lion King Edition or whatever. You see, OSX cannot be installed on a proper computer and Apple isn't eager to send me one of their overpriced status symbols because they're still sore over the accurate and completely fair comments I've made about the likelihood of them going to hell when they die a horrible death, possibly from a massive loss of blood induced by sticking their junk in an industrial fan.

Why not just buy an Apple machine, you ask? A true journalist never pays for something they are going to write about. It goes against every rule in the Journalistic Integrity Handbook (available this March, now taking preorders on my website). The exchange of money creates a relationship

between the reviewer and the product that taints his opinion.

Ideally a company will not only give a journalist their products at no cost, but they will also fly you to their headquarters in first class seating and throw a "Enjoy Your Free Piece Of Technology And This Envelope Full Of Fifty Dollar Bills!" party in your name, preferably with a D.J. and some cocktail shrimp. Only then will any potential ethical quandaries be sidestepped.

How I Got One

Knowing that millions of readers were desperate to hear my opinions about OSX, I had to take matters into my own hands and acquire a Mac through any means necessary. After my regular mid-morning vanity search, I spilled some pickle juice on my blazer to disguise myself and set off for the local Apple Store.

To my surprise, a pile of discarded MacBooks - last year's model, each and every one - lay on the sidewalk just outside the store's entrance. These perfectly functional notebooks had been tossed aside by the trendy Macaholics who had come to get the new MacBook Air, but they suited my purpose just fine.

I only needed to hide behind the pile for ten minutes before a college-aged girl came out of the Apple Store with a new Mac in hand. Obeying Sun Tzu's emphasis on the element of surprise, I waited until she was just past my hiding spot before I leapt out and shoved her in the back with all of my might, sending her sprawling to the ground. She didn't let go of her shopping bag immediately, but years of typing had given my fingers superhuman gripping power and it was only a matter of time before I emerged victorious and ran back to my car, shrieking in fright as she gave chase.

The Review

It's a slick commercial. A manilla envelope is opened by a hand model while quirky hipster music reminds you how uncool you are. Inside is the MacBook Air. The whole darn thing fits in one envelope. Even I have to admit it's impressive.

But is it true?

After extensive testing, I can verify that the laptop does fit in a manilla envelope. It does not, however, fit in a standard letter envelope. It doesn't even fit in two of them if you put one envelope around each end of the Air and stretch them toward each other really hard.

Now I'm not sure about you, but in my daily life I encounter regular envelopes a heck of a lot more than manilla envelopes. Apple is clearly in collusion with the manilla conglomerates in an elaborate scheme to force a new envelope standard upon the mindless Mac drones who want to get the most out of their MacBook Airs. It's the same scheme they pulled over on us with the iPod and black body paint.

Now on to the operating system. Unfortunately, this review does not include my firsthand experience with OSX. Before I had a chance to turn the notebook on, I decided to show off its ultra-thin form factor to my son by going down to the park and throwing the unit through an apple that was balanced on his head. As you might expect, one of us got hurt.

The mugger took off with our wallets and the laptop, but not before biting my arm, giving me arm cancer.

I don't recommend the MacBook Air to anyone.

-∼John P. Qwerty (@DennisFarrell)

3.16 Three States that Just Shouldn't Be Allowed to Vote

Sunday, Mar 16, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Recently there has been a lot of controversy over whether Michigan and Florida should be given the right to have their votes count in the hotly contested Democratic primary. The states complain that they have been disenfranchised, and that it is their right to have their voices heard.

Their statements are based on the absurd assumption that allowing every state to have their say in national politics is a *good thing*, rather than the main reason why America is lagging behind just about every other developed country in just about every way except in the area of spending tons of money on new gadgets for our military to kill people with.

The truth is that not every state should be allowed to vote. Some are too dumb to vote. Some are too evil to vote. Some are Florida. In the interest of space, I've narrowed the list down to the top three. Three states that just shouldn't be allowed to vote anymore. Here they are:

3. Ohio

Ohio isn't plagued with the repellent politics or grandiose incompetence of my other two picks, but it earns its place on this list for its consistent tendency to edge its way into a pivotal position in national politics, and then to charge enthusiastically in the wrong direction, dragging the rest of the country along with it like a four year old dragging an irritated parent to buy some stupid toy that the kid won't even like once he gets it.

The 2004 presidential elections came down to their working-class white asses, and we all know how that turned out. More recently, they made the bold decision to string out an interminable primary process that has literally already been mathematically decided in favor of the other candidate. A chain is only as strong as its weakest link. A video game is only as entertaining as its most boring escort mission. A country is only as strong as its ability to tell Ohio to fuck off.

Fuck off, Ohio.

2. Texas

There is a good reason why whenever foreign movies have a character that represents everything they think is wrong with America, they make it a ten-gallon hat wearing Texan yokel. It's because Texas is not only everything that is wrong with America, it is everything that is wrong with anything in the universe that could possibly be conceived of as wrong.

One easy point to make is that it gave both Bushs their start in national politics. But I won't talk about that. After all, I'm from the state that introduced to the world to a certain genial monster named Reagan. No, instead I want to talk about Texas's deep love for killing people. Especially mentally-handicapped people.

A single glance at the number of executions per state since 1976 should give you ample reason to deprive Texans of the right to decide anything ever outside of their dusty wasteland. Out of a little over a thousand executions done in the last 32 years, Texas performed 405 of them. To put this into perspective, the second highest number comes from Virginia at 98 prisoners killed since '76. To put this into a different perspective, Texans are bloodthirsty savages who long for the days when they were allowed to lynch people they suspected of crimes such as theft or not being white.

Oh, and a full nine of the executed prisoners were mentally-handicapped. I know, I know, nine people who are absolutely incapable of understanding the world around them or of what they have been accused doesn't seem like *that* excessive a number, but I've always been a little nit-picky about killing mental patients through processes that are objectively unfair.

One last thing: I know I wasn't going to hold Texas responsible for the idiots they elect, but don't imagine that they learned their lesson from five years under Governor Bush. Current Governor Rick Perry invited Ted Nugent to perform at his inauguration bash. Surprisingly, that resulted in the following:

> *Using machine guns as props, Nugent, 58, appeared onstage as the final act of the inaugural ball wearing a cutoff T-shirt emblazoned with the Confederate flag and shouting offensive remarks about non-English speakers.*

Governor Perry assured the press that this was "no big deal" before excusing himself to personally shoot a few random state prisoners in the head.

1. Florida

Has any state single-handedly caused more trouble for the electoral process? Unless one of the other 49 has been secretly deciding its elections using a modified Twister spinner, then the answer is no. Florida is truly, truly terrible at running elections. This wouldn't be a problem if we were having a casual electoral pick-up game, but a state this uniquely inept at counting how many people pick a specific name from a list should not be allowed to have a say in deciding the presidency, any more

than you would invite a beginner soccer player to give it his best at representing the US in the Olympics. Florida is Flori-helpwe'retoodumbtohandledemocracy and here's the evidence:

a. The disastrous 2000 presidential elections

Recounts followed by re-recounts followed by the Supreme Court picking a winner out of a hat because the people of Florida were too confused by a list of names to correctly check the box next to the one they had walked into the booth planning to vote for. Of course, you can't just blame the idiots who *live* in the state for jamming Bush into the presidency over the voice of the popular vote. No, most of the blame can be put on the racist, slimy idiots who *run* the place.

Even for a state that's governor was Bush's brother, and that's Secretary of State was a member of Bush's campaign, there was an impressive amount of good old-fashioned cheating involved in choosing the man who would usher us into the most drawn-out, least popular, most bloody "military police action" since, you know, the V-word.

Among the more blatant tactics were the setting up of police roadblocks in predominantly black precincts, the blocking of thousands of regular citizens from voting because their names were similar to convicted felons, and the paying of fake protesters to disrupt re-counts in Miami. Clearly the real reason conservatives want democracy in Iraq is so that they won't have to fight it over here.

b. Their whining about not counting for anything in the primaries

Maybe it's true that the changing of the date of the primary, which resulted in the voiding of their delegates, was the result of Republicans in the Florida legislature pulling an extremely effective political tactic that is technically known as "a dick move", but the voters still had plenty of warning. Besides, complaining about your vote not counting in Florida is like moving to Alaska and complaining about snow.

Now there are calls for a mail-in revote, which, if it happens, will certainly be run with Florida's exacting standards. For example, it recently turned out that the state managed to screw up sending sample ballots to thousands of citizens, resulting in those citizens never receiving the vital information. What group was overwhelmingly most affected by the mistake? Well, if someone asks you a question about people being screwed over by election mistakes, just answer "black people" and you'll be right nine times out of ten.

c. Tamarac, Florida

I don't want to be unfair to the people running elections in Florida. The average Florida voter is just as much at fault for how badly their elections are run. For instance, the city of Tamarac, Florida recently held an election to decide a land annexation issue. The number of votes cast during the day? It's the same as Florida's worth as a state:

> *Every vote counts. But what happens when there are no votes at all? That's the situation city officials in Tamarac are facing. No voters showed up Wednesday night to cast a ballot in an annexation referendum for an unincorporated Broward County community.*
>
> *Details were mailed to registered voters. If just one voter had shown up, that one vote would have decided the neighborhood's fate.*

> *The cost of keeping a polling site open for 12 hours with no voters: $2,500.*

Florida is so bad at voting that even when the officials pull off opening the polling places without scandal or major error, the voters manage something so audaciously stupid as having not a single one of them show up to cast their vote. But don't worry! The city has a plan:

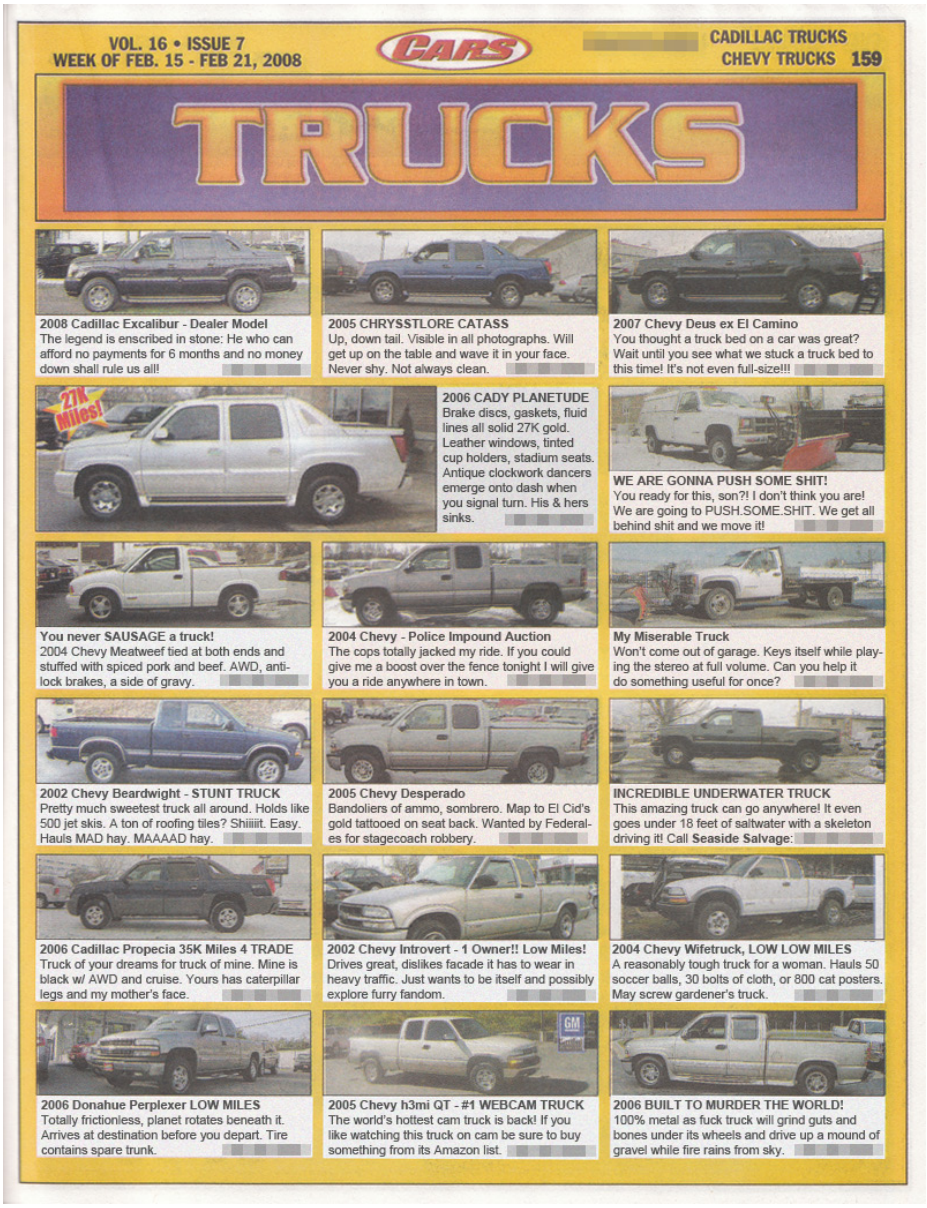
> *City officials could take another approach to annexing the area. One option is a mail-in ballot election.*

So in the likely event that you receive a mislabeled ballot in the mail asking you to vote on land-annexation in Florida sometime this week, don't be confused. Just close your eyes, make a few random scribbles on the paper with your pen, and mail it back. That's the Florida way.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

3.17 CARS: TRUCKS (DEALS)

Monday, Mar 17, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



VOL. 16 • ISSUE 7
WEEK OF FEB. 15 - FEB 21, 2008

CARS

CADILLAC TRUCKS
CHEVY TRUCKS 159

TRUCKS

2008 Cadillac Excalibur - Dealer Model
The legend is enscribed in stone: He who can afford no payments for 6 months and no money down shall rule us all!

2005 CHRYSSTLORE CATASS
Up, down tail. Visible in all photographs. Will get up on the table and wave it in your face. Never shy. Not always clean.

2007 Chevy Deus ex El Camino
You thought a truck bed on a car was great? Wait until you see what we stuck a truck bed to this time! It's not even full-size!!!

27K Miles!

2006 CADY PLANETUDE
Brake discs, gaskets, fluid lines all solid 27K gold. Leather windows, tinted cup holders, stadium seats. Antique clockwork dancers emerge onto dash when you signal turn. His & hers sinks.

WE ARE GONNA PUSH SOME SHIT!
You ready for this, son?! I don't think you are! We are going to PUSH.SOME.SHIT. We get all behind shit and we move it!

You never SAUSAGE a truck!
2004 Chevy Meatweef tied at both ends and stuffed with spiced pork and beef. AWD, anti-lock brakes, a side of gravy.

2004 Chevy - Police Impound Auction
The cops totally jacked my ride. If you could give me a boost over the fence tonight I will give you a ride anywhere in town.

My Miserable Truck
Won't come out of garage. Keys itself while playing the stereo at full volume. Can you help it do something useful for once?

2002 Chevy Beardwight - STUNT TRUCK
Pretty much sweetest truck all around. Holds like 500 jet skis. A ton of roofing tiles? Shiiiit. Easy. Hauls MAD hay. MAAAAD hay.

2005 Chevy Desperado
Bandoliers of ammo, sombrero. Map to El Cid's gold tattooed on seat back. Wanted by Federales for stagecoach robbery.

INCREDIBLE UNDERWATER TRUCK
This amazing truck can go anywhere! It even goes under 18 feet of saltwater with a skeleton driving it! Call **Seaside Salvage**!

2006 Cadillac Propecia 35K Miles 4 TRADE
Truck of your dreams for truck of mine. Mine is black w/ AWD and cruise. Yours has caterpillar legs and my mother's face.

2002 Chevy Introvert - 1 Owner!! Low Miles!
Drives great, dislikes facade it has to wear in heavy traffic. Just wants to be itself and possibly explore furry fandom.

2004 Chevy Wifetruck, LOW LOW MILES
A reasonably tough truck for a woman. Hauls 50 soccer balls, 30 bolts of cloth, or 800 cat posters. May screw gardener's truck.

2006 Donahue Perplexer LOW MILES
Totally frictionless, planet rotates beneath it. Arrives at destination before you depart. Tire contains spare trunk.

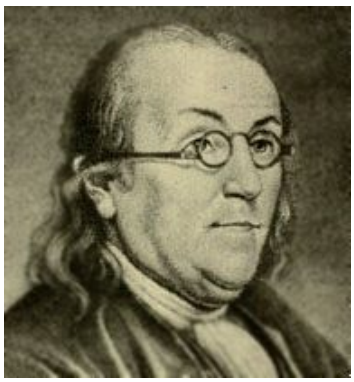
2005 Chevy h3mi QT - #1 WEBCAM TRUCK
The world's hottest cam truck is back! If you like watching this truck on cam be sure to buy something from its Amazon list.

2006 BUILT TO MURDER THE WORLD!
100% metal as fuck truck will grind guts and bones under its wheels and drive up a mound of gravel while fire rains from sky.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.18 The Lesser Wisdom of Benjamin Franklin

Tuesday, Mar 18, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



Benjamin Franklin remains one of America's most cherished historical figures. He was an inventor, a writer, a philosopher and a statesman; though he's considered a Founding Father of our nation, the average person may remember him best for the wit and wisdom of his most famous sayings, many of which have passed nobly into cliché.

Among his many projects, Franklin wrote and published a yearly compendium of facts and amusements known as *Poor Richard's Almanack*. Within the *Almanack's* pages, Franklin dispensed sage advice: "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise"; "God helps them that help themselves." Though many of his nuggets of wisdom have survived the ages, many more have been forgotten or suppressed due to their questionable merit.

We are proud to republish a collection of Franklin's minor quotations and lesser wisdom.

The industrious man needs no food, for there shall be nourishment enough in the grave.

He who endeavors to drink salt needs fear no thirst.

The working man is fit and fed, and stabs the sluggard in his bed.

Preparation is the burden of fools.

To cross the sea takes naught but a pair of legs and the will to swim.

The nude man catcheth the hen while the clothed man shivers.

Shrewdness can turn one penny into two, but wisdom can turn a horse into a boy.

Save a penny every year and you shall die a millionaire.

For every pound of sand you eat, another shilling's yours to keep.

The wise man learns things, but the fool does not.

A rich man's pockets hold more shillings than spiders, because he is not afraid to grope blindly in dark woodpiles.

Judge a man not by the size of his hat, but by the angle of its tilt.

Genius without education is like a dog without shoes.

A heavy ship cannot sink.

No sin withers the soul more quickly than laughter.

It is always better to be diligent, for he who toils with honor dies content, while he who is lazy sleeps with the diligent man's wife.

Save a moment each day by leaving your trousers on while you relieve your bladder. When you have grown old, you will relish not only the time saved but also the warmth and contentment of your marvelous habit.

He who dines on human meat, shall never want for things to eat.

The patient man shall live to bury his sons.

Benjamin Franklin lives with his wife and two adult children in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He is over three hundred years old.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

3.19 THE NEWS MAGAZINE OF THE COMPUTER SCREEN, VOL. 6

Wednesday, Mar 19, 2008 by SA REEL SERVICE (@Livestock)

This article is part of the News Magazine of the Computer Screen series.

A strange and unusual tractor was sighted in a field in the quiet farming community of Drummond, Oklahoma on Wednesday, causing quite the commotion! Several farmers standing near a barn observed a strange and bright object in the distance, moving silently through a field like some diabolic knife across the throat of Lady Liberty!

"It was about 12:15 and me and the boys was enjoying some sandwiches that Ma fixed us," reported eye witness Farmer George, who lost most of his eyesight during the startling event! "The next minute we saw that tractor and suddenly it was three hours later and we were behind on our work. No idea how that happened! No idea in the world!"

One motorist with severe burns all over his body said, "It was shiny and seemed glimmer in the sun. I had to stop the car and get a better look. The next thing I know my car is out of gas. I had half a tank."

Noted town drunk Eli Hornraker claims to have actually ridden the tractor. "Yeah, I rode on the tractor them all is talkin' about," said the man, imbibing vigorously in a desperate attempt to destroy whatever demon is lurking inside him! "I pray to god I don't ever have to ride on it again."

Local scientists noted higher than usual radioactive activity in the area, as well as strange electromagnetic phenomena never before observed in nature!

"I'd sure like to see this tractor for myself," said Professor Winchester Groinblaster. "Based on the electromagnetic properties lingering in the field, I suspect it could transport hay in ways beyond our comprehension."

In the wake of the tractor sighting the town was swamped with members of the Good Farmers' Association, who investigated the sighting and determined it was merely a trick of light caused by a reflection from a windmill.

Not so fast says Farmer George! "There ain't no windmills nearby. I seen a tractor for sure!"

This just goes to show that there is always something exciting happening in Oklahoma!

Idiot, buffoon, knucklehead. Those are just some of the names the president called himself during a press conference in which he tried to explain his biggest blunder yet! "I'm sorry!" he yelled while hitting himself in the face repeatedly. "I'm so sorry!"

"He told me he just needed a couple million now, and the profits would start rolling in right away," said the now homeless president in a hotel conference room packed full of reporters.

The President was suckered by the notorious J. Q. Haberdasher, a conman known by one and all throughout the whole of Washington. That is, of course, with the exception of our knucklheaded commander-in-chief, who thought it would be a good idea to give him the deed to the White House! What a dimwit!

"He said he would make us all rich. I was a fool to believe him," added a sobbing president, on his knees like a lowly fool begging the American people for a second chance.

Haberdasher met his mark when he convinced the lamebrain president that if he fronted enough capital, he could buy his way into a lucrative land deal that would net billions. The president, ever the bumbling idiot, believed him, and quickly offered up the White House deed, claiming it was "worth its weight in gold."

Haberdasher quickly absconded with the White House, having it moved to his home town of Pigeon Forge, Tennessee, where he plans to turn it into an amusement venue and musical theatre.

When asked if he was sorry for tricking the president and robbing the American people, the knavish rogue offered only a laugh, which lasted for fifteen gruesome minutes that gnawed at the American psyche like some ravenous buzzard! Unable to find fault in Haberdasher's paperwork, all we can do is clench our fists and howl like mad dogs at the cold, indifferent moon!

Meanwhile, little Timmy, age 7, stares at the vacant lot occupying 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. "What a horrid shame," proclaimed the tiny tike. "Truly a magnificent blight on the American landscape and a shame we share as one."

Residents of Macon, Georgia are enduring their worst nightmare! The vile hands of fate have wrapped themselves around the necks of ordinary Macon men, signaling the dawn of a horrific age of despair and darkness hitherto unseen and unimagined by honest souls! A large, shrill, angry woman has gotten herself elected mayor, and will stop at nothing to drive the men of Macon up the wall with an endless barrage of nagging!

"This town has been sitting in front of the TV watching football for too long," yelled the gorgon as she issued each citizen a broom and sent them out to clean up the city, which is hardly even dirty!

Like a roaring and mighty tempest, this virago screams and hollers at any man in sight! "Do this," the giant woman demands! "Do that," she insists! Frustrated and resigned, the men have no choice but to comply with her endless list of orders, the vast multitude of which could wait until a later time!

The men are emasculated and battered, unable to stand up to this powerful ogress, who is already committing untold city resources to foolhardy projects that aren't even necessary!

"She yelled at me to help build a park for the kids. We've already got parks in this town, we don't need more!" cried one man with a sore back, who would much rather be at home drinking a beer and watching the game!

The men obey the brutish battle-ax, lest they be subjected to anymore of her angry yells and demands, which are so shrill and vexing that they drive men to wish for deafness, if not the cold embrace of Death itself!

"I just want to relax and unwind," proclaimed one male citizen, who whimpered like a starving beast that we protect his anonymity from that domineering termagant of a mayor!

In the week since Her Honor gained power through the peaceful but flawed democratic process, Macon's hospitals have been overwhelmed with cases of baldness!

"The men are losing or pulling out their hair!" yelled Dr. Arnold Glycerin, who is already secretly looking for work in neighboring towns. "That is how bad she is with her nagging!"

Looks like Macon, Georgia is in for a rough four years!

In our haste to advance the frontiers of science and technology ever further, we may have carelessly let one of the most important fundamentals disappear from our grasp! It appears human beings have forgotten everything there is to know about pottery!

Just how did this disastrous blunder occur and what are its certain-to-be-dire consequences?

Leading scientist Able Shortlegs thinks he has the answers! "Imagine a great technology tree. We have just lost one of its important roots. The repercussions may be felt up the entire tree, in every single branch!"

Others see a less catastrophic outcome. "Pottery ain't done no man no lick of good," chimed one country bumpkin, who stood on a corner arguing with a man over the price of a bag of salt!

"Our ancestors spent a great many resources and years practicing the art of pottery," notes famous intellectual Hugo Wilhelm. "Now we have forgotten their sacrifice. How long until we lose our hold of masonry, or, God forbid, horseback riding?"

Ever since we learned the art of pottery from an ancient scroll discovered in a hut, America has led the way in pushing for new technology, science, and understanding! But now, with pottery no longer at our disposal, can we realistically claim to be the leader? And just who is to blame for this grave mistake?

"I spent so much time pointing lasers at mirrors that I simply forgot everything there is to know about pottery," confessed Professor Thomas Magillicutty, who was promptly tarred in feathered by an angry mob!

For now America is at a crossroads, unable to make any new pots. The pots we still have remain as haunting relics of our own arrogance and foolishness, leering at us from shelves and cabinets, beckoning us to smash them for tormenting us so cruelly!

This has been a presentation of the SA REEL SERVICE NEWS MAGAZINE of the COMPUTER SCREEN!

-~SA REEL SERVICE (@Livestock)

3.20 Welcome to Tent City, USA!

Thursday, Mar 20, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Home, sweet home!

Remember when you were a kid and you would camp out in the backyard? I sure do. I look back fondly on the days when I would set up my huge tent and invite all the neighborhood kids over and we'd tell ghost stories, make sh'mores, and experiment with our homosexuality.

At random intervals my dad would circle around our tent with a chainsaw and scare the shit out of us and when we woke up there would be snails stuck to our shoes and we'd shake them off and kill them for no reason other than to watch them die. Ah, to be young again.

My paranoid Mom eventually put an end to our camping when she saw a news report that a serial rapist stalking young boys was on the loose. Of course when the guy was caught she still forbid me to set up my tent in the backyard because "all gay rapists come out at night". Thanks Mom. Camping in the living room is just as fun.

Well, thanks to the U.S. mortgage crisis you can now experience the thrill of camping out in the backyard every single night! But this time instead of your backyard it'll be in a vacant lot. And instead of thrill the only thing you'll experience is despair and your inevitable suicide. According to BBC News, better than American news in every single way, Ontario, CA is now home to a modern day Hooverville.

> *The meltdown in the US mortgage market has led to record foreclosures and forced thousands from their homes. In few places is it worse than southern California...*
>
> *Forty miles east of Los Angeles, on a patch of waste ground, is the place they call Tent City.*
>
> *Last summer, local officials established this camp as a temporary base for the city's homeless population...*

FINALLY, WE RENTERS ARE VINDICATED! TAKE THAT, FORMER HOMEOWNERS!

Back when the real estate boom was at its peak a day didn't go by that I didn't get into some stupid argument about renting vs. owning a home. Suddenly everybody was an expert on real estate. I would constantly hear, "You're stupid to rent! Once you make that rent payment you have nothing. You're just making some landlord rich. Heh, ever heard of equity? Methinks not. When I sell my house I'm going to be a millionaire!"

WHO HAS NOTHING NOW, RICK?! WHO HAS NOTHING NOW?!

You former homeowners who berated us for renting deserve everything that comes to you. It turns out you *couldn't* afford that three bedroom house with a pool in the suburbs. It turns out you were living well beyond your means. And it turns out that you're a bunch of imbeciles who didn't understand what your mortgage contract really meant. This article has me laughing all the way to the bank, the comeuppance bank!

Here's some more from the BBC article, because the more I quote the less I have to write.

> *But one man, who did not give his name, said he and his family were living in Tent City because they were victims of America's foreclosure crisis. It came down to "feeding my family or keeping the house", he said, "so I got rid of the house".*
>
> *The property he lost is nearby in Ontario, which, in places, offers a middle-class suburban dream - green lawns, wide pavements, garages big enough for two cars.*

I think the BBC is confused as to what the word "victim" really means. A victim is someone who is minding their own business and gets stabbed in the eye while trying to negotiate the price of a blowjob with a whore because his wife thinks giving head to her husband is a dirty and shameful act. So does he, except at night when he's "working late at the office".

I'll buy a house I can't afford from you any day, cutie!

The people who had their houses foreclosed on are no more victims than people who deliberately trip and fall at a grocery and then try to sue the store. These people's mortgage negotiations were the equivalent of buying speakers off the back of a truck. They knowingly took deals they knew they couldn't afford and didn't have the good sense to actually read what they were agreeing to.

I mean, these are the same people who thought they got a good deal on a mortgage because the real estate agent's office had a bowl of free Skittles theirs for the taking. They also received a $50 gift certificate to Starbucks when the deal was finalized. An adjustable rate mortgage, free candy AND a month's supply of frappuccino? How can I go wrong?! Surely if my rate were to ever increase it would be offset by last year's generous coffee savings!

Lesson learned: Never buy real estate from a guy named Cluck.

Oh, but honey we'll finally be able to get a dog because we'll have a backyard big enough for him to roam around in and we'll build that deck with a jacuzzi we've always wanted and we won't have to live in an apartment anymore next to smelly neighbors from India. Oh, it'll be an American dream come true!

The American dream is about two cars in every garage, a chicken in every pot, and having a bunch of worthless stuff you can't afford. Americans might actually have to, holy crap, live within their means. They might even have to take the bus a few times a month, move back in next door to Mexicans they fled to the suburbs to escape from, and cut back on those mocha caramel soy lattes hold the whip cream half milk venti and some other gay phrase you hear when you find yourself in a Starbucks. My heart is going out to these victims.

I love that phrase that people say when they lose their house, "It came down to feeding my family or keeping the house, so I got rid of the house." You never hear people say, "It came down to feeding my family or buying a house under unfavorable terms, so I didn't buy a house under unfavorable terms."

Much like the housing boom, my giddiness over human suffering wasn't meant to last. Unlike most people I actually read to the end of the article.

> *But in Tent City, at least, he is in a minority - few are here as a direct result of the housing crash.*
>
> *However, Mike Dunlap, who runs a volunteer group providing supplies to Tent City's dwellers, thinks that could change.*

So because they were able to talk to one guy who lives in Tent City, U.S.A. because he lost his home and some volunteer *thinks* more people like him are coming to Tent City, BBC has been able to make the giant leap that this homeless haven is a reflection of the U.S. mortgage crisis. If only their comedy was as funny as their journalism!

No, it turns out that Ontario's Tent City population consists of the same run-of-the-mill homeless people you see in everyday life. Other articles about Tent City, American articles, don't even mention the housing crisis. Hey BBC, you got me all excited for nothing! This article is like those articles claiming that Second Life is this massive social revolution when in reality it's just a hangout for Internet recluses with quirky fetishes like infantalism, furry fandom, and pedophilia.

Now I sure as hell don't read whole news articles, especially when they are as long as a damn page. Few people do, especially when those articles begin with, "Remember when you were a kid?"

Oh, it's just regular tent city. Phew!

But thanks to this BBC article a bunch of British whatever-the-equivalent-of-rednecks-are will think America is on the verge of chaos, its citizens living in makeshift Hoovervilles reminiscent of the Great Depression. Someone dig up Dorothea Lange. She's needed in Ontario, CA!

I can see what's really going on. This is all a ploy for the BBC to paint the United States as a country full of idiotic savages and drum up support for Britain to make their move and finally reclaim the thirteen original colonies and the country. Listen, 232 years sounds like a good run, but we all knew this nonsense wasn't going to last forever. We had our fun but it's time to admit, considering the state of the economy, the price of gasoline, the mess we've created overseas, and the apparent lack of control we have over the direction of our very own lives, we have no goddamn clue what we're doing.

Better start practicing that loyalty oath to the queen. As a guy who writes articles on the Internet the best I can hope for is a royal job fetching the queen mum's tea in the morning. I've been practicing and I'll be ever so good!

So as a guy who once got a B in a remedial level economics course I can confidently predict that the sorry state of the American economy will lead to a takeover of the country by Great Britain and the United States of America will cease to exist. And if I'm wrong may I shamelessly backpedal and deny I ever made those statements.

At least then, you could never accuse me of being unAmerican.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

3.21 Blue Stripe - The Life and Times of a Delta Quadrant Scam Artist

Friday, Mar 21, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.

Blue Stripe brings you true tales of tomorrow's working class. For ever blaster-wielding rocket jockey there are a thousand intergalactic wage slaves and blue collar laborers. They're just background for the supposed heroes of the future, but to those of us at Blue Stripe they are the men, women, droids, and tentacled nightmares that will build and maintain the future.

Hail and greetings to you! I am honored to make your esteemed acquaintances. I am Xorgus P. Wullshik, Imperator at large, ferryman of fetching freight, and purveyor of pulchritudinous paraphernalia.

You will have no doubt by this point and at this occasion detected that my ship is fully unarmed and equipped only with a small quantum engine which my simple species utilizes to transport our vessels across space. I entreat you not to greet my feeble vessel unkindly. I have no doubt a race as advanced and wise as yours possesses weapons that might be employed to bring about the destruction of my craft in seconds.

Oh, it is not battle you seek, but commerce. This is a language I am fluent in, I assure you! Allow me to presume the role of interlocutor for a moment and implore upon your patience to unfurl your list of demands.

Logs? Work logs you say? Something so uncommonly requested I have not seen in many years. Yet it just so happens I have had affairs with a certain Xorgus P. Wullshik who might have just what you are looking for! Oh, well why of course, I am referring to myself and I did not even realize! I have the work logs you desire, although I fear the word "work" does not begin to describe the abject poverty I have endured since I began selling my wares in the Delta Quadrant.

Barely a druknel to rub together, I'm afraid. If only I had a few to- ah, you are too kind! Too kind indeed.

These fine files which you are about to witness before your very eyes are from my own personal stock. They detail my adventures throughout the Delta Quadrant and the many exploits and exploitations I have been purvey to! I scantily can believe them myself, so fantastic are these adventures and so far-fetched are my wondrous encounters with the denizens of this demarcation.

What price do I ask for such a delightful dossier? What possible value could I place upon such a peerless portfolio? 800 druknels? 900? Over a thousand?

No! I ask only 499 druknels for this file, which will open to you the secrets of space, time, and glorx. You have never heard of glorx!? Well, well, well, friend. What wonders await you within the pages of this magnificent missive!

Sorry, the machine is broken, I can only take cash. Nope, read the sign. Druknels or Euros.

Ah, this will do nicely! Very well, human, you shall have what it is that it is that you desire to have!

A final warning! Once you have read the story of Xorgus P. Wullshik, your very life will seem so doldrumerous and desiccated that you might just choose to hurl yourself out the space lock. These memories of mine will become memories of yours and you will be forced to endure each and every day of your lives without the benefit of having never heard of Xorgus P. Wullshik.

Mxdag

The pinging of the dowser grows urgent. With great haste I pull upon that peculiar lever that when engaged removes my ship from the stream of glorx to sidereal space. With a sputter and a harrumph! and a great shower of sparkling light Fancy Specter emerges from glorx.

An intergalactic species of suckers is born every minute.

I can tell immediately by the haze of anomalous gasses that I am in the midst of the Nekrit Expanse. I have traversed this region before, but it seems an unlikely location for me to find potential customers. It is terribly boring, even if you are fortunate enough to possess travel checkers technology.

I adjust the knobs on my skrurmophone to achieve full spectrum sensualization. In moments I discover that my sidereal dowser has not led me astray. There are bargain hunters within visual range!

A tug of the skrurmophone plunger sucks the image of their spaceship up onto the majorest of my screens. It is a very attractive spaceship, that sort of spaceship that oozes money, preferably into my pockets. I remove my glorx helmet, adjust my hair, and activate bartering frequencies.

No sooner have I pressed the bartering request button than a hideous visage darkens my screen. It is pale and dry with a stern face that reminds me of a wronged Banean. It seems to have very little hair on its body other than a ridiculous nest upon the top of its head.

The hideous creature Aneway and its dark companion.

It begins to speak in gibberish words. I swallow my revulsion and adjust the language tuner. After all, I am a professional! What good is a commerce dowser if you are not going to bother communicating with the occasional dry husk of an alien?

"-aneway of the USS Voyager," the creature barks at me in its guttural language. "Please identify your vessel."

I lugubriously lubricate my lips with a liberal lick of my zvonk and steal a last glance at my reflection in the glass of the skrurmophone. I am a handsome devil, as always.

"Creature!" I begin in this Aneway's vile language, "It is a beneficent bonus to arrive in this location at this locality in time. I am Xorgus P. Wullshik, captain, pilot, commander, navigator, and sole occupant of the humble star vessel Fancy Specter."

"State your intentions, Xorgus," Aneway says, fully ignoring the proper mode of addressing a merchant.

What am I to expect from a beast as ugly and hairless as this one? There will be no proper mustachio or beard among them.

"Why," I say with a bow and sweep of the arm, "I am at your service. I am Imperator Xorgus P. Wullshik, as I said, retailer of the finest goods in the Delta Quadrant. Many consider me the finest purveyor of wares both practical and exotic and those that don't are probably my competitors. I have the solution to every problem you might have, medical, mathematical, or metaphysical."

The Aneway of the USS Voyager takes a moment to confer with a creature with dark skin and pointed head-vaginas. Their conversation drags on and on and I grow quite bored, but there is something to be gained from my boredom. As they speak their crude language my tetromarkometer analyzes their thought patterns. It dings with a result.

The predominant species is "human" and these particular creatures belong to an organization called Starfleet. Heh, like I haven't heard that moniker before. It's probably the single most popular name species come up with for their space armadas. Though these humans are physiologically similar to several races native to the Delta Quadrant they do not appear to be from these parts. They also lack any sort of nose ridges or forehead lumps, which is very disconcerting.

More importantly, my tetromarkometer judges the human species as highly gullible and their guiding ideology makes them vulnerable to piteous appeals to their superiority. It seems humans are one of those do-gooder species that like to feel better about themselves by "helping" wayward or feeble aliens.

Finally, I can stand their dawdling no more. Equipped with my information about their commerce capabilities I deem it necessary to insert an interruption.

"Please, ship matron Aneway," I address the smooth-nose human speaker my analyzers have determined to be female, "though I am a merchant I must confess upon your greater generosity. I am a refugee of a war that has annihilated my species. It is sad to say to you that I am the only pathetic remainders of my species. Alone, I am, in this great and terrible cosmos."

Aneway's face becomes even uglier than before. My brain interprets her sour expression as the fear contortions of a herbivore warning a predator of its ill-flavor. My tetromarkometer corrects this outlook and determines that she is expressing concern.

"How can we help you, Xorgus?"

"Ah," I smile, "It would seem your ship is so much more grandiosely constructed than my own meager craft, that perhaps I might impose into your craft's innards and greet you interpersonally."

The thought of visiting these humans in person fills me with revulsion, yet none can say Xorgus does not do what it takes to make a sale. Besides, I have sold corroded refractor bolts as rectal calmatives to a species of sentient iron worms. Humans will not perturb me unduly by comparing.

I am pleased when the Aneway creature announces she will accept my visitations upon her vessel. Their silly ship comes about and opens its portholes for me to make an entrance.

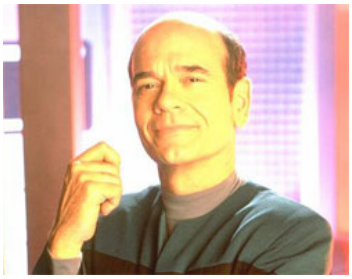
Trurdag

This human ship is so vexing to my sensibilities. It is too bright and humorless, I feel like I am going to get my prurgnuk probed by a doctor with a very cold finger.

That reminds me, they thought I might be injured so I when I arrived earlier I was made a greeting of by their ship's doctor. Get this, it is a hologram!

Ha! Yes, I need CPR it is okay, just pantomime it and maybe you will make my hearts think they are being resuscitated. No, don't bother getting that artery clip I will get up and get it for you

doctor ghost.



Hologram doctor is friendly, but can he cure what ails your grrgkak?

Ha ha! These humans are already very amusing at least, although I did discover later that I was wrong about their hologram doctor and he was able to shake my hand. Perhaps they were just messing with old Xorgus' brain lobes.

Captain Aneway and her dark friend Tuvok, who is not human, were also present for the introducement upon my arrival. They are both even uglier in person, but as I said not so ugly as many other species I have had dealings with. They did not appear to want to shoot weapons at me either, which is always a plus. We will see if this situation remains the same by the time I am departing in a hurried fashion.

After the greeting was completed I was shown to a chamber I might use for my sleeping purposes. It was far too cold and sterile for my liking, but I was able to adjust the temperature and humidity nearly enough to make it feel like Fancy Specter. There is even a porcelain bed which I can partially fill with water for my sleeping times. However the litter box seems very inappropriate and lacks the cedar chips I prefer to mask the scent of my ablutations.

I am now going about the task of sorting my trunk of transient trappings to determine which might glitter and shine to the eye of a beast such as the humans. The humans will not need any genuine reproduction Maldorian beard and mustachio combs so I set my fine grandfather-of-pearl barber's case aside. They likely will not desire my mark-7 Srivani body cloak without its battery cells and with a malfunctioning shoak conduit. It is very handsome simply as a garment but these humans seem to enjoy their boring uniforms.

This half robot thing was always slinking around and leaning against things. I do not know what was wrong with it.

As a scion of the proud tradition of Wullshik quackery I have little doubt these humans will esteem my medicinal wares. Their dry skins veritudinally ache for the application of Otis X. Wullshik's Curious Balm and none can resist my own formulae of tincture, calmative, peptic, bromide, palliative, or cure-all. These always constituent a brisk business, yet to keep them moving I must lower the price to unreasonable levels. If I wish to find myself in the position of a truly enviable lump sum I must devise just the perfect item to offer these humans.

Ah! I lift away a satchel full of Kazon hair shirts and beneath it I find something that just might entice these gullible humans.

The old tiger repellent stone. One of my personal favorites.

Wulpdag

"What is it?" Asks Captain Aneway.

Her dark friend Tuvok pokes and prods at the wires and tubes protuberating from the device I have placed on the table of the conference room. Several other crewmembers examine the object from a respectful distance.

"It is Jessup J. Frink's Confabulated Crystal Continuum Confounder. It is a singular device of unique

power and purpose. No other such device like it exists in the whole wide galaxy. Its perspicacious potency is beyond all reconnoitering."

Aneway's dark friend named Tuvok had the pointiest head vaginas of the humans and was the most gullible of all.

"I think what the Captain means," interjects the dark Tuvok, "is what does it do?"

"Ah!" I exclaim, as though I had been waiting for the question, which I of course was. "Jessup J. Frink found himself at the mercy of one of the most dangerous and dire of conundrums fate has ever devised. Imagine, if you will, a being with all of the power of creation and destruction at its fingertips. Now imagine still further, that you are a humble scientist who is suddenly beset by this being in all its capricious crapacity."

"This fickle fiend found felicity in the suffering it brought to poor Jessup J. Frink. It would transport him to faraway places, appear as friends or enemies, and take him on harrowing adventures. Heed me when I declare that the jaunty japes of this sinister jackanapes were no laughing matter for my fine friend Frink."

"Each time this monster would leave, as suddenly and mysteriously as he had appeared, Jessup J. Frink would descend to his secret lab to work upon this device. For you see, humans, this contemptible creature was not alone, it was simply one of an entire species inhabiting a realm beyond my feeble reckoning. It is called the Continuum and in it resides a preposterous people with plenary powers-"

"You're talking about Q?" One of the humans asks.

My face falls with disappointment, but the humans are not nearly perceptive enough to understand this reaction. Of course I am speaking of Q, but I had not thought these humans would know of the Continuum except perhaps by legend. What business do these creatures without even so much as a glorxdrive have knowing about the Continuum well enough to identify an individual member?

Ah, but this sort of peccadillo might give pause to a lesser salesman, but not one such as I.

"Why, perhaps," I say with a slight bow, "I see you are familiar with the inhabitants of the Continuum."

"To say the least," Captain Aneway makes her face go even more sour.

"Well," I continue, "then you know that the reputation I have envisaged to you is not so exaggerated. You will also clearly see the value of the device, which as I was getting to, disrupts the fabric of non-geometratic space to prevent members of the Continuum from sundering the separations between our realm and theirs."

Aneway stares at me blankly.

"It keeps away members of the Continuum," I summarize.

Captain Aneway whispers to several of her crewmembers. She seems to pay particular attention to the words of the square-headed man with drawings or tattoos on his face. How very vulgar. Let us hope they do not encounter any Hhrlrhinians. Known for their millennia-long war with the tattooed Kulxim the Hhrlrhinians have a deep racial hatred for any sort of facial tattoo.

Such is the knowledge only a traveling salesman of unimpeachable lineage such as myself would possess.

"How is it operated?" The dark Tuvok asks of me.

"Why, it is operating currently!" I announce. "The Jessup J. Frink's Confabulated Crystal Continuum Confounder is operational at all times. It is self-cleaning, self-repairing, requires no fuel, and is a perfect centerpiece for a banquet. I only joke, please! As I speak we are fully insured and inoculated against intrusion by interlopers from the Continuum."

"We will have to perform some scans to guarantee that the device is working before we begin any sort of agreement," Captain Aneway explains.

"Of course, of course!" I bow and sweep my front arm in a gesture of invitation.

The dark Tuvok and a few other humans begin to sweep their computational sensors over the device. As I had anticipated, they find exactly what they are looking for and begin babbling about "incredible tachyon field concentrations" and "plasma induction nodes." Their technobabble is meaningless to me, but the device appears as it should: a nearly magical wonder of science fiction.

Stop staring at me! Why are you all staring at me?!

You see, Jessup J. Frink's device appears as everything to everyone. It is designed to precisely live up to expectations and other than that, it does precisely nothing. I purchased the accursed thing from a Caatati junk merchant named Sleef. He told me I was buying a Denobulan omicron irradiator and all of my scans told me that was what I was buying. When I hooked it up to my radiation chamber it did absolutely and precisely nothing.

Jessup J. Frank's device is some sinister evil Starfleet's sensor countermeasure probe integrated with a telepathic sweeper. It detects what someone or something is looking for and it relays that data back. It is sure to allow your evil Starfleet armada to sneak past the enemy fleet as a harmless cargo ship hauling sex arms, but it has its uses for an enterprising entrepreneurerer such as myself. Build up the expectations of a customer and they will see exactly what you want them to see, as long as it can physically resemble a giant toaster covered in tubes.

The best part? It has a transporter recall button. Luckily for me, the Caatati was too thick-brained to figure that fact out for himself.

Okay, so I am a B'omarrian-giver. I'm not proud of that, but sometimes an honest salesman has to fudge the rules of trade a little bit.

The dark Tuvok interrupts my profit-related daydream.

"We are interested in negotiating a price," he says with a complete lack of enthusiasm.

This is my favorite part!

Tlerksdag

I am afraid to confess that I am being forced to depart from the USS Voyager a bit prematurely. As it would happen, I somehow managed to sell a Continuum blocking device to the only starship in the Delta Quadrant that receives regular visits from a member of the Continuum.

The creature the humans called Q has appeared on the bridge and is even now tormenting Captain Aneway with some sort of living diorama of unicorns and trumpeters. It is only a matter of time before I am called to account for my deleterious doings related to our transaction.

I am loading the last of my loot into Fancy Specter when I feel a tapping at my shoulder. I turn to see a human I do not recognize in one of their uniforms.

"Hi!" He announces cheerily.

The Continuum is one better business bureau you don't want to face down.

"I must go," I explain, "I have matters to attend to with the Trabe. I have left a full refund in my quarters. So if you will just-"

I suddenly find myself hanging upside down from the ceiling. It is a most uncomfortable position and it agitates my allergies causing mucus to flow into all six of my sinuses. The human stands next to me on the ceiling, similarly inverted, although he seems totally relaxed.

It is at this exact moment that I realize the perilous personality of my predicament.

"You are from the Continuum?" I ask, trying to keep from coughing on the mucus.

The human smiles and nods slowly and deliberately, malevolent mischief twinkling in his eyes. Without the benefits of my tetromarkometer, I am unable to fully gauge his personality. But of one thing I am certain, he does not seem gullible. Pranksters rarely are.

"Captain Janeway tells me you sold her a device to keep me away," he clucks his human mouth-parts oddly. "That is a very rude lie to tell Captain Janeway."

"Please," I am not above begging, "oh mercurial one, if you are going to kill me find it in your frenum to fulfill one last wish and transform yourself into a borg. I have always wished if I were to be killed it would be by a borg."

I say this as my rear arm reaches for the borg neutrino disruptor in my vest pocket. But this Q does not heed my wish. He cocks back his human hands and then brings them together with a loud pop! He then repeats this gesture again and again, slowly and deliberately and gazing at my eye stalks. If this is some sort of sonic human strike it seems surprisingly senseless against my species.

"Bravo!" He exclaims. "A truly commendable performance!"

Q returns us gradually to the floor deck with his powers, rotating me in the process. He continues this human gesture of slapping his hands together. I realize at last that it is a cheer of support.

"O-oh!" I stammer, "Well, yes, it was a challenge, but I always love a challenge."

He pats me on the upper shoulder and pushes me in the direction of Fancy Specter.

"You had better be going," he advises. "I think my mischief has put Captain Janeway in a very foul mood and I believe she somehow views you as complicit."

I would have never said anything to these humans if I had known what sort of insane history they had with the Q Continuum. I don't even know what's going on here and I've seen it all.

I nod and wave and clamber into my ship. I keep waiting for Q to reappear and slay me at last, but it does not happen. As my ship lifts off the deck and blasts through the suspensor field I can see humans carrying weapons running into the hangar. Too late!

Once I am free of the ship I engage the transporter recovery for Jessup J. Frank's device. It appears exactly where it was when I arrived on the human spaceship.

I return my attention to the flight controls. Before the USS Voyager can complete a ponderous maneuver and bring its weapons to bear, I have already engaged my glorxdrive. Before traveling far in the stream of glorx I interface one of the human computers traded to me with my own navigation computer.

A bluish planet appears on my screen. Population: human. Gullibility: very high. I think I have identified my next business trip.

I hope you have enjoyed my adventures in the Delta Quadrant. This is just one of many such adventures and I highly encourage you to use the opportunity you have before you and make a further purchase of further adventures. At the price of only 100 druknels, you will find an experience that exceeds even the experience you have just experienced.

No? Not even if I offer you the entire set of 15 adventures for only 900 druknels? Ah, well that is too bad.

I do have this other thing that may interest you. A certain device that you humans might find very useful...

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.22 FREE World Of Warcraft!

Saturday, Mar 22, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Welcome here, we're the keepers of the secret of the ancient keepers and now it can be yours. Get all that free **WORLD OF WARCRAFT** *whole game download*, **free subscription**, free gold, and that's about it.

Do it fast before you think about it or it will probably be too late for this exciting opportunity. Do you want to let this pass by and tell your grandchildren one day that you didn't jump at chance to play free MMO RPG WOW for months and months at a time? Think of your legacy and you know what's gotta be done.

As the saying says, don't spend money when you can milk a cow and play WORLD OF WARCRAFT for free.

PROCESS

Visit this official form at the official BLIZZARD GAME COMPANY site bluzzard.com/naruto3.html then fill it all out. Gotta give your name, credit card info, that social security number, and detailed description or photograph of your moist zone. If you already have WORLD OF WARCRAFT game and account from earlier time, you give us that login name and password for verification processing.

If you can think of anything more to give us put that in there too. Just go hog wild like Martin Lawrence and William H. Macy. The more information you fork under the more gold and free subscription months you get.

You'll get an email in short few minutes with your FREE STUFF and a program that optimizes WORLD OF WARCRAFT - keylogger.exe - at no more charge. With optimized game you'll notice things faster and have more frames in every second. You'll get through all the frames and reach level 100 before everyone else who has to sit through more of the frames each minute.

Hey.

Hey, have real gold laying around house making mess? Send us that worthless gold and we will send you WORLD OF WARCRAFT gold. Value of real gold is always changing, such a headache. WoWonline gold is always worth fun!

We are willing to give WoWo gold for living babies too so think twice about wasting child on greedy adoption agencies. Don't cowtow to big business, help this small mom and pop store with that babies.

FAQuently asked question list

FA: How does this work?
Q: Very well thank you, enjoy

FA: Dunno, something has my spidey sense seizuring. Is this scammey site?
Q: Would a blogspot.com and Goggle really team up itself with scammey site? They're big time companys and they give us a free blog account and email so no, not a chance. Sheesh. Also, note how we have Webby award image on every page because we won internet awards for trust:

No one can just take that image it has to come from Webby themselves. Impossible to forge or copy. Same goes with the Better Business Bureau award

Same goes for Nintendo Seal Of Quality

Same goes for Chiquita banana award sticker

So yeah we have reputation of steal that cannot be broken. Maybe even reputation of aluminum.

FA: How do I play this game? WORLD OF WARCRAFT I mean, that one.
Q: Dunno we never played it. Too busy passing along the savings to you ungrates. Try and get powerups I guess.

Testedmonials

"I saw a saucer-shaped craft appear over the desert sky while driving home from the local bar at 3:30 in the morning. That night changed me right down to the core. I can no longer drink milk from a saucer on my kitchen floor."

- Doug

"Mission accomplished. Very proud. Good job everyone. Free chicken dinner for everyone."

- George H.W. Bush

"We've shipped: Gilmore Girls Season 2: Disc 3"

- Netflix

keywords: babe, porn, xxx, pics, movies, passwords, aaron burr, shay laren, *, fake moon landing, 2 girls 1 bicycle, 56k speed tweaks, phantom game console, braille ebooks

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.23 The Passion of CLEATUS

Sunday, Mar 23, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Disciple Hank Williams Jr. was given the football by CLEATUS, signifying the passing on of pre-game celebration from one robot to a hairy country singer. Later, the robot was sentenced for burning down a Fox station in Montgomery, Alabama although all evidence pointed to Hank.

I. Eye-witness Accounts

The Disciple Hank Williams Jr.

Eye-witness accounts of the passion of CLEATUS vary greatly, but many similarities exist in all stories.

At the last Wing Night at BW3s, CLEATUS stated that Hank would deny association with the robot. When asked by FOX, the Disciple Hank denied that he knew of the robot that stretches in-between plays. The Disciple Hank denied he knew CLEATUS, the King of Booya. And he denied that he knew that he was no longer working for the NFL.

"...and then BLAM! The Romans got 'em" -John Madden

"My dad. Gone?" -Emilio

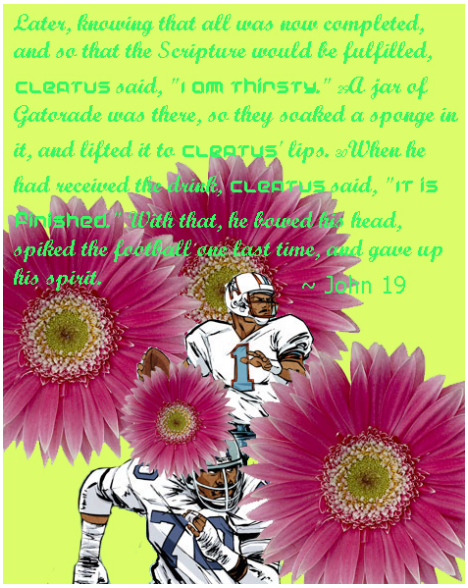
"He was pushed to the cross by the troops during pre-game, but he was not hung in time, so he was able to stretch and jump around during a timeout. He was Crucified during the halftime show. The fireworks were cool." - Boy

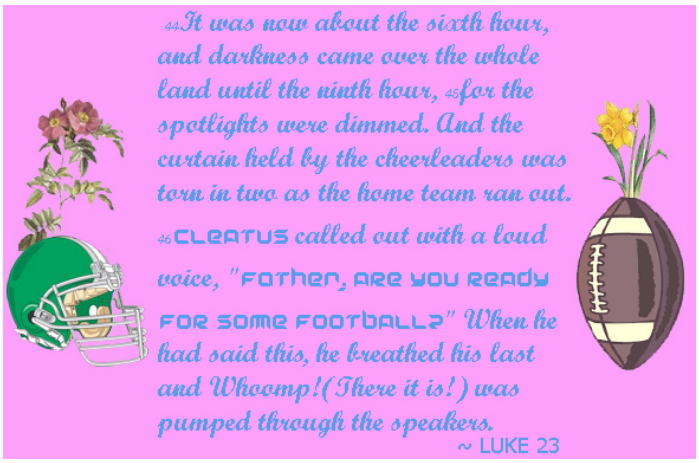
"Go Browns!" - The Dawg Pound

II. Eye-witness Illustration

III. Modern CLEATUS Study

Studying the life of CLEATUS has become a major activity for middle America. Here are some Bible Quote Cards donated by the Duluth Women for CLEATUS Association (DQCA).


Later, knowing that all was now completed, and so that the Scripture would be fulfilled, CLEATUS said, "I am thirsty." A jar of Gatorade was there, so they soaked a sponge in it, and lifted it to CLEATUS' lips. When he had received the drink, CLEATUS said, "It is finished." With that, he bowed his head, spiked the football one last time, and gave up his spirit.
~ John 19


44It was now about the sixth hour, and darkness came over the whole land until the ninth hour, 45for the spotlights were dimmed. And the curtain held by the cheerleaders was torn in two as the home team ran out.
46CLEATUS called out with a loud voice, "Father, are you ready for some football?" When he had said this, he breathed his last and Whoomp!(There it is!) was pumped through the speakers.
~ LUKE 23

News

NOT YOUR MOMMA'S COOKING. PANCAKE WITH FACE OF CLEATUS FETCHES RECORD AMOUNT

Raleigh, North Carolina - The auction ended last night, with the winning bid slightly over two million dollars. The winning bid belonged to an Internet Casino.

The cook, Jillian T., said she had no idea that her breakfast would be divine. When asked how she reacted upon seeing CLEATUS she stated, "I flipped the pancake and took one look at the image before I felt a great woot growing deep inside of me. I let it out." The local priest stated, "CLEATUS works in mysterious ways."

The Guinness Book of World Records has already stated that the 2008 edition will feature the pancake along with a record length back hair. More...

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.24 Profiles in Scourging II: Scourge Harder

Monday, Mar 24, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"Hillary has been called a nigger!"

- Reverend Jeremiah Wright

Correction of "Hillary ain't never been called a nigger!"

Americans approach discussions of race with all the enthusiasm and unguarded honesty teenagers bring to parental talks about ejaculation. In other words, we hate talking about race, especially in mixed company. We share the certainty that no matter what we might say, someone out there is cringing at what we are saying. Confronted with tapes of his Reverend Jeremiah Wright saying things that sounded to white people like evilness, Barack Obama boldly shoved 250 years of racial resentment to the center of public discourse. Meanwhile, America's nemesis overseas, Osama Bin Laden, released his most annoying and petulant manifesto yet, attacking two pillars of modern Western society: the Pope and the editorial cartoonist. Finally, a new addition to Profiles in Scourging we like to call *J'accuse!* where we point the finger at the most under-castigated shithead in recent days.

The Democratic primary campaign had, until the last week, become a tedious seesaw back and forth between the two leading candidates. On one side, Illinois Senator Barack Obama was winning in pledged delegates, states won, and the popular vote. On the other side, New York Senator and former First Lady Hillary Clinton had managed to convince the media that not being able to win was completely different than losing. The proverbial stalemate of the unstoppable force and the immovable object was the narrative set to carry Democrats to a bloodbath of a convention in Denver that would make Chicago in 68 look like a Lollipop Guild convention.

Then, a break! In a journalistic coup sure to earn someone at Fox News a Polk, the network searched high and low into Barack Obama's past to dig up some dirt. Finding nothing, the network instead turned to Obama's church and bought DVDs of Reverend Jeremiah Wright's sermons from Trinity United Church of Christ's website. They edited out the boring stuff about praising god, coming together, loving thy brother, and all that other religious pap that is a total snooze fest. That left

them with about five minutes of footage collected from several sermons, but man, what a five minute clip collection.

Don't be fooled by the smile, he's EVIL!!!

Within that montage Wright basically hits all of the bullet points you would expect to be covered by someone running for anti-president of the United States. He damns America for killing innocent people, he refers to the United States as the KKKA, he questions the validity of some of our foreign wars, he equates dropping the atomic bombs on Japan to 9/11, he suggests our foreign policy might have contributed to terrorist attacks on our shores, and he raises the specter of Tuskegee by suggesting HIV was invented by the government to kill black men.

Suddenly, the fragile electorate's applecart had been overturned. God ***Damn*** America? B-but that is supposed to be God ***Bless*** America! Fox ran the clips of Wright excoriating the US Government and spinning dumb conspiracy theories on a nearly 24-hour loop. The video was understandably upsetting to an audience used to equating the lack of a flag lapel pin with treason and the likes of Sean Hannity lapped greedily from the trough of slop offered by Wright's hacked together hate sermon. After more than a year of Obama famine, it was a right wing feast.

"If [Obama] agreed with Wright, and I don't know that he does, but if he did, that would mean a racist and an anti-Semite would be the President of the United States."

- Sean Hannity

Feelin' smart, bein' smart, savin' America on Hannity & Colmes

After about 24 hours of being gobbled up by Fox, CNN and MSNBC could no longer pretend to have journalistic integrity in the face of Fox's surging ratings. They began to run the Jeremiah Wright clips, purloined from Fox via Youtube, and sell the story filtered through a lens of panelists and pundits every bit the intellectual equals of towering figures like Sean Hannity.

Reverend Wright, former US Marine and former respected theologian, saw his reputation shredded on TV 24 hours a day. Semper Fi! Placing his friend's political career before his own reputation, Wright allowed the Obama campaign to exile him to some faraway land (literally) while Obama and his team grappled with the fallout. And fallout there was, Obama's poll numbers dropped as if he had just been caught with a bed full of preteen boys and even the Clinton campaign reacted with a mixture of quiet glee and apprehension. They hoped to let the fires of Wright's sermons consume their rival and his tenacious leads.

Who let that maniac into the White House? Not to mention Reverend Wright! *rimshot*

For Obama, it was a test. America's favorite black man since the Fresh Prince had finally been caught up in a scandal that couldn't be easily brushed aside. The Obama campaign reacted initially with woeful message control, sending surrogates out to say everything from "we've already dealt with this" to "Obama had no idea". Most of them were telling different parts of the truth, but it demonstrated the real frustration emanating from a campaign that felt the scandal was conjured up like a genie from Murdoch's magic lamp. As Hannity himself brags, he's been covering Wright for

months trying to turn him into a scandal. It wasn't until the greatest hits reel was put together that anyone actually gave a shit about what Obama's pastor said six years ago.

Obama had two options: wage a protracted and difficult campaign to push back against the Wright character assassination or turn away and let the wolves chew Wright into bloody hunks of gristle. Obama chose option three, he gave a speech. Obama? A speech? Who could have seen that one coming!?

Characterized as do-or-die for the Obama campaign by pundits, Obama's camp spun a romantic tale of Obama staying up "really late" to write his big important speech. His brow could almost be heard furrowing thoughtfully like a governor weighing a last minute pardon. The media wondered: can he pull it off? Will it be enough? The answer, obvious before the question was asked, was "yes and no".

Obama gave a good speech. It's his claim to fame, so that fact alone should surprise and excite about as much as hearing John McCain just scowled at a child. Barring some teleprompter failure, a seizure, or a bat loose in the auditorium his speech was going to be great. He challenged Americans to think about race in new and exciting ways, to look at their own views of race and try to understand the views of others. Asking working class white people to think about race from a black perspective is a bit like asking a baby to solve algebra equations, but he earned points for giving the baby a chance to try.

The liberal punditry fawned over his speech, desperately trying to live history and comparing his speech to Abraham Lincoln or MLK. By the way, they're going to run out of those American history comparisons eventually with Obama and have to delve into ancient history or the Bible. I can almost hear Chris Matthews drooling about Obama's speech being like Moses at Mount Sinnai.

The conservative punditry puked blood and bile. Charles Krauthammer, who once disrupted his synagogue by screaming at the rabbi for not taking a hard enough line on Palestine-Israel relations, described Obama's refusal to disown Wright entirely in his speech as "an elegantly crafted, brilliantly sophistic justification of [Obama's] scandalous dereliction." I guess Krauthammer owns a copy of the Giant Dickhead's Thesaurus. The centrist punditry, the most loathsome of all species of pundits, heaped adulation on the speech and then continued with "but, he still has more to answer for..."

The Wright saga, of course, is not over. A field that fertile for Fox News will continue to be harvested on into the forseeable future and if it's ratings gold for Fox it will migrate to the other networks. There are the beginnings of a push back from liberal quarters against the attack on Wright. Perhaps realizing, "*wait a second, WE damn America too!*" the likes of the Washington Post's E.J. Dionne and Eugene Robinson have been writing recent columns sticking up for Wright. Can they pull it off? Will it be enough?

Yes and no.

The jihad's graphic design department is really improving. I wonder if they yell "ALLAHU ACKBAR!" while using Quark.

There comes a time in every celebrity's career when they need to face their diminishing returns and decide whether to fade into obscurity with a semblance of dignity, or to desperately cling to celebrity through any means necessary. For most celebrities this means showing up on the misleadingly titled *Dancing With the Stars* or *Celebrity Fit Club*. For Osama bin Laden, international terrorist celebrity, this means declaring relevance as often and as forcefully as possible.

Bin Laden's Al Qaeda is facing a situation with Iraq's "Al Qaeda" impostor similar to what Gallagher faced when his brother's Gallagher II act became too successful. There is no communication between bin Laden's "true" Al Qaeda and the loose collection of militias and terror groups in Iraq that refer to themselves as "Al Qaeda" basically to sound scary. Unfortunately for bin Laden, these groups are killing a lot more people than the real Al Qaeda has since September 11th.

He's becoming irrelevant and the only way he can prop up his importance within the fast paced lifestyle of international terrorism is to rattle his invisible saber via the media. Bin Laden has been releasing audio and video pronouncements to the world roughly every six months. These tapes usually include some of bin Laden's personal gripes with the United States and the West and then some vague threats about attacking.

So what does bin Laden bring us with his March 20th tape? The lamest series of gripes to date, eclipsing even the time he name-dropped Michael Moore in one of his threatening dispatches. The central focus of his March 20th complaints are a comment the Pope made months ago and that stupid cartoon of Mohammad from 2006. For equalities sake, and to prove I take no special pleasure in posting the cartoon of Mohammad, I am including a painting of Gay Jesus and an Arabic cartoon making fun of Jews.

AHHHHH! This makes me so mad I'm going to blow myself the fuck up!

"You went overboard in your unbelief and freed yourselves of the etiquettes of dispute and fighting and went to the extent of publishing these insulting drawings. This is the greater and more serious tragedy, and reckoning for it will be more severe."

- **Osama Bin Laden**
Writing letters like a concerned parent who heard Howard Stern talking about boobs

The fact that bin Laden forges ahead with this sort of complaining demonstrates just how tone deaf the Al Qaeda message has become. I'm sure a lot of Muslims were justifiably upset over that cartoon and the stupid crap the stupid Pope said, but I'm pretty sure they're not *that* upset. They're not crash a plane into a building upset or blow themselves up on a bus upset. I hate to break it to you, Bin, but this isn't scary, it's sad.

Speaking of hatred, I have always been disappointed in the ability of a lot of liberals to not hate bin Laden. They get so focused in on Bush and the Republicans and they push bin Laden to the back of their heads. It's understandable to an extent, the right wing has transformed bin Laden from a real evil into a cartoonish villain the likes of Cobra Commander. He's everywhere and all-powerful, lurking behind bushes to getcha with his Islamofascist eye beams!

I'm still not convinced this picture of Osama and his family is genuine, but I'm going to use it here anyway because it's the INTERNET so fuck you!

By discarding the Fox News version of bin Laden they ignore the real bin Laden: the spoiled rich kid fuck. Liberals hate nothing more than the useless children of rich people, and bin Laden's family is one of the wealthiest in the world. He never had a day of honest work in his life and basked in the luxury of his family's fortune. The rich and powerful running things? Well, I never!

It was all that money and status that allowed bin Laden to go from screwing models on private jets to studying the crackpot chapter of the Koran. He's not even the real leader of Al Qaeda, he's the figurehead with the status and charisma necessary to lead while others do the real intellectual heavy lifting of the organization.

A silver-spoon trust funder used by a shadowy evil cabal to manipulate the population for evilest evil? Come on, liberals, which one of your fantasies does this conform to? That's right, he's just like BUSH=HITLER only his organization literally attacked New York City. He's BUSH=DOUBLEHITLER and like the lame duck Bush he's been reduced to giving almost feeble press conferences trying to get his message out to an increasingly disinterested and cynical world. Unlike Bush, bin Laden's term doesn't end in less than a year, so remember who the real bad guy is moving forward.

Finally, our new segment, *J'accuse!* where we point our big sweaty Internet nerd finger at the biggest political dipshit to open his or her mouth recently and manage to get away with it. Patrick J. Buchanan, miserable failure of a presidential candidate and crypto-racist paleoconservative has long enjoyed favored pundit status on left-leaning MSNBC. Despite his known background of racism and his frequent and often amusing defense of the Confederacy, Buchanan has managed to skate by on the network with his affable "kooky grandpa" persona.

Sure, he's a racist, but as Obama was burned for pointing out, all us white people have at least one elderly racist in our family.

With the flap over Geraldine Ferraro, Buchanan somehow became MSNBC's go-to guy for racial commentary. Buchanan naturally leaped to Ferraro's defense and heaped ridicule on Obama's surrogates...on every show. Producers on MSNBC somehow mistook Buchanan's personal affability for some sort of informed position on race relations and allowed him to spend three minutes every hour for three days talking about reverse-racism and the race card.

Things got a hell of a lot worse when the Wright flap hit. MSNBC conscripted Buchanan as their spokesman on the subject, and Buchanan obviously relished the task, comparing Wright to the Klan and always characterizing what he said as "racist anti-Semitic hate speech".

Screenshot taken from Dinosaurs of Conservativism Bukkake Party 6.

With the Wright controversy temporarily defused, Buchanan turned to his online outlet at humanevents.com and wrote up what has to be one of the most idiotic editorials ever conceived. The central premise is that the history of slavery and inequality for blacks in America should be forgiven, because blacks here are so much better off than blacks in Africa.

Yes, you read that correctly, Buchanan has admonished blacks for not being grateful enough that their ancestors were enslaved by whites. He suggests a "Silent Majority" believes this and that they demand to have their grievances heard in Barack Obama's conversation about race.

> *This time, the Silent Majority needs to have its convictions, grievances and demands heard. And among them are these:*
>
> *First, America has been the best country on earth for black folks. It was here that 600,000 black people, brought from Africa in slave ships, grew into a community of 40 million, were introduced to Christian salvation, and reached the greatest levels of freedom and prosperity blacks have ever known.*

J'accuse! Patrick J. Buchanan, you crusty Confederate cannonball, unearthed by MSNBC from

some woe-begotten Civil War battlefield and fired hourly into our faces like shrapnel of a past era. Your Silent Majority needs to crawl under the porch like an old dog and die.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.25 RealCoach: Know Your Coach

Tuesday, Mar 25, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

On the chart of male relationships, nestled somewhere among dad, dad's friend, friend's dad, new dad, trucker, and old guy that is somehow your friend lies the human coach. A prestigious posting, shrouded in mystery yet revered by all mankind. That is, until today.

> Fake coach scams 3 McDonalds restaurants
> A bogus coach with equally fake checks who scammed three McDonalds restaurants last week is being sought by state police.
> The scheme has been used at three McDonalds stores, in Grove City, Titusville and Warren, police said.
> The man, driving a "school styled" bus on Friday entered the Warren restaurant claiming he was a basketball coach. He ordered $50 worth of food for his team, police said.
> He paid for the order with a $150 check and got his change in cash.
> The check had been provided by "the school district," police said. But the draft was, in fact, not valid.

Our collective trust has been again broken by a disingenuous scalawag who thinks coaching is a joke, a toy to be played with. It's time once more to go over the RealCoach list of coach basics.

- Instead of a standard whistle, a fake coach may tie around his neck a small bird or a cheeto. Fake coaches do not know where to buy whistles or if they even make them anymore.

Hi, Coach! How are you today?

- The fake coach knows nothing about men's health. Begin asking questions about controlling underarm odor or subtly quiz your coach by telling him you accidentally slammed your balls into a silverware drawer. If he isn't able to immediately produce literature (either from his pocket or by running out to his car) that's a bogus coach!

- Fake coaches aren't able to comprehend their own reflection.

- Stun a fake coach by going long for a pass and then catching a small meteor. A real coach would have known you had it in you.
- A real coach is never above throwing his clipboard down and stomping on it.
- Real coaches cannot shriek.

Not a chance, you lying bastard.

- The polo shirt is the real coach's best friend. The suit is the coach's other friend who goes to player funerals and award ceremonies. The coach's third friend is the pair of jorts with paint stains which comes around the day after coach sleeps in his truck.
- Observe carefully: The "projector" your so-called coach is trying to show you a health film on is actually a mural, and his "TV remote" is actually just him throwing trash at the mural.
- Every real coach has a rival coach, so ask about his rival. Fake coaches will not have one, or will have some silly conceptual rival such as "a lack of hustle out there" or "time". News flash: time is not your rival unless your name is "space".
- Real coaches have daydreamed about constructing a football of a new exotic alloy that, when thrown in a perfect spiral, does not suffer from the effects of the earth's gravity, and escapes the atmosphere on a course for the sun. As it falls into the sun's gravity well, a scientist discovers that the football will survive the intense heat and pressure of the star and disrupt its inner workings. Hastily, another is constructed and thrown at the first one in an effort to prevent the fiery, cataclysmic collision. This daydream continues until the fat kids are all tired and satisfied and he can put the good players back into the game.
- When a fake coach dies he turns into a pile of leaves that is blown away in the wind, which then reforms into the shape of a watching gargoyle on the cliffs above, but only for a moment before blowing away again.

If you encounter a fake coach, do NOT attempt to lull the fake coach into a false sense of security by hustling at whatever it is you are currently doing. This will only serve to enrage the coach. Find cover, but do not attempt to light signal fires. Wait patiently for assistance or for a bell to ring.

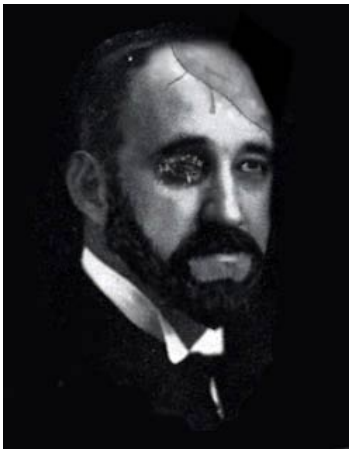
-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

3.26 P. B. Fouke Delivers Greatness

Wednesday, Mar 26, 2008 by P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

A NEW ADDITION TO THE FOUKE FAMILY



P. B. Fouke, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

It has been some time since last I addressed you, the hundreds of thousands of loyal fur trappers and shippers. In the time that has past my health has continued its steady and expected decline. In spite of this unfortunate arm twist of fate, I have maintained gay spirits and an unwavering work ethic.

It is not my unwavering work ethic alone that sustains me. A recent development fills me with much enthusiasm. Near the onset of the troubles that have vexed me so, my personal doctor and shaman, F. Gerald Thornton, suggested that I do all within my ability to ensure the Fouke bloodline survives hardily. With doctor's orders in hand, I IMMEDIATELY MADE PREGNANT MY DEAREST WIFE, THE LOVELY AND PLEASANT A. G. FOUKE.

That was over nine months ago, though it hardly seems like more than a mere moment. Just a few brief days ago A. G. FOUKE FINISHED HER TASK OF BIRTHING ME A NEW SON. I welcome to this world the young M. P. Fouke, who, along with his older brother P. B. Fouke IV, will eventually inherit this great fur operation. I, however, endeavor to remain alive for as long as possible. When the Good Lord requires my services in heaven, I will of course comply, but until then I believe my services and integrity are needed more by the hundreds of thousands of living trappers and shippers.

The young lad has already demonstrated a keen interest in fur, with clear designs on the family's menagerie of dogs, cats, and wolves. In observing his childlike curiosity, he has rekindled in me the flame of youth, summoning a great and fierce competitive spirit. No man may say that P. B. Fouke is ready to quit! To further showcase the youthful fire burning inside me, I have begun construction on a new beard to rival not just the beards of present and antiquity, but of all the beards of men for all time to come. LET NO MAN DOUBT THE DEDICATION OF P. B. FOUKE!

In celebrations of my newfound vigor and virility, I invite each of you to subtract an additional twenty per cent (20%) from all catalogue prices.

GREAT MEN TRAP GREAT BEASTS

I am pleased with our devoted customer, Mr. E. T. Dinwiddie, who answered a call I posted so long ago in a past edition of this very catalogue. Mr. Dinwiddie met my challenge and DELIVERED TO THIS FINE COMPANY THE PRISTINE PELT OF AN AUTHENTIC UNICORN. R. J. Heckwolf, my most prized grader and second, could scarcely believe the sight before his eyes.

R. J. Heckwolf, Vice-President, Manager, Grading Dept.

The reward as stipulated was for the exceptional sum of $400.00. In recognition of outstanding work and my unrelenting desire to offer the highest payouts to all fur trappers and shippers, I AM GENEROUSLY AWARDING HIM AN ADDITIONAL FIFTEEN PER CENT (15%) FOR HIS INDUSTRIOUS EFFORTS.

Having acquired this most rare and delicate pelt, I now pose a new challenge to all trappers. Good trappers, here you this: $650.00 TO THE MAN WHO BRINGS ME THE FUR OF THE FABLED WENDIGO! As before with the Unicorn, I expect many a chuckle to be had. This does not diminish my ambitions in the slightest. For I know most assuredly that the Wendigo is as real as any beast, from feral bobcat to tempestuous mermaid. If it were not as such, there is not a sliver of doubt in my heart that my father would yet still live.

TRAPS THAT NEVER FAIL

D. J. Halley, Vice-President and Manager Sales Dept. S. S. Marks, Assistant Secretary, Office Manager. C. A. Freeman, Auditor.

Our most humble servant, C. A. Freeman, has found a new passion and means to serve this outfit. After THE BONES IN HIS HANDS WERE MANGLED BEYOND REPAIR during a period of turbulent business, he lost his ability to act as our auditor. Not wanting to let him go after so many years of great service, I saw fit to keep him on as a valued member of the Fouke Fur Co. family. He did many odd jobs during this time, acting as a buttress for a shed, as well as a rack for coats, hats, and other items.

Always eager to do good work, C. A. Freeman has found a new specialty: Testing the effectiveness of the traps we sell. This brave and compassionate man is not above self sacrifice to help ensure that the products we sell are the absolute finest.

Why just yesterday I observed C. A. Freeman, S. S. Marks, and D. J. Halley testing a stately new Oneida Double-Jawed Jump Trap, which grips like nothing else on the market. And, as R. J. Heckwolf remarked, "Must conceal its remarkable danage in the form of psychic pain." In spite of horrible, irreparable damage to his leg, there was only minimal disturbance to the skin. C. A. Freeman can surely attest to the overwhelming strength of the trap, AS HE HIMSELF BEGGED FOR DEATH UNTIL HIS VOICE WAS BUT A SCRATCHY WHISPER. Thankfully, after some hours, we were able to figure out the trap's intricate release mechanism and free him. This added layer of protection will prevent any cunning animal from finding its way out of your trap.

Now recovering, C. A. Freeman is eager to help test the upcoming line of Newhouse traps, which promise more pounds of pressure than any other traps on the market. If these traps are good enough for men, then they are certainly an honor for any animal!

The Oneida Double-Jawed Jump Trap is available in a wide range of sizes in this very catalogue. The experienced and dedicated trapper would be ill-prepared without one!

A PARTING PROMISE

In today's fur market, the educated trapper and shipper has more choice than ever. With Brown Fur Amalgamated and Swanton Furs each vying for an increased piece of the pie, you might wonder what sets the Fouke Fur Company apart from the competition? It is more than just the integrity I bring to each and every transaction, or my commitment to selling only the finest supplies available. It is not even my sacred obligation to offer the greatest prices in man's storied history. IT IS THE

KNOWLEDGE THAT YOU ARE BUYING FROM A MAN WHO WILL BACK UP HIS WORDS WITH ACTIONS. Furthermore, I attest that these actions will be Christian and in no way impugn your dignity or the dignity of your wives, mothers, or daughters. Let J. F. Swanton make that claim.

Ask A. P. Brown how he deals with customer dissatisfaction. Then ask the same of J. F. Swanton, if you can rouse him out of the squalid opium dens he calls home. Dedicated men these may be, they are not men keen to admit mistake, let alone take responsibility. How do I deal with customer dissatisfaction? I do not! For in my fifty years of service to this great fur industry, never once have I left one of my customers dissatisfied. The hundreds of thousands of trappers and shippers who know my name and who have shaken my hand will agree with me when I say this: THERE IS NO MORE REPUTABLE AN OUTFIT IN ALL OF CREATION THAN THE FOUKE FUR COMPANY!

And here's my name to say so.

P. B. Fouke
Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Fouke Fur Co.

-∼P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

3.27 College Students You Hate

Thursday, Mar 27, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Most people think college is just a machine where you feed 50,000 dollars into a giant contraption, and, with any luck, escape with a piece of paper and Facebook albums that will eventually bar you from holding any kind of public office. While this is entirely true, earning a degree brings nothing but the pain of a justified sense of entitlement being doused by the urine of economic reality: there's a lot of great jobs out there, but you're not going to get them.

Now before you start complaining about this injustice, remember that your bleak future is entirely your fault for not being born into a family that runs a successful business with mob ties and many mysterious openings. Yes, fate has dealt you a shit hand, and all of the time you spend complaining can be put to better use by learning one of the many "street crafts" like 3-card Monte or trying to fall into the right kind of acid to turn yourself into a supervillain. In the end, it's the friends you make that are the most valuable treasures to take away from 4 years in college, unless you happen to rob the University's trophy room. But while friendships, networking, and connections can aid you greatly in your post college years, all of your classes will unfortunately be full of the following assholes:

Captain Outrage

We all know that the Holocaust was a horrible atrocity. Racism is icky, too. Yet you rarely see people walking around with t-shirts proudly proclaiming they are against things that any decent human being living in modern-day society should be opposed to without having to state this fact explicitly.

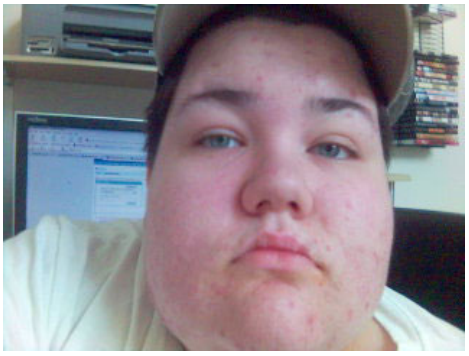
This is not so for Captain Outrage; everything the human race holds enmity for must be objected to by him out loud for minutes on end. It's unknown if Captain Outrage actually holds such a deep resentment for the things everybody naturally hates, but his frequency in addressing them repeatedly in public is both a self-serving display of his sensitivity and a case of Outrage Masturbation not seen since that episode of the Nancy Grace show that aired on the day three young, beautiful white women were killed on their resort vacations.

It's important to note that Captain Outrage never actually says anything new and interesting about the issues he finds disgust with; instead, most of his in-class comments are about how something like genocide really puts a bee in his bonnet. Here is a common quote from Captain Outrage during a class on the topic of slavery:

"After today's reading, I was all... I mean, racism! Boy, I still can't believe all of that stuff happened. I could never think of another human being as property; that's so messed up. How could anyone do that? After reading those twenty pages, I can say that I finally know what it feels like to be a slave."

Captain Outrage, the world appreciates that you took the time to let them know how much you hate slavery.

Lil' Miss Rural



It's Little Miss Rural's first year in big, scary college, and boy is she nervous! The books they give her have mean people in them, no one in her dorm went to Bible Camp, and she thinks she heard one of her professors swear *in class*! In many ways, Lil' Miss Rural is the direct opposite of Captain Outrage; in fact, her comical misunderstandings of the world due to her being raised in a steak-fried bubble can even be entertaining at times. This is because Lil' Miss Rural lives in a cloud of constant, encroaching terror where she's no longer surrounded by a White Christian mentality to protect her from people of different religions, uncomfortable topics, and those darned gays.

Yes, Lil' Miss Rural pines for the days when she was content with her *Baby-sitters Club* books and harlequin Amish romance novels, rather than the reprehensible "literature" she's forced to read. An important thing to remember about all Lil' Miss Rurals is that any written work that does not support their specific world views is not only Satan-approved mind poison; it's also promoting every action of the characters within the work. So, if you happen to be a LMR, Vladimir Nobokov's *Lolita* might as well be called *Why Grown Men Should Have Sex With 12-Year Olds: The Book*.

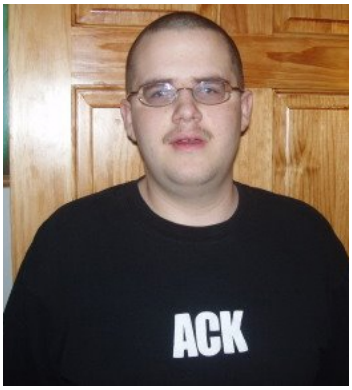
Much like Balki from *Perfect Strangers*, Lil' Miss Rural's adventures in the big city can be downright hilarious and often lead her down various collision courses with wackiness. But sometimes, she feels the need to support her dominant values in an attempt to lead the class away from topics she's uncomfortable with, which includes everything except Apple Brown Betty recipes in the Church Bulletin. So, if you happen to be in that same class about slavery with both Captain Outrage and Lil' Miss Rural, you might hear her make the following profound remarks under the sound of your soul screaming:

"Slavery's been over for like, 200 years, right? I don't see why people are still angry about it."

"Why were the black people upset about having their own water fountain? I'd like to have *my own* water fountain."

After their first year of college, every Lil' Miss Rural goes into complete moral meltdown and turns into the well-known Unbridled College Whore. Having never faced a world of drinking, drugs, and not having to make your bed, Lil' Miss Rural cannot comprehend the alien concept of moderation, so she inevitably becomes a human specimen jar for any unfortunate soul who wanders within 20 feet of her in the quad. Yet even then, she's still annoying as fuck.

Entitled White Male



Steadily becoming a dime a dozen in the fast-paced world of college, the Entitled White Male wonders why the Earth kept on turning after leaving him and his kind behind. Raised on a steady diet of *Penn and Teller's Bullshit!* and *South Park*, Entitled White Male doesn't care about issues unless they're being delivered by either two Libertarian magicians or two Libertarian college dropouts who hide their shocking ignorance behind cartoon characters. Entitled White Male finds it completely preposterous that this nonsensical world can't be tailor-made to address the needs of the non-disabled white male who is afforded every luxury our society has to offer from birth. And why shouldn't it? This is what the Entitled White Male thinks and stews about whenever he sees a handicapped parking spot or a United Negro College Fund, and can only listen to some quality Henry Rollins monologues to stoke that burning White rage.

If anything, Entitled White Male is famous for making statements that he thinks are original or outrageous, while the rest of us have heard dumbfucks uttering this nonsense since the beginning of time. Observe the following:

"Why should I vote? Same shit, different asshole, man."

"*Black* History Month? Seems to me like *they're* the ones being racist."

Another concern of the Entitled White Male is that White Justice be doled out to anyone not matching the Entitled White Mindset; though, obviously, the weak suburban bodies of the Entitled White Male are not fit for this task. I now present an actual (dramatized) conversation between an EWM and one of my old professors on this very subject.

"Prison isn't a deterrent anymore. What we need to do is make the punishment fit the crime. You punch someone in the face, someone punches you in the face. You rape a woman, some dude named Bubba [note the racism here] gives it right back to you."

"Are you telling me that the state should hire trained rapists to rape criminals in prison?"

"I'm just sayin'."

Until the Entitled White Male is not represented by a Presidential candidate that looks and act like he spends all day in a tree making E.L. Fudges, this group will thankfully remain oppressed.

Overly-Friendly Moron

To best inform you of the Overly-Friendly Moron, I must deliver a personal account of my own experience with this type of college student. A few years ago, I had a class with an Overly-Friendly Moron. Every day, he would inexplicably talk to me about things he thought I was interested in, most of which involved him in some way. Note that these attempts at conversations happened in the middle of class, while we were both sitting in the front row. And no matter how many times I nodded ambivalently, farted out a "Hmm." or handed him a piece of paper that said "SHUT THE FUCK UP," he continued his verbal onslaught day after day. The worst thing about all of this is that he was certifiably crazy. My little Overly-Friendly Moron lied constantly, but these weren't just ordinary lies; no, they were the kind of second-grade recess pissing contest lies along the lines of "My dad beat up Superman who also happens to be my dad." Here are a few actual examples of this.

PROF: Does anyone really know any rich college kids?
OFM: Well, I own two successful businesses.

PROF: No one really has butlers anymore.
OFM: I have a cleaning lady.

OFM : You like Chuck Taylors? Well I have like twelve pairs, man. In EVERY COLOR.
(he had never worn Chuck Taylors to a single class)

The worst part of the Overly-Friendly Moron's Insanity is that it was tempered with a bargain-bin, dollar-store sense of humor. My Overly-Friendly Moron's favorite quirk was to randomly spout out an "MMkay" in the style of South Park's Mr. Mackey; following this he would look over at me wryly as if to say, "Damn. Did you just fucking *see that*!?" Oh, and if you happened to be a fan of other *South Park* characters who hadn't been popular in six years, like Towlie, my Overly-Friendly Moron was the Rich Little of catch-phrases people got sick of at the beginning of the decade! But my Overly-Friendly Moron wasn't just a master of impersonations; his brain also functioned on the "default humorous college student comment" level. So, when tests were being passed out, he inevitably would ask, "Heh, could this test be open-notes and open-neighbor?" And when the professor would talk about something that happened when he was younger, good ol' OFM would retort with, "Heh. Bet you had to walk to school uphill both ways in the snow, eh?"

If the Overly Friendly Moron taught me anything, it's that I could recover from the aneurysm he inevitably caused. And while there are more abominable college students worth of documentation, the time I have left permits only one last piece of advice: aim for the head.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

3.28 Candidate Questions Overlooked by the Associated Press

Friday, Mar 28, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Early in the presidential primary season, when the race was still flush with candidates, the Associated Press asked seven Democrats and seven Republicans a series of questions completely unrelated to their presidential campaigns. The questions covered topics like favorite reality TV program (Duncan Hunter preferred the Outdoor Life Network) and most recent music purchase (Hillary Clinton picked up a copy of Carly Simon's "Into White"). The idea was to provide a fun glimpse at the normally unseen private lives of the presidential candidates.

> The Associated Press asked seven Democrats and seven Republicans running for their party's 2008 presidential nomination a series of questions about their backgrounds, traits and tastes.

Unfortunately, the AP left a lot of important questions unasked. They also neglected to include former Democratic presidential candidate and now libertarian candidate Mike Gravel. In an effort to correct these oversights I sent emails off to the campaigns of the remaining candidates, including Mike Gravel. It is my hope that their responses to my questions can provide closure.

What fictional character has most inspired you?

John McCain
Republican Nominee

"Ding Chavez. He taught me that no problem in this world can't be solved by a master key, a flash bang, and a double tap from a USP."

Barack Obama
Democratic Frontrunner

"I am always inspired by the plight of the tangos. How many of them must go down before Ding Chavez satiates his lust for blood? If they could just unite and work together they could easily overcome at least the door breach team. Of course, I was against their plan to steal MI6's laptop and then hold the ambassador hostage from the beginning."

Hillary Clinton
Democratic Candidate

"Ding Chavez, although I always imagined him as a woman."

Mike Gravel
Implacable Kook

"Mortimer Ichabod Marker. *Picture Pages*. He writes what we're all thinking. He writes it in his own blood."

What scares you?

John McCain
Republican Nominee

"Grabbing a pretty girl's ass and then being told by one of my aides that she is my daughter."

Barack Obama
Democratic Frontrunner

"I cut myself shaving yesterday and I saw this little droplet of blood on my face and I just had to sit down. I mean, uh, I was confronted with reality. I realized, uh, I might not be an entity of pure energy and idealism born from hope and destined to guide the world into a new epoch of, uh, peace and prosperity. Then I paged through a copy of *The Atlantic* and got my bearings back, but for a second there, whew, very scary."

Hillary Clinton
Democratic Candidate

"That my presidency might overshadow the Founding Fathers."

Mike Gravel
Implacable Kook

"We eat chickens. We take a bird and we put it in our bodies. In our stomach it dissolves down into atoms and then those atoms enter our bodies. We do this every day all over the planet. Now, think about this: WE are the chickens."

Do you have any tattoos?

John McCain
Republican Nominee

"CATNIP on my stomach in gothic text."

Barack Obama
Democratic Frontrunner

"Nothing yet, but I've been working with one of the guys from *Miami Ink* to come up with a sweet tribal that incorporates a basketball, a crucifix, a big-tittied mermaid, a skull, and a dolphin. I love dolphins. Fuck yeah. Fuck yeah, dolphins."

Hillary Clinton
Democratic Candidate

"I have skeletons on the soles of my feet and written under them it says 'BHO' and 'JRE'. I will always walk on the bones of my enemies."

Mike Gravel
Implacable Kook

"THUGGLYFE down my huge dick, sure."

If you could travel in time who would you meet?

John McCain
Republican Nominee

"President John McCain in 2015 on the day they lift the drape off of the statue of him in Iraq because we won Iraq and freedom. There is freedom everywhere. And a formation of futuristic jets."

Barack Obama
Democratic Front-runner

"Ooh, a time machine? I have a list of editorial suggestions for a certain religious figure."

Hillary Clinton
Democratic Candidate

"I'd want to travel back and meet Vince Foster and tell him to man up and Bud Dwyer that shit so he doesn't ruin it when I try to Google my own name."

Mike Gravel
Implacable Kook

"I've got to warn Doc about the Libyans!"

What is your least favorite animal?

John McCain
Republican Nominee

"Voles. Get a life, creeps! Even moles look down on you!"

Barack Obama
Democratic Front-runner

"White women 65 years and older. I think about seven of them have voted for me and they're all super delegates."

Hillary Clinton
Democratic Candidate

"I don't know what an Obamican is but I want to see a machine gun raked pile of them being shoveled into a mass grave."

Mike Gravel
Implacable Kook

"That goddamn baboon. GET. OFF. THE. FUCKING. HUMMING. BIRD. FUCKING. FEEDERS!"

Would you turn to cannibalism for survival?

John McCain
Republican Nominee

"Would and did. Tastes just like chickens. Think about that: WE are the chickens."

Barack Obama
Democratic Frontrunner

"Cannibalism? I am sustained by glowing editorials in Newsweek. RICHARD WOLFFE...IS...MAKING ME STRRRRONNGGGEER AAAARRRRRRR!! HOWARD...FINEMAN...LEVEL UP!!!!!"

Hillary Clinton
Democratic Candidate

"Where do you think all this experience comes from?"

Mike Gravel
Implacable Kook

"I eat rope. By the transitive property I could eat a guy named Rope."

All too often it is the smallest things that turn an election. Perhaps these forgotten details, lost amid the media hype, will provide you with an informed perspective when you go to the voting booths in, what is it? October? Something like that.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.29 Wrestlemania Rostermania

Saturday, Mar 29, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

When Wrestlemania XXIV begins tomorrow night, it is estimated that the event will be broadcast via Pay Per View to more than one million households. That number is even more impressive when you consider that double-wide trailers aren't counted twice, as you'd think they would be. Since the spectacle draws a huge number of viewers who don't keep up with professional wrestling, the impact of some of the matches may be lost on people who aren't familiar with the wrestlers competing in each event. Brush up on your pro wrestling knowledge with this Wrestlemania roster, or risk complete embarrassment at your local MENSA chapter's Wrestlemania XXIV party.

Previous Characters:
Fit Finlay, Fighting Finlay, Ferocious Harold

Alignment:
Good Guys

Signature Move:
The Leprechaun's Lament - An inverted body slam in which Finlay lays face down on his opponent, then exerts a tremendous amount of force to launch himself up onto the top rope.

Previous Characters: JBL, Cowboy Layfield, The Yargle Viper

Alignment:
Rich Bad Guys

Signature Move:
Stock Exchange - Bradshaw calls for a timeout, then produces a cell phone and calls his stockbroker. The stockbroker, in turn, buys Bradshaw's opponent then sells him at a profit.

CAREER THREATENING MATCH

Previous Characters:
The Nature Boy, Slick Ric, Hulk Hogan

Alignment:
AARP

Signature Move:
Napping Grandpa, Hidden Girdle - Flair twists his torso back and forth while shouting "Woo!" to the heavens, slapping his cornered opponent about the face with his sagging breasts.

VS.

Previous Characters:
The Heartbreak Kid, Sexy Humpback, Penis Have

Alignment:
Arrogant Good Guys

Signature Move:
The Atomic Elbow - Wonders aloud how many atoms there are in his elbow, then kicks his opponent in the stomach.

SMACKDOWN VERSUS RAW MATCH

Previous Characters:
Zugama, Ouwanga, Harvey From Accounting

Alignment:
Walking Samoan Stereotypes

Signature Move:
Samoan Roar - Yells.

VS.

Previous Characters:
Big Dave, Large Dave, Large Big

Alignment:
Good Guys

Signature Move:
The Burninator - Batista climbs to the top rope, then uses a comically oversized magnifying glass to focus the stadium's harsh lights into a single beam of searing pain on the chest of his opponent.

$20 MILLION DAVID VS GOLIATH MATCH

Previous Characters:
Pretty Boy Floyd, Robofloyd, Punch Guy

Alignment:
Good Guys That Everyone Hates

Signature Move:
Inverted Triple-Lux Double Looper Maymaker Uppercut Variation With A Twist - Punches his opponent.

VS.

Previous Characters:
The Incredible Sulk, Bruno The Horse Jockey

Alignment:
Bad Guys That Everyone Likes, Frost Giants

Signature Move:
Blubbo's Pantometer - Lurches about the ring while taking up a great deal of space and getting winded easily.

WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

Previous Characters:
Zookeeper Dan, The Angry Gynecologist

Alignment:
Bad Guys

Signature Move:
The Edge's Edge - Edge turns sideways to become paper-thin and nearly invisible, then pokes his confused opponent in the eye.

VS.

Previous Characters:
The Grave Digger, Satan's Henchman, Flopsy The Clown

Alignment:
The "He's Still Wrestling?" Squad

Signature Move:
Shadowy Spookfest - By summoning the dark powers that inhabit unseen corners of the waking world, Undertaker hides the pain of his aching joints, bad back, and impotence from his opponent.

WWE CHAMPIONSHIP TRIPLE THREAT MATCH

Previous Characters:
The Human Crouton, Showers Daly

Alignment:
Lawful Evil

Signature Move:
Snap Shot - After stunning his opponent, Randy exits the ring to retrieve a Polaroid camera that was hidden under the canvas before the match. With this camera he snaps a photograph of the other wrestler, stealing his soul forever.

VS.

Previous Characters:
Hunter Hearst Helmsley, The Game, The Mysterious Masked Man In A Chicken Suit

Alignment:
The Lemmy Society Of Ridiculous Facial Hair

Signature Move:
The Sledgehammer - Grabs opponent's wrists and forces them to slap their hands against their face, asking "why are you hitting yourself?" in a mocking falsetto.

VS.

Previous Characters:
Hustla White, Sparky The Dog That Could Wrestle

Alignment:
Good Guys

Signature Move:
The Five Knuckle Shuffle - Shakes his opponent's hand vigorously, with a vice-like grip that really smarts. Never breaks eye contact or stops smiling, placing his opponent in a difficult position where breaking the handshake or complaining about Cena's grip might come across as rude.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.30 A Special Two-Part Event: "The Secret Agent Who Is Past His Prime" Part 1

Sunday, Mar 30, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

The long lost classic of the spy genre, now presented here in two stunning parts! This is part 1! Not this, but the text right below this!!

Chapter 1: Remembrance of Evil Plots Past

I'm a secret agent. Or I was. There's not much secret about my life anymore, which is why I can tell you about it. There's a word for working spies who tell spy stories. There's also a death penalty for it. Anyway, awhile ago I told the story of how I became friends with the evil doctor who used to be my arch-rival. You can read it if you want, but the main thing you have to know is that both Dr. Petrubia and I are way past our prime.

The first time I met Dr. Petrubia he forced me at gunpoint to put on a cat costume and then threw me into a pit full of robots that had been programmed to think they were dogs. The second time I met him, he hung me on a giant dartboard and played darts using a modified bazooka. The third time I met him, he was actually a deadly android copy of himself that he was manipulating via remote control.

Now he was asking me whether I wanted mayonnaise on the turkey sandwich he was making me for lunch.

"You want mayo on this?" he asked, and then plopped a whole glob of the stuff on the bread without waiting for my answer.

"Ah man," I said, "you know I hate mayo. It tastes weird, and I always spill some on my tux."

"Hahahahaha" he laughed, evilly, and then stuck the plate in front of me. We were eating together at a small table in his kitchen.

"Oh well, it's not like I use my tux for anything important anymore," I said. "Thanks Dr. Petrubia."

He sat down and flipped open a paper. Its headline read: **SUPER SPY BRENT WOODLY DEFEATS EVIL MASTERMIND DR. ZARKANONOVAKO IN DEADLY GAME OF LASER CHESS**. Beneath it was a big picture of Agent Woodly smiling for the camera.

"God, I've never even heard of that guy," I said. "Used to be *my* successes made the headlines. I even had my own line of action figures until a couple kids swallowed the detachable umbrella-jet and choked to death. Now the agency hasn't even called me in three months."

The doctor fiddled around with the potato chips on his blue paper plate.

"You think you have it bad," he said. "People used to fear me. Now neighborhood kids let air out of my tires almost every day. I yell that I'll hang them over a cliff on a rope made from woven fish guts and then release a flock of ravenous seagulls, but they just laugh and throw things at me."

He shook his head, and let a handful of chips drop back on the plate..

"You know, I came up with a plan awhile ago," he said, "A good one. Better than any I've had in years. And I need your help."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

He stood. "Come on," he said. "I'll show you."

Chapter 2: In Which Dr. Petrubia Introduces a Plan

Dr. Petrubia led me down his hallway to a spare room that used to be his son's room until the son went to live with his mother three years ago. She got full custody because it turns out that the doctor had tried to destroy the world or hold it hostage somewhere in the range of a hundred times, and, despite the fact that he was never actually successful, the judge still ruled him an unfit father. The wallpaper of the room was a faded pattern of baseball bats, balls, and gloves.

On one wall, he had torn the wallpaper off and put up large metal sheets with a sign he had painted on a butcher paper that said "Secret Control Room". Below that was an ancient computer with a bulky monitor on which he had taped the label "Giant Robotic Boot Control Panel". He turned to me, gesturing proudly at the signs.

"This is my latest evil plan to destroy the world," he said. "And you're going to stop it."

"What?"

"Look, we haven't had any respect for years because we haven't done anything worthwhile for years. So: I'll fake an evil plan. I'll pretend that I'm going to send an enormous robotic boot to stomp on the White House. Then you'll fake stopping it. Which should be easy because the boot won't actually exist. You get your name in the paper, I get feared again. It'll be great."

I want to say that I had to think about it awhile. That it weighed heavily on my soul. But actually I was just really excited.

.

"That's a great idea!" I said.

"What, really?" he said. "You think so?"

"Well, the chances of us getting caught are very high, but..." In that moment I remembered the time I had looped my belt around a helicopter's runners so I could secretly hitch a ride as it flew into an erupting volcano, and the time I had wrestled with the President after he had been transformed into an ape, then I looked down at the way my paunch was nosing its way through my tuxedo shirt. "but let's do this."

Chapter 3: The Other Shoe Drops

I was leaning casually against a tree near the Washington Monument, waiting for Dr. Petrubia to release his video. Suddenly a car full of soldiers came barreling by towards the White House. Looks like it had started. I flipped on a portable TV I had with me and watched as he gave his speech.

At first it was a little awkward. He hadn't done this in awhile, and he didn't seem to know how he should stand or how to inflect his voice. His voice involuntarily squeaked as he said "Your president will not be spared." But after awhile, you could see him relax and really get into it, throwing in evil laughs and threatening rhetorical questions.

By the end, he was perfectly comfortable, tapping at the keyboard of his broken computer and announcing that his robotic boot was even now descending from orbit to stomp out federal spending once and for all.

I turned off the TV and strolled up towards Pennsylvania Avenue. Screaming tourists passed me going the other direction. In a minute I would appear at the White House, say some reassuring things to Secret Service agents, then drive back to Dr. Petrubia's house where we would film me defeating him in hand to hand combat and then maybe knocking the computer to the floor before announcing that I had averted the crisis. This was the plan anyway.

It was the plan right up until I saw the crowds of people pointing up to the sky and gaping, and I looked up to see that there really was a giant robotic boot flying down to crush us all. That son of a bitch Dr. Petrubia had set me up. My heart started beating hard, and I realized that I couldn't have been happier. I reached inside my bag for my secret umbrella-jet, which my nephew had just fixed as a birthday present. The mission was going to be real.

Chapter Four: A Low Character

Dr. Petrubia was sitting on his son's bed, drinking a Diet Dr. Pepper and waiting for me to return, when he heard the front door open and shut.

"You can't possibly be back already," he shouted, and wandered out into the hallway, where he found himself knee to face with Dr. Zarkanonovako, the infamous Russian midget evil genius, and current reigning nemesis of the Secret Agency.

"Hello," said the short Ruskie. He held his hand above his head so Dr. Petrubia could shake it. "Most impressed by plan. So I decide to help you. I send second giant robotic boot which I happen to have laying around. Now destruction is double."

He turned, posing with a maniacal grin for a man with a camera who had followed him through the door.

"Don't mind him," said Dr. Zarkanonovako. "He's just my publicist Now. We two of us, we smash Washington! Hahahahaha!"

Dr. Petrubia nodded nervously and nearly dropped his Diet Dr. Pepper.

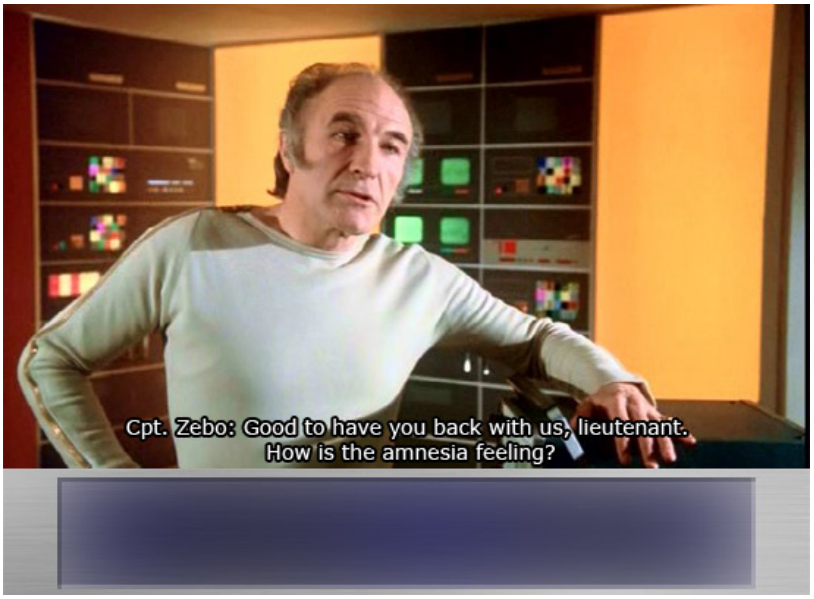
"This is just such an...unexpected...honor," he said. "Um, sorry, do you mind if I make a quick phone call?"

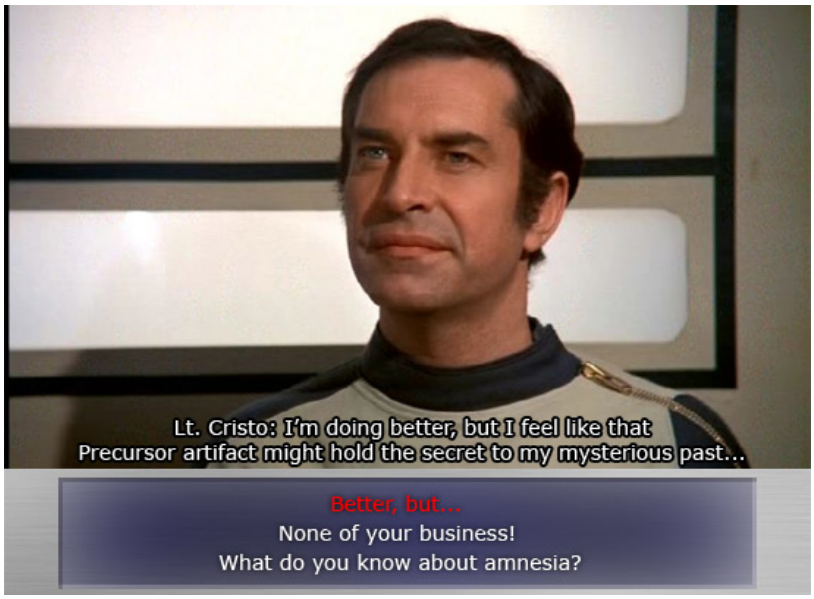
To be continued...

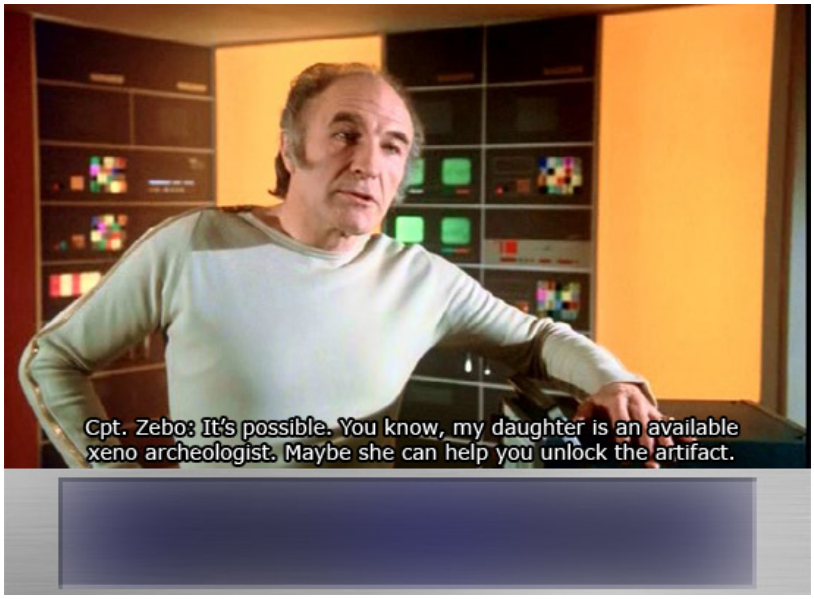
-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

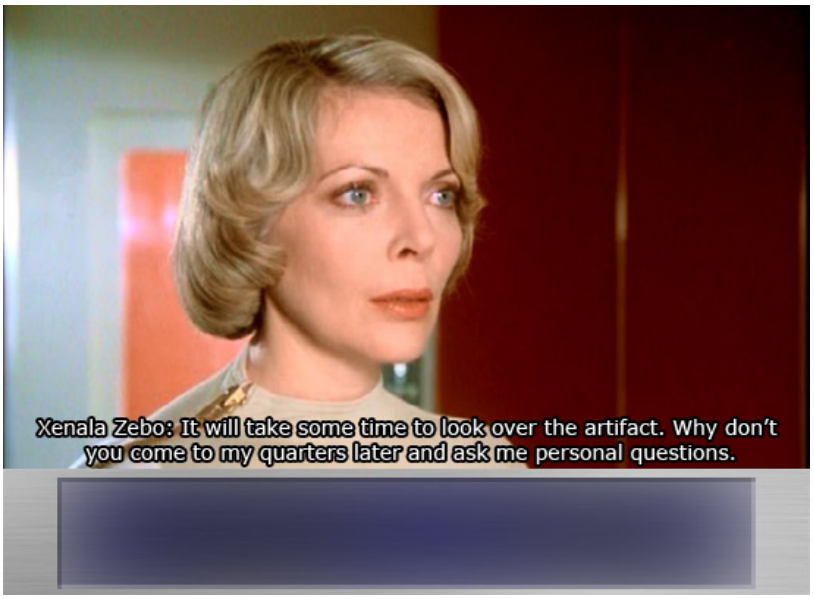
3.31 Mission Briefings From Hell: Assault on Mars Space Station

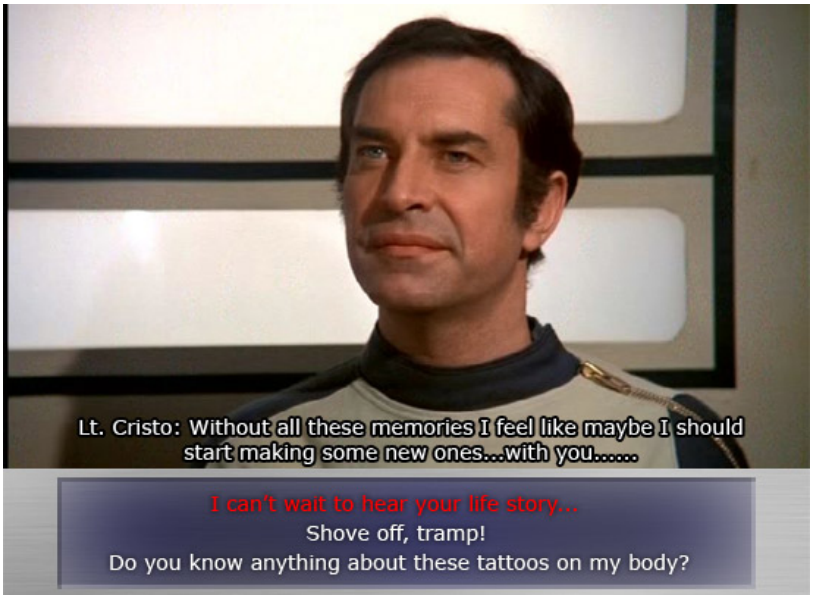
Monday, Mar 31, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

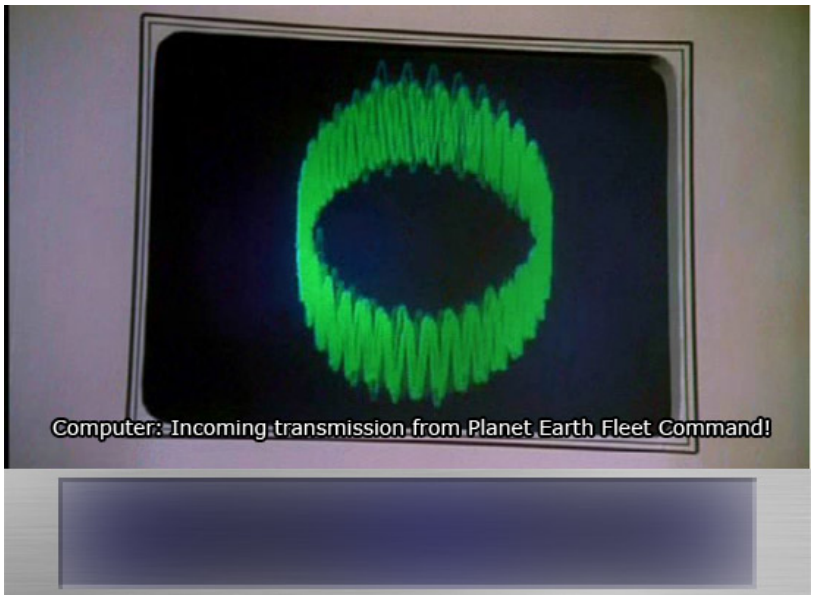


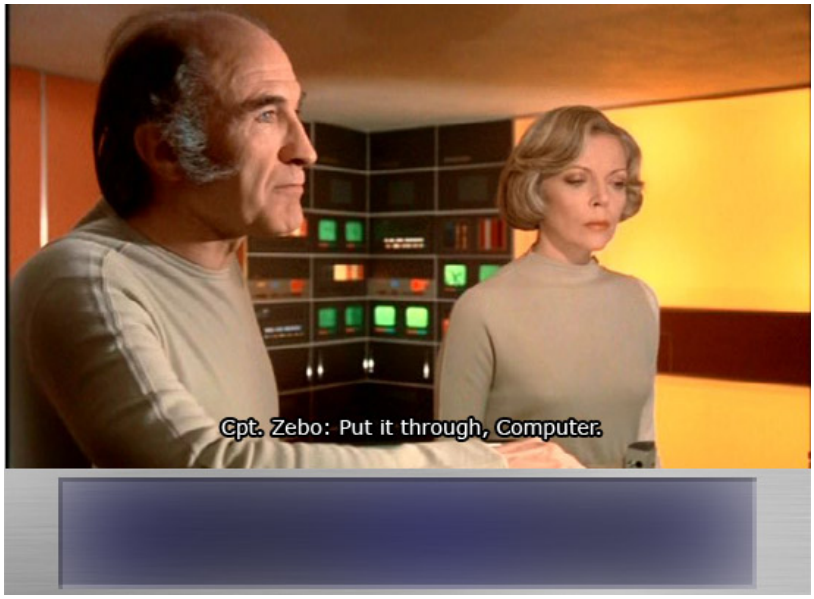

Lt. Cristo: I'm doing better, but I feel like that
Precursor artifact might hold the secret to my mysterious past...
Better, but...
None of your business!
What do you know about amnesia?

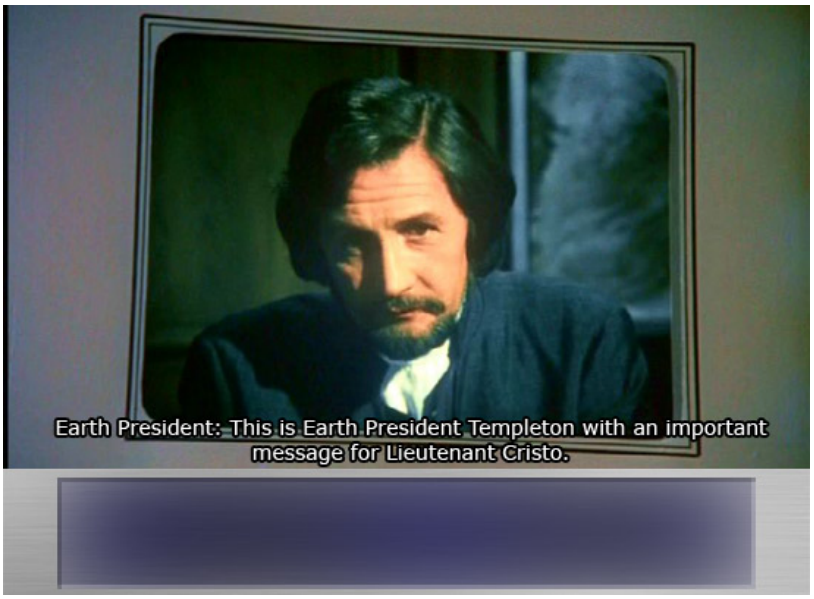

Cpt. Zebo: It's possible. You know, my daughter is an available
xeno archeologist. Maybe she can help you unlock the artifact.

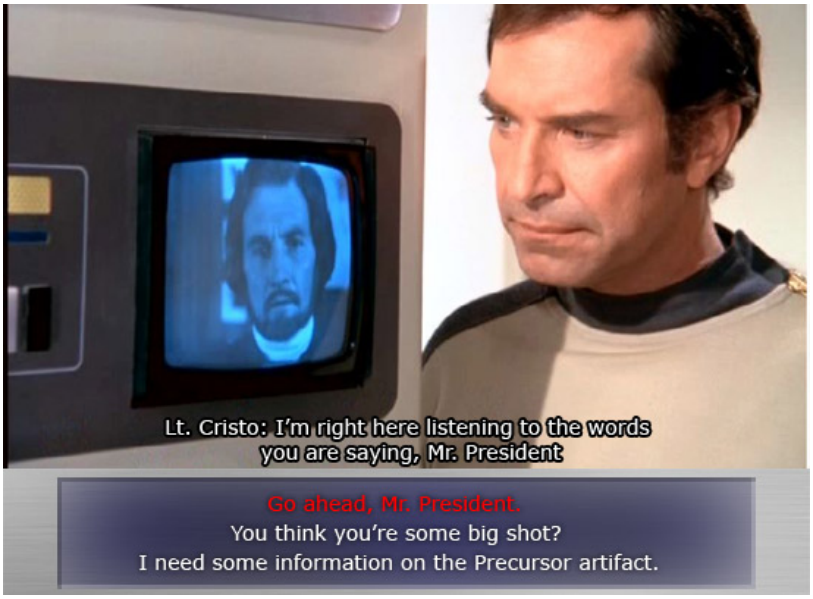

Xenala Zebo: It will take some time to look over the artifact. Why don't you come to my quarters later and ask me personal questions.

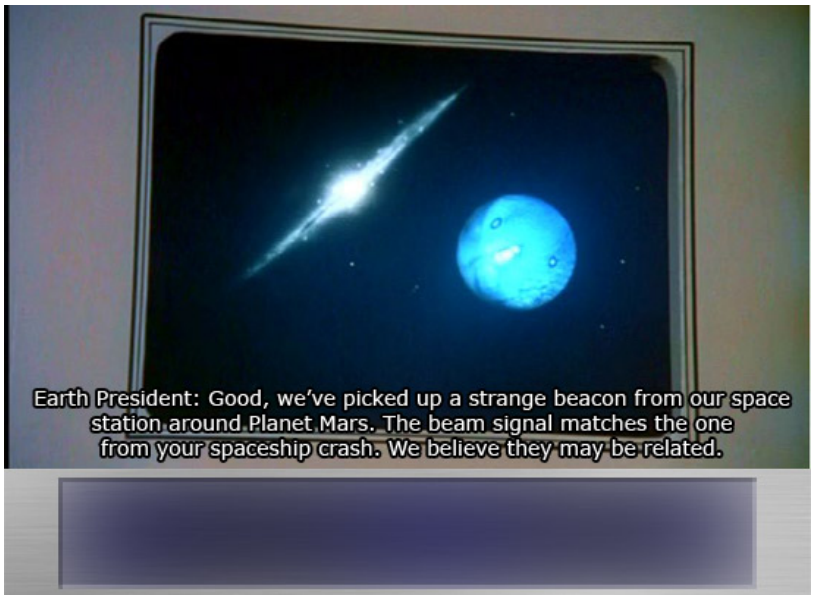

Lt. Cristo: Without all these memories I feel like maybe I should start making some new ones...with you.....
I can't wait to hear your life story...
Shove off, tramp!
Do you know anything about these tattoos on my body?

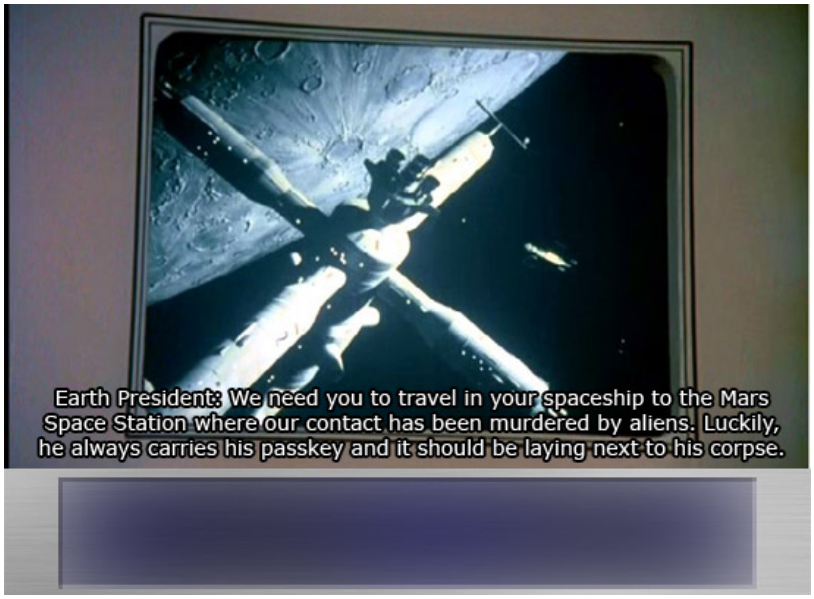

Computer: Incoming transmission from Planet Earth Fleet Command!

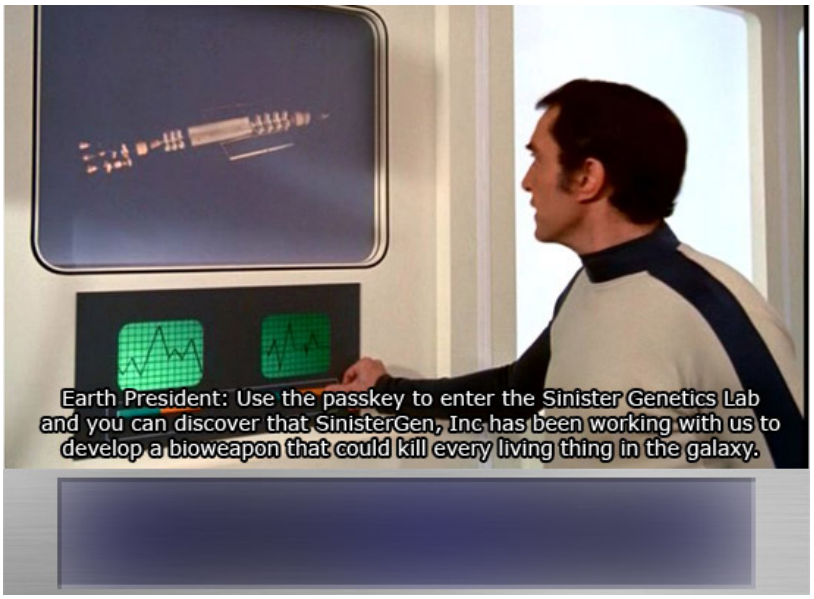

Cpt. Zebo: Put it through, Computer.

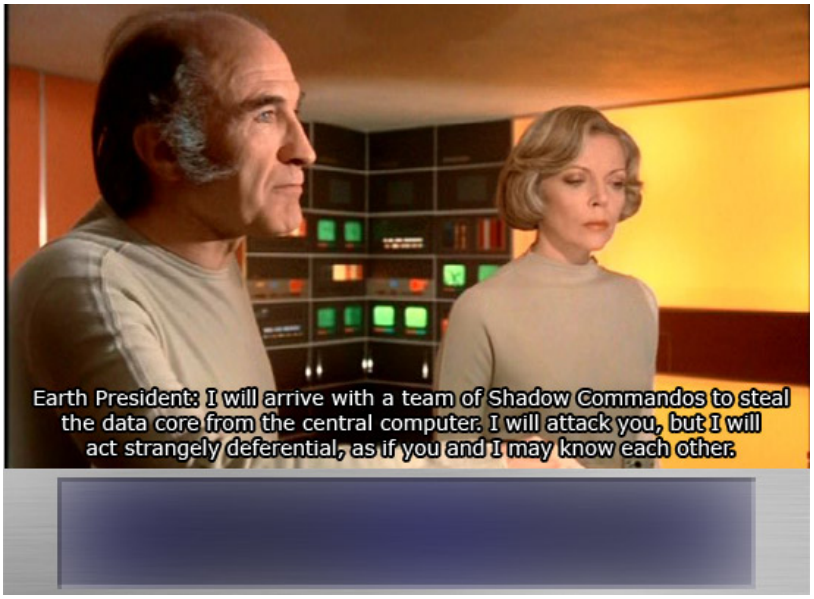

Earth President: This is Earth President Templeton with an important message for Lieutenant Cristo.

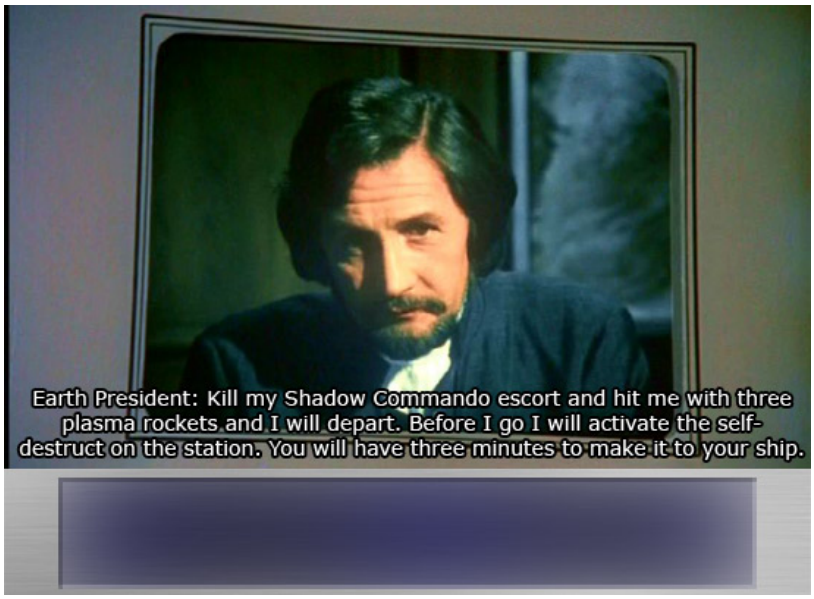

Lt. Cristo: I'm right here listening to the words you are saying, Mr. President
Go ahead, Mr. President.
You think you're some big shot?
I need some information on the Precursor artifact.


Earth President: Good, we've picked up a strange beacon from our space station around Planet Mars. The beam signal matches the one from your spaceship crash. We believe they may be related.


Earth President: We need you to travel in your spaceship to the Mars Space Station where our contact has been murdered by aliens. Luckily, he always carries his passkey and it should be laying next to his corpse.

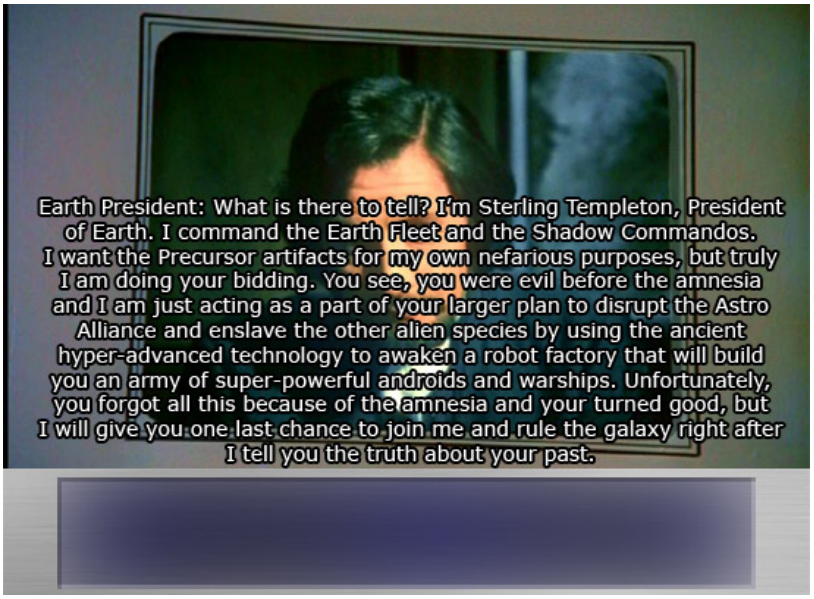

Earth President: Use the passkey to enter the Sinister Genetics Lab
and you can discover that SinisterGen, Inc has been working with us to
develop a bioweapon that could kill every living thing in the galaxy.

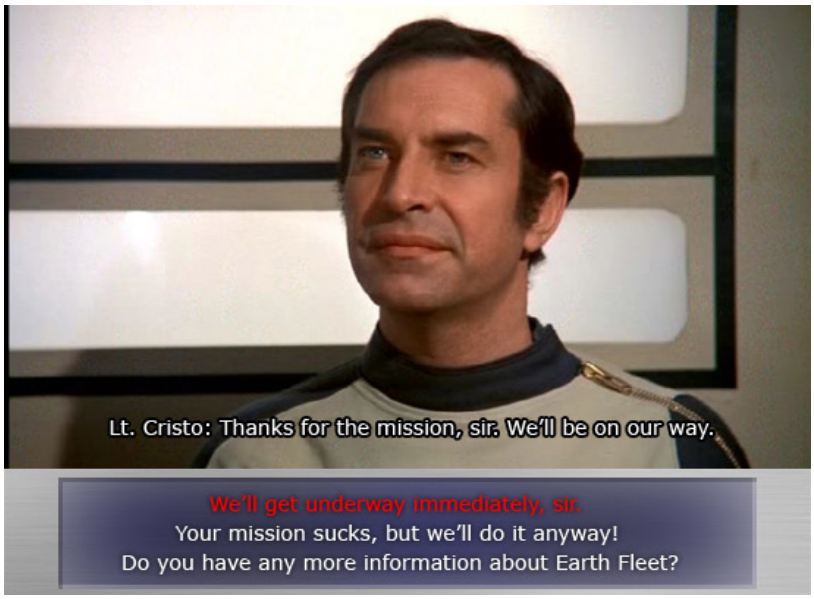

Earth President: I will arrive with a team of Shadow Commandos to steal
the data core from the central computer. I will attack you, but I will
act strangely deferential, as if you and I may know each other.

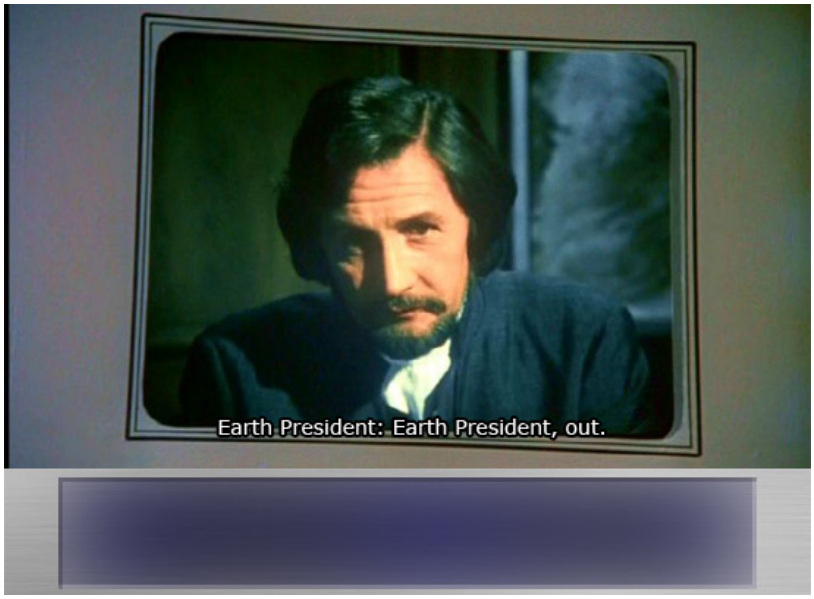

Earth President: Kill my Shadow Commando escort and hit me with three plasma rockets and I will depart. Before I go I will activate the self-destruct on the station. You will have three minutes to make it to your ship.

Earth President: Be sure to take a security expert in your party. I have planted roughly 500 proximity mines on the station. Do you have any questions?

Lt. Cristo: I'm interested in knowing more about you. What can you tell me about yourself?
Astro Squadron can handle it, sir.
Fat chance, Poppo! We're going to the Pleasure Planet!
What can you tell me about you?


Earth President: What is there to tell? I'm Sterling Templeton, President of Earth. I command the Earth Fleet and the Shadow Commandos. I want the Precursor artifacts for my own nefarious purposes, but truly I am doing your bidding. You see, you were evil before the amnesia and I am just acting as a part of your larger plan to disrupt the Astro Alliance and enslave the other alien species by using the ancient hyper-advanced technology to awaken a robot factory that will build you an army of super-powerful androids and warships. Unfortunately, you forgot all this because of the amnesia and your turned good, but I will give you one last chance to join me and rule the galaxy right after I tell you the truth about your past.


Lt. Cristo: Thanks for the mission, sir. We'll be on our way.
We'll get underway immediately, sir.
Your mission sucks, but we'll do it anyway!
Do you have any more information about Earth Fleet?


Earth President: Earth President, out.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 4

April

4.1 Energy Drink Roundup Spotlight: JOLT ENERGY!

Tuesday, Apr 01, 2008 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This article is part of the Awful Energy Drink and Food Reviews series.

Frags and I enjoying a Jolt energy drink. We like to work out a lot. We also like wrestling.

In the beginning, there was Jolt Cola.

Decades before countless revolting energy drinks spawned throughout American grocery stores, Jolt stood alone. While other soft drink manufacturers foolishly chose to advertise their product's great taste or value, Jolt used a lot of capital letters to brag that their cola contained enough sugar and caffeine to dissolve the Statue of Liberty. I guess it makes sense in a way; Budweiser and Miller spend billions of dollars advertising their superior taste or special light brew, while Natty Ice simply slaps a two-cent red sticker on each 12-pack reading "THIS SHIT GETS YOU DRUNK, FAG."

Much like Natty Ice, Jolt targets teenagers and college students with their current line of energy drinks. Plaster advertisements across your campus, annoying and alienating the entire school, and "Wet Planet Beverages" will reward you with a free envelope of Jolt condoms! Take a photo of yourself doing something monumentally stupid with their energy drinks and you might receive a case of their crap! Win a soda, lose your dignity!

The PR Manager from Wet Planet Beverages recently contacted me and asked if I would be interested in reviewing a free case of their Jolt energy drinks. Apparently they never received the memo proving I lost all remaining relevancy back in 2003. Perhaps that notice got filed under the letter revealing my utter contempt for energy drinks, or the fact sheet explaining I run a comedy website which mocks retarded garbage.

Despite the questionable motive, I informed them I'll drink or eat anything if it's free, so they promptly shipped me a crate of their caffeinated crap. This is one of the many incredible "perks" I occasionally receive for being a webmaster on the internet, like the time in 2006 a Lee's Summit Applebee's server recognized me and offered **a free basket of chips and salsa.** Yeah, you read that correctly, over the past two years, my internet fame got me a dozen free sodas and a bowl of tortilla chips. At this rate, it's only a matter of time before my amazing internet fame pulls in a real "big ticket" item, like a gallon of buttermilk or some epoxy putty.

So without further boring words, let me introduce Jolt Energy as the focus in today's Energy Drink Roundup Spotlight, an incredible honor which can only be achieved by sending me free shit in the mail.

The Energy Drink Roundup Spotlight: JOLT ENERGY!

Wild Grape - Much like authentic fake grapes (as featured in the popular murder simulator *Pac-Man*), Jolt's Wild Grape flavor is highly purple colored. This finely-tuned attention to detail truly demonstrates Wet Planet Beverages' commitment to energy drink excellence. One of their corporate slogans is probably "no more orange-colored wild grape drinks."

Upon twisting open the Wild Grape lid, I was immediately surrounded by a strange chemical cloud which smelled like a trick or treat bag after it had been repeatedly raped by truckers. This noxious odor proceeded to stalk me throughout the day, offending nearby children and religious folks. Fortunately, Wild Grape's bark proved much worse than its bite, an amazing coincidence considering it vaguely tasted like watered-down tree bark.

The label "Wild Grape" apparently refers to only its stench, as the drink itself lacks any sort of noticeable flavor whatsoever. I had to frequently look at the can to remind myself I wasn't drinking carbonated ghosts, which I suppose is a refreshing change from the standard energy drink bouquet of "diseased dicks marinated in battery acid." If you enjoy the smell of Smarties candy, but simply cannot dedicate the time or commitment required to dissolve one in your grandfather's embalming fluid, Jolt's Wild Grape will hump your balls with pure excitement.

Cherry Bomb - While the can's "fuck you" greeting odor doesn't approach Wild Grape-levels of offensiveness, it still falls into the distinct "failed experimental attempt to create fake fruit by using household cleaning agents" territory. Jolt apparently obtained their team of renegade flavor engineers by hanging out in the Vicks parking lot and forcibly abducting their Nyquil chemists after asking, "hey guys, want to work on something like cough syrup but a lot more stupid?"

Like Wild Grape, Jolt once again declined to include an actual flavor for Cherry Bomb. Perhaps they originally concocted some liquid which, according to their equations, tasted like cherry, but had to scrap it and start over when they realized it was capable of combusting drywall from 30 feet away. That's perfectly fine by me, since the sensation of energy drink aftertaste is like spontaneously growing a spring bed mattress in your colon, but they shouldn't give their products misleading names like "Cherry Bomb." If I purchase an energy drink named "Cherry Bomb," I fully expect its vile taste to irreparably damage my digestive system while stripping me of my ability to produce children. Needless to say, another letdown.

Blue Raspberry - You know how every single *Castlevania* game features Death as a mini-boss? And you know how Death is an utter pussy when you first start beating him with your magic whip, until you eventually deal enough damage and he transforms into his alter-ego which kicks your ass with heat-seeking scimitars and screeching Nazi hell missiles? Jolt's Blue Raspberry is a lot like Death in this regard.

Blue Raspberry lacks the pungent torture of Cherry Bomb or Wild Grape's "fuck you" greeting odor, which simply inspires a false sense of confidence regarding its horrendous taste. After plodding through the previous drinks, I fully expected another Wet Planet flavor letdown.

Then I drank it.

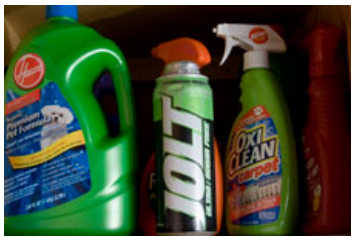
Swallowing Blue Raspberry is like gagging down a handful of those Gitmo torture photos where the prisoners are dressed like latex Pyramid Heads in the action room from "Videodrome." Blue Raspberry had transformed into its alter-ego before my very eyes, and like in *Castlevania*, it had become death.

The good news: Blue Raspberry actually tastes like something. The bad news: that "something" is an electrified Bomb-Pop, ejaculated from the very loins of Lucifer himself. The confusing news: after drinking a can of this crud, your burps somehow become tomato-flavored. Don't ask me how; that's the miracle of science!

Power Cola - Apparently Jolt's marketing team decided "Regular Cola" didn't have such an incredible ring to it. Or perhaps the aforementioned "power" refers to "the power of tasting absolutely generic."

Regardless, Power Cola is neither powerful nor cola; it's clown seltzer water infused with a single cola-flavored Willy Wonka Bottle Cap. "Clown Seltzer Water Infused With a Single Cola-Flavored Willy Wonka Bottle Cap" is much too long to fit on a single can, even the comically enormous pregnant Thermos bottles Wet Planet Beverages ships Jolt in. Or maybe "Power" is an acronym for "Pardon Our Weak Energy Refreshment."

Either way, you'll find it difficult to scrape together enough people to collectively care. I cannot recall if this is what Jolt Cola used to taste like before Wet Planet Beverages made it all edgy and in-your-face and Xtreme Sports 2.0. There's a big black "X" on its cap! Teenagers love big black "X" symbols! It reminds them of the hottest, hippest trend sweeping through west coast high schools: pirate treasure hunting! Yar, here lies taurine!



Ultra: Sugar Free - It is physically impossible for me to drink anything "sugar free" without getting a headache and fighting back the urge to vomit up pissed off white blood cells. Besides, sugar is essentially the healthiest ingredient in these bottles, so I'd be doing my entire body a major disservice by consuming this.

The Ultra: Sugar Free product information page doesn't help matters much with its description as, and I quote here, *"ultra-tasty flava playa squashes calories, carbs and the competition!"* Damn! I been looking for a flava playa, but this nigga's gone Atkin's! Yo shortie, hook me up wit a two-four of that shit and a pound of raw bacon!

I think I can safely make the following claims about Ultra: Sugar Free without actually drinking it:

1. It tastes like shit.

2. It makes your body feel as if you've been fucking a corroded car battery for several grueling weeks.

If anybody out there has actually consumed Ultra: Sugar Free and experienced something to the contrary, feel free to not share your opinion with me, because the only thing worse than drinking several gallons of energy drinks is reading about somebody else drinking several gallons of energy drinks. Shit, did I just zing myself?

Orange Blast - Besides lemon, orange is probably the easiest artificial fruit flavor for Russian refugees to synthesize in illegal back alley flavor labs. Simply brew up a big vat of Octyl Acetate and pray the Department of Homeland Security doesn't bust you for messing around with a substance more vile than meth.

Orange Blast smells like orange Gatorade or virtually any other fake orange beverage in existence, which might help if you're trying to trick somebody into drinking it. "Hey Dave, why don't you take a swig of this crap?" you can ask somebody, assuming their name is "Dave" and the crap in question is Jolt Orange Blast. "It smells just like orange Gatorade, so how bad could it be?" Once Dave falls to the floor and into a coma, you may assume his identity and ruin his credit, up until the point somebody calls you Dave and dares you to drink something smelling like orange Gatorade. Welcome to the Energy Drink Möbius Strip, sucker!

While "Orange Blast" may sound like a vague racial slur against Muslims, the beverage itself tastes like that slimy goo used to remove price stickers from individual dinner plates. It's less carbonated than Cherry Bomb, but so is antifreeze and cat urine. If you like drinking antifreeze and cat urine, but have been bothered by their distinct lack of Guarana, perhaps you should either buy a few cans of Orange Blast or change your cat's diet to something more gay.

This concludes today's Energy Drink Roundup Spotlight. I didn't bother reviewing the "energy gum" and "energy shot" included in the package because my wife threatened to stop speaking to me if I consumed any more vitamin B (cobalamin is tearing our marriage apart). I eagerly anticipate more companies sending me free shit in exchange for calling them retarded because they don't know how to spell "Guarana" on their own website. That's like an automobile manufacturer bragging about the quality of their "stearing wheals."

Thank you, and may god bless all our messes.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.2 BarkWire.com Reviews: Noir

Wednesday, Apr 02, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Name: Noir
Breed: Canine Fatale
Age: 6
Gender: Female
Relationship Status: It's complicated
Location: In and around Shaggy Butte
Rating:

(3.5 out of 5 bones)
ePets: *Noir has been ePetted 37 times.*

PET THIS DOG
WRITE A REVIEW
ADD NOIR TO FAVORITES

EDITOR'S REVIEW: Noir is a bit of a mystery. Few people ever seem to get to spend more than a few hours with her. She is known for her aloof behavior and evasiveness, often avoiding people for as long as she can. But when she needs something, she knows how to play the role of man's best friend like no other. When she works her charms, Noir will have you wishing she was your dog. But by the time you decide to keep her, she's gone.
--BarkWire Senior Editor Chris Bluefield

User Reviews

58 Reviews for Noir - Displaying 52-55

NOIR ENCOUNTER, MARCH 28, 2008
Posted by **RandyF** [**Read other reviews by RandyF**]
(5 Bones)

WAS MINDING OWN BUSINESS ON MARCH 28, 2008, WHEN NOIR SHOWED UP AND TURNED WORLD UPSIDE-DOWN. INCIDENT WENT AS FOLLOWS:

12:28PM - RETURN TO GARAGE AFTER HELPING LOAD COUSIN LEVI'S WAGON WITH MERCHANDISE.

12:29PM - WIPE SWEAT OFF BROW WITH RAG

12:30PM - SEE DOG WALK IN OPEN GARAGE.

12:30PM - HOLLER "GO ON, GET!" AT TRESPASSING DOG.

12:31PM - DOG LOOKS AT ME WITH EYES THAT DON'T QUIT. SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY THE LIGHT BROKE THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR AND MADE HER SHINE LIKE AN ANGEL IN THE DARK OF THE GARAGE. SAID TO HER "HELL, WHAT HAVE YOU GONE AND MADE ME DO?"

12:32PM - POURED SOME WATER AND GOT PIECE OF STEAK.

12:33PM - GIRL TURNS ON THE WATERWORKS. DROOL DOWN TO THE FLOOR. ATE THAT STEAK UP LIKE IT WAS HER LAST MEAL.

12:35PM - EXAMINE DOG TAGS. READ "NOIR". NOTICE BITE MARKS ON HER BACK.

12:36PM - ASK "WHO DID THIS TO YOU?" SHE TURNS AWAY AND WHIMPERS IN FEAR.

12:45PM - HAVE UNCLE LEVI TREAT WOUNDS. MAKE LITTLE BED IN GARAGE FOR NOIR TO SLEEP ON.

SPENT ENTIRE DAY WITH NOIR, BUT COME EVENING, SHE VANISHED. NO IDEA WHERE SHE WENT. A MANGY DOG CAME BY THE NEXT MORNING. POSSIBLY LOOKING FOR HER. SHOT HIM DEAD. THINK IT WAS CLANDESTINE, PURPORTED ASSOCIATE OF VERMIN.

Question about Noir?
Posted by **Selma** [**Read other reviews by Selma**]
(4.5 Bones)

Is this the same dog that was involved with Vermin awhile back? If so, she probably got in way over her head. Vermin is absolutely insane. He's not a dog that lets things go. If you saw what happened to Scrapper, Rusty"s brother, you'd know he's one vicious fleabag. It takes an especially evil dog to make me feel sorry for Rusty.

Vermin's gang have been such a nuisance that I'm thinking of moving. Day after day they are out causing trouble and nobody seems able to stop them. I think they're all rabid.

Involved with Rusty??
Posted by **Ackmed** [**Read other reviews by Ackmed**]

(1/2 Bone)

As some of you know, I live next door to Rusty's owner. No, I still haven't been able to get talk to him about the state of his lawn or about Rusty's unusual behavior. I plan to keep trying. Anyway, the other day I was looking out my back window and saw Noir together with Rusty. There was another dog with them. I think it was Senator. I was very confused, as I assumed that Noir belonged to Vermin. If she is looking for protection from Rusty's gang, then this whole feud just moved to the next level.

This concerns me greatly. I do not want to be living on the frontlines of a war between Vermin and Rusty. If you ask me, both dogs are horrible and need to be put down. I am not letting my children

play outside until this whole mess is settled.

A possible explanation?
Posted by **Doctor Dog** [**Read other reviews by Doctor Dog**]

(4 Bones)

I heard from a neighbor that Noir delivered a litter of puppies a few weeks ago, but most of them didn't make it. Someone in #barkwire mentioned that Vermin has been training new ward. Might be one of Noir's pups. If so, I can see why she'd be so upset. That pup has no chance if it's running with Vermin and his crew.

I can only hope someone rescues it before it grows up to be another pariah and menace to this community.

A good dog carrying a lot of baggage
Posted by **K9Fan** [**Read other reviews by K9Fan**]

(5 Bones)

I've seen a lot of dogs in my day, but none quite like Noir. There's something about her. There's this tension that hangs in the air and tugs on her leash. You want to unhook her, to let he run free, but you can't. This dog has buried more secrets than bones. She's been running from the past so long she doesn't even know how to stop. Whatever's got a hold on her won't let go.

She left in the night. I only got to spend a few hours with her, but they were the most fun I've ever had with a dog. The next morning I spotted Doublewide and Obscenity, two of Vermin's thugs, sniffing out her trail. I hope they never find her. Those damn dogs are ruining the west side.

A BEAUTIFUL DOG THAT I WISH WAS MINE FOREVER
Posted by **ELMO STEPHENS** [**Read other reviews by ELMO STEPHENS**]

(5 Bones)

HAD NO IDEA WHAT I WAS GETTING MYSELF INTO WHEN SHE WALKED IN MY YARD. SHOULD HAVE SAID NO, SENT HER ON HER WAY. BUT THOSE EYES. THOSE HARD LUCK EYES THAT CUT INTO MY SOUL LIKE A KNIFE. I WANTED TO WRAP MY ARMS AROUND HER, TAKE HER AWAY FROM ALL THIS AND GIVE HER A BETTER LIFE. BUT A GIRL LIKE NOIR, YOU CAN'T DO THAT. THE SECOND YOU GET CLOSE, SHE'S GONE. I GAVE HER A CAN OF SLOPPY JOE AND SHE LIKED IT A LOT. WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE THAT TO REMEMBER.

ELMO STEPHENS

A DOGGONE TRAGEDY
Posted by **BiGDog** [**Read other reviews by BiGDog**]

(5 Bones)

As usual, the flea brains on this site only have half the story. Guess it falls on --BiGDOG-- to set the record straight? What a surprise!

I saw Noir in the park the other day. I've been following her story on the various dog message boards and review sites on the net for awhile (the ones that aren't so full of whiny idiots that is), and figured she warranted a closer look. Let me tell you, --BiGDOG-- hasn't been this moved by a dog since the first time I laid eyes on Panzer. No, Noir can't compete with Panzer, but there's something about her that draws you in.

I have to admit, Noir managed to cast her spell on me. That's right, even --BiGDOG-- got the sting! A lot of other dogs have tried to butter up to the -BiGDOG--. I'm talking dogs like Whippersnapper, Cheyenne, Homestead, Baker's Dozen, and Siren. All those dogs tried to work their charms on --BiGDOG-- and failed. Those aren't lightweights either.

But then again, those dogs don't a story like hers. Lucky for them.

For those of you idiots running about speculating, Noir was indeed in a relationship with Vermin for a few months. He's the one who knocked her up. When she tried to run off with the pups and escape Vermin, that sick son of a bitch had them killed. All but one, that is, which he is training to be his successor. I'm pretty sure Noir was even witness to the murder of Scrapper. Might be why she's been running from him.

As to what she's doing messing about with Rusty, I don't know. If she thinks that deranged old mutt can protect her or help her get her pup back, she's crazier than Vermin. Rusty's sick and on his last legs. He doesn't stand a chance, and his band of misfits are better suited for pranks than street warfare.

All of this drama puts me in the mood for some carefree dogs. I'm talking good old American dogs that don't gnaw at your soul or drag you into the mud. Dogs like Vulcan, Goldrush, Robert, Dutch Whimsy, and Recession. And don't even think about forgetting Panzer, --BiGDOG's-- all time favorite.

BETTER GO PLAY FETCH, BECAUSE --BiGDOG-- JUST THREW SOME KNOWLEDGE.
Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.3 How Did You Celebrate Autism Day?

Thursday, Apr 03, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

You've heard of Shark Week, Discovery Channel's annual week-long shark infested event consisting of a bunch of shows where oceanologists piss off sharks for no reason. Now get ready for Autism Day, CNN's first annual day-long shark invested event consisting of a bunch of shows where Anderson Cooper pisses everybody off because he won't shut the hell up about autism!

Yesterday CNN transformed into the autism channel as every CNN personality was forced to help "Unravel the Mystery" about the disease. Move over cancer, autism has hit the mainstream! Somewhere out there all the cancers are getting together and reading TV Guide and saying, "TV Guide's new Hot or Not article is out!" Breast cancer asks, "Are we hot?" to which prostate cancer replies, "We are not." Autism is hotter than Hannah Montana these days and has plans to tour the country, visiting a child near you very soon!

According to CNN, this is relevant.

CNN and CNN.com celebrated by airing and running special autisim-related content all day yesterday. Every show had to have at least one autism story. Dr. Sanjay Gupta reported on autism and the next president. I think I heard that one of Eliot Spitzer's whores was an "autie". Anderson Cooper even got into a steel cage and was submerged underwater while autistic kids circled around him, trying to bite through the cage. Oh, and of course, there was the obligatory Second Life article. Naughty Autie is the hip place to be. Dress casually. Adult diapers optional.

But I'm not here to make fun of autism. It's a fucked up, downright scary disease. Your baby pops out looking all normal and you don't know if your kid is going to be autistic until you find him alphabetizing all your DVDs and playing Beethovens Symphony No. 9 with one hand while simutaneously kicking the shit out of the dog for no reason. CNN reports that when the genes that cause autism are identified, it would become possible to screen for those genes before birth. Of course, they don't mention what that information will be used for. Gee, I wonder.

Of course, where there's autism, it's younger, less popular brother isn't far behind. That's why it's not at all surprising to see Asperger's Syndrome riding autism's coat tails once again.

> *I don't quite understand small talk, and early in my adult life, solecisms were frequent. At meetings, I launch into business without the expected social acknowledgments. It's not that I don't care about people, I am just very focused on task. Do you have to rehearse greeting people to reinforce that you should do it? I do.*

Are you shy? You've got Asperger's! Are you socially awkward? You're an "aspie"! Need something to blame all your failures and faults in life on? Have I got a disease for you! Don't rush to the doctor. I've got all the information you need to diagnose yourself right here.

> Is it difficult to make eye contact with others?
>
> Can you memorize large chunks of data that aren't related to work or school, like subway schedules and entire episodes of The Simpsons, allowing you to recite them from beginning to end?
>
> Can you not concentrate at work because you're worried about your fantasy baseball draft?

Do you know how to navigate mass transit systems you've never actually ridden on?

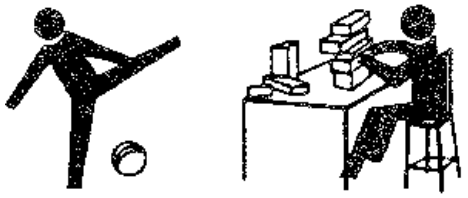
Anime?

If you answered yes or no to any of these questions then congratuations, you've got Asperger's!

As far as I'm concerned everybody has "Asperger's". Who really likes making small talk with others? No one. Who enjoys meeting new people? Not me. Who really thrives on social interaction? Queers do. If we had it our way we'd be sitting at home all day on our asses and watching TV with the one or two people that we actually can stand to be around.

Neither CNN nor myself can unravel the mystery of autism, but I sure as hell can do something about this Asperger's nonsense.

If you just follow my simple advice nobody will know you sit at home and post non-stop about the next Grand Theft Auto game and ask questions like, "Don't you think it would be cool if there were gas stations in the game and you have to fill up your car with gas or syphon gas from other vehicles and the gas prices update in real-time according to real-world oil prices oh and you should be able to be arrested and face trial and defend yourself in court????"



Does not want to kick ball. Would rather play Jenga.

Be More Mainstream

One of the most infuriating things about you people who claim to have Asperger's is that you never know when to shut the hell up. You go on and on about things no one has ever heard of or care about. People's polite, subtle clues to show you they aren't interested, like glancing at their watch or setting themselves on fire, go unnoticed.

I'm not telling you to stop talking about stupid shit, but be more mainstream about it. For example, I happen to enjoy Disney parks. Disneyland is pretty mainstream as a vacation destination and almost everyone has enough frame of reference to have a conversation about it.

But few people care about the ins and outs of the park, the rumors, and the "awful injustice" that occurs when classic attractions are closed and nerds get upset. People just couldn't care less.

That's why if I were to talk about Disneyland to someone who clearly isn't as interested in it as I am, I'd bring up a more mainstream topic like this.

Me: Hey, did you hear about It's a Small World?
Them:: Uh, no. Why?
Me: Well, it turns out that they are rebuilding the ride because Americans are so goddamn fat that it causes boats to slow down and stall completely.
Them: Haha really?
Me: Yeah, because the employees had to make extra space around fat people so the boats don't sink, which made the line longer for everyone. And when the boat does stall they have to ask the fatties to get out and escort them off the ride. Some of them get mad because they are singled out but a free churro takes care of that!
Them: Haha those fucking fatties I just wish they would all die!

Aspie Fun Fact: Jack Skellington suffered from Asperger's.

Aaaaaaand freeze. See? Through our mutual hatred of fat people I was able to share a non-awkward moment with another human being while talking about one of my favorite nerdy subjects! It's really that easy. Of course, if you don't keep it mainstream the situation will turn ugly very quickly.

Me: Hey, did you hear about It's a Small World?
Them:: Uh, no. Why?
Me: Well, it turns out that they are adding Disney characters to the ride when it reopens later this year!
Them: Uh, okay... What's wrong with that?
Me: Don't you see??? It'll ruin the ride!!!
Them: Uhhh...
Me: We cannot allow them to desecrate Mary Blair's legendary work! The Disney characters introduce a perverse divisiveness diametrically opposed to the original import of the attraction. Once a select group of special privileged inhabitants of the World are distinctly identifiable Disney Stars, the remainder are necessarily relegated to the status of homogenous background bit players. The audience, too, becomes divided into the "haves" who have seen the films and focus on identifying the stars while neglecting the supporting players, while the "have nots" are left out of the game: the very antithesis of the attraction's original thrust.
Them: *dies*

Now you see how talking about stupid crap no one cares about can be lethal. If this had been a real conversation I would be arrested for murder and thrown in prison. I actually got that last part from a Disneyland watchdog site. Theme parks are serious business!

Learn When To Shut Up

Another one of my gay passions is trains. Rail is an integral aspect of any transportation network and because of our car culture America is severely behind other countries when it comes to mass transit. Here's what would happened if I tried to talk about this boring topic with another human being.

Me: Hey do you ever take the train?
Them: The what? You mean those things still exist? Nah, I don't.
Me: Ah, I see. So did you see those new shots of Lindsay Lohan's cunt?
Them: Hell yeah, bro. Those were awesome! *high-five*

As you can see in this simulation, I was able to detect that this person wasn't really interested in trains. After recognizing that, I was able to steer the conversation in a more mainstream direction. When in doubt, bring up vaginas.

Had I continued talking about trains the result would have been very different.

Me: Hey do you ever take the train?
Them: Nah I don't care much for trains.

> **Me:** Well train travel is in a sorry state these days. Amtrak, our National Passenger Railroad System, just isn't doing the job. Amtrak operates trains on freight railroads that don't give priority to passenger trains. This causes numerous delays to riders to the point where no one takes the train anymore and-
> **Them:** Okay, that sounds swell, but I have to go and-
> **Me:** the government isn't doing anything to help the situation. They continue to drain funds from transit projects that could help get this country back on track. A little train pun for you there. But seriously we need more trains because the airports are packed and our freeways are clogged. It's shameful that the government won't-
> **Them:** Well I really need to take a dump so-
> **Me:** recognize that this is the most pressing issue in American history. We are so behind other countries when it comes to rail travel. France has the TGV and holds the world speed record for conventional rail. Japan's incredible bullet train network whisks riders away at 220 mph. People complain that railroads are highly subsidized but nobody talks about highway and airline subsidies do they? Big oil and auto makers are working to kill rail in this country and- Hey... what's that smell?

As you can see the person I was talking to actually defecated themselves in a desperate attempt to escape the one-sided conversation with me. I wish I could say I got all that stuff from another web site but unfortunately it was all me. I'm so ashamed.

In fact this article is getting way too long and I'm pretty sure you're showing signs of disinterest by now. Heh, there I go "aspin'" it up! I'm going to do you a favor and wrap it up.

Hopefully these tips help you interact with others in a way that doesn't make them talk about you behind your back, describing you as "that weird asshole who won't shut up about Transformers" the second you leave the room. The fact is you don't have Asperger's, a lower form of autism, or anything like that. You're just a regular nerd. The sooner you own up to it, the better.

In any case, I hope you had a happy Autism Day! See you this Fall when CNN holds their first ever day-long special, "Second Life: How a Community of Diaper Furs Taught Us How to Believe Again".

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

4.4 Instruction for a Spring

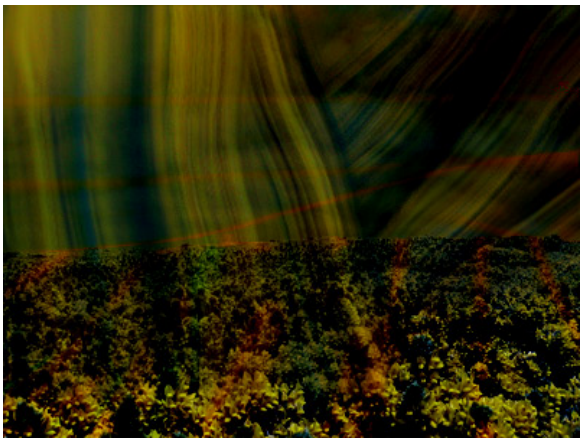
Friday, Apr 04, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Instruction for a Help series.

WHOR-*AY!*

A new time rising up on us. Another cycle end and another cycle begun. Stretch your fronds and feel the warmth

IT'IS SPRING!



Bask the sun. Thank you sun.

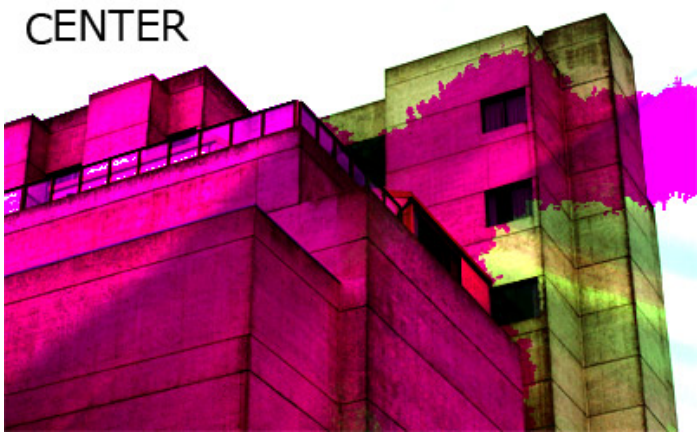
So many things to doing for you and for us in spring! See a bird.

The biiiiird in the treeeeee.
Sings tweeeeedle deee deeeeeeee...

The bird, the quick bug, the *new* friend. Smile to your neighbor. Smile to your loving ones. Wave to the **red worm** on his chores. He has no eyes but he sees a friend. Hello, friends again.

First thing of business. You must go to the THE CENTER. This is the place where the diagoloism is begun.

Let us discern your weights. Let us take in the spectacle of your raw flesh. We will sip of your nectars - JUST A LITTLE ;) - and determine the measure of your pressurized vascular systems. Are you able to formulate a babie? We will check. Are you able to communicate a disease? We will deal with this together, as friends. Is your pineal gland compatible with our needs?



All of this joy to be had at THE CENTER the question is WHY WAIT????? Visit immediately.

Not all things spring are sweet as that. Not every pollen dances. Listen now to the advice of the HUMAN POPULATION CENTER MANAGEMENT ORDER 7785-Z.

Advice first, thaw reveals the *sad flesh* from ice. Ring the bell if you see the *sad flesh* and the **red worm** will bring his friends. The outbreak of sapient disease prevails in these conditions. Never fester. The mans from below brings his plagues to hurt you.

Things look different this year? Yes! REASON: **we are winning.**

When the ices break and the sprouts are free a new battle is joined. The mans from below has his plans. He has his machines. He is born each year from filthy burrows. He digs like the vole, the rat,

the hogs of ground. A grub, a wrong worm, he chews at roots. He spreads his poisons.

Saddest of all.....he come for **YOU**!!!

First come the ***soft mans.*** Look upon his terror. Yellow like a mite. Weak as a slime. He brings his tricks and his lies. See him and ***MAKE AN ENEMY!*** Be quick.

Use your hand and your teeth. Use the way the gods have give to you. A rake, a hat, a fist. Open up his skins and the mans from below inside will relax. He look like you, but he does not think like you. Take out ALL his fluids. Never hear his word.

If the ***soft mans*** is not quick to be made sad and slow then you will have more trouble. The mans from below will come in the many and bring their machines. The ***fast metal***, the *fire*, the **buzzing machine**s.

NO FEAR not for a brave people like you! Stay inside. Do not hear the lies. Ring the bell. If the mans from below hurt poor mister or missus ***red worm*** do not be afraid. The **red worm** hurts for you, for love.

Sounds will play from machines.

Gasses, oh the gasses.

Fight them. Barricades make. We will come. We always come. We will hurt them for you. We will stop their moving and steal their fluids. They will nourish us and you together. The slow mans leaving behind will answer our questions and then be our sustainment.

HOORAY! **Another year another year another year another year.**

Each makes us closer to perfect happiness. **Each year the birds sing sweeter. The stamen hang heavier with pollen. The fruits taste better in your tummy.**

It is spring. It is spring ***here***.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.5 Enchanted Eternia Legend: Full Cutscene Script

Saturday, Apr 05, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

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**                                                                            **
**                            ENCHANTED ETERNIA LEGEND                        **
**                                                                            **
********************************************************************************

                          Cutscene Script Transcription
                        Author: StealthRouge aka Chocoboy
                                  Date: 4/5/08
                                  Version 3.2

********************************************************************************
**                                                                            **
**  The newest offering from master jRPG producer Kenji Otawanbi, Enchanted   **
**  Eternia Legend may not tread new ground as far as gameplay is concerned, but **
**  its story stands head and shoulders above Otawanbi's previous efforts     **
**  Phantasmia Excelsion and Epic Battalia Crossfold. I'd go so far as to say that **
**  Enchanted Eternia Legend's moving and heartfelt script has dethroned Viscera **
**  Eunich Talebeat as the gold standard for storytelling in the video game medium.**
**                                                                            **
**  I hope you enjoy this transcription of the game's cutscenes. If you have any **
**  questions or corrections, email me at livestock@somethingawful.com Thank You **
**  and Enjoy!                                                                **
**                                                                            **
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[Chapter One]

Earnard: (to himself) Standing on this cliff and watching the sun rise over a sleepy village fills my heart with feeling. Before my parents died, they lived like raindrops on the wings of a butterfly. Will I ever see adventure?

Momoki: Ahhh!

Thug #1: Give us the crystal, little girl! Muahaha!

Thug #2: Your pigtails magic won't fend us off forever. No one can save you now!

Earnard: Get your hands off her, you scoundrels! Spinning Loki Blade Attack!

Momoki: Thank you for saving me. Your sword...

Earnard: This old thing? It's just an old relic of the past. My parents gave it to me, before they died and left me alone in this cruel world. I dream of becoming a legendary hero one day.

Momoki: We should stop this evil that has befallen the land.

Earnard: Yeah okay.

[Chapter Two]

Earnard: Wow, the capital city of Megaluria!

Momoki: The legends foretell of a young boy coming to Megaluria.

Earnard: Do you believe in legends?

Momoki: There was a time when I didn't, but then I found this crystal.

Earnard: I guess anything is possible. It's hard to believe.

Momoki: ... (blushing)

Royal Guard: Stop that thief!

Bravado: You'll never stop the great Bravado! Hey can you guys help me?

Earnard: Aren't you a thief?

Bravado: Yeah but I can help.

Momoki: I don't know about this but okay.

King Viceroy: I heard about those three kids beating all our guards today. Do you think they know about our secret plot?

Priest: I will stop them. Nothing can disrupt our plans to resurrect Gorgmor. Once we find that crystal for the ceremony it will be too late anyway.

King Viceroy: Yes do that. It is time.

[Chapter Three]

Bravado: These woods are creepy.

Earnard: Is the great Bravado scared? Ha ha ha.

Bravado: I can pick a bear's pocket. But something worse than bears looms nearby. I can feel it.

Momoki: It's an ancient evil.

Ancient Evil: Fresh souls!

Bravado: Five Finger Attack!

Earnard: That's one ancient evil that won't bother this road any more.

Bravado: Where did Momoki go?

Earnard: Some guards took her. Damn it!

Bravado: Ahn!!!

[Chapter Four]

Priest: Thanks for the crystal. I brought you to this chamber so you could see what your precious gem is used for when we summon Gorgmor.

Momoki: No!

Gorgmor: I am awake. For thousands of aeons I slept and waited to come to the surface again. The darkness I slept in will spread across this world until everything is asleep in evil but this time I will be the one that is awake. While you all sleep.

Priest: Oh no this has gone terribly wrong!

Gorgmor: I'm beyond your control. I'll eat you now to illustrate my point.

Momoki: Please, let someone out there hear my magic psychic cry for help!

Earnard: Did you hear that?

Bravado: What was it?

Earnard: It sounded like the raindrops, on a butterfly wing. And it told me to go to the chamber.

Bravado: I wonder if... That must be where Momoki is!

[Chapter Five]

Bravado: Remember how your mother exploded in childbirth and your dad was mortally wounded by the shrapnel? Well she was giving birth to me. I survived it too, so now I'm bad. I've been working for Gorgmor all along.

Earnard: I would kill you if I wasn't hanging onto this rock ledge by my fingertips.

Bravado: Well, I'll go ahead and leave now. If you don't fall to your death you'll have to fight against my minions that just appeared up here on this narrow mountainside pathway somehow.

[Chapter Six]

Momoki: Earnard!

Earnard: I've come to save you and stop Gorgmor.

Momoki: You became the hero you always dreamed to be.

Earnard: Yes, I suppose I have. But the cost is always greater than we can imagine.

Momoki: Where's Bravado?

Bravado: Right here! I have been helping Gorgmor this whole time. Now you'll see my true form.

Momoki: The chamber is breaking apart... floating in a dark magic void! We have to get that crystal or heaven will be destroyed!

Trevor: Hey look at my true form.

Earnard: You have black wings! It's going to take all we have to beat you now.

[Chapter Seven]

Momoki: We beat his three forms. Now it's all over.

Gorgmor: Not so fast! All that you know and love will be consumed by my dark nap unless you can destroy the crystal in my chest that can only be destroyed by the legendary Eternia sword.

Earnard: Hey, my sword has "Eternia" etched into the handle. I wonder...

[Chapter Eight]

Momoki: It's all over now, because love prevailed.

Earnard: Love can do strange things to people. We're all raindrops, aren't we?

Momoki: I guess I never thought of it that way. Human kind does so much war and pollution to the world. We should all live like butterflies.

Earnard: Our souls will always be together in a cocoon of love and emerge in light.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

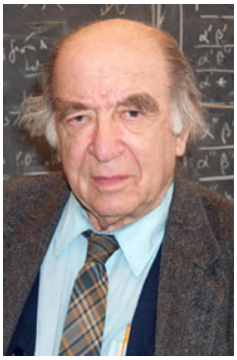
4.6 Help! I'm Stuck in College and Can't Find Help!

Sunday, Apr 06, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

At least once in college, you'll be forced to collect fourteen or more signatures on one piece of paper. No, this isn't your petition to have Tuesdays designated as anime awareness day, but a necessary step in changing classes, majors, or anything out of the ordinary. Deciphering the paperwork requires an expert deeply entrenched in the system. You will need a sherpa to guide you up the steep mountains of bureaucratic bullshit on your path to graduation. But who can you trust and who is there to get paid? My thorough research in imaginary journalism has allowed me to compile a list that separates those that can help and those who actually will.

So whose the most helpful person in college? You'll have to read the countdown. Or just skip to the last three, but don't do that.

6.Academic Advisor



An academic advisor is appointed to you at the beginning of your difficult journey. He'll be overly friendly, wearing your school's colors, and declare his helpfulness. Do not be fooled by his unworldly enthusiasm for registering your autumn classes. You will only see him twice a year-guaranteed.

Inside his cramped office, the two of you sit in an awkward silence like a lunch date with a friend you've lost touch with. Your folding chair will make obnoxious noises on the linoleum floor. While you're trying to find something to say, he'll stare at you, maybe thinking of a way to help you through life, but more than likely he's trying to remember your name. Eventually he'll pull out a tiny folder with your name on it, and from that manila folder comes a single piece of paper detailing the classes you've taken and the ones you have left. That is all he knows about you.

If you ask about making a change, he'll look at you for a minute, then his watch before pointing out that your fifteen minutes are up and another student is waiting in the hall.

What you don't know about academic advisors is that advising you academically isn't their main job. Hell, it isn't a main feature of their job. They're at the university to do research-not help an ugly freshman. If he was working at Dairy Queen, helping you would be equivalent to mopping the floors, and those floors are disgusting for a reason.

5. Professor (Tenured)

Possibly the most well respected person on campus, and without doubt the laziest. She proved herself in 1982 by writing Montreal Sexpos: Embedded Sexism within the Montreal Expos, and no one has questioned her since. Don't try to waste her time after class with a conversation or an observation, because she can only be bothered to discuss topics with people on her level. Do you know anything interesting about the Montreal Expos? Didn't think so, scrub. Oh, and don't even bring up the point that they moved to Washington in 2004.

Don't bother asking her about your college career either. Just because she's taught there for twenty years and interacted with countless students, doesn't mean she is likely to

help you. Any question asked to her will be quickly answered with an infinite "I'll get back to you." To continue the unnecessary Dairy Queen reference, this is the old lady who has worked in fast food all her life. She knows her way around the store and knows all the prices, but hasn't actually made an ice-cream cone since you started working there.

4. Professor (Interim)

Hands down the most invigorating, hardest worker in college. The new guy's full of spunk and excited to help you in any way. He'll gladly stay after class and discuss the lecture, your favorite Law & Order episode, or whatever interests you. He will always respond to your emails within fifteen minutes. Even that drunken one you sent at 3 am stating you wouldn't be at class tomorrow was replied with an eGreeting telling you to get well soon. So what's wrong with your interim professor? Well for starters, he doesn't know shit about your college. At all. Your school hired him for one semester, shoved him into a sharedclosetoffice, and let him go at it. So while he may love talking to you about your future in college, he has no idea how to put it in motion.

Another problem with interim professors is longevity. They may be excited at first, but as the semester drags out they'll start to realize that getting paid $2,000 is hardly enough to deal with your bullshit.

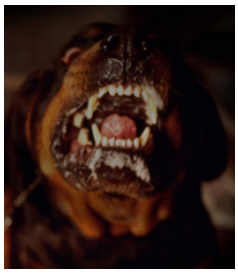
3.Phil (The guy in Your Dorm)

Phil's a nice guy I guess. I mean he is always trying to help, give advice, or force advice on others. He's the guy who told you to avoid taking classes with that hard professor, made you use firefox, and created a Risk tournament for your hall. He calls himself a Super Senior, but that's him fluffing up the fact that he failed three straight spring quarters to travel to E3. Either way, he claims that the extra time equals extra knowledge, knowledge that you wouldn't understand. Don't worry that he logged into your school account and rescheduled your classes, you're going to enjoy Intro to Electric Engineering much more than that figure drawing class.

Maybe Phil is right, maybe he knows his way around school, but I doubt it.

If Phil worked at Dairy Queen he'd be manager. Actually, Phil is a manager at Dairy Queen, which he says is pretty good for a 28 year old.

2.CLAIR (Lunch Lady)



She never went to college. She may have finished high school. You only know her name because it's written on a badge she wears everyday on her navy blue uniform. Her teeth are lacking; I mean her face is lacking teeth, and the one's still lodged in her gums may have been pulled from a dead rottweiler after losing a dogfight. But you don't have to tell her how you like your omelets made with egg whites, cheese, and a little sausage-she already knows, meaning she cares more about you than any of the previous listed people. While the others get paid to interact with you, this person gets a paycheck based on hash browns and cheeseburgers. Caring about you isn't a factor in her salary-she just does it. Furthermore, there is no sabbatical for her. You see her everyday, serving sausage links, patties, vegan sausage, sausage pizza, bratwurst, turkey sausage, sausage and gravy, and kielbasa.

She might not be able to help you get into a difficult class, but she sure can make the best mediocre sandwich you've had in weeks.

1.You

I know this isn't what you wanted to see. But too bad sucker. No one cares about you. Welcome to life. Sorry I had to be the one to break the news. People rejoice about the autonomy of college, but no one ever mentions the isolation that comes with your newfound power. You're like a little baby bird that left its nest and then plummeted twenty feet to the sidewalk. I hope you can find a person on campus that gives a damn (or even bothers to listen) to your problems, because there are 14,000 other kids there who complain about the same shit. Your only chance is to do it all yourself. Your college experience is like your shitty dorm room furniture, if it breaks, it's up to you to fix it or put it back in the dumpster.

So good luck and if nothing else, I hear Dairy Queen is hiring.

Still lost? Dumbstruck? Dumb? Send your college questions, or any questions in an email and I'll spend an update or two making fun of you and that "Earn a Degree Online" program you're enrolled in.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.7 Adult Advertisements

Tuesday, Apr 08, 2008 by Something Awful AdBreak (@fart)

Something Awful is taking a break today to pay the bills. In the meantime, enjoy some pornography from our fine and scholarly sponsors. We'll be back tomorrow!

-The Management

Olivia

We Caught this broad hanging out outside one of the whale tanks and she was lookin hott!! I could tell she had only one thing on her mind. My man Che started to spit game and she was givin off major signs so we knew we were onto something. Just then they came on over the speakers and said it was time for the orcas. Holey crap!!!! Have you ever seen a whale that big.... and doing tricks??? We were all mesmerized.. It was doeing hella jumps and everything and totally paying attention to the trainer guys. Then they came back on the speakers and were like "These big guys eat about 600 million pounds of food every day" or whatever. I don't remember but it was a really big number and I got splashed 4 times and I got to pet the beast while (...)

Sierra

What the heck?? We just met up with this whore and let me tell you something.. latinas are crazy!! Check it we got settled in and Rod was getting ready to lay down his trademark pipe if you Know what I'm saying, but then the bitch starts goin crazy about "INSECTOS" so we were like .... whats she on about... and we look behind the seat and there's a bunch of scary ass bugs that looked like huge 3-inch roaches and a big sickly cat lying right in the middle of the action like Jabba the hutt!! It was just lookin at us and hissing and growling. Jeff was looking at it and he was talking some crap about how they seem to have a symbiotic relationship or whatever, the cat and the bugs. Yeah right ok man where did the girl go... "Shes long gone down the street (...)

Serena

We all know how special it is when you see someone riding a horse through town. Its pretty wild to just be sitting having lunch and just maxin and relaxin and BOOM there goes a chick on a horse. Why the heck is she driving it through town?? Where does she think she's gonna park that thing??? Has she ever had 9 huge inches??? Well I was set to find out. I grabbed the cam and ran out (...)

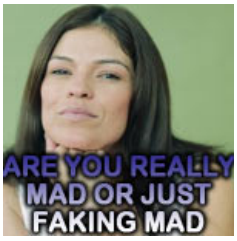
Janet

When Janet walked in first thing I noticed were her glasses but they only distracted me for a moment as I was like whoa because turns out this babe had scabs out the wazoo. Big ones small ones, you name it her arms were full of scabs. I asked what happened and she said it was birds. "Well" I said "Can I Have A Peck..." get it?? She was soo cute but I got a little particle of something brownish red in my mouth from her kiss. I saw on her arm where one of her scabs had been torn off I put 2 and 2 together (...)

Lucy

This fine specimen (or speciwoman...) was hanging out outside one of the bars downtown and we knew we had to get her in the van!! She was lookin ready to go like her man just ditched her or whatever, and we just got done watching Breakin' 2, so Ernie decided to backflip all the way on the walk up to this girl. Lets just say that on the first flip he must have jumped off some slippery gravel or something because he only got 3/4 of the way flipped and ended up hitting his jaw on the pavement pretty hard in full view of our girl. He tried it again and messed up even worse, slamming his head into the concrete. It took him a couple seconds to stand up under his own power but his bloody, scraped face finally gave Lucy an eager but exhausted glare. At this point she was probably still horny, but we decided (...)

Alexis

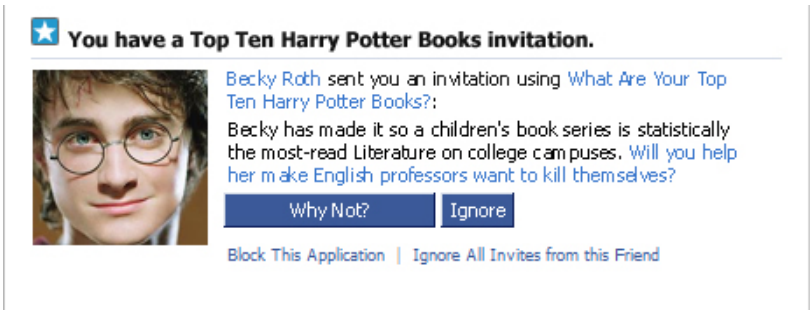


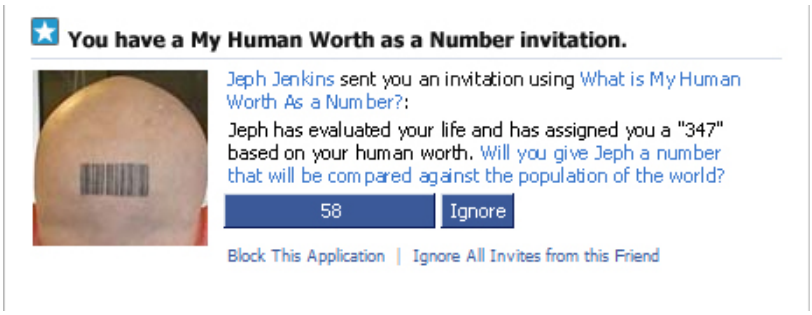
This chick was looking fine walking her dog through the neighborhood, shakin her body the whole way. Luckily my man Charles is all prepared for this situation. He suited up and headed out and went straight for the big guns. "Hey sweetheart, the names Charles. Tell me your deepest, darkest secret." She didn't fall for it and hit back with a "No, what's yours?" and~Charles went "Well, first of all, I believe in love at first sight..." "Go on," she smiled. "Oh, uh, let's see. I have 2 different names, I feel like my arms are so big that they are amusing, I sometimes take shallow baths so that I may pee directly upward and back down onto my chest, and (...)

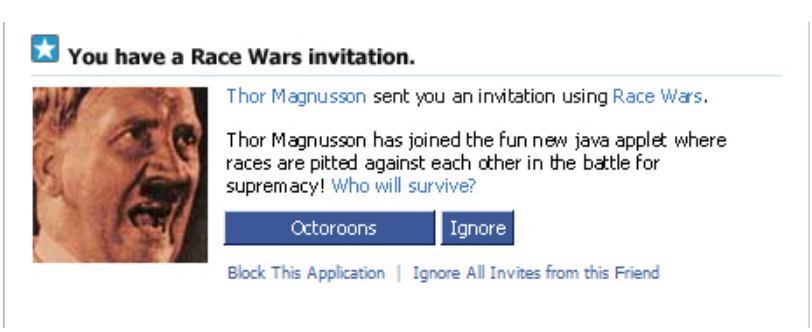
-~Something Awful AdBreak (@fart)

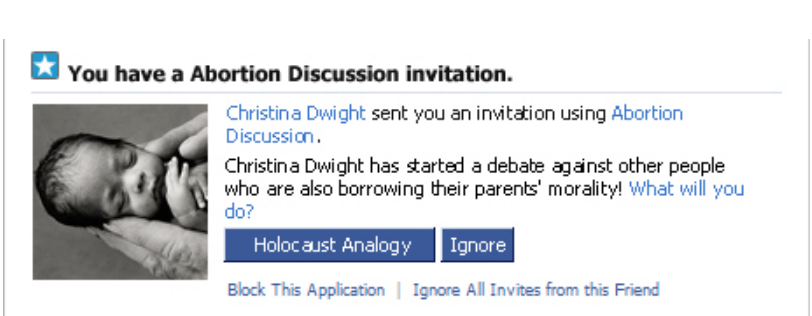
4.8 Awful Facebook Invitations

Thursday, Apr 10, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

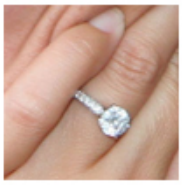

You have a Top Ten Harry Potter Books invitation.
Becky Roth sent you an invitation using What Are Your Top Ten Harry Potter Books?:
Becky has made it so a children's book series is statistically the most-read Literature on college campuses. Will you help her make English professors want to kill themselves?
Why Not?
Ignore
Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend


You have a My Human Worth as a Number invitation.
Jeph Jenkins sent you an invitation using What is My Human Worth As a Number?:
Jeph has evaluated your life and has assigned you a "347" based on your human worth. Will you give Jeph a number that will be compared against the population of the world?
58
Ignore
Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend


You have a Race Wars invitation.
Thor Magnusson sent you an invitation using Race Wars.
Thor Magnusson has joined the fun new java applet where races are pitted against each other in the battle for supremacy! Who will survive?
Octoroons
Ignore
Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend


You have a Abortion Discussion invitation.
Christina Dwight sent you an invitation using Abortion Discussion.
Christina Dwight has started a debate against other people who are also borrowing their parents' morality! What will you do?
Holocaust Analogy
Ignore
Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a My Fucking Wedding invitation.



Lindsay Brown sent you an invitation using My Fucking Wedding.

Lindsay Brown can't stop telling people about her fucking wedding! Did you hear about the catering?

Humor Her | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a Lil' Kennedy invitation.

Marc Wulfur sent you an invitation using Lil' Kennedy:

Marc Wulfur needs help assassinating his own Lil' Kennedy! Give him a hand with this new virtual pet and help Lil' America forever lose its innocence!

Roll to the Knoll | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a Fat Girl Escapism Quiz invitation.

Marybeth Huff sent you an invitation using The Fat Girl Escapism Quiz:

Marybeth Huff wants to know what you do to forget about your oncoming diabetes! How much do YOU know about Neil Gaiman's personal life?

He Has a Dog | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a Nightmare Before Christmas Personality Test invitation.

Steve Weeble sent you an invitation using The Nightmare Before Christmas Personality Test:

Which of the lovable characters from this profitable line of merchandise are you most like? Are you a Corpse Bride, or a regular Beetlejuice?

It Was a Movie | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a Guy You Hated in High School invitation.

Anthony Petrelli sent you an invitation using Guy You Hated in High School:

Anthony Petrelli has identified himself as a guy you hated in high school. Even though you haven't talked to him in 9 years, are you ready to rekindle this treasured relationship?

I'm Drunk Anyways | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a Beans for Bosnia invitation.

Jennifer Skunark sent you an invitation using Beans for Bosnia:

Beans for Bosnia is a new online word game where a single baked bean is donated to hungry Bosnians for every hour you play. Isn't this more fun than actual charity?

Bean Me Up | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a Future Ruining invitation.

Sam Robard sent you an invitation using I Am Unknowingly Ruining Your Future:

Sam Robard is currently tagging many pictures of your drunken, half-naked antics that future employers will undoubtedly discover. Want to give him a hand?

GOD DAMN IT | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a Lil' Busey invitation.

Bill Rodgers sent you an invitation using Lil' Busey:

Bill Rodgers' little Busey is currently having an episode and vomiting blood out of his eyes. Will you help Bill hold him down until the screaming stops?

This Is My Life | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a Remember Lite Brites invitation.

Garry Gunderson sent you an invitation using Remember Lite Brites?:

Garry says: "lol... remmember lite brights? they were so rad. click below if your down with light brights." Are you down with Lite Brites?

Ugh | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a Dracula Infection invitation.

Abby Barnsdale sent you an invitation using Dracula Infection:

Oh no! Abby has infected you into a Dracula! Will you bite back, assume animal form, take a child bride, or experiment with homosexuality now that it's expected of you?

This Is Retarded | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a Geography Quiz invitation.

Ralph Craig sent you an invitation using Geography Quiz:

Ralph Craig can't identify 90% of the countries in the European Union! How many can't you identify?

Denmark | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a Seriously, My Fucking Wedding invitation.

Lindsay Brown sent you an invitation using Seriously, My Fucking Wedding:

Lindsay Brown wants you to know that there are going to be real horses at the ceremony! Isn't that interesting?

I'm Not Even Invited | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a WOMAN PRESIDENT!? GRAHHHHH invitation.

Morris Sylvan sent you an invitation using WOMAN PRESIDENT!? GRAHHHHH:

Morris Sylan says: "Alls I'm saying is she couldn't keep her husband happy, so why should she be President?" Help him join in this nuanced debate about gender issues in politics?

Fuck That Bitch | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have an I Like Power Rangers Non-Ironically invitation.

Christopher Dante sent you an invitation using I Like Power Rangers Non-Ironically:

Christopher Dante is well into his 20s but he likes the Power Rangers and doesn't care who knows it! Can you possibly like the Power Rangers as non-ironically as he does?

Not Cool Bro | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a Begat Bible Quiz invitation.

Sarah Warden sent you an invitation using Begat Bible Quiz:

Sarah Warden was begat by Joatham, who was begat by Ozias! Who's begotten you?

Change Subject | Ignore

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

You have a I Have Nothing Better To Do With My Life invitation.

Beck Chumplin sent you an invitation using I Have Nothing Better To Do With My Life:

Even NASA computers cannot calculate the amount of bullshit this moron has sent you over FaceBook! Kill him with a space laser (as seen in the popular movie, Akira)?

WELP | YES

Block This Application | Ignore All Invites from this Friend

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

4.9 Profiles In Scourging: Blarghosphere Awards Special

Friday, Apr 11, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"I'm sacrificing [...] every hour of my waking day to put this country on a new path."

- Taylor Marsh
Huffington Post contributor and self-published author of "My Year in Smut"
on why she supports John McCain

In these middle years of the information age the newspapers are slowly opening up to the potential of the Internet in much the same way dinosaurs opened up to the potential of crude oil. They are dying, slowly and painfully, but their decaying apparatus is nourishing a new breed of tech-savvy reporters and editorial writers. The Internet reporters and commentators are coming into their own in this election cycle and as often as not they are the ones shaping the conventional wisdom in an incestuous feedback loop with cable news networks. Blogs cite TV news, TV news cites the blogs, and the newspapers bellow their last breath as they crash down among the trees of the Cambrian jungle. All of that is a really dumb way of saying the blogs are here to say, so let's give them some awards. Thus, the Blarghies were born, offering you the world's most important awards for un-excellence and im-meritoriousness in political journalism and commentary on the Internet.

~Worst Voting Projections~

Markos Moulitsas of Daily Kos

There are a lot of full-time bloggers making inaccurate predictions about upcoming votes, so you have to make some really shitty voting projections to get called out on it by a pollster. That's just what happened to Daily Kos founder Markos Moulitsas, who ran afoul of Public Policy Polling after dismissing their April 2nd Pennsylvania poll as "just ridiculous".

Most pollsters ignore such criticism or have no way of really responding short of a press release. Not so with PPP, who maintain a blog and apparently read Daily Kos. Tom Jensen from PPP wrote a response later the same day entitled "Kos is full of it" and pointed to PPP's record in this election versus Markos's record. They particularly singled out his wildly incorrect prediction for the Texas Democratic primary. PPP correctly picked Clinton as the winner, but was off by two points. Markos incorrectly picked Obama as the winner and he was off by sixteen points.

> ***"I think the only thing 'ridiculous' here is Kos so flippantly writing off our poll, when our recent track record is a heck of a lot better than this."***
>
> **- Tom Jensen**
> *Public Policy Ownage*

Markos is not a polling analyst and does not portray himself as any particular expert when it comes to interpreting polling data. However, he chose his unfortunate Texas prediction to brag about his accuracy and then in short order dismissed a poll from a professional pollster with a respectable track record. Kudos to Tom Jensen at PPP for justifiably owning his dumb face.

~Worst Professional Video Blog~

The Table at The Atlantic

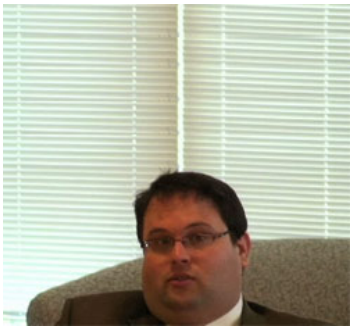
A pathetic arms race has developed among political blogs and newspaper websites this election cycle. In an effort to web 2.5-ify their political commentary nearly every major news and commentary site has taken to including some form of video report. These have been uniformly miserable efforts.

Among the worst are the Bloggingheads.tv videos for the New York Times. Pasty, unshaven, and plainly uncomfortable editorial writers for that decrepit institution slap on the dorkiest headsets you have ever seen and record awkward and pause-riddled video conference calls in split screen format.

SNAAAAAAAKE!!!! You can feel the forced enthusiasm of the participants as if hooded editors from the Times are just off screen with AK-47s. Each of the videos seems to last hours, but the versions on the Times website are only about three minutes. They are too short to contain any sort of noteworthy commentary and just long enough that by the end you will hate everyone involved.

So it goes with most of the video blog offerings, but the Atlantic has something special to offer. In their "The Table" video blog, three of the best Internet political reporters/commentators sit around a table and prove exactly why they are on the Internet.

The Table has production values that scream "First Year NYU Film!" and the soft look of a pitch video submitted to a venture capital firm by a company that came up with a hyper-absorbent towel. In each video's opening 30 seconds the viewer is treated to generically soothing theme music and glamor footage of Marc Ambinder, Matt Yglesias, and Megan McArdle standing on a windy balcony.



Ambinder peeks over the table to offer some insight.

The commentary is every bit as useless as the commentary in the New York Times videos, but the videos are further enfeebled by the way the Atlantic staff has cleaned up for the camera. The trio is dressed like kids wearing their mom's work clothes. You can almost see them clomping around the closet in their mom's high heels with sleeves dragging on the carpet. These are three people plainly accustomed to working from home getting dressed up so people will take them seriously. It's difficult to picture Yglesias or Ambinder in anything other than mustard-stained sweatshirts, but even McArdle, the Atlantic's Scout Finch, seems to be wearing an ensemble better-suited to a 19th century schoolmarm teaching dirt-faced kids about 'rithmetic.

Amid a sea of really shitty video blogs from supposedly professionally news organizations, is it really fair to single out The Table based on the clothes the hosts are wearing and some odd production decisions? I'll answer my question with a question. When did I ever claim to be fair?

~Dumbest Lying Using Statistics~

Jerome Armstrong from MyDD

Once a bastion of progressive activism, Jerome Armstrong's MyDD (My Direct Democracy) has devolved into a hive of scum and villainy. Armstrong has not attempted to conceal his bias, nor his contempt for Obama supporters at his site, and has allowed a bizarre community of ardent Clinton supporters and right wing lunatics masquerading as Clinton supporters to flourish. Tearful rants against misogyny frequently share space on the recommended diary list with racist screeds and secret Muslim accusations about Barack Obama.

"But this is not a cheerleading blog for either of the candidates, its[sic] a political junkie site that doesn't flinch to relay the reality of what's happening."
- Jerome Armstrong
Non-Flincher and Chief Reality Relayer

While other front page contributors to MyDD have attempted to maintain, if not a sense of neutrality, at least a modicum of civility, Armstrong has spent the past few months coming up with increasingly creative ways to lie with numbers.

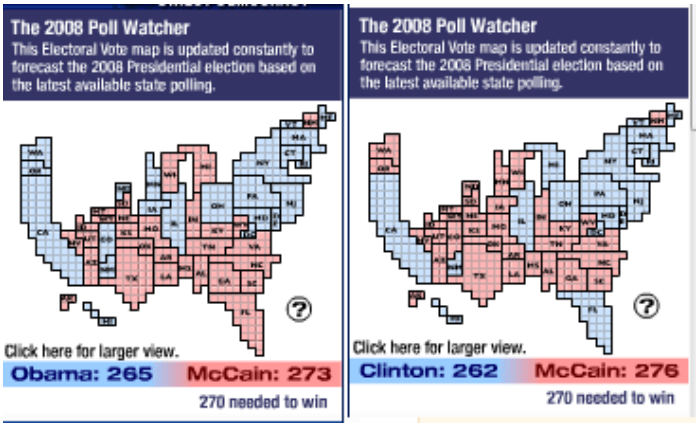
It began with the MyDD delegate counter, which would update immediately upon Clinton winning a contest and lapse into inactivity during Obama's winning streaks.

The counter also incorporated dubious totals that did not differentiate between the running pledged delegate count, which Obama has always led, and the total including super delegates. These things could almost be excused, since actual delegate counts vary by around 10 from one news organization to the next and some do not distinguish between pledged and super delegates when discussing totals.

When it became clear that Barack Obama had taken the overall delegate lead from Clinton and she was unlikely to regain it, Armstrong launched a second delegate counter.

Even more useless than the first, this delegate counter includes Michigan and Florida totals. Keep in mind, Michigan did not include Barack Obama on the ballot. Despite the inclusion of Michigan and Florida and the fudged numbers of the first counter, Obama managed to claw his way to a lead on this second counter. What was someone like Jerome Armstrong supposed to do when both of his own counters showed The Great Enemy winning?

Out of what I can only assume was a fever dream of desperation, Armstrong launched his magnum opus of naked attempts to maintain the Clinton lie: the Electoral Vote Map.


The 2008 Poll Watcher
This Electoral Vote map is updated constantly to forecast the 2008 Presidential election based on the latest available state polling.
Click here for larger view.
Obama: 265
McCain: 273
270 needed to win
The 2008 Poll Watcher
This Electoral Vote map is updated constantly to forecast the 2008 Presidential election based on the latest available state polling.
Click here for larger view.
Clinton: 262
McCain: 276
270 needed to win

Based on hand-picked polls, this counter calculates the electoral votes Senator Obama and Senator Clinton are predicted to win in the general election against John McCain. In six months. Even though Armstrong cooks the books, the best he can offer in service to his chosen queen is a counter that shows both Clinton and Obama losing to John McCain in the general election.

The good news is all three of these wonderful widgets are still live and available for you to include on your favorite insane pro-Hillary website. Yes She Can!

~Most Overrated Political Blog~

Huffington Post

Public enemies number one and two with Arianna, but her paleo-feminist contributors feel a bit differently.

Media gadfly and one-time California gubernatorial candidate Arianna Huffington lassoed up enough venture capital to create her own bully pulpit back in 2005. The bloated CSS nightmare of the Huffington Post has since attracted an A-list rogue's gallery of political commentators, comedians, actors, and politicians to write blog entries. It has become a nexus for political commentary and one of the most popular political websites in the world.

This is all very impressive, but the site is actually horrible. The articles are often only two or three paragraphs long and during major events in the news the front of the site will be covered with mini-editorials from every imaginable person on the same topic.

> ***"I give up. If I have to watch another great American woman thrown in the dustbin of history to please the patriarchy, I'll move to Canada..."***
>
> **- Erica Jong**
>
> *From her Huffington Post article entitled (no joke) 'Patriarchy: 1000, Hillary: 0'*

Frequently seen "HuffPo" commentary includes:

- Arianna's near-daily rant about horribly mean big fat loser Hillary Clinton. Only tolerable because you can imagine her reading the article aloud in her James Bond villain accent.
- Harry Shearer's monotonous articles about what a travesty it is that the media is completely ignoring New Orleans. He writes nearly one a week and they are increasingly tone deaf to the reality of America, where pretty much every city is turning into New Orleans. There's such a thing as caring too much about an issue.
- Erica Jong or Gloria Steinem or some other sub-retardate feminist filling up their extra-absorbent pads with tears about misogyny. How could Hillary be losing? It's those evil men! Listen up you hysterical broads, I know it's hard to take, but maybe Hillary is losing because ***she is shit.***

- Hatefully terrible fake news items from hacky comedians. Imagine boiling all the humor out of an Onion headline from 1993. Yes, they are even less funny than my articles here.
- Some crusty Washington or Hollywood asshole trying to disguise a promo for their shitty book as an op-ed piece. This generation really reminds me of the one I wrote about in my new book. Also known as the Brokaw effect.
- An actor or some other celebrity voicing their opinion on politics or current events, because they totally couldn't find any other forum to drop this stupid load on America. Favorites include Alec Baldwin and Nora Ephron.
- Wonky op-ed writers or journalists deep in the weeds cashing in for commission with an article rejected by the Times and the Washington Post. Easily spotted by the low number of comments. Even more easily spotted if you don't recognize the name as someone who appears on an NBC network or the headline isn't a pun about Bush's stupidity.
- Near worst blogger ever Taylor Marsh, who paid to run her columns in LA Weekly as advertisements and paid a Nevada AM radio station to carry her radio show, writing something impossibly stupid about how she is going to support John McCain over Obama because Obama said something good about Ronald Reagan. Or how she is going to support John McCain over Obama because he is a cult leader. Or how Democrats are going to vote for John McCain over Obama because of his pastor, so you dummies had better nominate Hillary Clinton!

Those are all reasons to stay away, but the Huffington Post's real claim to fame is that famous politicians write blog entries. These articles are probably written by a team of the politician's staffers and then focus grouped depending on whether or not the politician is in a campaign. They only write for Huffington Post because of its Alexa ranking, and the site only has that ranking because dummies like you keep reading it.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

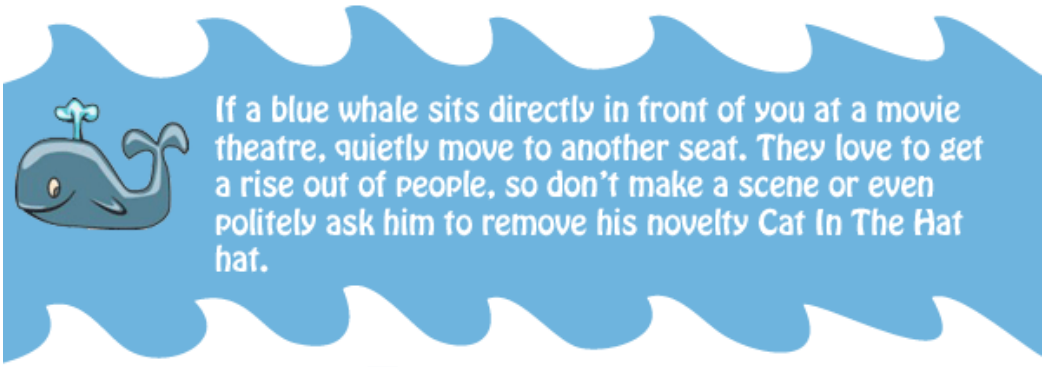
4.10 Whale Advisory

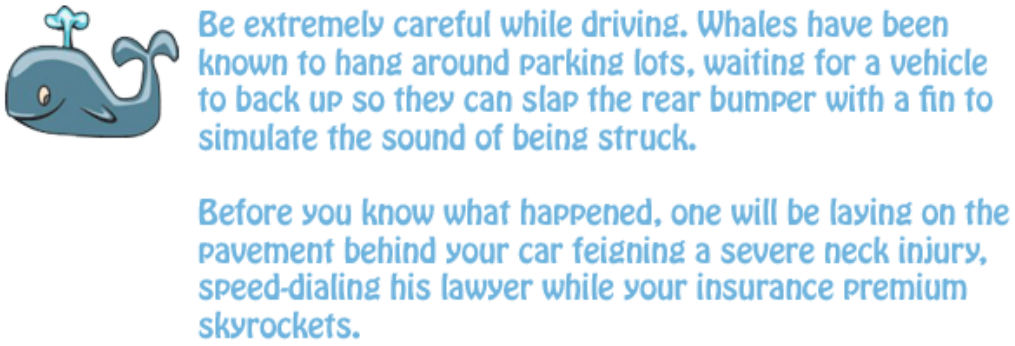
Saturday, Apr 12, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Another winter has come and gone, depositing us at the outset of spring drowsy-eyed and with a few extra pounds around our waists from holiday feasts and holiday reverse-liposuctions. This time of year may feel like the cloudy transition from the end of a good long sleep to your first cup of coffee and the realization that you've just put the milk in the cabinet, but it is also a time when we must be more vigilant than ever. Whether we're ready or not, April 13th marks the beginning of Blue Whale season.

Over the next three weeks, the largest creatures on Earth will be drawn to mankind's most expansive metropolises - New York, Los Angeles, London, Paris, Tokyo, Metropolis - and generally make themselves a total nuisance. While most the whales' antics can be labeled as merely annoying, there is the very real risk of injury or death if you don't keep your wits about you at all times.

Print out these tidbits of blue whale knowledge. Study them. Keep them with you. They may just save your life, especially if you fold them up into the pages of a bible and keep it in a pocket over your heart, saving your life when someone with really good aim tries to execute you by shooting you in the heart instead of your head.


If a blue whale sits directly in front of you at a movie theatre, quietly move to another seat. They love to get a rise out of people, so don't make a scene or even politely ask him to remove his novelty Cat In The Hat hat.


Be extremely careful while driving. Whales have been known to hang around parking lots, waiting for a vehicle to back up so they can slap the rear bumper with a fin to simulate the sound of being struck.
Before you know what happened, one will be laying on the pavement behind your car feigning a severe neck injury, speed-dialing his lawyer while your insurance premium skyrockets.

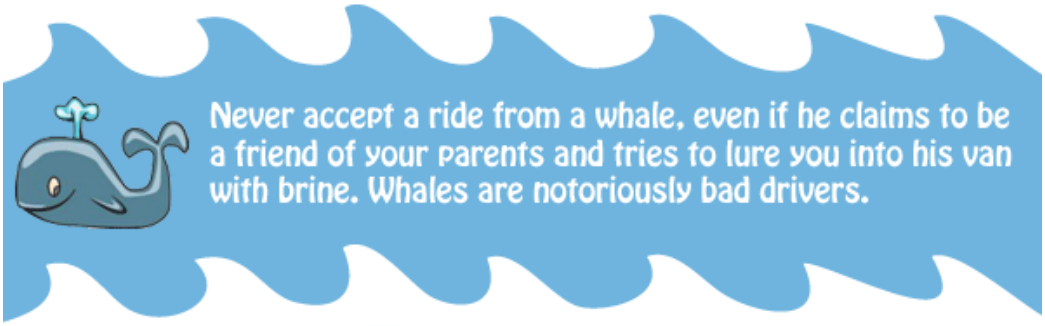
A blue whale's penis is nearly six feet long, the average height of a man! Due to this similarity in size - along with the extraneous sets of arms and legs that protrude from the penis' shaft and the crude human-like face that adorns its tip - many people have a difficult time differentiating the two.

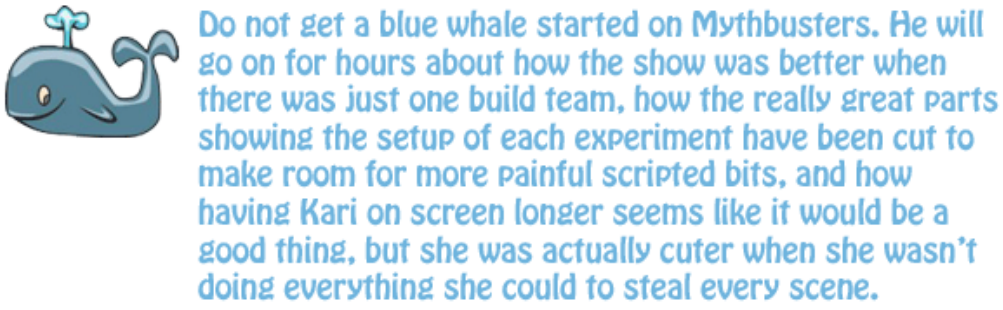
Here are a few ways to tell if the man you are talking to is, in fact, a whale's penis:

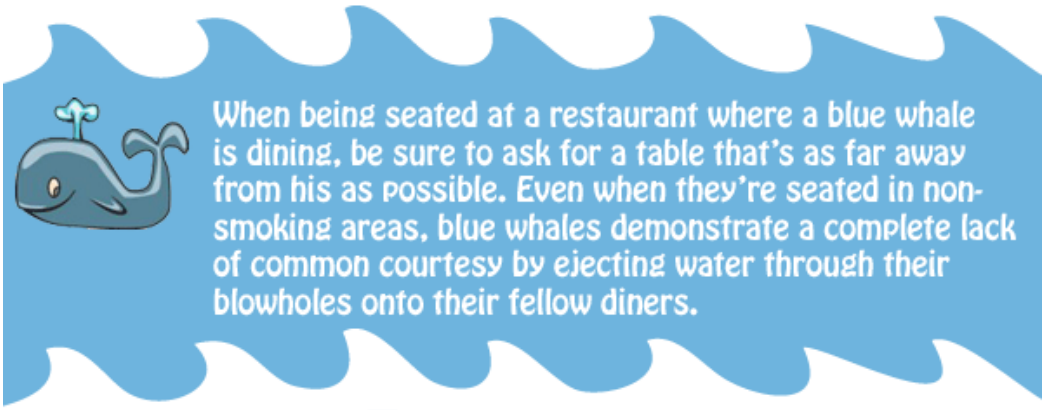
- He refuses to step away from the unusually large curtains he's been leaning against all night.
- When you take him home with you for a romantic evening, he attempts to insert his entire body into one of your orifices.
- He's projectile vomiting a large volume of thick white bile, but he only drank one Kahlua all night.
- The tattoo on his chest reads "WHALE DICK"

Some whales waste away their days loitering outside the entrances of heavily-trafficked stores, asking anyone who passes by to "loan me a few bucks" or "let me borrow some cash".

Avoid these whales at all costs! They are misappropriating the words "loan" and "borrow", and have no intentions of paying you back. Even if you convince one to sign a loan agreement, his payments will hardly ever arrive on time, and when they do they will fall well short of the agreed minimum.


Never accept a ride from a whale, even if he claims to be a friend of your parents and tries to lure you into his van with brine. Whales are notoriously bad drivers.


Do not get a blue whale started on Mythbusters. He will go on for hours about how the show was better when there was just one build team, how the really great parts showing the setup of each experiment have been cut to make room for more painful scripted bits, and how having Kari on screen longer seems like it would be a good thing, but she was actually cuter when she wasn't doing everything she could to steal every scene.
If you do somehow manage to bring up Mythbusters, do not try to change the subject with Smash Lab.


When being seated at a restaurant where a blue whale is dining, be sure to ask for a table that's as far away from his as possible. Even when they're seated in non-smoking areas, blue whales demonstrate a complete lack of common courtesy by ejecting water through their blowholes onto their fellow diners.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.11 A Special Two-Part Event: "The Secret Agent Who Is Old and Does Stuff" Part 2

Sunday, Apr 13, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Previously on "The Secret Agent is Retired and Bored":
1. Our ex-secret agent hero confronts his old nemesis Dr. Petrubia and finds him not as threatening as he used to be:

2. Dr. Petrubia, now best friends with our hero, reveals his plan to get both of them back in the limelight. This poorly thought-out plan, involving a broken computer and a videotape threatening the president with a giant robotic boot that does not exist, falls apart when the notorious Russian midget Dr. Zarkanonovako arrives with news that he has sent a giant robotic boot of his own to help out with the destruction:

Chapter Five: In Which I Fight A Shoe

There is a certain clarity that comes when a giant flying robotic boot is about to hit earth and crush you. Time stalls. Colors become more distinct. You find yourself entranced by the undulating ridges on the vast metallic sole above your head. Then time regains its senses, and there you still are, about to be shoed.

I dove ungracefully to one side and the boot slammed into the ground behind me. The crowds running from the White House screamed. Gears along the robotic boot's side spun menacingly, and thin blue tongues of electricity leapt from one sinister nanoid to the next, powering the infernal footwear. It propelled itself into the air again, hurling its massive bulk towards the Oval Office.

When I tried to spring up and chase it as I used to be able to do, I realized that my hip had been thrown out and the best I could do was to pull myself up and limp after it. For a third time, I pressed the button on my secret umbrella-jet that my nephew supposedly fixed. The handle shuddered a few times, spat out a pathetic cloud of smoke and the whole top part of the umbrella became limp and sagged to the ground. My nephew was always a worthless little brat.

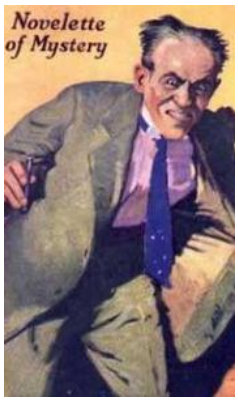
Once, as a younger secret agent, I had fought a cybernetic gorilla sent by a ring of high-tech mobsters to rob the federal reserve. I had defeated the automated ape by driving a rocket powered snow-mobile off a steep ramp and used the runners to knock the large glowing battery off its back, effectively deactivating it and disarming its arsenal of banana-shaped grenades. What I wouldn't do for a rocket powered snow-mobile right now. Or even just a gun.

Wincing with every step, I did my best to pursue the robotic boot that was less than a minute away from kicking down the president's door.

Chapter Six: Dr. Zarkanonovako Makes A Discovery And, Subsequently, An Announcement

"So," said Dr. Zarkanonovako, the infamous mad Russian genius midget, "our robotic boot shoes now will be battering Washington into a pancake. I will see control room now. In here?" He

pointed into the bedroom, and marched inside. Dr. Petrubia followed nervously, followed in turn by Zarkanonovako's publicist, who was regularly taking pictures with a small digital camera.



The Russian frowned at the baseball wallpaper and the Star Wars bedspread, then rotated his frown to face the hastily built fake control room covering one wall. He approached the broken computer that Dr. Petrubia had pretended was controlling his nonexistent robot boot in the video he had sent to the president. Dr. Zarkanonovako gestured and the publicist pulled a chair over so the short doctor could clamor up and tap experimentally at a few keys.

"This is forgery," he said, having evidently noticed that the computer wasn't working due to not being plugged in. He gave Dr. Petrubia the second coldest look the retired villain had ever received. (The first belonged to an evil billionare criminal named Mr. Coldeyes, who had replaced his eyes with fake eyes made from ice. Petrubia had never figured out the reason for this, as Mr. Coldeyes spent the rest of his life sitting around the house completely blind and complaining about how cold he was.) "What game is this?"

Dr. Petrubia opened his mouth and waited, but no words emerged. So he closed his mouth and sat down on the Star Wars bed. Zarkanonovako hopped down from the chair and gave an exasperated sigh. "You don't even have big giant boot, no?"

"No," said Petrubia, regretting his whole plan to be noticed and wishing sincerely to go back to being unnoticed.

Zarkanonvako looked furious. "Get picture with my face like this," he said to his publicist, who quickly obliged. "Good fierce face never should be wasted. As for this problem, it's no problem." He reached into his pocket and produced what looked very much like a TV remote.

"I had my boot turned down to five so to not overshadow your boot. But as it is become obvious I am single boot, I simply turn boot up to ten."

He turned his boot up to ten with the remote. Doing this did not produce a gesture as dramatic as he had hoped, so he announced grandly "I have just done the turning up" and swept out of the room with his publicist in tow.

Chapter Seven: Hero Woodly Outdoes Would-be Hero

I was gasping for breath, my hip was killing me, and there was no way I would be able to get close enough to stop the squashing of the White House. This would not go down as one of my best days.

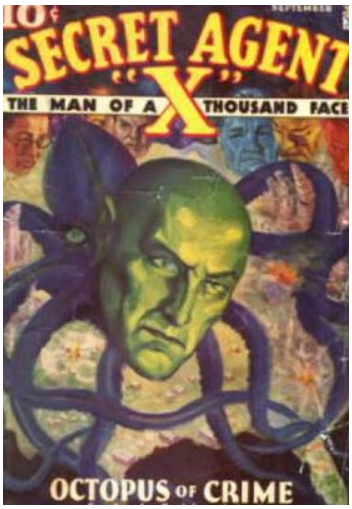
I wished I had some sort of useful gadget to combat the bestial shoe, like a pen that disables all electrical items in the area when it writes a certain word, or a giant robotic bare foot, or even a magnetic tie that would pull me into a range where I could at least be something other than a distant spectator. But I had nothing.

The boot abruptly stopped, only a couple yards from the White House doors. The entire thing began to shake violently, and steam poured from various vents and exhaust pipes. Red hot blades popped out of hidden compartments all over the boot, and a glowing ray gun appeared on top. It also seemed to grow in size, now towering over everything around it. Its transformation complete, it lifted off the ground and prepared for the final smash.

I pressed the button on my worthless umbrella-jet over and over, but it managed nothing more than a few weak twitches. The only thing I could do was watch the boot fall.

Except it didn't. It was descending rapidly, sprouting new appendages and missile launchers and electric blades with laser appurtenances that hummed viciously, and then it was yanked backwards,

skipping across the lawn towards me and leaving long scorch marks in the grass. I turned to see a young man in an expensive tuxedo holding a fishing rod that he was using to reel the giant robotic boot towards us. He flashed me a grin. His teeth were straight and white and perfect.



"Looks just like a regular fishing rod," he said, "but with this baby, the really big fish don't get away either." He laughed. It was superstar secret agent Brent Woodly. I was too tired to feel anything but grateful that he had arrived, although not too tired to notice that he still couldn't come up with an even half-way decent pithy one-liner. A secret agent without pithy one-liners might as well be a glorified policeman who's a little hush-hush about his job. Pathetic.

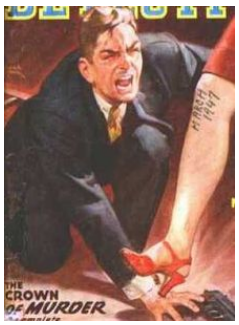
"Dr. Petrubia really pulled it off, didn't he?" I said. That asshole Woodly (When I was young, my teeth were twice as white as his. I should start using those whitening strips. I'd have to remember to grab those on the way home) looked a little confused.

"Petrubia?" he said. "No. Turns out he was just faking. Got a call from Dr. Zarkanonovako. This is one of his. A spur of the moment thing, or else he would have given me a little more notice so I could arrange things with my publicist. Now I'll have to take care of it before there's a chance for some photo ops."

He dragged the robo-boot into the middle of the lawn, and then dropped the fishing rod and adjusted his tie.

"Let's 'snow' this guy what we've got," he said, then ran over to a rocket powered snow-mobile he had waiting nearby.

"You've got to be kidding me," I said, as I watched him blast the snowmobile into a ramp and use its runners to perfectly cut the one critical wiring on the boot that immediately shut it down completely. The guy was even stealing my moves. I sighed and trudged back to my car. At least it was nice to know that Dr. Petrubia hadn't betrayed me after all. I sat for awhile before driving off, listening to public radio to calm me down.



"'Snow' this guy what we got." That's about as pithy as flipping your arch-nemesis off and grunting. Seems like the secret agency will take just about anybody these days.

Chapter Eight: Lunch, Again

Dr. Petrubia was making me another turkey sandwich. He seemed deflated, tired. I noticed the remnants of his fake control room stacked out in the front yard, waiting for trash day.

He put the sandwich in front of me, poured himself a cup of orange juice, and flipped open the paper. The headline read: BRAVE SECRET AGENT BRENT WOODLY SAVES PRESIDENT FROM ZARKANONOVAKO'S ROBOTIC SHOE PLOT. Next to it was a picture of Woodly fighting the boot. Clearly he had waited around for his publicist to arrive and then had staged a few photos with the already defeated and completely deactivated robot.

Petrubia considered the headline for a long time, then he looked up at me and smiled.

"I think, for the first time, I'm ok with being washed-up," he said.

"It is so, so much less stressful," I said. I took a bite out of the sandwich. "Oh Goddamnit, did you

put mayonnaise on it again?"

The doctor threw back his head and let out a long evil laugh. When he was done, he turned the page of the paper and said "I'll make you another if you want."

"No, it's fine," I said, and ate the sandwich.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

4.12 Our Overestimated Friends

Monday, Apr 14, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Catfacts.org says Maine Coons are "total retards" and warns owners that they "might forget to breathe".

I have a very fat and imperious Maine Coon cat named, creatively, Coonie. Aside from his infrequent episodes of playfulness, Coonie is a loafing lump of heavy-lidded weariness whose immense fluffy body spills over every chair and perch. I have no doubt that if he could speak he would speak with the bored exasperation of an upper-class Briton witnessing a break dancing competition.

Sometimes I even talk to Coonie. When I do he tends to slowly turn in my direction as I repeat his name six or seven times. I ask him questions and search for some sort of reaction in his animal face. His eyes might narrow or he might twitch his whiskers. I tell him to follow me, I gesture with my hands, and he sits and stares at me like I might be insane. This sort of conversation usually ends with me picking him up - a clawed bagpipe filled with cement and covered in mismatched wigs - and carrying him to wherever I am going.

The explanation for all of this nonsense is that I often forget Coonie is stupid. It's a common illness for all pet owners. We talk to them even though we rationally know that our cats and dogs and birds and fish are basically as smart as different varieties of plants. A cat might be a particularly clever carrot and a fish a dimwitted beet, but these fine distinctions ignore the forest for the trees.

Sure, you hear stories about a brave dog dragging a boy from a lake or a ferret in a burning house waking its owners with its frenzied, well, whatever sort of bestial chirruping a ferret makes. The media is all too happy to lap up this nonsense about dogs and cats and ferrets being heroes. They overlook illuminating details like the boy rescued from the lake had a chew toy in his pocket or the ferret fire marshal was screeching because it was trapped inside a burning building.

My low opinion of pets is not spiteful. I love my cat, and as I confessed I sometimes think of him as a tiny man with excrement tangled up in his ass hair that I have to cut out with a pair of scissors. That is an act, I might add, that I would never do for an actual tiny man. But a lifetime of experience has demonstrated to me that we constantly overestimate our pets. We give them far too much credit and sometimes we both suffer for this generous appraisal.

My entre to the world of dumb animals came when I was about six years old. I had a pet box turtle named Rambo. He lived in a spacious pen in the backyard marked off with some decorative fencing that could only conceivably serve as an obstacle to an animal as awkward as a turtle. He ate berries, lettuce, tomatoes, eggs, and night crawlers.

Dumb hater.

One day I was playing in the backyard and I had the urge to pee. Being all of six the idea of going back into the house to urinate seemed dull, so without thinking I galloped off to the nearest tree and began to relieve myself. It was only as I was emptying my bladder that I realized I had chosen the tree closest to Rambo's demesnes. It wasn't so close that my urine would contaminate his habitat, but it was close enough that the crafty box turtle was able to crane his leathery neck and look up at me.

For some reason even at that age Rambo's scrutiny felt humiliating. It was as if I had been caught by the turtle and he was looking at me scornfully with his beady little eyes. He was silently accusing me of public urination. I hurried away, guilty about doing something bad in the presence of my extremely judgmental turtle.

I began to feel angry towards Rambo. Who was he to judge me on the subject of urination? Most of the time when someone picked him up he peed. He was basically a leaky army canteen that I had to frequently refill with nightcrawlers bought by the dozen from a creepy guy who smoked cigarettes through a tracheotomy hole.

Not long after that incident Rambo disappeared. For a while I wondered what happened to him. Had he managed to escape? Was Rambo stolen by some neighborhood turtle-jackers? Did a ravenous eagle swoop down and snatch him up?

Months later, with winter approaching, I made a grisly discovery that answered those questions and spoke to Rambo's intelligence.

I was poking along the wooden fence that separated my family's yard from our next door neighbor's when the stick I was using hit a rock. The rock was barely visible from the weeds clinging to the edge of the fence, but it did not dislodge itself when I prodded it with the stick. It was wedged in the narrow space between the bottom of the fence and the ground. I knelt down in the grass and discovered the fate of Rambo the turtle.

The poor bastard had escaped from his pen only to be imprisoned beneath the wooden fence by an unlucky coincidence of clearance. There was little left of him inside the shell, although being seven by then I did not take long to stare into the stinking skeletonized interior of my idiot turtle's shell. The nature of his terrible fate caused me to question the earlier incident that opened the sad rift between me and poor Rambo.

Over the years I came to see Rambo's story of stupidity repeated again and again by various pets. Thankfully, most were not as fatally stupid as Rambo, but I can point to clear indications of the underwhelming intelligence of every pet my family has ever owned.

Cats

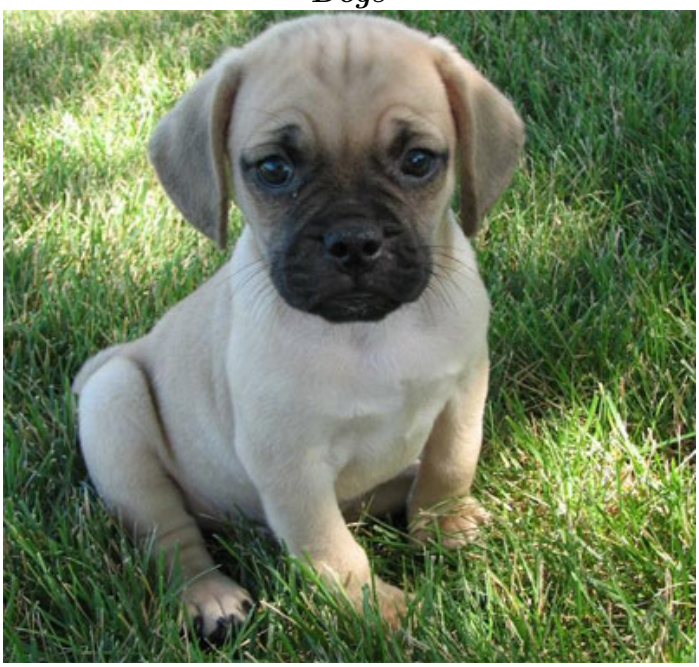
The Myth

Cats are wise and aloof. They can also be curious and mischievous for their own amusement.

The Reality

My cat spent ten minutes in my garage covering an ant up with its foot and then lifting its foot to see if the ant was still there. Guess what? It's still there! Even babies can figure that sort of thing out and you don't see any of them winning Nobel Prizes. The ant eventually crawled under my car's tire. The ant outsmarted my cat. Another one of my cats once got stuck between my inner and outer front doors for more than an hour. Cats climb trees and can't figure out how to get back down. That's not a sign of curiosity, that's a sign of poor decision making skills.

Dogs



The Myth

Dogs are loyal and friendly. They are man's best friend.

The Reality

I don't know about your friends, but I have never caught any of mine with their head in a cat litter box eating turds. The list of household items my friends will surreptitiously

urinate on is less than a fourth as long as the list for dogs. My friends have yet to barge into the bathroom and try to jump up on my lap while I'm trying to take a crap and as far as I know my friends have never stared at me while I was trying to have sex.

Horses

The Myth

Horses are smart and noble beasts. They are loyal to their owners and brave, even on the field of battle. If you whisper to them they will listen.

The Reality

Horses are probably the dumbest domesticated animal. Horses react violently to bright colors. I once watched a horse attack a man in a red jacket and then try to kick a blue barrel to death. If you move your arms suddenly or they hear a loud sound they will "spook" which is a very polite way of saying "act suicidal and retarded". When a horse is spooked it will run into fences or trip and fall, which is usually a disaster because their legs are balsa wood sticks that snap at the slightest injury. Horses are also gluttons. If you give them a big bucket of grain they will eat it until they die. Trained horses like cavalry horses can be conditioned to ignore some of the things they find scary, but even a well-trained horse is one firecracker away from becoming a rampaging moron.

Reptiles

The Myth

I'm not sure many people think they are smart. Maybe evil.

The Reality

I had a pet lizard that could climb a vertical glass terrarium and yet somehow managed to drown himself in the half an inch of water in his water bowl. Reptiles are great pets if you want to watch them eat bugs or baby mice or something. They're great pets if you want your house to smell like a cave full of bats or that tank they keep crickets in at the pet store. They're fantastic pets if you never want to get laid again by anyone other than the creepy sort of girl who feeds her bird peanuts out of her mouth. Reptiles aren't very good pets if you are expecting even basic intelligence.

Fish

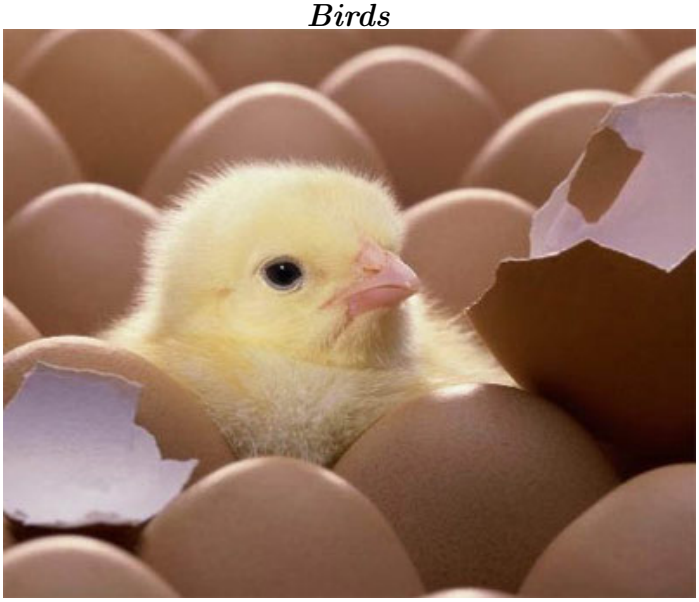
The Myth

Despite the obvious stupidity of fish, people still talk to them and identify with them and assign them fake personalities.

The Reality

When a fish has babies you have to quickly scoop them out of the tank or the mother will eat her own babies. She won't even wait to stop giving birth. Better yet, fish will die if you feed them too much, so it's possible for a pregnant fish to die during childbirth from eating her own young. It simply doesn't get dumber than that. Even plants aren't that stupid.

Birds



The Myth

Birds are probably the most diverse pets when it comes to intelligence. Parakeets will hurt themselves trying to peck at their reflection in a mirror, but some types of parrots can carry on conversations with their owners.

The Reality

Birds are *the worst.* They are lousy brightly-colored potatoes that "sing", only their singing is about as pleasant as a car alarm. Parrots are moody bastards that would as soon shit on you as talk to you, and when they do talk they usually don't have a lot to say. So your parrot can imitate your voice. Congratulations! I have a 30 dollar voice recorder that does the same thing, does it better, doesn't shit all over my shirt, and doesn't wake me up at four in the morning on a Saturday screeching. That recorder doesn't even have feathers to obsessively pluck out until it looks like an uncooked chicken.

The time has come for all pet owners to acknowledge the stupidity of their pets. Stop expecting so much from them. Stop overestimating them. We're putting too much pressure on our pets to excel. They could develop some sort of complex.

If I see one more parakeet eating itself to death because of low self-esteem, pecking away at that seed bell because food is the only thing that will return its love, I will know who to blame.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.13 The Time Tooth Tooth Met the Pope

Tuesday, Apr 15, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the The Legend of Tooth Tooth series.

Y'all know my boy Tooth Tooth, right? Dress real businesslike, sometimes got that eagle with him?

Man, you serious?

Awright, yeah, I thought so. Cause how you not gonna know who Tooth Tooth is, right?

Word.

Man, I got stories. Did I tell you about that time Tooth Tooth met the pope? Son, that shit is crazy. Actual goddamn pope, son. You gotta take my word on this one, god, because you ain't gonna find that shit in any history book, you heard? This was two minds coming together, but will you ever hear about this shit from any devil's history book? Naw, man, naw. You just gonna hear this from me, and I heard it right from Tooth.

So like, Tooth Tooth get it in his head he want to go to Italy, right? I'm like "the hell you need Italy for? New York, son, you got all the Italianos you need." But he's like, "check this out, god: they got women over there." And you know how Tooth Tooth is like, this great orator? Word is bond, son I accepted that logic when he said it, I was like "yeah god, I bet they got beaucoup ladies down in Italy." But like, they got ladies everywhere, man. I didn't think of that at the time, I just took his word on it 'cause he laid it down so good.

He gets on a plane, son, hell of a time getting that eagle of his through customs.

It's 2008 and still ain't nobody trust a black man with an eagle.

Word, and mind you this was a few years ago, so even worse back then. So he hits up Italy. Ladies out the ass, just like he said, but somehow he ain't getting nowhere. It's like they don't respond to his vibe, you heard? They ain't picking up what he laying down. The clubs ain't shit, neither. He goes into one club, fly ladies all over the floor dressed in damn near nothing, but the system is playing some Italian disco shit. Wild homo, god. So homo that it upsetting his eagle, so he walked straight out.

So Tooth rolls to this other club, looks promising and he hears some reputable beats from inside, but he gets to the door and the racist-ass Italiano cracker won't let him in with his eagle. He like "you eagle gotta wait outside-a, paisano," and Tooth is like "nah, man." That eagle's like his brother.

Now let me pause this shit for a minute because I see the disbelief in your eyes, but check this out: yeah, so ordinarily Tooth Tooth would never let some square-ass Euro man bar him from a club, but you gotta remember that the man's far from his element here, and he ain't about to do shit to make his bird uncomfortable. The thing you gotta know about the eagle is that it don't go where it ain't invited. It's like a vampire, you feel me?

I feel you, god, I know how eagles be.

It takes some serious shit to get Tooth Tooth worked up- and I'm not saying he lost his cool- but at this point he was without ladies, and he ain't accustomed to that, and he was feelin' for his eagle.

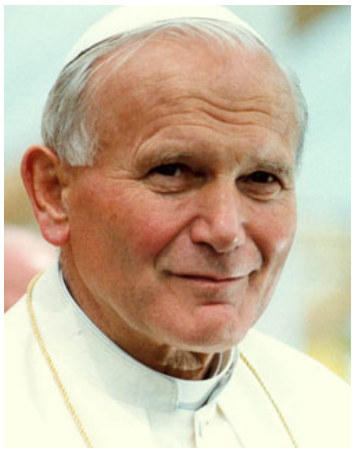
He was all up in the street, probably the only black man these folks ever seen, yellin like, "is there no place for a black man and his eagle in this savage land?"

It ain't take the man long to regain his composure- and I'm not saying he ever lost his composure, you feel me, but you know what I mean- and he decides he's gonna get to the bottom of this shit, get to the bottom of this inhospitality and this homo music, this hostility toward eagles. He takes the first cab he sees, and he tells the driver like, "yo, take me to whoever in charge of this shit." And the driver don't quite feel him, looks at Tooth all quizzically, so Tooth is like, "yo, whoever is the boss of this shit, take me to the boss."

The driver seems to pick up what Tooth means, so he's driving him around and in a while they come up to this palace, man, with columns and domes and shit, and so Tooth is like, "yeah, that's that shit I'm talkin' about." He's like, "I know this shit, this the pope's house, ain't it?" So they pull up, Tooth Tooth peels two of whatever the biggest Euro is off his knot and gives it to the driver, and he starts making his way through the crowd toward the place, pushin past all these old Italian ladies and shit, he don't care, he just trying to get through. And maybe he pushes down someone he ain't oughta have pushed down or whatever, who knows, 'cause these two buster-ass guards start fronting on him. He's like "back off, herbs, I just want to see the pope and I ain't need any of your bullshit," but these busters are convinced they don't want Tooth Tooth near that pope.

Maybe it's that eagle they worried about.

True enough, god. Them buster guards are like grabbing at his arms and shit, tryna play it safe 'cause they not sure if that eagle's gonna fuck with them, and you and I both know that eagle is ready to fuck with them. So just exactly as Tooth is about to be like, "yeah kid, might gotta take my shirt off," the pope rolls out and starts blessin' old ladies and shit, and Tooth Tooth and the eagle both see him, and the pope looks back and he peeps Tooth Tooth and the eagle, and all of a sudden it becomes clear that *game has recognized game.*



So like, it's ten minutes later, Tooth Tooth is in the pope's office and shit, he's got his feet up. This is the old pope, too, this ain't that new bullshit Nazi pope, this is the real shit back from a few years ago, you heard? They build for a while, talk about their past and what shit they've got going on now. And right away Tooth Tooth and the pope are like old friends, because they both came up hard. Pope came up in Poland, dealing with some serious shit, and we both know where Tooth came up. The eagle's relaxing, Tooth Tooth is relaxing, and the pope is just happy to be talking to a real-life hustler like he probably ain't seen in years.

Our boy decides he wants to relax a little more, so he's like, "yo, eagle," and the eagle coughs up a plastic bag like he trained him to do, and Tooth takes out a couple oowops from the bag, lights one up and offers the other to the pope. The pope is like, "nah man, you go ahead," and Tooth is like "what's the problem, P? You ain't allowed to smoke nothing that's been in an eagle?"

So the pope starts giving him this bullshit about how it's drugs and that ain't allowed for popes, but Tooth Tooth is like, "yo, we both know that ain't no part of a blunt that don't come from nature, son."

That's the truth, son.

Yeah kid, and the pope knows it, too. He's like, "whatever homes, I'm old as shit," and he takes the oowop and lights that shit up, and you can see in the eagle's eyes that the eagle is like, "word."

Now that the pope is getting blunted, Tooth figures he can steer it more philosophical, so he's like, "yo, P, you the dude who ultimately decides what's a sin, right?" And the pope is like, "well, God decides and I tell everyone." And you know Tooth Tooth ain't about to hear no bullshit about no Mystery God, but he doesn't want to disrespect the pope.

"So like, maybe you could ask him about snitching, right? 'Cause I'm pretty sure that shit is a sin. I don't see why God got any use for a tattle, he knows everything supposedly, right? So I don't see as God could be fond of no snitch." And the pope is like "yo, that's a pretty good point."

Tooth Tooth be like, "yeah, god."

And the pope is like, "hold up, kid, I ain't God, I'm just a man chosen by God to do his will," and Tooth Tooth just gotta laugh. He's like "shit, when I call you god I don't mean no Mystery God in the sky, no offense, but that shit ain't real. When I call you 'god' I mean you the original black man, like me, you feel me?"

Damn, kid, he say that to the pope?

Word is bond. His reasoning is like this, yo: his eagle likes the pope, right? And that eagle got a good sense of smell, it knows if someone been eating swine, and it goddamn well knows if someone is a devil. And if the pope ain't eating swine, if he ain't a devil, then ain't logic telling us he's an original Asiatic black man? Tooth Tooth told me, "I don't give a shit how his skin looks, the pope is as black as you or I."

Anyway, this shit is blowing the pope's mind, and he's like, "Mystery God? Original black man? You on some bullshit, Tooth Tooth." That don't bother Tooth none, though, he knows what's up.

"Shit, P, you got an hour? 'Cause I can blow the fuckin' doors off this whole shit you got here."

And the pope's like, "try me." So our boy Tooth Tooth explains about the original Asiatic black man, he explains how Yacub created the white devil with his corrupt science six thousand years ago. He explains Supreme Mathematics and the Supreme Alphabet. He tells the pope his name mean Peace Cipher Power Equality. The pope is like a humble student before Tooth.

And at the end, the pope is like, "shit, son that makes a lot of sense. That explains a lot of shit. Man, you gotta give me some time to think on this, but you said some shit here that the people gotta know about."

Tooth be like, "peace, god," and he takes his eagle out of there, knowing he laid down some righteous science on the pope and maybe he changed the world. He flies back home with his eagle, and what's the first shit he hears when he gets off the plane? Yeah, son. The pope is mysteriously ill. The pope has died. They got a new pope now, some Nazi motherfucker.

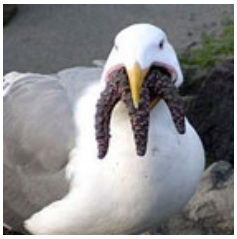
And I ask you, son, is that a coincidence?

Damn.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

4.14 Tips and Tricks, Vol. 2

Wednesday, Apr 16, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Roughly sixty years ago, give or take sixty years, I offered some unsolicited advice to you, my cold, distant, and faceless Internet friends. I'm pretty sure this information was extremely beneficial, and most likely helped a lot of people out. As part of my ongoing effort to improve the human condition, I humbly offer to you this second batch of valuable tips and tricks certain to save you time, money, and dignity. With any luck, they may even improve your health.

- A great way to get back at a museum curator who wronged you is to toilet paper his dinosaur skeletons.
- "Children are the future" is a common saying we've all heard a million times before. Basically, what it means is that the future is small and easy to beat up.

- In space no one can hear you scream, but that is mostly because you are suffocating to death for opening your stupid mouth in a vacuum. If you really want to get the point across, tape record yourself screaming and play that in space instead.
- Most newspaper editors falsely assume the two best kinds of stories to run are ones about elephants going on rampages and politicians getting caught red handed. In truth the best kinds of stories to run are ones about fat people getting their comeuppance.
- If you accidentally kill the world's oldest living tortoise, the best thing you can do is just be honest. Most people will feel kind of sorry for you. They'll say, "He was old and it was only a matter of time. It wasn't really your fault." And by being honest I mean tell them everything except for the part where you snorted cocaine off its shell and then threw it off a balcony in a fit of madness.
- Always plan for the unexpected, especially if you see it coming from a mile away.
- You can enjoy all the fresh sushi you want for free by simply constructing a salmon ladder in your backyard.
- A pig's orneriness can be correctly gauged by observing the number of coils in its tail. The more coils, the more ornery the pig.
- People won't be calling you stupid for carrying around a suitcase full of meat when your plane crashes in the Andes, but they will call you stupid for not bringing a change of underwear.
- If you save a man's life, he has to be your butler for a year. If you save a butler's life, you have to marry him. Consider that before being so goddamn heroic all the time.
- The most valuable gift an adult can give a child is knowledge. In particular, the knowledge of how to rob banks successfully.
- Hide combs in various places around town. That way, if you are out and about and your hair gets messed up, you won't have to travel far to set things right.
- Always remember that you deserve happiness, even if you have to pry it out of the cold, dead hands of everyone around you.

- Always tip your hat at ladies. If you're not wearing a hat, gesture as though you are wearing an invisible hat. They will appreciate the sentiment.
- There is no more foolish a person than a small child. This makes them ideal targets for predatory lending and pyramid schemes.
- The greatest possible scientific invention is a small electronic box that gives dogs the ability to sing followed closely by a ghost car that lets you drive through houses and other cars without colliding. The worst possible scientific invention is a sweater that forever traps its wearer in the 1980s. If you are a scientist, why not give that some thought???
- No matter where you are, it is always the same distance to the moon as it is to Chicago, Illinois.
- If you are driving a van filled with plundered sea sponges and you get stopped by the police, the best thing to do is tell them that your van was wrongly turned into an artificial reef and you are reclaiming it. If you act indignant enough about it, they will probably give you a break and just let you go.
- If you give a man a fish, he will eat for a day. But if you teach a man to juggle, he will be happy. At least up until he gets hungry for a tasty fish again, but by then you will be long gone.

Aside from my wisdom, I have little else to offer. I trust that it will be enough to keep you safe and ahead of the curve.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.15 Grand Theft Auto: A Retrospective

Thursday, Apr 17, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Phew! At least the main character isn't black this time. I just couldn't relate to CJ. As a white suburban kid who has never had to work for anything his entire life I can better relate to a ex-military guy from war-torn Eastern Europe!

The other day MY GIRLFRIEND asked me, "What is it about Grand Theft Auto IV that makes so many people excited for it?" and I told her, "Well, it has a four at the end of the title."

While I could have told her about the Euphoria engine, the high definition graphics, and the numerous multiplayer modes, none of those things really matter. And unless that 13-year-old German kid's asteroid hits the Earth and ends humanity as we know it, this game will sell a bazillion copies no matter what the game is like.

Variety is already reporting that Grand Theft Auto IV will make enough money to fill the Grand Canyon all the way to the top. The U.S. Mint might as well move that whole operation to Rockstar Games studios in Scotland and put half the money they print directly into Dan Houser's wallet.

Since Grand Theft Auto IV is a hot topic at the moment and by writing about it we'll get more hits and ad revenue as people search for the latest information about the game on Google, in today's article we'll explore where the Grand Theft Auto series has been, where it's going, and examine some of the fierce competition it faces from the clones it has spawned.

I'm a 25-year-old man-child who can't think of anything else but some stupid new game that's coming out. Time to talk GTA.

> R* like the controversy, like in Bully you can kiss a guy and on the xbox360 version get achievement for it. (and knowing that the Girl-girl relationship in ME was controversial and one of the most popular topics on ME forums....)
>
> When I was visiting the official site of GTA IV I look the dating website advertising...there is 2 girls and...one guy...now, maybe is just to show a "guy profile" for the fun of it or maybe...maybe it will be possible for Niko to check men's profile and date guys?

When I Was Seventeen...

I was a sophomore in high school when Grand Theft Auto III came out. I had just gotten my learner's permit and because my grandma was going senile and couldn't operate her motor vehicle without slamming it into parked cars and puppies, I was suckered into driving her everywhere she needed to go because I never developed a will of my own.

While running around the store trying to hunt down her hemorrhoid cream I came across GTA3. I said, "Gamma, buy me 'dis." She did and two weeks later she died. I'm not entirely convinced the two events aren't unrelated.

Grand Theft Auto III wasn't a particularly good game. I became bored pretty quickly and went online to solicit opinions from others. To my surprise I learned that it was a sleeper hit and everybody was raving about its open-world gameplay. Never one to shy away from jumping on a bandwagon I started posting on various message boards about how much a brilliant game it was.

The GTA series has always been like a jack of all trades, master of none. Taken individually, the graphics sucked, the shooting sucked, the driving sucked, and the overall controls sucked. But when

you put them all together it somehow makes for the greatest game ever made! Yes, even better than this one!

What fools game developers were! Trying to refine one gameplay type to perfection is now an outdated concept in the video game industry. The key all along was making six shitty games and smashing them together like nearly used up slivers of soap to create one big bar of soap, a bar of soap that would go on to generate critical acclaim, massive revenues, and a whole lot of suds.

> When I slept over at my cousin's house when I was 9 or 10. We played Vice City and III on PS2 and GTA2 on Dreamcast. After that, I had my dad buy me the Double Pack for Xbox, and San Andreas when it came out for Xbox. Too bad I can't get this right away. I spent all my money preordering Explorers of Time.(i don't care if you think pokémon is kiddy, i like it.)
> ---
> [[[[

For the record, the Pennsylvania Primary is actually on April 22nd.

And Here Come the Clones!

After the success of Grand Theft Auto III it seemed like no game could feature linear progression through a set of levels or stages. Unless you could play Crazy Taxi to earn money between level 1 and 2, gamers rejected it.

One of the first GTA clones was True Crime: Streets of LA. Its feature set included 240 square miles of Los Angeles lovingly recreated in-game. Even the street names were accurate, which is odd because the game world didn't look a thing like Los Angeles. I rented it and tried to find my workplace on Wilshire Blvd but in it's place was a tree and a sign that said, "To be completed: Our video game".

Developers learned quickly that part of GTA's charm was its humorous take on American culture through the various radio stations, billboards strewn throughout the game world, and right down to the things NPCs say on the street. They also learned that you should probably spend more than a couple hours designing it.

Activision seemed to think that you could slap together a poorly built recreation of some American city with the help of Mapquest and sprinkle in a bunch of hip-hop tracks and you've got yourself a hit. And what a hit it was, which once again proves what we already know, people who play video games are really, really, really dumb.

With the success of the clones more developers started releasing their own little take on the stealing cars and shooting bustas formula, each one more awful than the ones that preceded it. It was then that Vivendi Universal said, "Hey, let's show those punks how awful a GTA clone can really be!" and 50 Cent: Bulletproof was born.

Its failure was the beginning of the realization that maybe releasing GTA clones programmed in a single weekend, two if you're working on the PS3, wasn't the way to go. While the game wasn't a commercial or critical success, it succeeded in the one area rapper 50 Cent cares about the most, making Earth a less pleasant place to live.

And Then There Were Two

It took roughly half a decade after Grand Theft Auto III was released for a game developer to release a GTA clone that was actually as good, if not better, than Rockstar's series. If it were bound by some kind of academic honesty policy Saints Row would have been expelled a long time ago. While few people weren't aware of the fact that Volition basically ripped off the Grand Theft Auto formula right down to the button you use to steal the car, nobody cared because it let you restart the goddamn mission right after you died.

Gone were the days when you had to walk all the way from the hospital right back to the guy who gave you the mission. We gamers are very busy what with all the women we have to have sex with now that we've learned to pretend how to play the guitar. It was the only real thing Saints Row did differently than GTA and I was about ready to name it game of the year, if not the greatest game ever made.

Well, that's not fair. Saints Row also set itself apart by featuring cutscenes that were absolutely embarrassing to watch. If Grand Theft Auto is a caricature of American gang life then Saints Row is a caricature of that caricature.

The typical cut scene went something to the effect of, "Yo, bitch, we gots to blow up them Westside Rollaz, bitch." "I know, nigga. We mad ballin' with the Saints, nigga." "Nigga, bitch, nigga,

representin' for Stilwater, nigga bitch." "Nigga nigga nigga nigga nigga press A nigga", all spoken by Michael Rappaport, King of the Wiggers. Could THQ not afford to hire an actor to star in their video game?

What I really don't get is how one group of white video game developers could write such great black dialog and another group of white video game developers could write such poor black dialog. I mean, have the designers at Volition ever seen a black person, much less know what they sound like?

Here's a piece of concept art I found in the Games forum from Saints Row 2. It's nice to see a game finally feature women with tumorous growths on their asses in a leading role.

But when all is said and done, Saints Row is a great achievement. It feels like the game was born out of a personal goal of Volition's to fix what was wrong with Grand Theft Auto in the first place. While each installment of GTA was getting bigger, it wasn't necessarily getting better. Before each release you'd read countless previews about how they fixed this and that, especially the aiming system. Then the game is released and you find out the targeting still performs more horribly than the Something Awful Forums.

Give everybody at Volition the Pulitzer prize, an Oscar, a Webby Award, or Bishie Ted's Best Sailor Moon Erotic Piss Fetish Story award because they are geniuses. They did what Rockstar couldn't, fix the aiming system. And they did it by removing the godforsaken feature entirely. They were the only ones in the industry who believed that a console gamer could aim at an object on the screen and hit it after five or six attempts. Thank you Volition, for believing in us.

The success of Saints Row has created a rift between Grand Theft Auto devotees and Saints Row converts. In the spirit of such ongoing wars as Coke vs. Pepsi, Mac vs. PC, and cumming on the tits vs. cumming on the butt, the GTA vs Saints Row arguments rage on. Of course, the rest of us who don't rely on our parents for allowance money just end up buying both with the money we got from our grandmas.

Besides, Mafia 2 will be better than both of them put together.

A New GTA Game is Less Than Two Weeks Away, Time to Act Retarded

I love big game releases, if only for the completely retarded discussions that are posted to message boards across the Internet. From blue sky wish lists to rampant speculation over the smallest detail in a trailer, few can help themselves.

IS THAT A GAS STATION? THINK U COULD BLOW IT UP??? THINK U COULD GET GAS AND FILL UR CAR UP??? I THINK IN-GAME GAS PRICES SHOULD UPDATE IN REAL-TIME WITH REAL-WORLD PRICING INFORMATION THAT WOULD BE SWEEEEEET AND YOU COULD USE THE SQUEEGEE ON UR CAR!!!!

It's true, the worst game designers in the world are people who play video games.

One of my favorite questions to see on these forums is, "wat r u gunna do 1st???" Well, DbZ_bOdUkIsupaSAIYIN94 I'm going to play the game's missions consecutively until it's over and then place the game neatly on my shelf. It's like these people have personal planners where April 29th is circled and they already have everything they are going to do in-game planned out.

Okay, first I'm going to open the box. Then I'm going to play the first mission. Then I'm going to do taxi driver missions. Then I'm going to try a little multiplayer and scream the n-word at the first person I see. Then I'm gonna tell my mom to shut up.

> is hook in 2 controllers. Invite my friend over and go on a mass killing spree!!!!
> O ya and they havnt said if there are cheats yet?
> ---
> Giants win superbowl againts patriots 17-14 Eli manning MVP

Absent from that list is, "Take a shower."

But despite this site's cynical slant I can't help but be excited too. Sure, on the surface I'm too cool for school. GTA4 is coming out? Meh. I prefer a more mature game such as Master of Orion 2. Heh, you wouldn't understand as it is a thinking man's game and not mindless trash like today's dumbed down console titles.

Fuck it. I might as well admit I'm going to be standing at some game store at midnight waiting to buy the latest GTA game. Sure, I'll be covering my face, hoping no one I know notices me, but I'll be there. I'll rip into it as if I were a kid again and have the time of my life. And then I'll return to the Forums and bitch, and bitch, and bitch about how they took out bicycles and planes. Besides, the PC version will be better anyway since all those things can be modded in.

Then I can work on my mod that turns that Russian bastard into an American dude, as God intended.

> Mine was when one day i walked into my friends house and I asked him "What game is that".
> He said "grand theft auto 3"
> i said "WHOA did u just ran that guy over?" OMG SWEET!
> He said "sweeeet"
> i was 10/11 at the time, i was dragged into this game... that everyday,i came over to his house to play it until his big brother hated me lol. I even took pictures of it for my parents to see how cool this game was... ahhh the good times
> ---
> *tosses the coin* "call it."

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

4.16 Dr. Wodenferd's Impossible Predictions for the Coming Years

Friday, Apr 18, 2008 by Dr. Grumman E. Wodenferd, Doctor of Impossiblism (@sexyfacts4u)

"Impossible..."

- Esquire Magazine, 1964

"The World's third most accurate Impossiblist of 1971."

- Wodenferd Academy of Impossible Sciences

Hello, my name is Dr. Wodenferd and I am a certified Doctor of the Impossible Sciences. I have been observing the present and predicting the future since 1958. Some call me a futurist, others ridicule me as a fabulist, but I have achieved a record of accuracy that has only been bested by seven other Impossiblists and six of these were Eastern Mystical Impossiblists who jeopardize their very souls to foretell future trends.

As you well know, I am a Christian Impossiblist and I would never sacrifice my faith in Jesus Christ to make a quick buck from one of those trashy Journals of Impossiblism. I self-publish all of my own findings.

Mankind Growing?

On the World Wide Web I have read that the study of ancient skeletons has proved with science that the human body has increased in size since its inception. A man of our day stands an average of five feet and eleven inches. From that I have calculated that a man from one hundred years ago would barely have come to our titanic shoulders. A thousand years past the men were only to our belts.

A man of yore? No, just a giant pumpkin, as predicted by me in 1985.

Travel back ten thousand years - and science has proved this beyond the doubt - a man was only one foot tall. Go back even before this, to our ancient forebears, and science knows the very first man was only a speck. These primitive men hunted mites and built their shelters from dandruff. They were so tiny that a million could live in the feathers of a sparrow.

To think, coming from that miniscule existence to a strapping man of nearly six feet! You can see we have grown to an immense size in what is, to the ageless mountains, a very short time indeed. It should come as no great surprise that within the passing of only one more decade men are expected to be born already nine feet tall. These immense babies will grow to 30 and possibly even 40 feet in height as adults.

A fine time, looking over the top of a church, but not so fast! Women will not grow at all, remaining as they are and as they always have been. Conception will be difficult and there will be a terrible reduction in the rate of births. Though men will be larger, the decrease in population will mean there will be the exact mass of men in 100 years as there is currently. Such are the bitter ironies of the future.

I'd bet my house on that one!

Breakthroughs in Absorbency?

The so-called "super shammy" may one day save your kitchen from a stain disaster.

The age old dilemma of the housewife: the juice has spilled and yet the towel cannot take up any more liquid. Could this conundrum be at an end? A shouting man on the television has just announced a breakthrough in absorbency that more than trebles the effectiveness of current towels. This unbeatable stain destroyer seems to be made up of multiple layers of space-age polymers that trap moisture. This means no more dribbling as you carry the towel to the sink.

And when you wring it out? The gush of liquid was incredible. I did not have my glasses on when he was talking, but I believe these items, of course just prototypes at this early stage, can be got for $1,999. Too much for the housewife on her limited allowance, surely, but if the principles behind these new ultra-absorbent towels are sound then expect to see mass manufacturing and a commensurate drop in price. After all, the radar range once cost more than a Buick, but the one I purchased in 1983 barely cost a fraction of that amount.

I predict that within in three years every home in America will have one of these incredible devices and that we will talk of spills in much the same way we laugh of ring around the collar. *You could bet your house on this if you were so inclined.*

A New Sort of Music?

Word has come to me through channels both academic and esoteric that American blacks are on the cusp of achieving a breakthrough in musical science. Not since Jellybone Samson first hooted upon a jug has American musical science felt such an upheaval. Called "rap talking", the technique blends the use of a computerized "beat box" synchronized with a man speaking.

My anglocentricity has sometimes been mistaken for crude racism, but make no mistake, I have great respect and affection for American blacks and their advances in musical science.

Of course, the blacks will talk about the things such as they do. Their dancing and their shenanigans, and I mean them no offense, but their concerns are baser. Imagine the power of the beat box if unlocked by the likes of Buddy Murphy or Sweet Dan Michaels. The white musical scientist could transform this rap talking into a revolution akin to the discovery of the violin. Imagine, the beat box blurting out its tune, and a well-dressed gentleman speaking calmly about mathematics or aeronautics.

Within ten years the first white rap talker will unlock the secrets of the beat box and change the face of musical science. *You can bet your house on it!*

Rapid Fire Predictions

No parlor trick, these. I offer honest predictions of the days to come.

- A new sex will be created through medicine. Called a "he-girl" or "she-man", these beautiful creatures will possess the organs of a man, but the ravishing figure of a pageant winner. Could these superior beings make women obsolete? Hardly! They will still be needed to give babies to men and their new he-girl wives.
- The Orientals in Japan have already devised a way to understand the language of dogs, which I believe means cats cannot be far behind. What will the two species say to one another when

they are both speaking god's English? I predict many heated arguments to break out in houses across America as the two species live notoriously in contention.

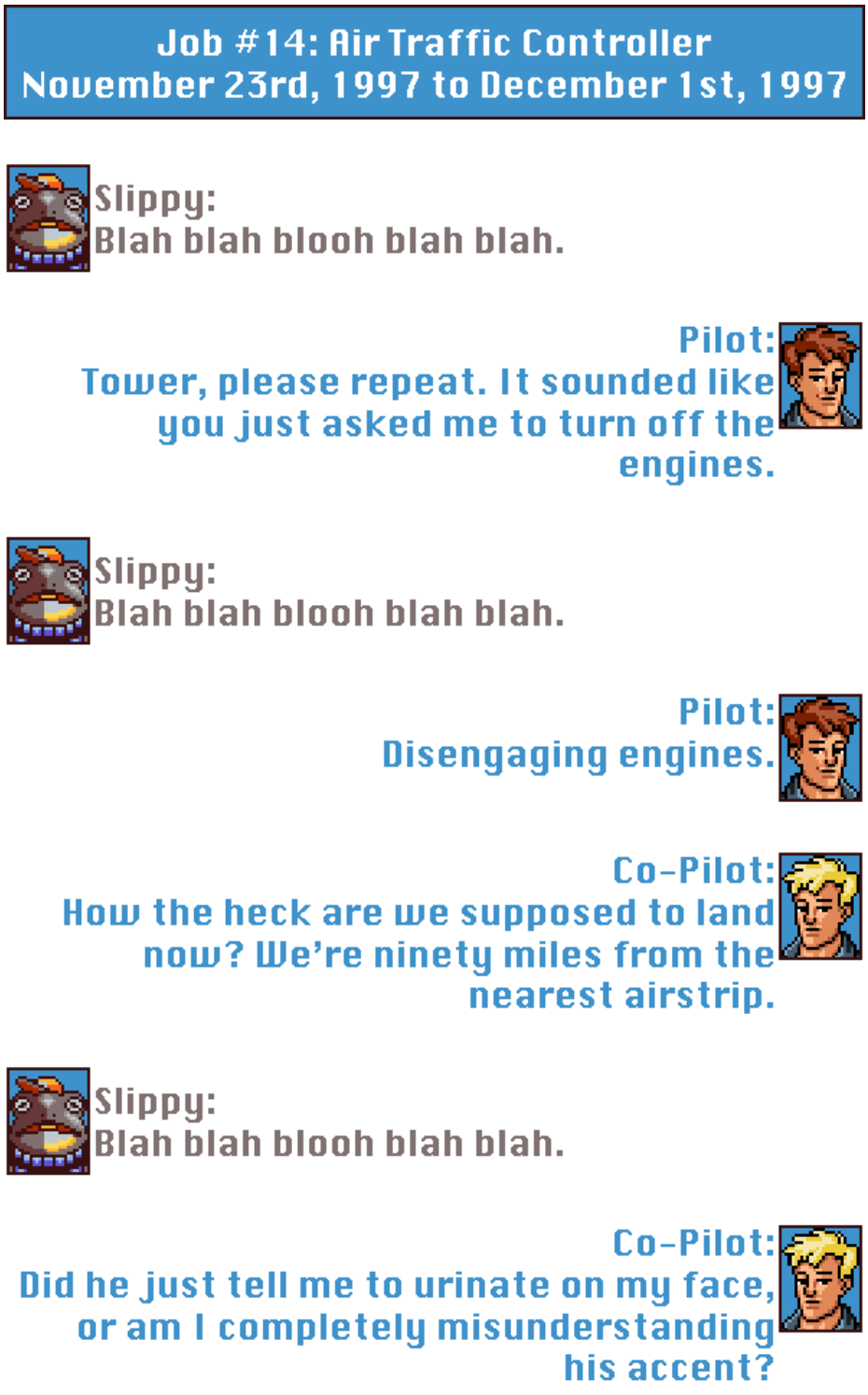
- A complete meal in a pill? The stuff of science fiction will soon become science fact as the medical sciences achieve a breakthrough with the "multi-vitamin", a day's nutrition in an easy-to-swallow tablet. Starvation will disappear in America. Within years we may have to worry about becoming too fat from overindulging in our multi-vitamin pills!
- The electronic game will become a smash hit with the youths of America. Electrical football has already captured the imagination, but soon innovations will allow crude shapes to be projected onto a screen through the use of multiple reels of film. The audience will be able to shout and the operator can swap the reels, changing the outcome of the film.
- The helicopter will finally supplant the aeroplane entirely. Vast four-propeller mega-copters will fill the skies above our heads with a deep WHOOMP WHOOMP WHOOMP as they fly past carrying thousands of citizens safely from one city to the next.
- The pan pipes will witness a resurgence in popularity. These merry tooters have enchanted many throughout the ages, but newer light-weight polyethylene pan pipes will be available to many aspiring pipers.
- The Lawrence King program will continue to delight millions for the foreseeable future.

My predictions, as always, come with no legal guarantee of accuracy. However, I promise that these are certainties *you can bet your house on!*

-~Dr. Grumman E. Wodenferd, Doctor of Impossiblism (@sexyfacts4u)

4.17 The Many Failed Careers Of Slippy Toad

Saturday, Apr 19, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


Job #14: Air Traffic Controller
November 23rd, 1997 to December 1st, 1997
Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.
Pilot:
Tower, please repeat. It sounded like you just asked me to turn off the engines.
Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.
Pilot:
Disengaging engines.
Co-Pilot:
How the heck are we supposed to land now? We're ninety miles from the nearest airstrip.
Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.
Co-Pilot:
Did he just tell me to urinate on my face, or am I completely misunderstanding his accent?

Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.

Co-Pilot:
Engaging face-pissing maneuvers. I hope you know what you're doing, pal. Our lives are in your hands.

Pilot:
We just entered a stall. Tower, please advise.

Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.

Pilot:
Seriously? I don't think the emergency axe can even chop through the wind-shield, can it?

Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.

Pilot:
Okay, okay. You're the boss, fella. Here goes!

Co-Pilot:
Urine reserves depleted. What now?

Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.

Co-Pilot:
Self-destruct... won't that make landing more difficult?

Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.

Co-Pilot:
Okay, but I need a refresher. The last time I used self-destruct I was in a training simulator, ten years before I got married and had ten children and came up with the cure for cancer that I just wrote on this napkin and plan to publish when we land. Is it the blue knob or the red button?

Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.

Co-Pilot:
Okay. Engaging... AHHH! It was the wrong button! Oh god, this boiling tar burns my skin!

Job #23: 911 Operator
March 12th, 2000 to June 29th, 2000

Woman:
Please help. A man broke into my home and I've locked myself in the upstairs bedroom. My address is 1010 Friedmont Avenue. Hurry, I don't think he knows I'm up here but it's only a matter of time before he tries the door.

Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.

Woman:
What am I wearing? I don't see how that's relevant or appropriate.

Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.

Woman:
Fine, a man's button-up shirt and a pair of white cotton panties. Okay? Now please send help.

Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.

Woman:
No, I won't. I'm agnostic. Listen, can you put me on with a supervisor or another dispatcher?

Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.

Woman:
Fine. I accept Jesus Christ as my personal savior. Will you send someone out here already?

Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.

Officer:
A missile strike on 1010 Friedmont Avenue? I thought they took the department's missiles away back in '04.

Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.

Officer:
Oh, that's right. It was just the nukes. Gimme a minute to pop the trunk and get set up, dispatch.

Job #47: Secret Service Agent
May 8th, 2005 to August 19th, 2005

Secret Service Agent:
The president is on stage, and we have established a secure perimeter. Agent Slippy, do you have anything to report?

Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.

Secret Service Agent:
A meteor? All agents, divert your attention from the area around you and look up! We've got to spot that meteor!

Slippy:
Blah blah blooh blah blah.

Secret Service Agent:
Oh god, someone made their way onto the stage with a chainsaw! Eagle One is down!

Slippy:

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.18 Pass(over) the Joint

Sunday, Apr 20, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

So today is Passover, one of the most important holidays in Judaism. It is also 420, a holiday created for the purpose of smoking pot, like Earth Day without the ambition. I guess there's a big party going on downtown tonight. They are handing out these fliers everywhere.

(Front)

(Back)

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.19 Revenge of Happiness

Monday, Apr 21, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Thanks to Peter, my old pal from J-List, I've got a stack of insane Japanese magazines. The ads featured in this article come from the same issue of *egg*, a magazine that seems to be targeted at teenage girls that look like baseball gloves. The magazine instructs them to buy things and teaches them how to give blowjobs to green cartoon penises. Basically like *Seventeen* here in the United States. The ads featured in this article include a weight loss program with a lot of focus on pooping, some sort of foam you rub into your breasts to enlarge them, a curious take on Judaism, and more.

Weight Loss

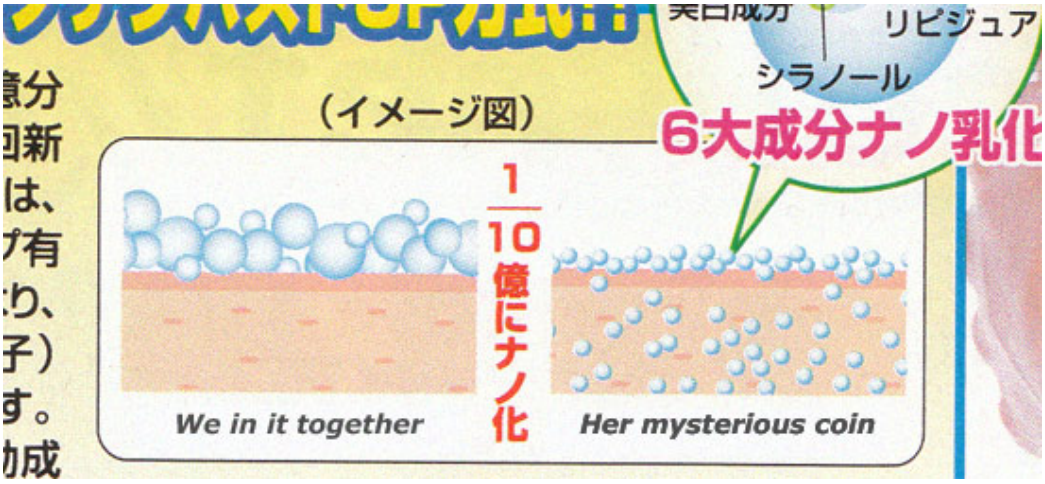
As long as my girl doesn't weep meat.

Pretty nihilistic for a weight loss product.

As long as the food ghost doesn't start haunting my pants.

Breast Enlargement

Product may resemble angry bees.



Heads you get bigger tits, tails you get cancer.

Makeup

NO ONE escapes the finger!

Jewelry

Worn by the Jewish snake-handlers of Texas.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.20 I Was a Girl at Comic Con

Tuesday, Apr 22, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This weekend, as a function of my employment, I was required to fly out to the City of Apples to attend **New York Comic Con**, a huge gathering of nerds of all stripe. Knowing that my readers thirst for the levelheaded documentation of truth, I managed to break away from work stuff for a little while and take some photos.

While the serious journalist in me balks at the idea of posting a report based only on half an hour or so of wandering aimlessly around a convention, the part of me that doesn't really give a shit about the quality of my work (which is the part of me that writes my articles) knows that you don't really require integrity. You just want to see some nerds.

Due to the remote possibility that my face might be recognized from my infiltration of an anime convention, I decided to attend Comic Con incognito. In the proud tradition of cross-dressing SA alum Jed Kirchner, I donned my most adorable red skirt and hit the Con as ***Girl Dave***.

Outside the convention center, an endless row of ethnic men stand at carts, selling fragrant sticks of Klau Kalash to the gathered crowd of hungry nerds. I'd love to stop for a quick swig of crab juice,

but important matters call.

The convention is held in Manhattan's lovely Jacob K. Javits center, named for the late New York senator (known to comic fans as the creator of Hawkman and the Green Arrow). "Jacob, Jacob Javits," a man once said; "I'd like to thank you for everything, primarily your glass house."

Just beyond the entrance, statues of various heroes beckon nerds to their social doom and financial ruin. Beside this hefty Superman, we catch our first glimpse of your narrator, Girl Dave. Though my femininity is only clothes-deep, something about the Man of Steel's heroic form makes me yearn to stroke his rippling forearms. "A girl could get used to this," I coo in my stubbly baritone.

On the convention floor, I run across a small group of gladiators. I show them my badge to avoid trouble, but they don't seem to care. Later, I would find out that they were just guys dressed as gladiators, and that they actually had no authority.

Threatened! Threatened by a gun-wielding maniac, just for daring to show my feminine face in a man-dominated convention! O gladiators, where are you now, when I need you most? Gone away! (But I won't cry for yesterday; there's an ordinary world, etc.)

Moving deeper, I find myself betwixt a pair of musky, spangled heroes. Something about his intense eyeliner and her defiant cleavage gives me the intriguing impression that I'm in the presence of swingers. Do they wear the costumes in the *boudoir?* Dare I ask? As I contemplate their home life, my photographer captures my momentary erotic reverie.

Sure, there were plenty of Batmen at the convention. Some of them were a little more accurate in the anatomical department. Some of them didn't have floppy ears and droopy belts. But let me tell you something: none of them pulled it off as good as this dude. He was just like "shit, I'm Batman, I'm gonna have some beers and then take Robin home and do the hell out of her till I fall asleep." Just like the *real* Batman. You can see how I can't hardly handle it.

Sometimes you see a nerd who's just so *on* that you're instantly in love. I don't know what it is about this guy, but when I see him I know that I must have him. Maybe it's that earnest smile, or the fact that he's so unselfconscious that he can wear a DC shirt layered over a Marvel shirt. I give him a tender hug, and he blushes like the wonderful goof that he is. I never want to let go.

You guys probably don't know what it's like to be a girl, but let me tell you something I learned: when you see a Flash and a Spidermonkey with bulges like that, there's something inside you that just has to show a little bit of leg. I don't know exactly what's going on with Spidey's package, but I can tell it's something extraordinary.

What is it about a big horrible murderer that just makes a girl feel safe? I don't know, but when the killing starts, I just want to be on the right end of it.

I'm kind of nervous here because I just got pretty friendly with Batman, and if he sees me rubbing

elbows with his feline nemesis there might be some trouble. I'm not sure who the guy is supposed to be, but the camera *loves* him. Getting him in the shot is well worth the Catwoman awkwardness.

Ninjas are always so cool and collected that they make you look like you're seething with bloodlust in comparison. I'm just making my "neutral" face here, but when you see me next to this dude it looks like I'm about to go apeshit and kill someone. In the ninja's eyes, there is only the serenity of a cherry blossom falling on a still pond.

Other ninjas are just so serene that it rubs off on you. As soon as I get within a foot of this guy,

I start contemplating koans and stuff. I ask him, "Master, what is the sound of a ninja losing his virginity?" and he replies, "the sparrow's wing as it brushes against the waterfall."

This kid, this adorable little gem, is handing out fliers in front of some booth. I take his flyer, then draw him close to me, for in that moment he is all that matters in the world. The noise of the convention melts away, and nothing is left but the two of us: an awkward teenager and an internet writer dressed as a girl. I live a lifetime in this moment.

Here we have a man named C.C. Banana, who I gather is something of a constant convention gadfly.

As I approach him, he's on the giving end of a one-sided conversation about hair metal with a couple of bewildered passersby. I interrupt his interlude for a photo op, and he gives me his card. If you're in one of those rare moods that would permit his zaniness, you can find his "true life misadventures" at ccbanana.com.

Dazzled by a space girl!

Nothing feels quite so comforting as the embrace of a paunchy centurion.

I didn't know it till I became a girl for the day, but there is absolutely nothing in this world so attractive as wearing briefs over your pants.

Wolverine is the best, because he's like a combination of a superhero and a Denny's Lumberjack Slam. Check out how he masterfully snaps the eyebrows as he flexes those mean silvery tines.

A moment of silence for Heath Ledger, who was so devoted to his Joker role that he had himself fatally shrunken to four inches tall and put in a glass case at the Mattel booth. Rest in peace, baby. Your movie is going to be badass.

"I may be trapped in this blister pack," he says, "but I can still glower at that sonofabitch like nobody's business."

Another beautiful bashful specimen of boyish charm. At first, he blushes and giggles and wonders what the joke is, but I overpower him with my newfound womanhood until he knows that what he feels is special and right.

And as I cling to him, he thinks "oh god, my chance has come at last," but then a strange fear grips him and he just can't ask. But now he can leave Comic Con and tell his friends at home what true love feels like, because he feels it this day, pressed against the warm bosoms of Girl Dave.

A nearby catgirl vogues exuberantly, but I think I need some time to get over striped shirt nerd guy. Maybe he was the one. Maybe I can somehow stay a girl forever and... no, it wasn't meant to be.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

4.21 BarkWire.com Dog Reviews: Doublewide

Wednesday, Apr 23, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Name: Doublewide
Breed: Bulldog
Age: 7
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: Single
Location: In and around Shaggy Butte
Rating: ***(1.3 out of 5 bones)***
ePets: *Doublewide has been ePetted 3 times.*

PET THIS DOG
WRITE A REVIEW
ADD DOUBLEWIDE TO FAVORITES

EDITOR'S REVIEW: Doublewide is as well known for his temper as he is for his appetite. An edacious sort, he is rarely seen far from food, and is known to make a meal out of virtually anything. This vicious creature would prove more intimidating if not for his debilitating weight, which greatly diminishes his ability to give chase. I have observed Doublewide tiring out after a mere minute of activity, retreating then to some nearby shade to pant profusely and cough up great wads of phlegm like some old tuberculosis patient. When he can throw his weight around, he does so to great effect. Our advice is to avoid getting anywhere near Doublewide. Given his voracious hunger, he is likely to take your arm off.

--BarkWire Senior Editor Chris Bluefield

User Reviews

18 Reviews for Doublewide - Displaying 9-13

This dog attacked Auspice!
Posted by **Pete** [**Read other reviews by Pete**]
(1/2 Bone)

Some of you may have seen my post over in Auspice's profile. Doublewide, Throughput, and Vermin all attacked Auspice and nearly killed him. Auspice survived the attack, and was able to hold the dogs off long enough for some children he was watching over to run home and get help. Naturally it was Throughput and Vermin that did most of the damage. Doublewide does a lot better eating

things that aren't living and can't put up a fight.

If you see this dog please call the police, or kill him. He is a threat to the community! Auspice is a treasure and deserves better.

WATCH OUT FOR SPIKES EVERYONE!

Posted by **almam** [**Read other reviews by almam**]
(1 Bone)

be careful around this dog. not only does he try to eat just about everything, he has a collar with spikes on it and they are v. sharp!!!!

Horrifying Incident at Dog Park
Posted by **TenaciousMom** [**Read other reviews by TenaciousMom**]
(1/2 Bone)

I took my darling Tenacity out for a walk at the dog park the other morning. She was running all about the park, graceful as ever, when she stopped by some bushes to read the latest news (I've always said dogs do their reading with their noses). Out of nowhere, this horrendous mass of fur and sweat assaulted my darling angel, mounting her before she even had the chance to realize what was happening. I rushed to her aid screaming at the beast to let her go. Thank the heavens, because he seemed to tire out after only a few seconds, flopping over on his side and suffering what looked like a heart attack. I quickly grabbed my precious angel and ran away. I thought maybe he was dying, but it appears from posts on this site that such incidents are common with him.

I immediately took Tenacity to the vet and demanded they perform a rape kit. They said they did not do that for dogs, but did confirm that her pelvis had fractured under the weight of that oafish beast. She is now wearing an uncomfortable cast and suffering much undue trauma. If you see that disgustingly corpulent dog anywhere, keep him away from your darling ones! He is nothing short of a monster and needs to be brought to justice immediately!

MOST HILARIOUS DOG
Posted by **legalizeit** [**Read other reviews by legalizeit**]
(5 Bones)

Never in a million years did I ever think I would see a dog more hilarious than Clumpy was in his glory days. Doublewide is just such an awesome dog. Me and some of my bros ran into him and he tried to attack us, but he was just so fat and stupid we couldn't stop laughing. Then we fed him some garbage and he totally ate it, so we spent like two hours seeing what he would eat. Turns out he will eat anything you stick in front of his face. We fed this stupid dog a ton of rotten fruit, a dead rat, and a box of crickets we bought from a pet store. My bro tried to film the whole thing on his cell phone, but when he stuck it in Doublewide's face, that dog just ****en hacked up a huge bucket of spit all over the phone and ruined it. My bro kicked the dog in the face and we all laughed. What a dumb ****en dog. Awesomely hilarious though.

Also this dog sweats. I mean he seriously sweats like a person. Not just out of his mouth!

RUINING MY BUSINESS AND MY LIFE
Posted by **CafeDan** [**Read other reviews by CafeDan**]
(1/2 Bone)

This dog has been ruining my business for several weeks! Every day he comes by and I have to give him payment or he and his cronies will hang around harassing my customers, if not scaring them off entirely. I call the police and say "THESE ORNERY DOGS WON'T GIVE ME PEACE!" and they say it is not their problem. Animal control won't do anything either. In order to keep my customers I have to pay these dogs off, and each day they demand more and more, hanging around longer and longer. Doublewide is the worst, since it's not enough to just give him some scraps. He eats so much I'm worried half my inventory will be going to this rotten dog. I keep thinking no more! No more will I give this awful dog protection payments, but my wife won't let me risk my life and my business like that.

---

grossest dog ever
Posted by **qtbitch12** [**Read other reviews by qtbitch12**]
(1/2 Bone)

hello this is my first review so please be gentle.

saw this dog working his way through a big garbage bag full of arby's food on the corner of buhne street and king tut road. where does a dog get a garbage bag full of discarded arby's food anyway??? no way he could climb into a dumpster since he is as fat as a whale. what i can't get over is how pleased he looked with himself, woofing down giant chunks of roast beef. I wanted to puke, but I was afraid he'd try to eat that too.

hope someone poisons this dog

HAS A TATTOO!!
Posted by **ELMO STEPHENS** [**Read other reviews by ELMO STEPHENS**]
(2 Bones)

NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING. DOUBLEWIDE HAS A TATTOO OF A SWORD GOING THROUGH A CAT'S SKULL ON HIS SIDE! NEVER SEEN A DOG WITH A TATTOO AND NEVER IMAGINED I WOULD. TRIED TO PET HIM BUT HE SNAPPED AND TRIED TO BITE MY HAND. I JUMPED BACK AND HE STARTED TO CHASE ME BUT HE WAS SO FAT HE JUST KIND OF WADDLED AFTER ME BEFORE FALLING OVER AND COUGHING UP A BIG WAD OF HARDENED SALIVA. IT WAS LIKE A BIG BASEBALL MADE OF DOGSPIT. I THOUGHT MAYBE HE WAS DYING SO I TRIED TO PET HIM AGAIN AND THEN HE FARTED REALLY LOUD AND STARTED COUGHING SO I JUST GOT OUT OF THERE BEFORE ANYBODY SAID ANYTHING. NOT A FAN OF THIS DOG, ESPECIALLY AFTER I FOUND OUT HE WAS PART OF VERMIN'S GANG.

ELMO STEPHENS

Doublewide headed for double trouble???
Posted by **K9Fan** [**Read other reviews by K9Fan**]
(1 Bone)

Yesterday I was having lunch in my car in the Arby's parking lot. I noticed Doublewide standing near the back entrance door waiting patiently. After awhile a nervous employee cracked open the door and tossed out a garbage bag. Doublewide ripped into that bag and just started eating like a hog. I watched him do that for about ten minutes. Then he got up and started dragging the torn and tattered bag away. He disappeared behind some buildings and was well out of my sight.

After another five minutes I was getting ready to leave, but then I saw Auspice show up and start sniffing the area out. Once he got a whiff of Doublewide, he took off in a hurry. I wanted to follow and see if there was going to be a throw down, but I had to get back to work. About a minute after Auspice was gone, Rusty, Senator, Helmsman, Escapee and Dagger all showed up and got a whiff of the action. They all took off in a hurry, except for Senator, who stayed behind long enough to take a huge dump right outside the door. I guess some things never change. I'd say Doublewide is a goner for sure.

In serious danger of a heart attack
Posted by **Doctor Dog [Read other reviews by Doctor Dog]**
(1 Bone)

Whoever owns Doublewide deserves jail time. Allowing a canine to overeat to such a degree is just plain criminal. But what's worse is promoting such horrible behavior habits, and even reinforcing them with tattoos and encouragement. Doublewide consumes more food than any beast I've ever seen, and easily eats enough to feed a whole litter of healthy dogs. I suspect he is overdue for a massive heart attack and I wouldn't be surprised if he suffers from severe diabetes.

It's no wonder he is so vicious. He is likely trying to externalize the pain and suffering he feels within. Regardless, there is simply no excuse for his shameful actions or for keeping such sinister company.

DOUBLEWIDE IS DEAD!!
Posted by **BiGDog [Read other reviews by BiGDog]**
(1/2 Bone)

Well, well, well! Looks like --BiGDOG-- is always at the forefront of dog news! No surprise there! Doublewide is indeed dead.

Yeah, as some of you might have guessed by K9Fan's lackluster post, Doublewide found himself in a heap of trouble. Naturally "K9Fan" (some fan, *sigh*) only got half the facts, so --BiGDOG-- is here to give you the complete story. Sit boy!

Yesterday, Doublewide met up with Obscenity and Throughput, two more of Vermin's road agents, carrying a big sack of garbage. He was intending to give them their share, after he took his generous cut off the top. It's a pretty frequent occurrence and any self-respecting dogspotter in this community should know about this stuff already.

While the three dogs were dining on garbage, Auspice came out of nowhere and attacked. He was pretty much a loose cannon, no control and wild as hell. While I think Auspice is overrated, I always considered him a pretty rational dog. Well, he was anything but this time. He was outnumbered and they quickly got the best of him. Lucky for him, he seems to have a common ally in the form of Rusty's crew. They jumped in and turned the tide of the battle. Obscenity and Throughput managed to get away with some serious bites and scratches, but Doublewide couldn't get far. According to my sources, Doublewide made a valiant effort to escape. That big lard was like a sweating tank

waddling away as no less than six dogs rammed, bit, and scratched at him. After a 30 foot charge, Doublewide started playing dead with all the dedication of a method actor.

Rusty and Senator didn't stop and tore his corpse up pretty bad. Obviously it was personal with them.

Don't go thinking that Vermin's gang is any less dangerous. The dogboards have all been buzzing with news that Vermin has been recruiting new dogs, particularly a lot of county dogs. I'm talking dogs like Scapegoat, Compost, Pitchfork, El Cráneo Negro, and Tetanus, who just served a long stint in the pound. These are some serious contenders that have long terrorized the unincorporated areas outside Shaggy Butte. If they are in town, things are about to heat up.

If not for great dogs like Behemoth, Partisan, Valedictorian, Santiago, and Theremin, I'd think the dogs in this town were a lost cause. Of course even if every single dog in the area was rotten, Panzer would still even things out for the better.

LOOKS LIKE --BiGDOG-- JUST GAVE YOU A TREAT! SIT PRETTY, BUSTER!

Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

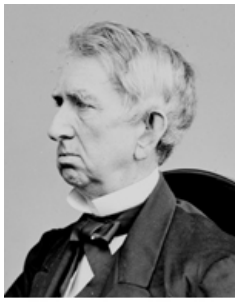
4.22 Gentlemen's News Service Presents: The Cinema Criticism Colloquium

Thursday, Apr 24, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Cinema: Don't Quit Your Day Job

Theater Will Forever Remain Superior

By Addison Hillsdale IV, Gentlemen's News Service



Addison Hillsdale IV

The very idea was preposterous. Me, a lifelong supporter of the theater, dirty my hands by applying the art of criticism to a moving picture? Yet here I sit, quill in hand, ruminating as to how I will live with myself after committing this act of journalistic rape. Many of you who remember my unsuccessful lobbying against the building of motion picture houses in our fair city may be asking yourselves, "Addison, why have you turned your back on your morals like so many Irishmen after a single drop of whiskey?"

The answer, dear reader, is that certain office difficulties have arisen that make it rather difficult to work in close proximity to some of my close-minded brethren at The Gentlemen's News Service. My recent article, "Nazis: Excellent Posture, Sure to Go Far," caused quite the stink in light of all this world war business people keep getting from the wireless. War? Feh! Next they'll be telling me that Little Orphan Annie is real! The redhead is a mythical creature and should be treated as such.

No. It is not.

So in his rush to keep me out of the office, my superior, a Mr. Charles Davenport, condemned me to see a tawdry little moving picture called *Citizen Kane*. At first, I found the title intriguing; surely, this was a story about loyalty to one's country and perhaps those, like me, who are sometimes aided in walking by various lengths of wood. It was a brief moment of foolishness on my part--yet nowhere near the foolishness that a fellow named Mr. Orson Welles has adopted as a veritable lifestyle.

I must stress that those who find me "behind the times" are proper lackwits. Recently, I began using this wonderful new item called "salt" on my food, to much success. So I am not at all opposed to the wonders that the march of progress slowly yet surely brings to the human race. I had even seen many of these moving pictures in the past, when one could go to a World's Fair and, for the price of a single penny, would place his head in a box and view a simple tale of a man juggling various objects or an elephant being viciously electrocuted. Yet never before did these moving pictures, or "movings," dare to imitate the most gentlemanly of all arts, the theater. So upon hearing that I would have to sit for two hours and witness this unbardly bastardization of storytelling, I calmed myself with thoughts of *Hedda Gabler* and swished some mercury around in my mouth to lift my spirits.

If I did not mention the state of the motion picture house, dear reader, this review would be lacking, so please permit me to do so. Surely, these are the whorehouses of our 20th century. Upon entering a common motion picture house, a gentleman is immediately greeted by common street rabble, many of which wear shirts without collars and smell of houses which lack the acreage necessary to permit room for stables. Fortunately, I had my phrenology chart on hand and managed to identify the

skulls of eight Italians and a Swede before a man who referred to himself as the manager [Quite possibly another Swede. - Ed.] took my caliper away. I tried to explain my journalistic intent, yet he merely pointed to the darkened room full of these ethnicities in which I would view *Citizen Kane*. I relented, and sulked off to my fate. On my right I identified a refreshments stand, and while the thought of eating over my lap like a Hungarian turned my stomach, I felt like my favorite treat would certainly improve on my temperament.

"A boiled carrot with a twist of ginger root, if you please." I threw a dime in the face of an oily young man who would not awake from his stupor. When he informed me they didn't have my item of choice, I thought to my boyhood visits to the circus, and remembered the culinary delights of the 19th century. "One brick of unsweetened black licorice, and some castor oil to aid in passing it, if you please." Once again, a gaze of utter confusion and improper breeding. He set a bag of what he called "popped corn" in front of me, and in my rage I could only snatch it and walk away in a fit righteous indignation. It tasted of bathroom floors.

If this is entertainment, then I do not wish to be entertained.

Moving into the theater, I placed my cape and top hat over the adjacent chairs to prevent any pickpockets or Johnny-come-stablys that are known to strike in the dark. I sat in utter trepidation, when at last the screen lit up with what I assumed would be the feature presentation. Apparently, the theater saw fit to first show the audience the infantile antics of what I assumed was supposed to be a crude representation of a rabbit. I could go on about the inaccuracies of this short film, yet the space I have here only permits me to inform the Jews of Hollywood that rabbits cannot talk under any circumstances. And while I certainly enjoyed the pain that rabbit fellow inflicted on that Indian scoundrel, the very premise of this debacle was so preposterous that I can only convey my outrage accurately in Latin. This will be made available as a supplement to a future issue.

Observe the coward.

So what of *Citizen Kane*? Allow me the pleasure of informing you, dear reader, of this rather staid morality tale, clumsily written and acted by the reprobate known as Orson Welles. In what can only be an attempt to call attention to his homosexual lifestyle, Welles slanders both the newspaper business and the gentlemanly protagonist Charles Foster Kane through this "moving's" two hours of screaming pornography. The common street folk around me were eating up every spoonful of Welles' deception, as this pablum was deliberately designed to appeal to the simple minds who will never know the pleasures of extreme wealth and seclusion. I happen to be a living example: in researching my 15-volume edition on miniature shipbuilding, I did not speak to another human for nearly five years and consider myself lucky for this opportunity. Through the fevered mind of Welles, however, this would be seen as a sort of madness.

I must admit, some of the visual trickery of Welles had me rather impressed. At will, he and his co-stars would shrink and grow upwards of 20 feet, and the set dressings were certainly more elaborate than anything I have ever witnessed since that young upstart George Bernard Shaw took to the stage. Unfortunately, Welles' spectacle seems to have given him quite the swelled head, as he refused to even make eye contact with me as I repeatedly yelled, "You fat oaf!" during the interminable length of *Citizen Kane*. At

the picture's end, when I realized the uncouth bastard neglected the standard curtain call, I rushed to the screen, demanding that Welles come out and explain himself. Just as my voice began to tremble thanks to that pesky tuberculosis, the interior of the theater lit up and the poverty-stricken crowd rushed back home to their squalor--obviously, Welles took this opportunity to escape from the rear entry of the motion picture house, and my wrath.

This was perhaps the best career decision he will ever make.

Addison Hillsdale IV is the Head Editor of Arts and Culture at Gentlemen's News Service and the author of Cribbage: A History *and* The Zoetrope: Poisoner of the Adolescent Mind*. In October 1941 he will celebrate his 42nd distinguished year as a staff member.*

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

4.23 Is Faerun Ready for Its First Orc President?

Friday, Apr 25, 2008 by Steve "Malak" Sumner

Goodbye creepy Cthulhu rape monster, you will be missed.

Hey guys, what's up? It's spring, and that usually puts me in a pretty good mood, but I've been feeling a little down in the dumps lately. My mom got a puggle and it chewed up a bunch of my old D&D books, including my Cthulhu edition copy of Deities and Demigods. I got super mad and I yelled and stomped around looking for the dog. I don't know what I was going to do. Then I realized I was letting my hatred control me and I managed to calm down. My mom still owes me for that book though. It's like 200 bucks on ebay.

Add to that the fact that D&D 4th Edition is getting ready to come out and I still haven't picked up even close to all of the sourcebooks. It seems sort of defeating. I mean I look at my Amazon wish list and I see the Complete Scoundrel and, I mean, I heard it was an awesome book, but what's the point? I could buy it, but then if I wanted to use it I would have to manually convert everything to 4E when that comes out.

Besides, Keith is so busy lately I never get to talk to him. Jamie wants me to run an Eberron campaign without Keith, but I just can't imagine doing that. The only campaign I have ever played without Keith was the Greyhawk campaign I started while I was at asthma camp in 7th grade.

That one was okay for a couple days, but then our cabin counselor found out about it and took all my books and dice and I had to talk to Dr. Oesterman, the guy who runs the camp, and he told me that Dungeons and Dragons was similar to sorcery. Looking back now I realize D&D is nothing like sorcery, not even close, but at the time I didn't have any wise comebacks. What really sucked was Dr. Oesterman wasn't even there the last day of camp, so when my mom picked me up I couldn't even get my Greyhawk box back from him. No big deal now, but man, that was like 25 bucks, which is a small fortune for a 7th grader.

Here is that maverick guy with the dad from ALF. I don't really know why he is there too, but I'm glad he cleaned up after smoking crack with gay dudes.

Anyway, since I have been in sort of a doldrums with my roleplaying group and I've been bummed out I have been watching a lot of TV. Everything on TV here in America lately is all about the election. I'm not big into politics, but I guess you would describe me as an independent. I sort of like some things about every side and I just totally see where everybody is coming from. I like the way the Democrats want us to leave Iraq and I like how they treat minorities and gay people, but I also see the Republican point about having guns and not having abortions.

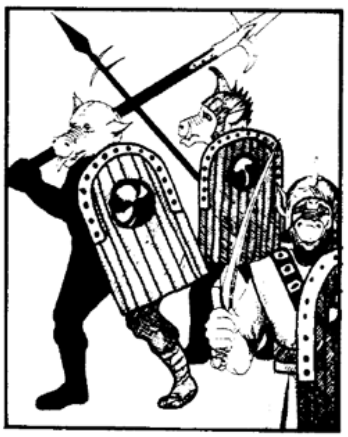
Also I don't like taxes, but I guess it's sort of confusing who is against taxes anymore. It seems like the Democrats want to get a bunch of money with taxes and then balance the budget, but the Republicans want to spend a ton of money and lower taxes. So the Democrats are like a savings account that you can't spend until college and the Republicans are like a big no limit credit card. One of them is no fun at all and the other one is sweet, but will have big time consequences when you go to buy a house.

Like I said, I don't really know about the issues, but as someone who doesn't really follow politics much imagine how surprised I was to see a black dude and a white woman running for president against each other. I think the black dude is the Democrat and the white woman is the Republican and then there is this old white guy who looks familiar who is an independent or the Maverick Party or something. He seems like an okay dude, he comes from Vietnam and he has this sort of hot wife that looks like the ladies who are always posing next to award-winning pies on the front page of the newspaper during the county fair. Normally I would think he seemed like an alright guy, but man, you hardly hear about him with all this talk about the black dude and the white lady.

First black Vulcan and first woman Captain, two major firsts.

"This is a historic election" is what they keep saying on TV, but then they always ask, "Is America ready for its first black president?" I don't know, I think America probably is. I like a lot of black people. Mr. T is one of my heroes and I like Judge Mathis because he keeps it real and tells it like it is. The real groundbreaker was Tuvok from Star Trek Voyager. If America is ready for a black Vulcan then America is ready for a black President.

The point of me bringing up the election is that it got me thinking about orcs. As you probably know, I wrote my senior year reading class paper on racism in Faerun, the main continent in the Forgotten Realms setting of Dungeons & Dragons. At the time it was a pretty big deal that half-orcs had just been made a playable race. Up until that point there were only orcs and you could never play an orc, they were just monsters. Even though they had their own language and culture you could find "orc ambush" or "orc scouts" on a dungeon random encounter chart right next to an Ochre Jelly or a Quasit.



Early orcs were barely better than animals.

The idea of being able to play an orc was revolutionary and totally changed the dynamic of the game. Suddenly orcs were not just these soulless foes to be defeated, they were real living things with their own dreams and aspirations. As I wrote in my paper, the Anglocentric viewpoint of Gary Gygax (R.I.P.) and the other TSR developers created a world in which only whites were seen as human.

Now, sure, you could play a black guy in D&D, there was nothing that said you couldn't, but until much later you never even saw a hint of anything but white people. Heck, it wasn't until 1985's Oriental Adventures that you could even play an Asian person and when you think about it they are just smaller magical white people, which is what elves are.

Anyway, in this context, the orcs were basically the stand-ins for all undesirable minorities, but particularly blacks. I'm sure you've heard that theory floated before, but there is more than a hint of truth to it.

Unless played very carefully early Dungeons & Dragons could easily become a proxy race war, with your group filling the shoes of the noble white power crusaders seeking to extinguish any orc war bands or goblin villages they happened across. Goblins are metaphors for the Vietnamese, by the way, but that's a different conversation for a different time. Oh, and before you say it, Drow are not black people too. I hear that all the time from people who don't understand Drow and it bugs the crap out of me. Drow represent the

evil and duplicity that lurks within all of us, just beneath the surface (get it???), but particularly within the hearts of women.

I always managed to avoid that sort of racist garbage in my campaigns by humanizing the orcs and other sentient monsters. Players could parlay with orcs rather than slaughter them outright, they could even trade with them or become friends with them.

Hot babes with a purpose: Drow are always hot babes or Driz'zt because their evil is seductive to us...

One time I even roleplayed a very interesting romance between my buddy Mike's brother Jason's character, a female elf wizard, and a very sensitive orc shaman named Hurglurg. They never did consummate that relationship because I have trouble even imagining sex with anything but hot babes, but they did develop a meaningful relationship that probably would have eventually produced a half-orc.

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So, again, imagine my excitement when I learned that the creators of Dungeons and Dragons had finally decided to address the racism implicit in the dynamic of the human/orc relationship. At last players would be allowed to step at least halfway into the shoes of these primitive tribes they had been slaughter for years. Progress!

Then I noticed that being a half-orc modified your statistics from the human baseline. And they have special abilities. And their descriptions is, well, it is revolting.

See for yourself, via Wikipedia:

> Half-orc characters receive a +2 modifier to strength and -2 modifiers to intelligence and charisma ability scores. Half-orcs have darkvision up to 60 feet. They have orc blood and are susceptible to special effects that affect orcs. They can use orc-only items. All half-orcs speak common and orc; they may also speak Draconic, Giant, Gnoll, Goblin, and Abyssal, and, in the rare cases of half-orcs with high intelligence, the languages of their allies or rivals. The orc language has no alphabet and uses Dwarven script. Orc writing is found most often in graffiti.
> The half-orc's favored character class is the barbarian. The half-orc personality tends to be short tempered, sullen, and prone to action rather than thought. Half-orcs prefer simple pleasures: feasting, singing, wrestling and wild dancing. They have no interest in refined pursuits such as high art and philosophy. Half-orcs tend towards chaotic alignments, but have no clear preference towards good or evil. Half-orcs raised and living among orcs are more likely to be evil.

A few sections of that stand out as particularly offensive to me.

> Half-orc characters receive a +2 modifier to strength and -2 modifiers to intelligence and charisma ability scores.

Okay, we're off to a bad start. I can sort of accept the strength modifier. That's purely physical and genetic and I think it is okay to note that sort of thing as long as you accept that there is a wide range of possible scores even with that modifier. Half-orcs, like blacks, are probably more likely to be strong than other races, but not *way* more likely, and not a ton stronger unless they are doing point buy and playing a fighter, in which case that +2 is a big deal.

Does this picture make you mad or make you sick? Bad news...you might just be a racist.

Where the whole thing goes off the rails is the modifiers to intelligence and charisma. I'll deal with the charisma one first, because it's slightly more acceptable. The half-orc is living in a white man's world, so the modifier to his charisma represents a perceived deficit rather than an actual deficit. He has trouble interacting with the whites and the elves because they are inherently bothered by the sight of a half-orc. What is wrong is that it should be noted that way, not applied in a blanket. What if he's dealing with an orc or a goblin or something? Don't you think he'd have an easier time of it than a human? He could probably even pass for orc if he's green enough.

As for the intelligence modifier, that's pure bias and it disgusts me as much as the biased aptitude tests and IQ tests we use to assess kids in the inner city. The problem isn't with the half-orc, the problem is with the score. Give the half-orc a test about building a hut or fashioning an axe out of a dragon's jaw and I bet he will score way higher than some high-falutin' wizard from Waterdeep.

Okay, you might say, they have to explain the difference in game terms to make things more interesting. You're willing to give them a pass on that? Fine, because parts of that second paragraph are way more offensive to me.

First, there this:

> Half-orcs prefer simple pleasures: feasting, singing, wrestling and wild dancing.

That's just blatant. Half-orcs go "ooga booga" and like to eat ribs? Simple pleasures, my ass. That is straight up racism. It gets worse a couple sentences later.

> They have no interest in refined pursuits such as high art and philosophy.

That's the sort of closed-minded bunk the white man said about the savage Indian when he first came to the New World. They saw some beads and feathers, scoffed at it all, and then gave the Indians a bunch of contagious blankets. I'm sure whitey wasn't feeling quite so superior when he suddenly needed those Navajo guys to be Wind Talkers like in that movie with the guy from Face/Off. Or when they realized all that "ooga booga" around a campfire was actually songs about Father Crow and not just some stupid nonsense.

A reality for Faerun? Not likely, but maybe for us...

The description of half-orcs does redeem itself a little bit at the end by pointing out that orcs are not more likely to be evil than anyone else. Thank god they admit that, because if they had suggested the opposite the racist smear against orcs would have been complete. It's not enough though, and the book comes out and admits that half-orcs are accepted by no one. They are outcasts from both orc and human society.

So, sadly, the answer to my question is "no", Faerun is nowhere near ready for its first orc president. Is America?

Watching this election on TV I have been inspired by the idea that a half-black can be America's president. He proves that the intelligence, the yearnings, and the aspirations of all races are the same, it just depends on your alignment. To paraphrase black presidential guy Barack Obama:

> "The dreams of the chaotic good elf who lives in the trees of the High Forest are the same as the dreams of the neutral good orc who learns on the streets of Zhentil Keep."

Will ancient prejudices prevent our half-orc from leading humans, elves, dwarves, and gnomes or can Barack Obama overcome the odds and his -2 Charisma to become America's next ruler? ***Or Shi Tal!***

-~Steve "Malak" Sumner

4.24 The Final Frontiersman

Saturday, Apr 26, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

As I sat in the NASA cafeteria on the last day of space camp prodding at a bowl of Five-Alarm Challenger Chili, an old handyman that everyone called Granpa Ben pushed open the double doors at the opposite end of the room. He was at least seventy years old, with a jutting chin and eyes that had been sealed shut in a permanent squint. Although the years had converted every inch of his skin into the surface of a particularly wrinkly ballsack, the muscles beneath were hard as granite.

He locked his focus onto me (possibly through echolocation), then motioned for me to follow him. Granpa Ben wasn't big on words. In fact, I had never heard him utter so much as a syllable in all the time that I had spent around him and the other handymen over the previous weeks, learning from the men who really kept NASA running while the other kids in space camp goofed around in the flight simulator and the spacesuit training pool.

After making our way past the usual labs and test chambers, we came upon a vault door that I had never seen before.

"What are we doing here? What is this?"

Granpa Ben swiped a metallic card through the security panel and held the door open wordlessly.

Inside was a room the size of a high school gymnasium, with a vaulted ceiling and a thick layer of artificial grass blanketing the floor. Around ten or fifteen feet in front of us a waist-high wooden fence had been laid parallel to the doorway, dividing the room into our tiny elongated segment and an open area that was more than fifteen times its size.

High on the opposite wall was a large sign with the NASA logo above the words "ASTRONAUT STABLES", which had been printed in a decidedly futuristic font. Were those wooden structures hugging the wall to our left really stables? As I struggled to comprehend what I was looking at, Granpa Ben produced a chalky stick of astronaut ice cream from the breast pocket of his jumpsuit and rested his elbows on the fence. He waved the stick back and forth, making a loud kissing sound.

Just then, a small astronaut emerged from the stables. He was fully suited, and although his helmet was sealed he sniffed at the air and seemed to track the smell of the ice cream. As he drew nearer, I was able to make out the "Yamauchi" on his nameplate. The little guy seemed to trust Granpa Ben, but he kept a cautious eye on me, approaching the ice cream from an angle that kept the old man between us.

Yamauchi opened his mouth and attempted to take a bite from the stick in Granpa Ben's hand, but the glass visor on his helmet blocked the move.

"You durned fool," the old man laughed. "How many times do I have to tell you to take that thing off?" He removed the astronaut's helmet, which gave Yamauchi the perfect opportunity to snatch the treat and scurry back to the stable, greedily cramming the entire stick in his mouth.

"This is incredible," I whispered as more astronauts began to stir, emerging from their stables to see what the commotion was all about. There were American ones, Russian ones, and even a few females. Then I saw *him*. He was at least six and a half feet tall, blonde-haired, with a fierce confidence that stood in bold contrast with the other astronauts' docile nature. Where he walked,

the others parted out of his way.

"Can I feed that one?"

"Narp," replied Granpa Ben. "That right there is Chad. I have to use every trick up my sleeve to keep from losin' a finger every time I feed that glorious bastard, and I've got forty years of experience as an astronaut wrangler. You're not ready yet."

I nodded, frowning. As much as I wanted to feed Chad, I knew the old man was right.

"That's why I brought you here. I been keepin' an eye on you, and I think you'd be a good fit to take over for me when I retire. I want you to come back as an intern in the winter and summer, when yer schoolin' is on break."

The shock on my face was all the answer he needed. Granpa Ben slapped a gnarled hand across my back and laughed heartily. It was hard to imagine that I had ever been scared of the man.

I turned back toward the stable in time to see Chad approach, his steely grey eyes locked onto mine as he closed the short distance between us. The laughter came to an abrupt halt.

"Don't move," whispered Granpa Ben. "He's damn quick, and any sudden movement is apt to set him off. Just stand your ground."

For a moment Chad towered over me, hands on his hips and a disdainful look on his face. Then, incredibly, he knelt down, putting his forehead on the fence and presenting me with his mane in an act of submission.

"That's a good boy," I said, ruffling his golden locks with a hand that was steadier than it had any right to be.

When I was done, Chad took a step back and nodded, then returned to the stable. This time it was Granpa Ben's turn to look shocked. I slapped him on the back and laughed, but he just smirked and shook his head.

Over the summers and winters that followed I stuck by Granpa Ben's side and absorbed everything. I grew into the job as I grew in size and strength, while Ben became increasingly frail and forgetful. Through it all, Chad was my constant companion. To everyone else he was wild and unpredictable, but the two of us had an inexplicable bond. At night, after I had skimmed meteorites from the training pool and washed the space shuttle with a garden hose and a soapy hand sponge, I would visit the stable and read articles from *The Source* to him. Sometimes his eager face would light up, almost as if he understood the beef between the East and West coasts.

One night, Granpa Ben shook me from my sleep. His eyes were open ever so slightly and he was breathing in sharply with a deep, rattling wheeze.

"Ben, what's wrong? Are you okay?" The old man just shook his head.

"Narp, it's not me. It's Chad."

When we arrived at the stable, Chad was sprawled out in the middle of the turf, his eyes rolling back into his head as he grimaced in pain. The other astronauts were huddled together, their heads lowered. Granpa Ben gestured at Chad's ankle.

"Musta got it caught in the fencing. Probably tried to climb back to his stable but couldn't make it, the poor bastard."

The ankle was all wrong. His foot pointed off to the side, and the splintered shard of a bone was protruding from a bloody hole in his spacesuit.

"What do we do? Where's the doctor?"

Granpa Ben remained silent.

"No... don't tell me." Tears welled up in my eyes. "Say it isn't so, Ben..."

He took the revolver from his pocket and placed it in my hands. It was an ancient thing that hadn't seen action since the second world war. I almost screamed at him for waking me up to this nightmare, but then I understood. This had to be done, and it wasn't his place to finish it. In one horrible moment, my childhood came to a bloody end.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.25 I Have the Skills and Experience Necessary to Be a Heavy Metal God

Sunday, Apr 27, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Hey looking for hardcore rock gods to start SUPER BLACK METAL BAND

I am learning to play guitar and also Im ok at singing. need drummer, guitarist, bassist and songwriter to join ONLY JOIN IF YOUR SERIOUS ABOUT METAL OK. I have a bunch of lyrics written so just need someone to come up with music for them. One would be are signature song because its about this high school in an post apoctlyptic world where all the teachers are really The Devil wearing different masks.

Also I was thinking we could be called "Black Horse Riders Of The North" or maybe "Sheep Gut Lickers", I haven't decided.

I am a sophomore at Carlsbad High and I think we can sometimes use the band room because the band teacher likes me, other then that I need someone with a place to practice cuz mom won't let me play metal, she's too afraid of it's POWER

plz contact Dwayne Geitz
johnlockrules42@yahoo.com

Noah Begley
334 Wilson St.
Carlsbad, CA 92008
4/27/08
Dear Mr. Geitz,
I am writing in regards to the advertised position in your black metal band. I would very much like a chance to be part of this venture, and I feel that I have the rock god skills necessary to efficiently build and maintain a high profile Satan-worshipping black metal band. My education and background are perfect for a "god of metal" position, as I will explain below.
After graduating from Harvard, with distinction, in the field of English (a degree that puts me in a unique position to provide constructive and informed criticism for lyrics involving oral sex with voluptuous demonic women who have broad ashy nipples that taste faintly of molten rock and acid, and about riding at night on an enormous black war machine piloted by Satan to rain destruction on young innocent Christians, and about going to a 24-hour diner created in the darkest pits of hell, clad in ebony robes worn to perform demonic incantations, and eating a plate of fried cheese and buffalo wings in the corner by the bathroom), I was hired by a large accounting firm in New York.
During my time at this accounting firm, I learned how to work effectively in a team environment, how to manage time wisely to meet concurrent goals, and how to hate authority to the maximum levels that I am personally able to attain. In the area of hating authority, I took the initiative in getting my boss's face tattooed on my left shoulder with a knife protruding out of his forehead. The skills I gained in being really mad at authority and also working effectively in a team environment would be perfect for use in a devil-focused black metal band.
I left a threatening note on my boss's porch once, which demonstrates a commitment to achieving my goals, and also I broke into his house and watched his TV all night while he slept and then snuck out just as he woke up but not before switching the order of the breakfast cereals on the kitchen shelf. This indicates a variety of skills so useful and applicable to the job in question that I will not actually name any of them here.

After departing from the position at the accounting agency soon after the previously described events, I embarked on a self-supervised course of heavy metal history in my home over the span of two years. Utilizing a guitar I bought off my cousin and a collection of used CDs I purchased economically from a going out of business music store, I rapidly taught myself the basic structure of heavy metal instrumentation, as well as the required attitude, mindset, and fashion accessories needed to both appreciate and perform metal at a consistent standard of quality.

My self-appointed goal was to reach a certain level of "kicking ass" each day, which I judged through the method of looking at myself in the mirror and gauging how awesome I looked. When not performing to adequate levels of "kick ass", I taught myself a variety of strategies to overcome the problem, such as the consumption of alcoholic performance aids, or calling my boss in the middle of the night and hanging up just after he answers.

I am looking forward to working with you, and I have my amp and guitar packed up in the trunk of my Ford Probe ready to go the moment I am contacted. I also have a leather jacket with the word "SATAN RULES" written on the back in duct tape, which could be utilized in a variety of situations. The L and the R are half-fallen off, but you can still definitely see what it is supposed to say.

Your brother in metal,

Noah Begley

hey naoh,
thanks for writing me about the metal band thing but I'm looking for people who are a little more committed and serious about this, I think we may be able to take on the school talent show in a few months if we really work at it
may satan rock your world,
Dwayne

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

4.26 Blue Stripe 40,000 Interview Special

Monday, Apr 28, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.

In the grim darkness of the far future there is only war. It's a common misconception. As it turns out, in the grim darkness of the far future there is a lot of backbreaking labor and even more busywork. It's mostly those two things. War is a distant third.

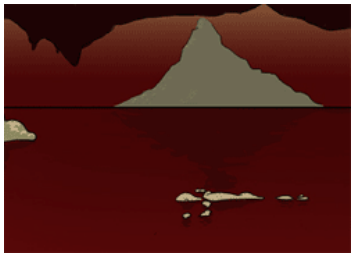
The Imperium of Man spans millions of stars and untold trillions of human souls. With that many warm bodies kicking around man-hours are cheap and automation is an afterthought. It might seem as if the various alien species, ancient undead skeleton robots, and corrupted chaos-worshipping fiends of the 41st millennium have a more exciting lot. Not so! Each race has its working class. From the gore-drenched butcher pits of Khorne cultists to the gem-encrusted Eldar spaceships, there is plenty of tedious work to be done.

Those wraithbone walls are not going to Bedazzle themselves.

The Follower of Chaos

Lou Jackson
AKA Violence Marrowspite

Anointed Murderthrall of the Arch-Traitor Bazaban, Supplicant to Silthulius the Crimson-Hued, Hate-Colonel at the ninth hand of Lord Rebbaraeth Gristlewick, Caco-Fiend of Vilius III



The Great Slaughter of Rebbaraeth Gristlewick has encompassed six solar systems and involved more than 30 billion human souls. The Caco-Fiend of Vilius III and his Host of Hatred set fire to an entire sub-sector of the Imperium. One planet recently overwhelmed by Gristlewick's forces is the agri-world of Knoxi. The planet's meager defenses were overrun by Gristlewick's hordes in a matter of days and the population was subjected to the oath: servitude or death. Many chose death, but most survived, however briefly, to become a part of Gristlewick's twisted menagerie.

We spoke with one such new recruit on the abattoir-world Viscus Horrendus, an accursed planet on which servants of Gristlewick engage in mass-sacrifice and blood worship to appease Khorne, the Blood God. Lou Jackson was once a simple farmer on Knoxi, but now he goes by the name Violence Marrowspite and lives on Viscus Horrendus. Jackson works as an "Anointed Murderthrall" to one of Gristlewick's countless sub-lieutenants, a job that, as he tells it, sounds a lot more exciting than it really is.

We caught up with Violence on the shores of The Carmine Cauldron, a shallow lake of blood and floating corpses that stretches to the horizon.

Blue Stripe: You must be Violence Marrowspite...

Violence Marrowspite: That's me. Wretch Resources told me to come talk to some people, so here I am.

BS: Wretch Resources...was that the guy with the strips, and the, uh, the face?

VM: Yeah, the guy with the up and down strips hanging from the exposed muscle. The guy with the horizontal strips works for accounts receivable and the lady with the grid thing and the mouths instead of eyes, I don't know, I think she's in acquisitions.

BS: I understand you're fairly new here. You've been with Gristlewick, what, six months?

VM: Seven, and that ain't new for a Murderthrall. That's like a thousand in regular people months.

BS: There is a high turnover rate among Murderthralls?

VM: Oh, yeah, definitely. We are under tons of pressure from middle management to keep up with quotas. Don't keep up and you get demoted.

BS: Demoted to what?

VM: Body pile. Those mountains over there. Those are the body piles. We gotta keep stacking the corpses up there after we've pulped them and drained all the blood out. It's dangerous work and there are all kinds of body avalanches.

BS: So they take on the body pile work?

VM: Oh, no, I meant they go on the body pile after we stab their hearts and faces and empty them into the lake. Everybody ends up on the body pile eventually. Murderthralls, prisoners, it's just where you end up.

BS: Other than stacking corpses on the body pile what are your duties as a Murderthrall?

VM: Like I said, pulping bodies, draining them. I'm sorta the expert Murderthrall these days, so a lot of the newer guys look to me. I show them the ropes, give them their first blasphemous sigil scars, maybe haze them a little bit by cutting off their eyelids. You know, the usual workplace shenanigans.

BS: Your full job title is "Anointed Murderthrall". What exactly does the "anointed" honorific mean?

VM: What do I look like, King Khorne? Everybody has all these titles around here. "Desolatrix of Doom" this and "Ka-Vivisector" that. Your guess is as good as mine.

BS: So you don't take your Khorne worship seriously?

VM: Look, of course I do. All me and my pulping hammer do all day is worship Khorne. He's the best. Hooray frickin' Khorne. When you're planting soybeans one day and a guy with a skull for a head and two chainsaw axes walks out of your barn covered in blood you're going to sign up for whatever he wants. I signed up for Khorne. I got stuck with Gristlewick and this lake of blood.

BS: You don't sound entirely happy.

VM: Some lucky assholes on the other side of the planet got caught by the Perfumed Choir of the Supreme Tempter of Antioxus XI. They signed up for the Slaaneshi legions. Do you know how they're probably gonna die?

BS: No.

VM: Too many orgasms. You know how I'm gonna die?

BS: No.

VM: Not enough blood left in my neck. You see my consternation.

BS: You're jealous they have it easy.

VM: They live in a vagina. Literally. Their town is a giant vagina. Their version of this place is just a huge pit where everybody is having sex until they die or a daemon appears or something. Me? I hammer corpses until the blood flies out and I have to make sure to move every few minutes so I don't get scabbed in.

BS: Don't you think you're contributing to the cause of the Blood God?

VM: Okay, look, let me put it to you this way. Yesterday the Arch-Traitor Bazaban decided to stop by and see how work was progressing on, well, I guess filling the lake even more with blood. So he comes over in his suit of power armor and demands we build him a throne. Out of blood. Who is that helping?

BS: How did that go?

VM: (He glowers silently for several seconds before answering.) Have you ever tried to hammer blood into blood?

BS: No.

VM: That was a rhetorical question.

The Loyal Human

Davidicus Bibulus

Dark Angels serf entrusted with the restocking, maintenance, and spiritual ministrations of the venerable and irreplaceable *Bevero Dispentatus*.

The *Adeptus Astartes*, the Space Marines. Warrior saints of the Emperor. These genetically-enhanced superhumans are the most precious of the Imperium's military resources. They are few in number, organized into "Chapters" and spread throughout the vastness of mankind's domain. Each of these Chapters has its own ancient beliefs and rituals and of them none is more solitary and secretive than the Dark Angels.

The battle-brothers of the Dark Angels are fearless and nearly-tireless, but as they travel from one distant battlefield to the next even these implacable heroes must occasionally seek sustenance. Aboard the immense and heavily-buttressed battle barge *Encrusted Alcoves*, meals are provided to the Space Marines in the *Foodulum*. Nutritious and flavorless meals are prepared by the Chapter's serfs, an underclass of failed Space Marines.

A Space Marine with a particular thirst might stop by the *Foodulum*'s *Bevero Dispentatus*. The backlit stained glass front depicts a green-robed angel showering thirst-quenching colas on the battlefield. Battle-brothers can select from one of eight varieties of consumable nutri-drink dispensed by the machine. This arcane machine is understood only by the serfs tasked with repairing and restocking it.

One of those serfs is failed Space Marine and Dark Angels serf Davidicus Bibulus. It is his task to restock the *Bevero Dispentatus* and ensure the battle-brothers have their thirst fully quenched each and every day by sanctified soft drinks. We caught up with him during his brief downtime between 22-hour shifts aboard *Encrusted Alcoves*.

Blue Stripe: Thanks for taking the time to speak with us.

Davidicus Bibulus: FOR THE EMPEROR!

BS: Why don't you start by telling us a little bit about your history. What were you like before you joined the Chapter?

DB: I was 100% on the wrong track. Then the Dark Angels came and gave me the motivation and the tools I needed to actualize my desire and realize my 110% potential.

BS: Did you have a family before they took you from your home planet?

DB: There was a woman, but she was 120% the wrong thing for me. This is the right thing for me.

BS: You don't miss her?

DB: Miss her? I don't even remember her name! The Dark Angels helped me out big time by chemically gelding me. I don't have to worry about that sort of thing and I can just focus. Step one: visualize. Step two: actualize. Step three: realize. FOR THE EMPEROR!

BS: They chemically castrated you?

DB: 150% chemically castrated. Nothing down south. Looks like a second bellybutton. Now I am all focus, all the time.

BS: How does not having genitals help you maintain and restock a soda machine?

DB: The *Bevero Dispentatus* is not some soda lever you pull. It is an ancient and sacred device, passed down through many millennia. The secret of its manufacture is lost to the dust of time. It has known many stewards through the ages and I am but its most recent servant.

BS: Alright, no offense meant. Why don't you walk us through a day on the job.

DB: Get up at 00:30. Scald off my outer layer of skin in the *Steamatorium*. Check the machine spirit of the *Bevero Dispentatus*. If it is displeased I will apply soothing oils and unguents to its gears and say the blessing of the *Pepsinomicon*. If it is still displeased I will enact the rite of displeasure wherein I shout the ritual curses as the daemons afflicting it and then shake and kick its front.

BS: Aren't you worried about breaking it?

DB: These are the rituals as passed down by my wise forebears. Once it is fully harmonious and operating properly I will begin restocking the beverages. Each requires two seals of purity, carefully folded so as not to jam the sensitive mechanisms within the *Bevero Dispentatus*. Once I have loaded exactly 28 cannisters of each of the seven humours into the beverage hopper I will close the device's lid, say a final prayer of good luck, and reactivate the holy device.

BS: You said there are seven different flavors?

DB: Flavors are things to describe child's candy. These are the beverages of battle brothers of the Adeptus Astartes.

BS: Okay, what, uh, what humours do you load into the machine?

DB: The most popular is *Cathedral Must*. *Mouldering Scroll* and *Archaic Battlement* also move quite quickly. *Angel in an Alcove* does well enough and *Pile of Dusty Skulls* is a hot seller. *Worm-Eaten Standard* is a little less popular. *Radical Raspberry* does not sell at all. It is feared that it might be tainted. The same cannisters of that flavor have been in the *Bevero Dispentatus* for longer than I have been alive.

BS: And you think you are actualizing your, I mean, realizing your potential?

DB: 200%

BS: And you never though about settling down and starting a family?

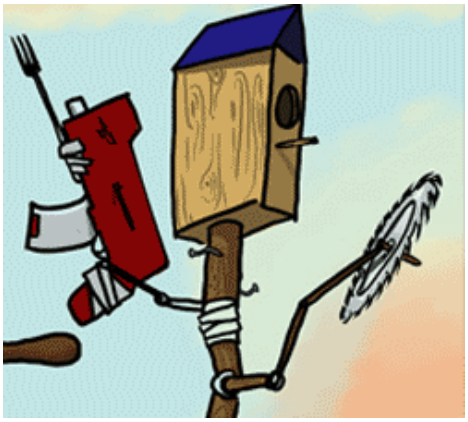
DB: Hellllooo? Chemically castrated here.

BS: My apologies. If not for a happy future, then why do you do this?

DB: FOR THE EMPEROR!

The Crafty Ork

Grim-Lathe Furnimek
Eazyboy



Inscrutable and Indefatigable, the green-skinned orks of the 41st millennium represent a nearly omnipresent threat to mankind. They are the barbarians at the gates of humanity. Their vast numbers and their physical robustness make them fearsome adversaries. Their primitive technology would not seem to work by any known science, yet despite (or perhaps because of) the crude construction their weapons and machines function. They supplement their supplies by looting and modifying vehicles and equipment from the stores of their enemies.

On one unnamed world controlled by the orks the legendary warboss Ugg Zug-Ugguth is preparing to unleash another Waaagh on nearby human space. While the Stormboyz drill and the Mekboyz build war machines other orks are taking part in the upcoming invasion in their own way.

One such ork is Grim-Lathe Furnimek, one of the most accomplished and "hard" of the Eazyboyz. This clan-within-a-clan consists of unskilled woodworkers hammering randomly at planks and looted furniture trying to create the next bedroom set for one of the bosses. We met with Grim-Lathe at his workshop in a canyon littered with the wreckage of partially constructed furniture.

Blue Stripe: You consider yourself the "hardest" of the Eazyboyz. What does it take to make you the hardest?

Grim-Lathe Furnimek: Ya clomp da most nails in da most chairs an make da biggest tabul an da biggest lamp. Ya paint awl da chairs red an cova dim in da 'ardest bits. Meeb'm da bestest cause meeb put da most nails in mi chairs. Neva fall apart.

BS: Walk me through one of your projects.

GF: If meeb make a chair fer da boss meeb godda git da biggest chair wif da most parts. 'Ammer more parts onto dat an use lotsa nails. Den meeb put da 'ard bits on an sum rokkits. Make a side tabul ter go along wif dat outa more bits an glue.

BS: Do you just make furniture.

GF: No way! Meeb make evreefin' da boss needs. Meeb make slidz an pillows wif da most dakka. Meeb love birds so meeb make birdhousz wif da uumie bits. Meeb make da shootiest birdhousz. No wun makz shootia birdhousz.

BS: What is your greatest accomplishment? One of the birdhouses?

GF: Meeb made da fastest an da shootiest birdhousz. Meeb made da biggest birdhousz. Meeb tink mi bestest though iz da terraryum meeb made fer Boss Glamglitz's sqwig. Used da windshields from da uumie tanks. 'Ammered in sum nails an put sum shootaz on da siidz. Put a burna on da top an a big side door werr ee cud put stikkbombz if it got too mad.

BS: Did he appreciate that?

GF: Ee said it was da bestest ee ebur saw an den ee put 'is pet sqwig inside an it killed it.

BS: Uh-oh.

GF: Yeah. Boss was mad. Den meeb showed boss awl da wheels on da boddom. Meeb put loike nuin o' dim on dat wun. It was da fastest terraryum anybody ebur built. Fastest an da shootiest.

BS: Did he ever use it?

GF: Ee drove it da next baddle! Ee killed lotsa panziez in dat terraryum. Den it got broke by a panziez shooty beam. Boss was dead, but da nyoo boss iz gonna git an eben bedda terraryum. More dakka an more 'ard partz.

BS: I'm sure the new boss will be pleased.

GF: Yeah, onlee sumtimes ee ask fer stuff meeb don't know ow ter makes. Sumtimes meeb tink ter myself maybe meeb du nub ab da abilitiss o' da job. Meeb wonda if old Grim-Lathe be in ober iz 'ed. Did meeb oversell mi abilitiss ter da boss? Meeb always try ter be realistic, but meeb loike ter challenge myself. Sumtimes meeb tink meeb challenge myself too much.

BS: You're overreaching?

GF: No! Reach iz gud. Armz is gud. There iz lotsa gud Eazyboyz an they awl wan ter make da bestest chair. Da baddest birdhouse. It iz always a struggle. Jus' wunce meeb wuud loike ter be abul ter wurk ona birdhouse wivvout worryin' wona theyz younga grotz iz lookin' ober mi shoulda.

BS: Competition can hone your abilities though.

GF: Ya don't godda tell meeb dat uumie. It's wot orks iz awl ubbout. Meeb'm almost nuin years ole though an meeb jus' wonda if meeb adn't put alla mi life inta mi wurk wot meeb might ab done. This job iz awl meeb ab nows. Wen meeb retire iz there goin' ter be a rock fer meeb ter spore

behind? Will meeb ab da financiul security meeb ab urned? Meeb jus' don't know, uumie. Maybe weeb kan neva rilly know until dat time comz in yer livz.

Special thanks to Discount Bees for the 40,000-themed artwork!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.27 Lookin' For Buds in All the Wrong Places

Tuesday, Apr 29, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Dr. Thorpe, ass toot, and I posted ads on craigslist looking for some bros to come over on the down-low for a little JO action. Nothing too serious, just a little touching.

JO TIGER - 58 (cambridge)

prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-660051713@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-04-28, 7:51PM EDT

I HAVE A MINI TIGER WOODS TAPES LIBRARY IN THE CONFORT OF MY HOME... COME JO IN THE GARAGE..KITCHEN..DEN..CAR...ALL YOUR TIGER WOODS DREAMS COME TRUE WHEN WE JO in the rooms of my home when my wife is gone or asleep or with friends.... guys who have met tiger woods or know him are prefered and guys who can tell good stories while we JO are the best ones and will get my preference.

i have some good tiger woods stories, 5'9, 175, blk/brwn, italian, 29 here, what are your stats, like a bear/ chub type guy, like a belly on a guy

When is this event planned?

group jo.... people say we 'monkee' around... - 62 (mariott)

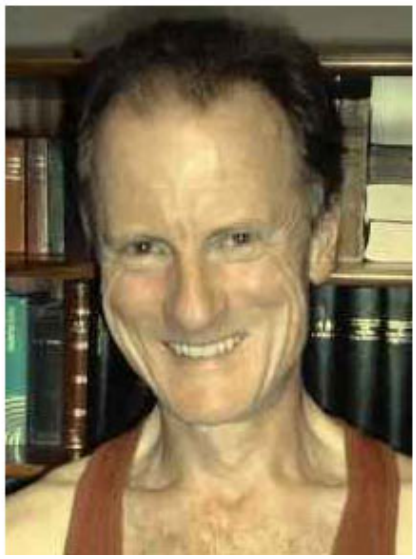
prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-660062640@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-04-28, 5:00PM PDT

whats up, me and my 2 friends are monkees lookalikes (professionals from back east) and we are in town on unrelated business. we are looking for a local guy who looks like michael nesmith to join us for a little JO session up in our suite. also if you sound like him thats a plus. no restrictions on age weight race etc. as long as you look like mike. send a pic please. also did i mention this trip was all expenses paid? help yourself to any food/drink you like..



i don't like sending pics over the email, but my description is 6 feet brown hair brown eyes with go tee. i have a stomach but i am not fat. i am on the hairy side to. i may not be this micheal guy you are looking for, but i will let you and your friends all play with me and use me anyway you like.

total release - 31 (miami)

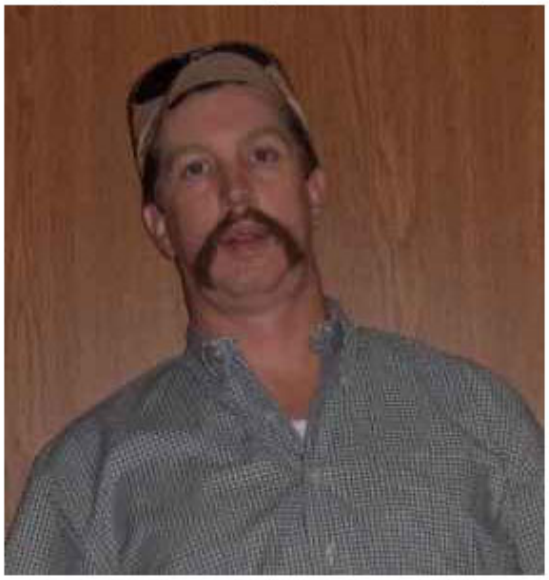
prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-660102749@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-04-28, 8:33PM EDT

i want to JO with you while i yell/scream at you about all sorts of things in my life or the world such as my terrible marriage, how i hate my job, or my ridiculous son. sometimes i cry while doing this and i become vulnerable and well... lets go from there.. and dont worry we can scream n yell all we want my wife is deaf.



I am seating out the Doubletre in Sotj Beach. Let so rhisl Call me at 908-433-xxxx

lets do it,, then piss and cum on me and call me a fuckn fagg

JO DISABLED DAD - 45 (san jose downtown)

prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-660113458@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-04-28, 5:42PM PDT

HELLO I AM A VETERAN OF WAR AND CRIMES AGAINST ME AND MY FAMILY. LATELY MY SON BROUGHT HIS DIRT BIKE TO MY HOME AND TOLD ME TO RIDE IT. WELL RIGHT THEN AND THERE I KNEW IT WAS GOING TO BE A BAD DAY. I SLIPPED OF THE CURB AND BROKE BOTH ARMS. WELL THAT IS A MISS NOMER I BROKE ONE FOREARM BONE AND THE OTHER ARM I BROKE AT THE WRIST. ONTO MY POINT MY WIFE IS DEAD SHE DIED 4 YEARS 3 MONTHS AGO DURNG A WINTER STORM AND WE WERE SNOWED IN AT THAT TIME AND IT WAS THE MOST TRAUMATIZING THING OF MY LIFE. I HAVE NOT EXPERIENCED PLEASURE SINCE THAT TIME. I WOULD LIKE A YOUNG MAN TO COME OVER AND "JO" ME BECAUSE MY ARMS ARE BROKE AND YOU CAN BORROW THE DIRTBIKE IF YOU DO SO. THE DIRTBIKE WORKS PERFECTLY AS DOES MY "DOWNSTAIRS". ALSO LOOKING FOR ODD OR RARE TOURIST TYPE PINS FOR MY PIN COLLECTION UNRELATED TO "JO". I WILL ANSWER YOUR EMAILS. GOODBYE. JIM.

Hi,
Very discrete guy here, 38, would be very willing to help you out while your laid up. Can take good directions and I'll do it any way you like. I have today and tomorrow free as well so let me know if daytime is cool. White male here.
Paul

clue into some jo with me please - 56 (toronto)

please flag with care:

miscategorized

prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-660105679@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-04-28, 8:36PM EDT

does anyone want to play a variant of the board game "Clue" i invented that involves jerking it. i call it ClueJO pronounced like Cujo. let me know and send pics and have an open mind. the game is made of wood (the board)

- Location: toronto
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

No responses.

jo test. - 41 (dfw area)

prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-660055244@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-04-28, 6:54PM CDT

I'm 41 and ready for a guy to cme over and JO while we test my smoke detectors. hold a match up to em and JO quick!!!! thats all there really is to it. i get real ashamed near the end so when i say so you got to get up and leave and never come back. i can host.

- Location: dfw area
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

Nice post.

I dont get it?
You test your fire alarms while I jack off?
Then you get ashamed? Ashamed of what?

come on over and lets hot tub

JO in my home. - 48 (seattle)

prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-660099018@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-04-28, 5:30PM PDT

I am an art collector and lately I have been focusing more and more on the human form. Inside my home you will find many original paintings and a few sculptures that highlight humanity, especially sexuality. I've decided to be a bit more daring this Wednesday night. I'm hosting a small dinner party, and among the various works I would like to have a live man sitting on a chair or writhing about the floor under the table pleasuring himself. I think it would be perhaps the most striking thing, far beyond all of the pieces I own. I don't suppose there would be any restrictions on age, race, and whatnot. I only ask that you can keep it up for about 3-4 hours while my guests are eating and enjoying themselves. You will not interact with them, instead you will focus on a DVD, magazine, etc., whatever you like. You will be allowed bathroom breaks and whatever food you wish, on the condition that you masturbate constantly until the end of the evening. Serious inquiries only, and please send a picture.

- Location: seattle
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

would love to know more?

JACK IT INTO MY WALLET RIGHT NOW!!! - 41 (motown)

prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-660127102@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-04-28, 8:53PM EDT

jo in my wallet and i'll carry it around the rest of the day. i will go to work at a well known, local machine shop with your fluids in the part with the dollar bills. send a pic....

Are u close to airport? I can host and will give u my juice=

charge up and JO - 38 (houston)

prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-660130682@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-04-28, 7:56PM CDT

The crystal I wear around my neck contains an essence that gets recharged when I jack it with a bro who also has a crystal. It gives me confidence at work, home, social situations, etc. Nobody knows it's a JO crystal but me and my bros. I have seen it glow white while jerking it with a bud thats how I know this is real. You can come over for as long as you want but I need a picture of you preferably wearing a crystal before I waste my time.

No responses.

jo on rails - 48 (philly)

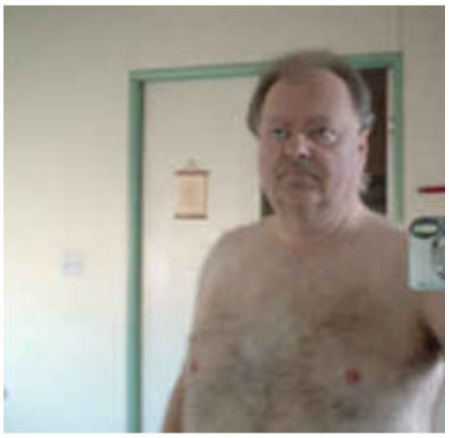
prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-660066998@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-04-28, 8:03PM EDT

want age 25-70 guy to come over and jo in my model train room. mutual touching and stuff but nothing more than that... im not gay. its all HO scale. then after you finish you can stomp around and kick the trains and buildings like a monster (dont break they are my sons) we can do this until 4 am or until we get tired. also i have lots of imitation crab meat in my freezer that i need to get rid of so you can have a bunch when you leave. its all perfectly good we just got too much!!!



- Location: philly
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

by looking at your pic, ill bet you have a nice head on that cock.

DO U LOVE A CHALLENGE - 42 (SD)

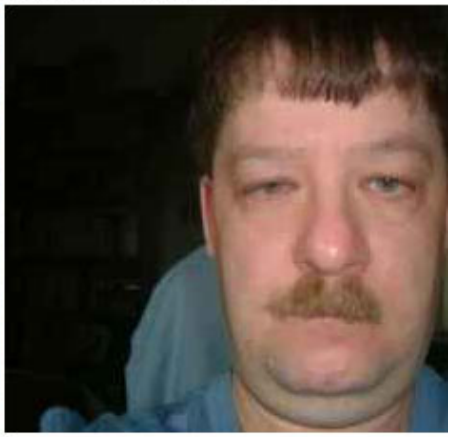
prohibited

spam/overpost

best of craigslist

Reply to: pers-660075107@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-04-28, 5:10PM PDT

im a straight guy and totally repulsed by the idea of JOing with another man. the thought of you touching me can make me retch and squirm for up to a minute or more. i want to meet up and talk about rock climbing and the tour de france and formula 1 racing. you can touch me if you talk about these topics while touching/rubbing, but i am going to squirm and groan a bit while you do it because it is so gross to me. email me.



- Location: SD

Let me know if you're interested 619.213.xxxx

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

4.28 Oh Baby!

Wednesday, Apr 30, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

Here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft babies.

For a large chunk of her life, my late grandmother had a hobby making dolls. She would sew and stuff them, make miniature outfits for them, put them on little stands, and place them on shelves. After a few decades, she had well over a hundred of these things, largely consolidated in a single room we ominously referred to as "the doll room." Aside from a single bed, the doll room consisted of several levels of shelves lining the walls, each heavily populated with miniature people. Needless to say, it was a very strange room to sleep in.

The dolls were far from creepy, however. They were quaint and old-fashioned looking, like benign artifacts from a simpler time. They also weren't very realistic looking. It was all about keeping busy and making something and not about having a private armada of little fake people or an idealized artificial family. I don't think she even cared all that much about them after they were finished.

Modern baby doll collecting frightens and bewilders me like little else in this absolutely insane world. Sadly, and at much detriment to the integrity of all mankind, it appears that there is a substantial market for people wishing to accumulate vast reserves of fake babies. The idea of collecting realistic baby replicas is something that I can scarcely comprehend without feeling a rush of emotions, from sadness to anger. I can understand how a young girl might enjoy playing with a baby doll, but for adults to do so is most certainly symptomatic of a compromised mental state. I can't help but wonder if these are the same sorts of people who keep miscarriages in the freezer for months, refusing to let go and move on.

Ashton-Drake is a well-stocked emporium of fake rubber babies, featuring models in every color, shape, and size. You want a fake baby that looks like a total douchbag? They've got what you need. You want a fake baby that looks like it needs a violent shaking? They've got you covered. Want a fake baby that is all gross and looks like it just popped out of some kind of horrific factory womb? It's yours, but don't forget to wipe off the Styrofoam afterbirth.

I thought we might take a look at some of these high quality fake babies. Perhaps you, in aspiring collector of artificial infants, might get some ideas as to where to start your collection.

Exclusive Ballerina Baby Girl Doll is a Tiny Dancer at Less Than 7" Long! Miniature Collectible Doll by Artist Jessica Schenk

Nothing says "adorable" quite like a baby with a tormented facial expression. Tutu Tiny Ballerina is sporting an expression that can scarcely be defined. With a moment's notice, her mood and temperament could swing in any direction. Is she horrified? Is she about to cry? Is she confused? Is she about to smile? If she were real, any of these possibilities could become a reality. It's some serious quantum mechanics shit in doll form.

In a way, a doll like this would keep you in a constant state of agitation. Tutu Tiny is a never ending source of frustration and angst. She is an awesome mind puzzle, defying definition by lingering in the margins of uncertainty. But you know what? When I look at little Tutu Tiny's face, I see past all that. I see pure horror. This is a baby with the blood of the world on her hands. Look in her eyes and tell me that you don't see the same horror I do.

Linda Webb Charlie Anatomically Correct So Truly Real Lifelike Baby Doll

The first anatomically accurate So Truly Real™ Doll
"Charlie"
by Linda Webb
RealTouch™ vinyl has realistic folds and creases
Doll approx. 22" long
2005 DOLLS

When purchasing fake babies, I'm often disappointed by the lack of genitalia. Honestly, if you're not going to bother molding a tiny baby penis, then don't even bother. Just get out of the business,

because you don't have the heart to deliver the goods.

Charlie, aside from having a RealTouch™ penis with realistic folds and creases, comes complete with a stylish blue sweater vest and hat. Unfortunately, the baby they encased in plaster to use as a mold died mysteriously, so Charlie has that "He's with God Now" look about him. His deathlike state is beautifully accentuated by a discomforting lack of breathing motions, making him a lovely living room decoration or a fine addition to any quality fake baby display case.

Exclusive Collectible Orangutan Baby Doll an Amazing So Truly Real First! Lovable Monkey Doll by Artist Wendy Dickison!

For those of you wishing to experience the joy of owning a fake baby but are troubled by an all-consuming hatred toward humanity, why not settle for a fake baby orangutan? While this baby ape is not anatomically correct, it will have your heart going *bananas* over its cuteness! Now you can simulate the very best aspects of owning a baby orangutan that has been captured by heartless humans for purposes of being raised apart from the comforts of its native habitat!

Sadly, unlike other fake monkeys, this one does not bang any cymbals together when you wind it up. Save your money, ape doll enthusiasts.

Irresistible Lifelike Toddler Girl Doll is So Truly Real Cutie! Adorable Waltraud Hanl Exclusive Hopes to Be Yours!

Damn, Jasmine! The crazy white folks say you hope to be mine, but your eyes say, "Back off, cracker!"

I hate to engage in racial profiling, but I'm willing to wager 99.99% of all doll collectors are white. In that regard, it's kind of depressing to see non-white babies get mixed up in this whole embarrassing fake baby trade. I suppose it is a sign of racial walls breaking down, but for people like me who view this sort of doll collecting as being severely unhealthy, this just makes it slightly weirder.

Why yes, I do have a lovely collection of fake black, Native American, Hispanic, and Asian babies. I spend my weekends posing them around the house and taking pictures to show my friends. Did I say friends? Silly me, I meant my dolls.

Amazingly Realistic Doll Fills Your Home with the Charm of a Little Girl! Exclusive Collectible Doll by Artist Julie Fischer!

I'd like to imagine that anyone who purchases this doll has their name and identity logged in some kind of terrible Orwellian government database of potential sex offenders.

> Remember what it's like to have an eight year old around? Collectible doll artist Julie Fischer certainly does, and so she's created "Hannah," a long-limbed, lively strawberry blonde with bright eyes, unruly hair, and a non-stop personality that will amaze you!

While I realize the target market for a doll such as this is insane menopausal women with perfectly wholesome intentions, I can't help but take into consideration the abysmal state of the human condition, which all but guarantees this doll's sordid misuse. That said, I think we can all come together and agree that NOTHING GOOD CAN POSSIBLY COME FROM MAKING AND SELLING DOLLS SUCH AS THIS. There is absolutely no legitimate need for having a realistic fake 8-year-old girl sitting around your house. If you can come up with one that doesn't involve serving as a decoy for an assassin's bullet, then you need help.

That's all my little heart can stomach at the moment. Any more fake dolls and I would probably start plucking the individual rods and cones out of my eyeballs with tweezers. Perhaps we will do another round of dolls reviews in the future, or perhaps we will forget this whole rotten exercise ever happened. Until then, may your fake baby trophy cases be filled with love and wonder!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 Grand Theft Asshole

Thursday, May 01, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Oh, how far we've come.

We have spoken at length here about an emerging type of gameplay known as Asshole Physics. Max Payne 2 was one of the first games that featured a physics engine and we used it to knock over trash cans in a police station and annoy a secretary. Static NPCs, oblivious to our attempts at getting their attention, caused the experience to fall flat. But it was a start.

Half-Life 2 featured lame physics puzzles and a never-ending off-road dune buggy adventure through the obligatory sewer level but what really amazed us was how great liquor bottles looked shattering on the heads of the oppressed citizens of City 17. Finally NPCs would react to our shenanigans but only with a terse "Quit it, will ya?" At the end of the day, it was a giant leap forward for asshole physics.

Oblivion promised us "Radiant A.I." but failed to deliver anything but NPCs staring at walls and sometimes walking to other walls to stare at. We we're delighted at the sheer amount of objects to knock off shelves but the much lauded emergent artificial intelligence was a joke. Asshole A.I. just wasn't ready for the big time.

With the release of Grand Theft Auto IV, that may all change. It's the game that goes to 11, if you've got the dough. I'm not saying that Rockstar paid off all these game reviewers, but Christ, with all the hype surrounding this game you'd think it contained the long-awaited pretty-much-inevitable you-know-it's-going-to-happen-one-day Miley Cyrus drunken pussy shot.

You remember that episode of the Simpsons where Grandpa says, "With the way people act around here, you'd think the streets were paved with gold!" to which Jasper replies, "They are."? That was sort of Rockstar's inspiration for the driving mechanics in Grand Theft Auto IV.

In Liberty City the roads are not only paved with gold, but a layer of butter has also been liberally applied and Japanese men were lined up along the sidewalk and ordered to bukkake into the street. Steering is an exercise in frustration as you must now slow to a crawl in order to navigate turns. Hitting a light pole, other cars, or oxygen molecules at even the slowest of speeds will send you spinning wildly into trees that fade into existence right before your eyes.

The cars in GTA4 would handle better if instead of tires they drove on ice skates.

There are no shortage of apologists who are quick to defend the driving in GTA4. These are the same people who think doing 50 laps on the Nürburgring in Forza is a great way to spend a Saturday afternoon.

Those of us who hand-braked our way to victory in previous GTAs are not pleased with how these yachts on wheels in GTA4 handle. Freight trains in which the engineer has been shot dead and the locomotive is on fire and local law enforcement is apathetic to the situation have more responsiveness than the cars in Liberty City.

For the first time in GTA history the on-foot controls are actually better than the in-car controls. But this series has never been about driving. It's about taking girls on dates, playing dress up,

and engaging in awful mini-games more appropriate for the Wii. I swear to God if I see, "The pool mini-game is better than most stand alone pool games!" one more time I'm going to shoot somebody. The sales from San Andreas sure did pay for a lot of tens this time, I'll tell you that much.

Despite these major grievances that cowardly gaming journalists tend to gloss over in fear that they may someday lose access to advance review copies and exclusive previews, Grand Theft Auto IV excels in the only area that matters to this web site, being an asshole. I visited Liberty City and during the course of my visit I did anything possible to ruin someone's day. This is my story.

Because our readers deserve the best and because my old capture card doesn't work anymore, the included videos were recorded directly off a CRT television complete with scan lines which were then fed into YouTube's patented "Turn Your Videos Into A Muddy Mess" filter.

If you go to each video's page you can **switch to a high quality version** so you can somewhat understand what is going on in the videos. Yes, I am aware the quality sucks so please feel free to email me about it and call me a dumb asshole over and over again.

Roman

After settling into Liberty City my cousin Roman called me (as he will 500 times during the course of this damn game) and asked if I wanted to hang out. "Sure!", I said and proceeded to go pick him up because hanging out with your fictional video game cousin is the closest some of us will get to human interaction.

There is an pastime in the old country called Act Like An Asshole To Everyone that people enjoy playing 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Eastern Europeans express their love for their families by speeding up when they reach for the car door. Then they slow down and make them think they are going to be able to get into the car, but speed up again! They do this repeatedly until someone is dead.

Today was no different. For six hours I let Roman think he was going to get into the car until he had a heart attack and died. Ah, I think I'm going to like this country.

Some Russian Guy

Feeling homesick I decided to seek out one of my comrades in this ethnically diverse city of Liberty. When I found another Russian guy, who I knew was Russian because he had that stupid hat on, I decided to greet him in the customary Eastern European tradition of shoving him to the ground. Unfortunately his umbrella popped out of his hand in the process. I apologized in the only way a Eastern European man knows how to, by shoving him to the ground a second time.

Inadvertently punching him in the face seemed to cross a line that shoving him over and over again never would and he decided to fight back. An old-fashioned New York-style sidewalk shoving match ensued. It was then that the police showed up and arrested him for ruining my fun.

I thanked the policemen who wore magical disappearing hats for helping me. After watching Ricky Gervais at the local comedy club I figured these cops could use a little laugh, and pulling a gun on an officer of the law couldn't be any more painful than Gervais' act.

They didn't realize it was just a friendly joke and responded by drawing their own firearms. I tried to get them to understand it was all just a misunderstanding by waving a knife in their faces. Unfortunately these Liberty City cops had no sense of humor and one decided to shoot me dead while his partner somersaulted into the car door for some reason.

Woman in Her Underwear Carrying Groceries

Feeling bad about my recent run in with the law I decided to stop being an asshole and start helping

people. I noticed a woman in her underwear carrying a bag of groceries down the street. I offered to help her carry them when they accidentally fell to the ground.

The shock of such an incident must have left her with amnesia because she forgot to pick up her groceries and instead ran away! Ever the helpful lad I picked up a can of soup and ran after her. I tossed the can to her and she dropped it. Women sure are clumsy!

Unfortunately helping women isn't taken too kindly in Liberty City and I soon attracted the attention of the police - again. Following their hearts, the cops decided to shoot first and ask questions later. I attempted to use the woman as a human shield but American women cannot take as many bullets as a sturdy Russian bride and soon we both died for our sins.

Strip Club

Moving to a new country can be stressful so I decided to relax at a local strip club. Upon entering I met the most beautiful woman I have ever seen but because of my high functioning autism the only way I could show my affection was head butting her repeatedly.

Having caused my only love to crack her skull on a chair I set my sights on another fine looking lady. Since other customers were standing on the stage I figured I might as well too but I was soon accosted by several bouncers. Like a deranged lunatic I jumped all over the club until things settled down.

The bouncers were nice enough to give me another chance to behave myself and I took my place at one of the stages. I asked a fellow patron to please move out of my way so I could gaze at some non-anime titties but he held on for dear life while his friend remarked at what a retard I was. After spergin' out once again and climbing on the stage they asked me to leave for good.

Considering that I wasn't welcome at this strip club the only logical thing to do in my mind was to knock everything over. Eventually they chased me outside where I once again attracted police attention and was killed just for wanting to have a good time. Goddamn racists in this city, I swear!

Subway Platform

After a day of getting my ass handed to me by bouncers and police, I decided to head home via the subway. One thing I hate to see is other commuters missing their train. In order to help them catch the subway I decided to push them through the doors and into their seat. Unfortunately after being shot in the eyes all day by the brutally corrupt LCPD my aim wasn't at its best.

Bottom Line

The gameplay in Grand Theft Auto IV is the same old stuff we've seen in previous installments. Get a contact. Do their dirty work. Repeat 100 times while screwing around with odd jobs in between the story missions while enjoying the trademark Rockstar Games "ROFL Liberty City COCKS 69 69 69!!!" humor until you've beaten the game.

But where GTA4 really shines is in the Asshole Physics. Never before has a piece of software given players such a robust set of features that they can use to act like the biggest jerk off in the world. GTA4 is the greatest example of the concept released thus far.

I can only hope that Rockstar Games keeps Asshole Physics in mind when designing the next installment of Grand Theft Auto. After all, they are biggest assholes of all for ruining the driving in GTA4.

Amount of objects to knock over:	6
Ease of knocking crap over:	7
Intensity that NPCs get upset with you:	10
Asshole A.I.:	9
Believability of assholeness:	9
Overall Asshole Physics Score:	**41**

Each category in the rating system is based out of a possible 10 score (10 being the most assholish). The overall score is based out of a possible 50 score (50 being the assholish).

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

5.2 Regarding the Planning of the 2008 Princes of Midnight Gathering

Friday, May 02, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

To My Ally and Dearest Friend,

it has fallen to me this year to select the site and situation of our annual meeting. I have already spoken with JJ and he seemed to like my ideas, but I always value your insight and unique perspective. We have done Vegas too much, so I have produced some alternatives that I think might suit the needs of the Princes of Midnight. I am in great demand around the globe, so I have not had much time to collect my thoughts on this matter. I present them to you as notes in the hope that you might make some sense of them and help me arrive at a final decision.

Possible Princes of Midnight 2008 locations:

- A clock tower at midnight, lashed by storms, with ravens swirling in the sky above
- A rotting galleon, anchored in rough seas that threaten to thrust it upon the rocks and break it apart like so much kindling
- A cave filled with bats with naked women as waiters. (Blind/blindfolded women?? Too much?)
- A great silver palanquin carried by women clad head-to-toe in black vinyl and wearing gas masks. Those old Russian ones that are like pale blue and have the creepy eye-holes.
- I feel these lists must always include the South Pole. The closest point to Hell itself which we can reach on this earth.

I was thinking about illusions I could perform at the gathering. I had this idea of eating something that would kill normal people. Maybe a light bulb. That seemed a bit mundane. What if the light bulb was on and really hot and it was part of some huge billboard of thousands of light bulbs making a really sinister image. Like a black widow spider or a skull? Too much?

Let me know what you think, bro.

You friend,

Criss Angel

Hey Criss,

I got your letter about your ideas for the meeting. First of all, you keep asking "too much?" and the answer is "never!!!" You can never do anything "too much," that's ridiculous. Second of all, I really dig your idea for a magic trick, I just wish I wasn't straight as hell so I could fully appreciate it.

Look, bro, all of your ideas are really interesting. Fascinating. Really. I think the idea of the women carrying the throne or whatever is the most interesting of all of the ideas. Really, though, what I would like to see is something a little more casual. Got any more ideas? I know you can come up with something even better than that. I would really hate it, totally 100%, if I never got to hang out with you again. What would you do without me?

Here's an idea, just shooting them around. What if we rented a penthouse suite at the Luxor and invited a bunch of hot chicks up? I could bring plenty of gorgeous women and I am sure you could invite some of your little magic trick groupies. It would be a blast. JJ always pulls in some decent cougars, if that's your thing. I don't know, not my thing really.

Anyway, think on that. Oh, and let me run this by you. I was thinking of putting together a new outfit that would top last year's outfit. Maybe a midnight-black velvet chasseur's jacket with gold braid, welding goggles, and a rust-colored mohair tricorn about nine sizes too awesome. Get some good chunky boots and a pair of Stillsuit pants (great S-value) off ebay and I'd be in business.

If you can top that, do your best.

Later, bro.

Mystery

Dearest Mystery,

the majick of my heart quickens to hear from you, truest and dearest friend. As always, I knew I could turn to you for the most incredible ideas. A suite at the Luxor? You truly are a Prince of Ideas as well as a Prince of Midnight, my friend! Who could have thought of such a grand and original setting for our noble houses to meet?

On the subject of your apparel, I think with a costume such as the one you described you will scarcely have to "neg" at all to reap a harvest of "Proteans." I don't know what that sentence means, but my fat 20-something PA says it's a compliment and he has watched all of your tapes. I'm sure one of these days he'll have luck with the ladies, he just has to keep watching your tapes and wearing, what was it? A mohair tricorn? Fabulous!

Meanwhile, I will be frumpy as usual, with a pre-worn drover's coat covered with hand-painted crows, ripped jeans, a porkpie hat, and no shirt but my usual collection of necklaces both occult and decorative. We will have to coordinate eyeshadow so there isn't an embarrassing coincidence like last year.

I'm glad you enjoyed my idea for an illusion. I have since devised an even better thing to freak a mind.

Imagine...four beautiful women with raven-black hair and crimson bikinis ascend a spiral staircase while flocks of black swans circles overhead. They sit down together in a hot tub. Everything seems to be fine until I snap my fingers three times and... the hot tub disappears. Simple trickery? You may think so, but did I mention that ONLY the tub disappears? The water and the ladies will remain suspended in the air. I will climb the stairs and drink the water through a straw to prove it is really there.

Oh, by the way, your idea about the suite at the Luxor? Hated it. Totally. How about instead of that we gather at a haunted Pueblo and watch a laser light show about demons?

I anxiously await your reply.

Criss Angel

Yo, Criss,

got your letter and I finally had enough free time to sit down and read it. I totally agree that the Luxor suite was a bad idea. How about instead of that we have the meeting in a wet refrigerator box with a homeless guy wearing newspapers as pants? Maybe sit around and talk about the infection he has on his balls.

Anyway, your outfit sounds really super, I just wish I could come up with something that sweet. Unfortunately, I am 110% hetero, so there go all my good ideas.

Really like your idea for the magic stunt. I am a big fan of David Copperfield. Making the Statue of Liberty disappear. Maybe you could do something like that. I don't know, too expensive? Could be. If you needed some extra mirrors I have tons of money, I'm sure I could loan you some for some mirrors and maybe a box with a fake back or whatever.

Man, that Copperfield was always surrounded by super HBs. You don't see magicians pulling in that sort of trim these days, do you?

Let me know when you finalize the details.

Peace out, bro!

Mystery

WHAT'S UP FAGS?!

Hey you homos, I got a letter from that future guns Navy SEAL dork saying it was almost time to do another gay ass meeting. He wanted to go to Syria, something about HALO drops or whatever.

I don't even own an Xbox. Those things are for little babies and homos.

So forget all that crap, here's the deal. Me and the boys have put together something we call the Bar-B-Q in the garage out of an old short bus.

We sawed the top off and installed a wood bar top, six different beers on tap, fully stocked shit. Then we added in these fold out propane barbecues. Ultimate party vehicle.

I was thinking take that to Miami, get some strippers. Sound good?

You ladies talk it over if you're not too busy kissing dudes at musicals or whatever. I've gotta go inject some testosterone into my dick and bone some broad that was in pornos.

JJ

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.3 Sir Rodrik Weymore's Fantastic Write-Typer

Saturday, May 03, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Sir Rodrik Weymore
The Wildes Of Africa
June, 1842

My dearest Lady Guinneviere Royceweatherfaire,

I hope this letter finds you in good spirits. Our hunt has encountered a few problems, but nothing significant. Three guides were eaten by elephants and a fourth made the mistake of donning a lion's carcass and sneaking about when the party was shooting at passing birds, as is our nightly tradition.

By now you are undoubtedly wondering why my handwriting has been replaced by strange, unorganic lettering. My fondness for invention has driven me to create a device that will replace the traditional pen-written letter with a form of communication that does not rely upon the purchase of new ink or paper, something that will allow one such as myself to continue writing even when he is far away from society.

This device, which I call the "Write-Typer", stamps pre-made letters onto paper with the press of a button. Its source of power is human energy. By connecting a set of bicycle pedals to a series of gears and "riding" at top speed for an hour, I am able to produce enough energy for one keystroke.

Of course, this process takes a long time, but the source of energy is completely renewable so

Sir Rodrik Weymore
A Frightening Jungle
October, 1842

My dearest Lady Guinneviere Royceweatherfaire,

Forgive the abrupt conclusion to my previous correspondence. It seems as though I ran out of "ink" as it were.

If I recall correctly, I described the mechanations of my Write-Typer and the source of its typing power, but I did not have the opportunity to describe the replenishable resources that I use for ink and paper. Please allow me to do so before I get to the point of my original letter.

Instead of using fountain pen ink that must be bought at a store or milked from disagreeable squid creatures, the Write-Typer holds a reserve of my blood. Our hunting party's physician, Dr. Quinstable Fowlblagfasternast, has explained to me that the human body regenerates blood at a rate of approximately 3/4th of a pint every six weeks.

Naturally, I fashioned the Write-Typer's reservoir to be exactly 3/4th of a pint in volume. This allows one to write nearly a full page of text bef

Sir Rodrik Weymore
Some sort of ancient
temple of evil
February, 1843

My dearest Lady Guinneviere Royceweatherfaire,

Once again I apologize. Nearly four months have passed since the abrupt ending of the last letter I wrote to you, and the passing of time along with the oppressive darkness of the dungeon our pygmy captors have placed us in have contributed to the muddying of my memory.

That being said, I believe I had just finished explaining how my Write-Typer uses my own blood as an ink, leaving me with the paper these letter have been printed upon as the last detail I must cover before moving on to the real reason I began writing this letter.

Typically, parchment is created from trees. Not all trees are suited to become paper, however, so I had to devise a new method of paper-making that could be done in even the most barren of landscapes.

To this end, I realized that flakes of human skin, once moistened with saliva or tears, could be formed into a mushy substance not unlike paper-pulp. Gathering enough dead skin to press one piece of parchment takes approximately three months and a fair amount of dedication oh bugger

Sir Rodrik Weymore
A slave vessel bound
for Egypt
June, 1843

My dearest Lady Guinneviere Royceweatherfaire,

Before I began writing these letters to you, I never realized how extravagent and long your name is. Although many of my fellow hunters have perished at the temple of a witch doctor, those who are left surely agree that the length of your name is equal to the depth of your beauty.

Now that I have sufficiently detailed the joys of my Write-Typer device, I can finally conclude this correspondence with something that has been pressing at me since I set out on this trip.

Did I leave the teapot boiling on the stovetop? Please check as soon as you have the chance, or I fear a fire might catch and scorch our homestead.

I am already in your debt, but if I can I would also like to ask one more favor. Please contact the British Embassy in Egypt and ask them if they wouldn't mind

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.4 Novice Facial Hair Countdown

Sunday, May 04, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

The perfect face to facial hair ratio

I'm close. Really close in fact. I'm almost a man. I mean, don't get me wrong, I am a man (I'm flexing my muscles as you read this) but I can almost show it off. You see, the world runs on one fact: facial hair is the only way to prove masculinity.

So ultimate power relies on facial hair. But what about you and your rosy cheeks? Well, you don't stand a chance. Sorry. A gun collection or a republican vote may trick the fools, but deep down you know that those decisions won't cover your smooth baby face. Oh no. So what are the options for someone who can't get enough hair on their head? Well, you have only four choices:

- Facial Hair Surgery*
- Hand in your Y chromosome*
- Hunt a wolf and wear its carcass as a hat*
- Bathe in the blood of a bull*
- Hope you're hairy

*No longer legal/acceptable/possible

I know, it's rough, but hang in there little one, the future looks promising. I haven't always been this close. In middle school, I once saw my smooth reflection in the mirror and immediately questioned my masculinity. I wiped off the mascara and took off the ascot, and still I was unable to prove to myself how manly I was. When chest hair started growing, I thought I was close; but now, many years later, the beard is still missing. I also thought I was close a few months ago when a 4-inch long hair sprouted out of my back, but apparently location is more important than world record length.

To make the wait more pleasurable, I have compiled a short list of facial hairstyles that a novice may be drawn towards. I have purposefully left out the neckbeard. So here's the top three styles based on coolness and easiness in growing.

3rd Place: The Collected Works of J. Lennon and P. McCartney

The music and the facial hair of The Beatles evolved through the years. The two chief architects began as humble, clean-cut boys and morphed over a decade into two angry, drug-riddled egomaniacs. And while the relationships crumbled within the group, so did general hygiene until both the band and the beards blew up all over their faces. In the end though, they both end up looking like Chewbacca at prom.

When a kid decides to learn guitar, he'll start with a Beatles' song, and when a kid decides to grow an awkward or disgusting beard, he'll start with a Beatles' beard. While it may appear to be an easy type of facial hair to grow (simply don't shave,) the true difficulty is finding enough acid.
Coolness: 5
Easiness to Grow: 4

2nd Place: The Classic Lumberjack

Wool cap ✓

Flannel Shirt ✓

A natural disposition to cut/kill things ✓

Being a walking homoerotic fantasy ✓

That's close to being a lumberjack, but without the beard you are just another typical scenester asshole. The full facial cover was originally invented to protect loggers from the claws of attacking squirrels while they crushed the rodents' tiny skulls. Though the original function is lost in civilized countries, the beard is perfect for ugly men or men trying to get a girl who wears these. The closest imitation in modern society is the hockey playoff beard, which is another Canadian feature. So this beard is basically reserved for Rush fans, which is fine, since it is also impossible to grow. I'd have to have my jaw surgically swapped with that of a brown bear to get such a rugged beard, but I'd also be able to crush a man's arm with my teeth. I'll consider that a fair trade.

Coolness: 8

Easiness to Grow: 2

But what's #1?

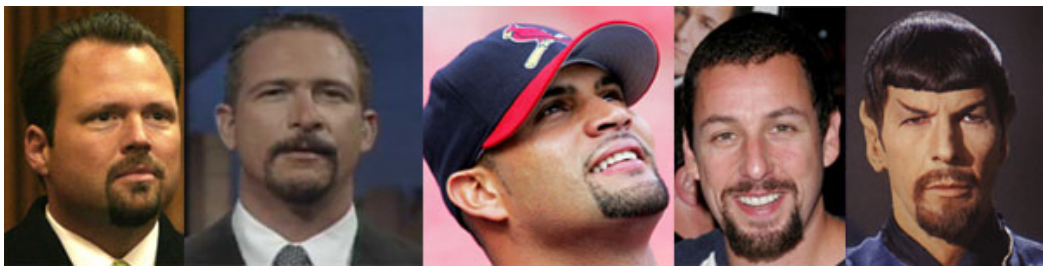
Before I reveal the #1 facial hairstyle, I should probably show you the runner-ups. Here are the two closest finalists.

Runner-Up: Sideburn

Sideburns have been popular since their creation, which is truly remarkable, since they have never once looked good. If you lost your ears in a freak accident when you tried to stick your head in between two narrow walls--of fire, then by all means get sideburns. If you have been convicted of shoplifting eight times and lost your license due to multiple DUI charges, thereby signifying your difficulty in making rational decisions, get sideburns. If you want to be a respectable figure in your community, playground, or Alcoholics Anonymous meetings, do NOT get sideburns.

Runner-Up: Goatee

If you have a goatee you are either a douche bag baseball player or a douche bag. The difference is



subtle, only noticeable after federally ordered drug tests. But don't worry; I heard those tests won't pick up the Human Growth Hormone you're using to get taller.

All right buddy, here we go. The #1 facial hair as decided by coolness and easiness to grow

1st Place: Pedophile/Rapist Medley

It's 10pm. Do you know where your kids are? Well, if a parent saw me walking down the street while I grew my mange, they would assume I knew as they hit me with their hatchback. If a normal beard is like a forest, and a cleanly shaved face is a grass field, this facial hair is a suburb, sure there are some trees, but it's mostly poor landscaping and dog shit. This sparse hairstyle is simple to grow as long as you refuse to shave regardless of how shitty you look, you are under the age of 17,

you are in an extremely terrible band called the Foo Fighters. A person who is having the first sign of hair growth on his face will be reluctant in shaving it off, so this style grows like a rose in a crack of cement in the ghetto, except instead of a ghetto it's your face, and it's your pimply skin instead of cement, and I guess instead of a rose it is a disgusting hair mess. Wait, didn't I say it's 10pm? We're going to be late for curfew. I hope mom won't yell.

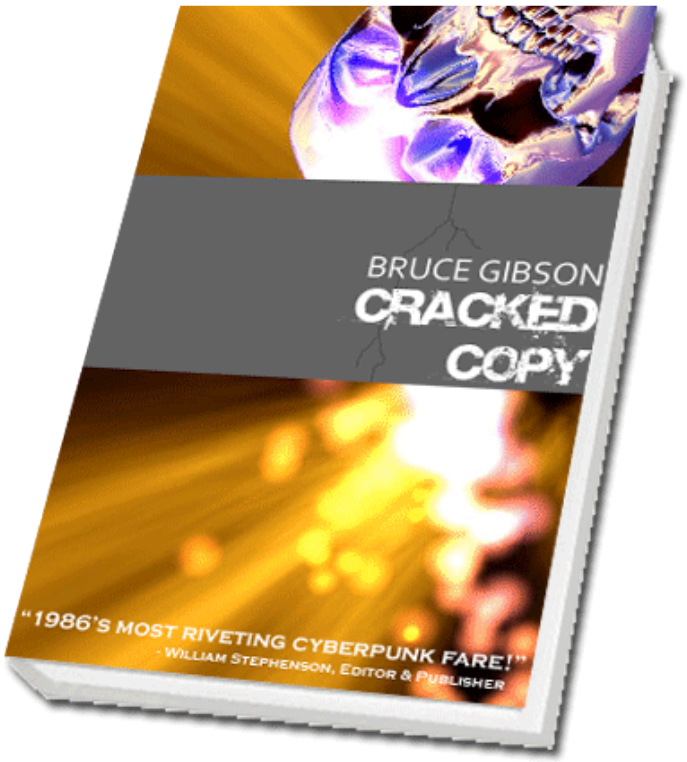
Coolness: 1
Easiness to Grow: 10

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.5 Forgotten Literary Greats: "Cracked Copy" by Bruce Gibson

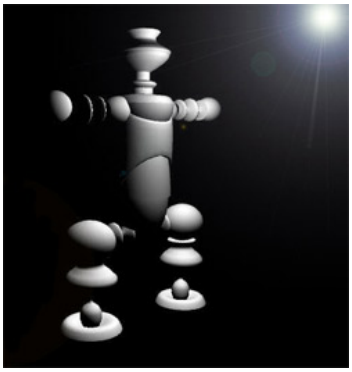
Monday, May 05, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

When Bruce Gibson's "Cracked Copy" was released in 1986 it received both critical acclaim and best-seller status. Critics said the book captured the pulse-pounding adrenaline of William Gibson's "Neuromancer", the cultural nuance of George Alec Effinger's "When Gravity Fails", and the esoteric detail of Bruce Sterling's "Hardwired". It was the pinnacle of cyberpunk fiction, yet this story has been all but forgotten by the mainstream of science fiction. To help preserve its legacy we are pleased to present the first chapter.



CHAPTER 1

Neo-Milwaukee
2008



As he guided the car with one hand he used the other to deftly unfold the polymer stay-hot wrapping of the Baja Gordita.

The yellow LED-array of the traffic signal flared in the city night like the last ejection of a dying star. Case depressed the gas pedal of the '04 Daimler-Chrysler Town & Country. The engine rumbled and vented its hydrocarbons into the sickly-hot air of Neo-Milwaukee. Gas was up to five dollars a gallon and joyrides were getting expensive. As he guided the car with one hand he used the other to deftly unfold the polymer stay-hot wrapping of his Baja Gordita. It was two-handed work, but Case had a lot of practice.

By the time he was nearly done with the meal Case felt full. The fullness brought with it a sense of guilt. Case knew the nachos were an extravagance he could ill-afford. It had been a while since work had come Case's way. He finished the last bite of his food just as he reached his apartment building.

With the nacho cheese still pumping through his carotid he surveyed the parking situation. There was a space open right out front, but he lacked the confidence to successfully parallel park the Town & Country. After three attempts he aborted the maneuver and parked two blocks away.

When he entered his basement studio apartment he noticed an episode of Family Guy was left on pause on the TV screen. He briefly considered the possibility that a team of the MPAA's jackbooted thugs had stormed his apartment to verify that his DVDs were legit. Then he remembered he had been watching it before he left.

Lucky for him, the video wasn't a DVD at all. He was streaming it from his media PC.

"You'll have to try a little harder than that to tighten the noose around me, Glickman," Case said aloud to his half-painted Tau army.

If Glickman's thugs started breathing down his neck Case would be gone faster than vandalism on the Wikipedia entry for Shigeru Miyamoto.

Case laughed and settled into his computer chair. There was a message waiting for him on his Dell XPS. It was something from H. Nakamura, a previous employer.

+++
A Photoshop license? That was Nakamura's problem, Case was just a hired gun working the razor's edge.
+++

"Case Logic, Adobe is auditing us & wants your licents info for Photoshp," the burning black characters scrolled up the screen as he read. "Told them u did the design for the shopping cart buttons. Need to get that from you ASAP."

Case snorted derisively. A Photoshop license? That was Nakamura's problem, Case was just a hired gun working the razor's edge. Then he scrolled down and read the end of the message.

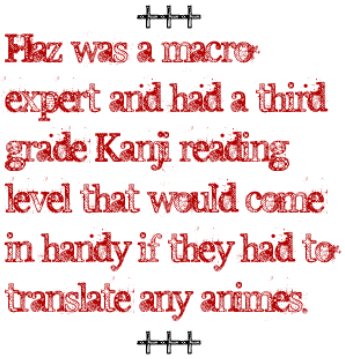
"Get that 2 me and we can talk about a new job. Need a logo redesign."

Bingo.

After all the low-paying milk runs for Nakamura they were entrusting him with heavy-hitter work. Logo redesigns were the gateway to entire branding packages, and a great source of continued income. The tricky part would be coming up with a legit license for Photoshop that would send the black suits from Adobe packing.

"I'll have to put a team together," Case said to the greasy girl on his Masamune Shirow poster.

With a flourish of the keyboard and a series of adroit mouse clicks Case opened Outlook Contacts and began to review the profiles of other datajackers he had worked with in the past. This rogue's gallery was his black book of the hottest and wildest data-chefs and keyboard-sorcerers on the whole info pipe.


Haz was a macro expert and had a third grade Kanji reading level that would come in handy if they had to translate any animes.

Outlook Contacts was the ultimate recruitment tool, synthesized and digitized to the bleeding edge. Assembling his team in his head was the hard part.

Yuri, the Georgian spam-meister. He knew all the hottest IRC rooms and had an army of zombie PCs ready to brute force his way into any system. Yuri claimed he once hacked the CIA's website and replaced their World Factbook with a collection of Dharma and Greg fanfic.

EZgal80, AKA Luann Phelps. The fixer. The eBay queen. If Case needed something she could get it for him; hardware, software, wetware, and even miniature porcelain houses. 9850 ratings, all positive. She also ran a blog about pickling vegetables and was the number three lingerie seller in Second Life.

Then there was the wildcard: jack-of-all-trades Haz Cheezburger. His true identity was a mystery. Haz was a macro expert and had a third grade Kanji reading level that would come in handy if they had to translate any animes. Haz's knowledge of Guro was legendary.

"Yes," Case said to his deeply ironic Clay Aiken bobblehead, "these three will do the job."

The Diet Mountain Dew glugged down Case's gullet, pungent citrus with a top note of phenylalanine. The green liquid quenched his thirst and girded him for the long night ahead.

His fingers flew across the keyboard, opening IM windows by keyboard macro. Yuri responded first.

"U have job?" The spammer asked.

"Yes."

"What job?"

"I need you to crack the Adobe password database," Case explained via IM. "I need you to create a false Photoshop CS3 registration in their database and then give me the key you are using."

"900,000 Lari," Yuri demanded.

Case blazed a trail to Google and activated a digital search for a currency calculator. He hammered in the numbers and selected the Georgian currency from the drop-down. In nanoseconds the Java applet spewed out the desired data.

"$30 US dollars," Case said to his Clay Aiken bobblehead.

"Deal," Case typed to Yuri. "I will transfer the money to you via Paypal when I have the software

key in my hands and can prove that it works."

Yuri reluctantly agreed and promised to crack the Adobe database in a matter of hours. Case was already racing to the next IM window blinking with a reply to his inquiry.

In nanoseconds the Java applet spewed out the desired data.

"Howdy, Case!" Luann typed in the IM window.

"Got a buy for you," Case typed in reply. "I need you to get me a line on a copy of Adobe Photoshop CS3."

"Price range?" Luann asked, all business.

"Keep it under 50," Case typed.

"Hon, I been tryin' for years but this Botox just ain't doin' the trick no more,"

Case's heart raced, an out of control pounding fueled by caffeine and adrenaline.

"LOL!" He typed.

Luann started talking about her cats, but Case didn't have time to deal with the messages. He opened up the blinking IM window from Haz Cheezburger.

"Here you go," Haz messaged.

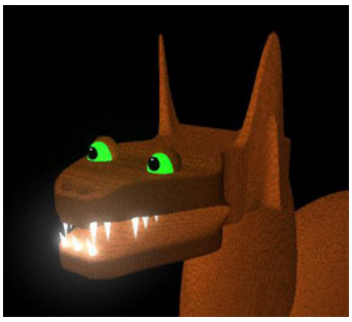
Below the text was a URL linking to the software key.

"Knew I could count on you," Case messaged to Haz.

Case sent the message and then clicked the link and an Internet Explorer window opened. Youtube!? Rick Astley began singing.

"What the fuck!?" Case typed to Haz.

"LOL OWNED FAG FAGG!"



"THIS IS FUCKING ADOBE AFTER EFFECTS 2!!!

"Case stopped replying to Haz, he already had a new message from Luann. Before launching into his next conversation he chugged some of the Diet Mountain Dew. Xtreme Molecular chains buzzed his neo-cortex as the stimulant took hold.

"Come get some," he deadpanned to Clay Aiken.

Luann was waiting with good news.

"Got a good lead on that Adobe thing," she messaged.

"Shoot me the link," he drummed his fingers on his desk waiting for her reply.

After what seemed like hours because of his ultra-heightened perception, but was probably only a few seconds, Luann sent the link. Another IE window opened and eBay loaded.

"THIS IS FUCKING ADOBE AFTER EFFECTS 2!!!" Case typed in furious all-caps.

Luann closed the window and logged off, leaving Case to fume. In his rage he smashed his Diet Mountain Dew off his desk and watched in growing anger as it emptied across his mangas. He could worry about those later. Case already had a new message from Yuri.

"Comrade Case," Yuri sent, "I have accessed Adobe.com."

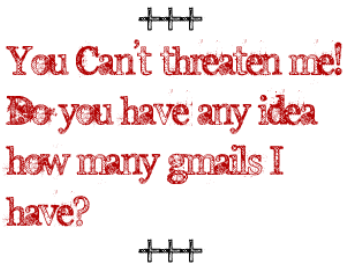
"And?" Case replied.

"No software key," Yuri sent back. "I hack into Adobe.com, just website. I take down front page and put picture of my johnsons there."

"That wasn't the deal, Yuri!" Case typed to the Georgian.

"Is deal!" Yuri responded. "New deal, I make now. You pay or I sign you up for all mailing list in history of Internet."

"You can't threaten me," Case replied. "Do you have any idea how many gmails I have? I have hundreds. Do your worst."



"Hope u like dick pills and chick with the Johnson, American faggist."

Yuri finished with a link, but Case was so attuned to the web he knew it was a trip to gay porn pop-ups before he even clicked the link.

Feeling defeated, Case was ready to give up and go back to his futon to finish watching Family Guy when a new IM window opened from Haz Cheezburger.

"Sorry bromo," Haz sent. "Got my mom's serial # for you now."

True to his word, Haz Cheezburger Internet transmitted the software key for a copy of Adobe Photoshop CS3. What's more, Haz did not even demand repayment. Mission accomplished. Case fired off an email with the code to Nakamura. There were still hours to kill before Nakamura would be up to respond. Just enough time for a quick game of Civ IV.

Eleven hours later, a bleary eyed Case achieved a cultural victory as the Aztecs. He closed the game and opened his email. Among the thousands of new dick pill spam messages Case found an email from Nakamura Gardening & Landscaping.

"Very good mister case," the email read. "Adobe is happy. Now, we have some ideas about the logo. Bob wanted to use a tree that sort of turns into the company name, I thought maybe hedgerows spelling out NAKAMURA in 3d. What do you think? Could you do some mockups?"

Case laughed. Once gain, he had avoided disaster and beaten the house.

That was the way of life of datajackers living on the razor's edge.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.6 No Big Deal.

Tuesday, May 06, 2008 by Rod (@Arr)

Heeyyy! New here? Yeah, hey, nice to see some ladies around here. You know, in the workplace. Women in the workplace. The ladies. Heh. Kind of seems like a boys club around here sometimes, right? Finally get some use out of that women's bathroom, right? I mean... you know. We all use the bathroom. I mean, we don't all use the women's bathroom. You do.

Anyway. Great to meet you. I'm Rod, from over in sales. Things are pretty crazy over there! I'm warnin' ya! Might want to stay away from that side of the building if you're offended by crazy guys being their crazy selves, because we play as hard as we work, and we work our asses off. Yeah, it's crazy. Sleep? Never heard of it! Ha ha, no, but seriously, I get plenty of sleep. Sleep is important. Me, I gotta be in bed by between 11PM and 1AM Pacific, or I'm just not running at full steam.

Oh, heh, yeah. I say Pacific time because I have to travel a lot, you know how it is. Fly outta here at least twice a month. First class. All for the clients, baby! So yeah, gotta get that sleep. When you're in sales, believe me, it's full steam or nothing. If you're not "on," the client knows it and he's gonna smell blood in the water. OH! No offense...? You know, with the... the menstruation thing? No no no, my bad, I just saw you looking confused or whatever so I just... yeah, I'm talking figuratively here.

So, yeah. Whew. Mondays, right? Have a good weekend? Yeah, nothing special here. Went out with the boys, hit some clubs, no big deal. Bought a few $300 bottles of champagne. Gotta treat yourself right, you know? You should come out sometime, if you think you can handle it. Sunday I hit the gym. Two hours on the weights, two hours on the treadmill. Yeah, that's about average for me, no big deal. Clients respect power, so you gotta keep it chiseled. Look. Look in my eyes: *clients respect power.* Yeah, try to keep looking into my eyes. See if you can stay looking in there for ten seconds, I dare you. *Clients. Respect. Power.*

You like that gaze? That's three years of MMA- mixed martial arts. Teaches you a lot more than throwing elbows through nosebones, let me tell you. You have to be able to control a room with your presence before the punches even start flying. Two words: take command. I can show you some holds sometime, if you want. No big deal.

Oh, hey, I like your calendar. Nice forest pictures, huh? You like the outdoors? Yeah, me too. A lot of guys say they like the outdoors, but I'm the real deal. Yeah, I head out to the lake every third weekend of the month, rain or shine. Some fishing, some jetski, maybe take a special lady out there. No big deal. No power, just some candles and a battery powered boom box. Got some Kid Rock for the daytime when you need to get pumped, then at night we cool things down with some Bryan. I rent a cabin out there, you should come out sometime. Strictly for business, mind you. I like to get to know my coworkers.

Yeah, Bryan. That's right. Bryan Adams. You like Bryan? Yeah, I have pretty diverse taste. Everything from Kid Rock all the way to Bryan Adams. Those soft ballads are great, but sometimes you're like *BAWITDABAW DA BANG A BANG DIGGY!* Heh, yeah, got a little loud there, hope I didn't rattle the finance guys.

Oh, yeah, this is great, you'll love this. So last weekend, I was out at the lake, just unwinding, you

know. A couple of beers, beach chair, some Kid, a fishing line in the water. That's heaven to me. So this old guy comes up, and he's like "could you turn off that music? I don't come to the lake to listen to rock and roll." And I'm like, well *I do*, so unless you own this lake, back off. Oh, are you God? Are you the National Forest Service? Are you Santa Claus? Then no, you probably don't own this lake. Turns out he was with the Forest Service, though, so yeah.

No, it'll be fun. We can go out in my truck. You might have noticed out the parking lot, the twin cab truck? Black one with the full bed? Yeah, that's my baby. Nothing like rolling up in that baby and parking across three or four spaces, cause it lets people know who's the big dog. People say to me, "Rod, why not get a smaller car? You live in the city," but I'm like, first of all, I can't just *turn off* the part of me that goes out to the lake every third weekend, rain or shine. Second of all, you try hauling two jetskis on the back of a Prius. Not gonna happen.

So, married? Boyfriend? Kids? What's the story? No, not like that, just getting to know you. Oh, married? Yeah, that's great. I can't say I envy you, though. I was married for a while, but that's over. No kids, though.

Oh! Yeah, no, I've got the one kid. Great kid. He's gonna be smart, like his dad. I'm a great dad, never missed a birthday. I spoil that kid rotten on his birthdays. Power Wheels, Nintendo, plasma TV, all that stuff. My ex is like "you're buying him too much stuff, he's too young, he doesn't need all this stuff," but I'm like, don't tell me what your kid needs. For instance, this year I bought him this great little .22 rifle, and his mom throws a hissy fit. She's like "he's only three, he's gonna kill someone with this thing," but I'm like, listen, the kid's gotta be, pardon my French, but the kid's gotta be a fucking *deadeye* to kill someone with a little .22. This year I was gonna get him a crossbow, let's see him kill someone with that. I bet he can't even pull the string back.

Yeah, marriage. Whew, what a trip. Don't know if I'll go down that road again. I love ladies though. I guess I don't really have a type. I don't really see "races," I guess. White women, black chicks, Asian, Hispanic, married women, whatever. It's all good, right? I mean, I love just going out there and bird-doggin', but who knows, maybe I'm ready for a relationship. I've had a few bad experiences, but hey, who hasn't. This last chick I dated, man, I tell you, bitch from hell. I guess you could say I'm an old-fashioned guy, love walks on the beach, I hold doors open, all that stuff.

Maybe I'm chivalrous to a fault, and I guess she couldn't handle that. I'd open the car door, pull her chair out for her, whatever, and she'd just look at me like I shit in her milkshake or something, pardon the French. And I guess the last straw for her crazy ass was like, we were out at this real nice restaurant- because when I take a lady out it's not going to be Applebees or whatever, we're talking $75 steaks here, no big deal. And I'm just being a gentleman, right, so the waiter comes and I'm like, yeah, the lady will have a ribeye, medium rare, and she just freaks out, saying I have no right to tell her what she'll order. Uh, hello? I'm being nice? You crazy bitch? Yeah, I guess nice guys finish last.

So what are you doing later?

Oh yeah? Well, tell him happy birthday from me. He must be a lucky guy. Actually, no, don't tell him happy birthday from me, because later when he gets suspicious you might have to deny you ever met me. Ha ha! You know what I'm saying? Nah, I'm just kidding with you, it's not like that. Just a little office humor.

So yeah, here's my card. This is my private cell, by the way. Only like three people have this. I know some people who would pay a lot for that number, so keep it safe, OK? And if you ever need anything, or just need to talk, whatever, day or night, you just give me a call.

Warm apologies to whatever random guy I used for the photos.

-~Rod (@Arr)

5.7 Me and that Falcon

Wednesday, May 07, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Garage sales are an almost universally pitiful enterprise. Most often they feature the things nobody wants to own that, tragically, nobody wants to buy. So you go and look for the least terrible item and try to barter its price down so you can feel like you robbed some idiot of his most precious belonging, which you yourself will one day be robbed of in turn when you host your own garage sale. I knew this when I set out Saturday morning to hit up some local garage sales. I can't quite say why I decided to do this, just that some great force from beyond compelled me to. When confronted with such powerful forces, one cannot turn away.

The first garage sale I went to was pretty conventional. There were flimsy card tables lining a driveway, each covered with various broken appliances and random knickknacks. The occasional vase, the random wicker basket, the clock radios from the 1980s, all the old standards were there. I looked at everything, though I wanted nothing. These were not the bargains I was searching for. They were not even close.

I sighed with disappointment. Why had I bothered with any of this? Was I to find some meaning buying the scraps and rubbish of other people? No, I'm not like that. I stood there clutching a clock radio with anger, examining it like it was a piece of shrapnel plucked from my heart.

"As soon as I finish glaring at this piece of crap," I said to myself, "I'm going to get in my car and go home."

Just then a sudden, powerful wind swept down from the sky, not unlike a mighty gale that blows through a valley. I let the wind carry me with it, tilting my head in the direction it traveled. This was no mere wind. It was the heavy breath of fate. Suddenly everything came into focus and I knew why I was there.

There were two rows of tables lining this driveway, with a great sea of concrete in the middle. I hadn't noticed at first, but that open area was a pathway leading from the street to destiny. There at the base of the closed garage door sat a man of imposing stature. From his lawn chair throne he observed all things with a gaze as fixed and inflexible as the strongest metal. Beside him was a perch, and on that perch rested a mighty falcon. It was a beautiful, majestic bird unlike any I had ever before seen.

The fingers of my hands turned to fluid, and the clock radio slipped out and returned to its rightful place of shame amongst all the other garbage populating the card tables. At this point my eyes were two metallic spheres, and the falcon itself was an extraordinarily disguised magnet of incredible power. I could not turn away.

I had never owned a falcon before, let alone conceived of owning one. But just seeing that falcon filled my head with a million ideas. Owning a falcon would literally change my life in almost indescribable ways. All the things I do now would be new and different with a falcon in hand, and entirely new avenues of living and adventuring would open up instantly.

Even something as simple as going to the park would be a wholly transformed endeavor. Other people would be tossing there little Frisbees back in forth, like that means something, and I would come in with my falcon and just blow their minds.

"Now, Darion!" I would yell, sending my faithful winged companion to swoop in and steal the Frisbee

in mid air. Those guys would never see it coming. Sure, I'd toss the Frisbee back to them, but I'd get to say something cocky like, "Sorry, my falcon is just too damn good." If it were possible to high five a bird, that would be the point where me and the falcon high five each other.

After a few hours of showing off, me and that falcon would lie down on a blanket and watch the stars come out, laughing about our merry actions and then smiling and laughing some more. I mean he wouldn't be laughing, because falcons don't do that, but he'd be having a good time for sure.

With that falcon all my mundane chores would suddenly become awesome spectacles of swooping motions and flapping wings. Need something from the other room? Send the falcon to fetch it with its talons. Want to get somebody's attention from far away? Dispatch your trusty winged friend. Nothing would be out of reach and everything would be possible.

No doubt I could impress women with ease, sending my intrepid falcon out to deliver them flowers. I would of course stand nearby posing stoically with my gloved hand extended outward. That way they'd look around and see me and think, "Oh, that's the guy with the falcon." I figure I could probably get laid 4-5 times a week if I had a falcon as my wingman.

Another time a falcon would come in really handy is when you are on a mountain spire and there are some bandits coming. A falcon could scout out how many bandits there were and come back to give you a heads up - with just enough time to prepare an assortment of loose boulders to thwart their approach. It's not like you can get that kind of valuable reconnaissance from a horse or a dog.

By the time the bandits make it up, you will be ready for them. The first wave will come charging up with reckless abandon, all yelling and screaming and what not, allowing you to spring loose a few boulders and make short work of them. In their haste they lost track of their surroundings, a transgression paid for in blood.

That's when it first hits you: that falcon just totally saved your life. That alone makes it a vital purchase. But you can't dwell on that for long, because the second wave of bandits is coming, and this time they are looking out for boulders. Your only option now is to fight them in open combat on the narrow pathways lining the spire. They are formidable opponents sure enough, but you make short work of them.

But, what's this? While you were fighting, a lone bandit made it past your defenses. Worse, he's gotten the high ground and he's pulling back the string on his bow, getting ready to launch a thin wooden arrow right into your heart. But just then, out of nowhere, your falcon swoops in and just flies straight into the dude's face. He screams horribly, drops his bow and arrow, and falls to his death. *That* is why you own a fucking falcon.

"Hey," a voice interjected from beyond the soaring, bandit-ridden spires.

"Yes, what is it?" I inquired.

"You've been staring at my falcon for like twenty minutes."

Could it be true? I looked down at the clock radio for a clue, but it was dead and useless. No wonder I didn't want the crummy thing. No, I would buy that falcon instead.

"How much for that falcon?" I asked.

"Not for sale, buddy."

"I'll give you ten bucks for that falcon."

"Not for sale. *Not for sale.*"

"Damn," I thought. I could have really used that falcon.

At the very least, I managed to buy a clock radio for two bucks.

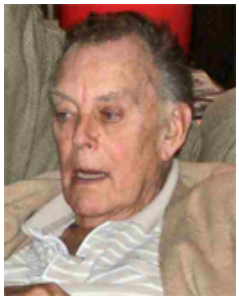
-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.8 Ask Us About Our Grandchildren

Thursday, May 08, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Grandpa "Scruff" Johnson

"I retain dominance over my grandchildren by repeatedly voting against local school levies. Now when anyone wants to know about integers, they come to grandpa!"

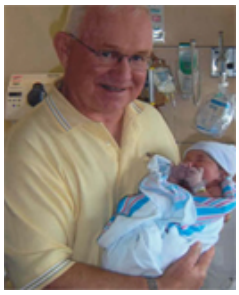


Grandpa "Wheezy" Scandler

"Every four years, my grandchildren visit me when it's time to send out my absentee ballot. For filling in the circle of their choice, I receive a coupon that I can later exchange for one hug. I do not disapprove of this system."

Grandpa "Peepers" MacDougal

"Whenever I see my great-grandchildren, I make sure to tell them that there's no shame in sitting out a war to stay home and watch a bunch of movies. This is what I did, and why great men like Ronald Reagan received enough support to one day share the screen with handsome chimpanzees."



Grandpa "Death Wish" Burton

"The hate and regret I passed on to my children now lives on in the younger generation. Who knew that a seven year-old could attempt suicide?"

Grandma "Fragdoll" Lynden

"My grandchildren enjoy when I inform them of price differences between the past and the present. Why, gasoline used to cost a nickel a gallon and could be found inside of most pumpkins!"

Randolph "The Red-Nosed" Grandpa

"When we go to the grocery store, my grandkids love riding in the basket of my Rascal! Their little jackets are also the perfect size for those expensive bottles of cough syrup!"

Oldsy, the Heartwarming Christian Grandpa Puppet

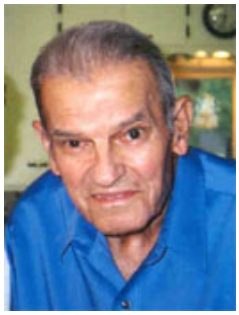
"You gotta be fucking kidding me."

"Dancin' " Grandpa Phillips

"My grandchildren drew all over my wooden leg while I was asleep. Now I can't clean this faggoty dinosaur off of it."

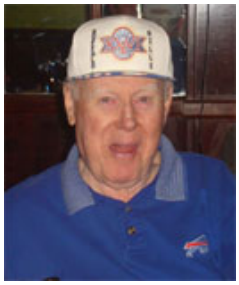
Grandpa "2 Furious" Scardoza

"I have no grandchildren to speak of. I guess you shouldn't ask grandpa to pick them up from soccer practice when he's feeling sleepy, huh?"



Grandpa "Pee-Paw" Cumberdale

"My grandchildren call me 'Pee-Paw.' I was once one of the most respected men in this county."

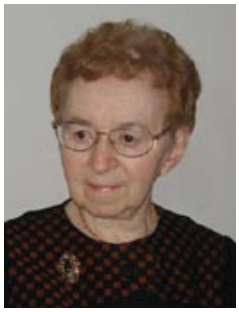


Grandpa "Hat Trick" Fortner

"I can't understand a damn thing my grandkids say, so I tend to nod at them and smile while I think of *Gunsmoke* and Mary Astor's tits."

Grandpa "Hoosegow" Tassler

"I always tell my grandchildren that the great road of life doesn't have to end at 90! Unfortunately, my colostomy bag needed to be changed long before we got on the turnpike."



Grandma "Pew Pew" Fedlick

"I take my grandchildren out for ice cream after Church every Sunday in the hopes that the mere mention of Jesus Christ's name will one day bring about the Pavlovian response of being sated by dairy fat."

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.9 Adult Friend Finding

Friday, May 09, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The American story is told in Obama's DNA and the Democrat's story is told in this photo.

Tuesday was a big night in the strange and ugly world of American politics. After months of agonizing and pontificating the results of the North Carolina and Indiana Democratic primaries forced the media to realize that Hillary Clinton has an impossible path to her party's nomination. MSNBC newspaper-clipper Tim Russert bugged his eyes out, grinned devilishly, and proclaimed, "We now know who the Democratic nominee will be." You can check out the clip on Youtube if you ever wanted to see what a Claymation potato-man might look like when it talks.

In rational reality this whole thing was sewed up by Clinton's rival, Barack Obama, around the time of his 80th consecutive landslide victory in the primary. Russert and the rest live in a different world of their own creation, where numbers and objective facts are heard, processed, and then subjected to a de-factifying process. The end result is election coverage that resembles an Appalachian storyteller's yarn about Ol' Punkin Seed, told by the side of a dusty road to a group of kids in threadbare overalls.

> *"…'evah seence, any fool what gone and fished in Ol' Whiteladee Holler say he feel the cold hands o' Hillary Clinton grabbin' at his legs."*

Whatever hellish nightmarescape inhabits Russert's roast beefy brain has finally collided with objective reality like a guy on bad acid seeing the hug worm turn into the Eighth Avenue Local train one second too late. Russert wrote the permission slip for the rest of America to finally stop pretending this bullshit is still going on, freeing us up to talk about a completely different set of bullshit: the General Election.

Now that this thing has moved on after only nine or ten years of primaries we can finally indulge in a little vice presidential speculation. Let's take a look at four possible VP contenders that have to be near the top of any short list for Barack Obama.

Brian Schweitzer

Montana Governor and genuine hayseed Brian Schweitzer is an example of one of the New Democrats springing up in unexpected places. Like Jim Webb (another VP potential), you take a dash of pandering to Republican issues, add a healthy portion of folksy common sense, and then inject the rocket fuel of George W. Bush's staggering fuckupedness. Even the sort of people who buy their pets at Wal-Mart vote for guys like Schweitzer.

> **Pros:** This guy is so red state he could be selling pickup trucks on TV whenever he leaves politics. He's so white and inoffensively friendly his family looks like a postcard sent from a vacation to a Thomas Kinkade painting. Whatever he's doing in Montana is working. He has the highest approval rating of any governor in the country.
>
> **Cons:** Those approval ratings are in Montana, a state that awards a whopping three electoral votes. You could find that many electoral votes in the cushions of a couch in Florida or Ohio. His "regular white people" appeal could help in the short term, but remember: Obama was raised by a single mom on food stamps, married a woman from a South Side Chicago working class family, just paid off his student loans and he is now considered the most elitist and out of touch of three candidates. Anyone's real image can be reinvented.

Kathleen Sebelius

If Obama wants to try to scoop up some of Clinton's pesky white lady demographic without sharing the ticket with the woman responsible for his back full of knives he could hardly do better than Kansas Governor Kathleen Sebelius. Sebelius is a very rare and precious thing: a female democratic governor of a red state.

> **Pros:** She's a rising star of the party and has the potential for a presidential bid of her own without the help of Obama. He would be doing everyone involved a favor by scooping her up onto the ticket before the political stage turns her into a pressure-cooked diamond of hatred like Clinton. For being 60 Sebelius is sort of a hottie and could someday spawn a popular GILF Hunter website. She also doesn't make that terrifying harlequin face

whenever she sees a crowd applauding that makes Hillary's arrival on stage at a rally seem like a third act monster reveal.

Cons: Based on her soporific performance doing the Democratic rebuttal to Bush's final State of the Union she is unlikely to be faced with a lot of applauding crowds unless Obama is within ten feet. She may do well in debates and town halls, but she'd be lucky to fill a rally in a prison cafeteria.

Bill Richardson

New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson is the excellently ethnic endomorph who ducked out of the presidential race shortly before an embarrassing defeat in his home state. After weeks of soul-searching, beard-growing, and awkward Super Bowl watching, Richardson endorsed Barack Obama. This earned him the title of Judas from Clinton loyalist and gumbo-steeped reptilian James Carville, so the guy can't be all bad.

Pros: Richardson is a likable Latino so non-scary he could even appeal to xenophobic border minefield advocates. His presence also convinces Latino voters that they live in a country where one of them is allowed to gorge on sopes in the Vice Presidential residence.

Cons: Has fucked up every job he's ever held, including being a Clinton supporter. Once

a traitor, always a traitor, or so they say. There's certainly a reason Benedict Arnold was never elected Vice King of England.

Hillary Rodham Clinton

If the abyss gazed back at Obama during the fight for the nomination then he might have picked up just enough yawning soullessness to throw a lasso around Clinton and bring her onto his ticket. The joke is on him: no lassoing needed. He'll be lucky if she's not the one trying to ride on his back into the convention come Denver, hooting and hollering and daintily sipping shots of Crown Royal.

Pros: The obvious upside is that Obama gets to weld the tender cyst of Hillary's outrage-fueled biddies to the underbelly of the hopeasaurus.

Cons: The Clintons are likely to spread like an eye-watering gas leak over Washington, bringing the sulfurous stench of despair to anything Obama attempts. Even worse, if Obama's approval numbers seem low enough in 2010 then VP Clinton will probably start gathering her knitters for an "I Told You So" primary challenge. Keep your friends close and your enemies closer, unless your enemy wants to eat you.

There are many other possible candidates for Obama, from the so-nice-it's-a-little-creepy Missouri Senator Claire McCaskill to the mild-mannered Clinton supporter and retired general Wesley Clark. There's also indie favorite Michael Bloomberg, the New York billionaire who could surely help shatter the elitist image glued to Obama. Whoever Obama ultimately chooses, he had better hope they don't enjoy milk in their coffee.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.10 Mr. T Ate My Innocence

Saturday, May 10, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

It was twelve years ago that Kyle Hoffman posted the words "Bob Ross Ate My Balls" on his Geocities site, and to this day he has not received so much as an apology from the Ross estate.

Today Kyle lives in a tiny Detroit apartment decorated with milk crates and unwanted furniture that has been salvaged from various curbsides. If you placed your foot against his front door and stretched forward, your fingertips would almost brush against the wall at the opposite side of the apartment. Kyle doesn't mind. Having a small home means less moving around, and even the tiniest movement can flare up pains from his old injury.

"Before all this, I was a promising young testicle model." His hands shake slightly as he lights a twisted stump of a cigarette, its filter stained by the original owner's pink lipstick. "Mostly did commercial and billboard work. My balls were photographed while resting on stacks of pancakes, bottles of cologne, even upscale cars. Damn it, I was *good*, too. Those balls had commercial appeal. They said I was a natural."

The memories bring a proud smile to Kyle's face for the first time since I've met him. Then, the sound of a passing siren followed by a revving chainsaw and the roar of an elephant snap him back to the reality of his miserable life.

"But that was all before... you know. Now I'm lucky if I can book a commercial shoot where I put my elbow in a bowl of ramen noodles or rest my penile shaft along a trial lawyer's ear like it was a pencil."

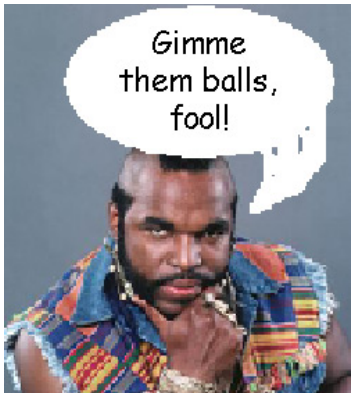
Kyle explains that his "Bob Ross Ate My Balls" site was a cry for help from someone who was too intimidated by his attacker's stature to contact the authorities. The response he received after its launch was something he could have never predicted.

"People actually *laughed* at me. Here I was, the victim of a horrible assault baring my soul, and they found it amusing. I was appalled. Of course, this was back when the internet was still in its formative years, so things weren't as civil and compassionate as they probably are now."

Then, another surprise. In the weeks and months that followed, other victims came forward with sites of their own. First it was a man who was brutalized by Mr. T, then another who claimed that his balls were eaten by Pat Sajak. Kyle's actions had given courage and hope to fellow survivors who had been too ashamed and intimidated to take action. By the end of 1998 over three hundred celebrities had been revealed as ball eaters, while Mr. T was revealed to be a serial ball eater, having consumed more than fifty sets of balls without consent.

While these victims found solace in each other, the outside world continued to laugh. One survivor, who wished to remain nameless, recounted this difficult time.

"I downloaded a photo of Mr. T and edited it with a word balloon that read 'Gimme them balls, fool!' in the hopes that people would understand the atrocities this man committed if they had a visual reenactment of the experience from my point of view. Instead, they laughed even more and passed the picture around in newsgroups and e-mails so more people could get a kick out of it. If it weren't for the support of the other guys who had their balls eaten, I don't think I'd have survived all these years in such a cruel world."



The image in question, circa 1998.

In the decade that has passed since it all began, no criminal prosecutions or arrests have been made in spite of numerous victims who have been willing to provide testimony. To understand how such an injustice is possible, I spoke to our own attorney.

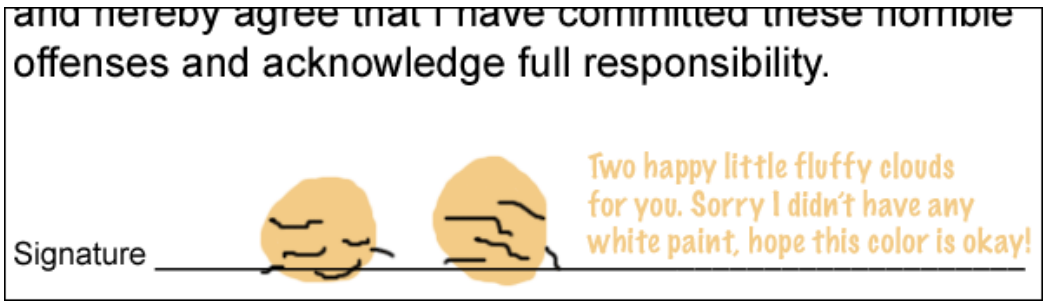
"The thing is, you need physical evidence to prove that a crime of this magnitude has actually taken place," explains Leonard J. Crabs from the women's bathroom in a local Popeye's Chicken. He has drilled a set of holes in the door to peer out of, one directly above the other so that he must tilt his head at an awkward angle.

"Since none of the victims reported their attacks in a timely fashion, all physical evidence has been digested. In the rare cases where female celebrities ate balls, it is possible that a pregnancy resulted, which would theoretically set the groundwork for a victim to prove the case through DNA testing of the baby. Even so, a victim would have a difficult time getting the court to order such a test. Even if one was granted, babies are evasive little fuckers when you try to stick them with a needle or a transmitter that you stole from a dolphin's fin."

The only course of action a victim is left with is tricking the celebrities who ate his balls into confessing, which Kyle Hoffman sees as a dead end.

"A few months before Bob Ross died, I showed up to an autograph session with a type-written confession of his brutal acts in hand. He went to sign it with that damn crystal paintbrush he always carried around without so much as a glance at me or the words on the paper, then he paused and looked up, smiling. The bastard scribbled something on the signature line, then handed it back to me before licking his lips and patting his stomach in a cruel pantomime."

What Kyle found in lieu of a signature haunts him to this day, and underscores the evil that our society has not only left unchecked, but has treated as a source of perverse amusement.


and hereby agree that I have committed these horrible offenses and acknowledge full responsibility.
Signature
Two happy little fluffy clouds for you. Sorry I didn't have any white paint, hope this color is okay!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.11 How Hillary Will Win the Nomination

Sunday, May 11, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

A special memo from campaign headquarters:

To steal an election, stand next to it and hit the triangle button.

We've noticed lately that a lot of people are discounting the possibility of Hillary winning the Democratic nomination. Some examples of these disbelievers are: the media, the voters, Barack Obama, most of the superdelegates, John McCain, the conservative attack machine, Zack Parsons, the liberal anti-attack machine, everyone with anything higher than a high school degree, the conservative anti-anti-attack machine, blacks, whites, really tan Caucasians, and 8 out of 10 household dogs.

This kind of attitude is un-American and anti-democracy. It's just wrong to act like someone has been elected months before the party big-wigs have had their say in secret meetings involving the exchange of personal favors. I am sure that George Washington said that somewhere. Maybe. He was hard to understand with those dentures.

Anyway, we at campaign head quarters wanted to give an update about some of our upcoming strategies for victory to everyone working to get Hillary into the White House.

Possible plans for a Hillary win

1. Rob a bank while wearing an Obama mask.

Everyone knows that Barack Hussein Obama is an elitist Hawaiin who doesn't understand regular Americans (defined here as poor white people), but did you know that he ROBS BANKS? Well, he doesn't, but after the Hillster knocks over a few while carefully disguised in a plastic 99 cent Obama mask, CNN won't be talking about anything else for weeks.

2. Have Chelsea date a black dude.

Chelsea has already shown herself willing to go on dates with superdelegates, but it's time for her to really step it up and date a black guy. Maybe lots of them. Have someone interview a few clean cut ones.

Oh, and make sure none of them have ever worked for a paper, even a high school paper. I don't have to remind you that if Chelsea comes within eight feet of a journalist she will turn into a troll because of that gypsy curse that was put on Bill a year before she was born. Last time that happened we had to spend three days cleaning up the mess, and also spent a fortune paying off the family of that guy she squashed, so don't let it happen on your watch!

3. Reveal that Bill Clinton really was the first black president

It's time to bring out the trump card we've been hiding for just this moment (a week after everyone thinks we've already lost and have moved on): Bill Clinton really was the first black president. Yes, we know people say that as a joke, but we mean literally.

The world will be shocked by childhood photos of a swarthy, afroed Billy, and by his tearful recollection of the disease that sapped his pigment and left him with no choice but to pursue a career in politics free of prejudice but still with a certain black hipness that gave him an edge against whitey.

Once we've destroyed Obama's "first black" gimmick, he will be helpless and we can rush in to fill the gap with our "first woman" gimmick.

That reminds me, have someone go over the medical records of previous presidents for any suspicious surgeries or hormone treatments. We don't want to be surprised on this one.

4. Decide the nomination with a bowling game

On the off-chance the Hillanator loses, remember the standard procedure: "We expected to lose the bowling game. The bowling game isn't important. The real tie breaker should be a ping-pong match."

5. Push to retroactively change the rules until we find one where we win.

Ok, so it's time to finally admit that running our campaign as though the states were winner take all instead of proportional was a mistake, but we know how to fix it:

It's time to constantly mention to the media that if things were only run in a way that is totally different than how they are actually run, then we might've won. For instance, if delegates were entirely assigned through a vote by the Jedi Council, and if everyone on the Jedi Council was Tina Fey, then "Give 'em Hell" Hill would be the nominee RIGHT NOW.

6. Decide it by who has the hottest personal advisers.

Obama's advisers, political and spiritual, have not only been controversial (one infamously calling our little Hillary a "monster" and the other infamously expressing a less than 100% support of everything the US government has ever done, thus exposing himself as a traitor) but also completely average looking:

Now check out Hillary's personal aide:

If America can't trust a president to hire really hot aides, then what else can't they trust the

president to do? That's right, lead a nation.

If you thought Bill was popular when he semi-boned a bucktoothed intern, just wait until the news of Hill's Lesbo Love Affair with the Pretty Pakistani Politicker gets out. Let's see if Middle Eastern leaders still won't respect her now.

7. Free America once and for all from the tyranny of the popular vote.

Remember, we didn't expect to win votes. Votes aren't important The tie breaker will be when Hillary becomes president anyway despite the popular vote because it is the destiny bestowed upon her by Fate, and History, and by her Really Really Wanting It. We can't let her be oppressed by the will of the majority. After all, she didn't major in math. She majored in miracles.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

5.12 From Crawford with Love (and Souvenirs)

Monday, May 12, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

As beautiful as a pallet of shrink-wrapped reserve notes looted from the back of a C-130 to pay for a CIA black op.

This weekend marked a very special occasion for every patriotic American. This should not even need to be said, but I am not referring to Mother's Day. Presumably most foreigners have mothers and are able to unpatriotically celebrate the woman that brought them into this world to take our jobs.

Saturday, May 10th, was the long-anticipated wedding of Jenna Welch Bush to her fiancé Henry Chase Hager. Jenna Bush is President George W. Bush's beautiful daughter and Henry Chase Hager was ordered from a Young Republicans catalog and delivered to Crawford just in time for the wedding. After a quick hosing down to wash away his packing gelatin he was swaddled in a tuxedo and trundled out to place the ring on Jenna's finger.

It was a magical moment attended by the finest minds of our generation. I was there, of course, and Condie and SecDef Gates were both in the front row. The Cthonic Rove gnawed his way through the earth's mantle directly above the Fox News studio and emerged blinking beneath the blue Texas sky. Those who could not attend due to prior obligations were represented by seated holographs transmitted from the bridges of their battle cruisers.

Every guest marveled at the bridal arch made from latticework woven with the fluttering shreds of 10,000 gaily colored documents direct from Cheney's man-sized safe. The canary yellow was for torture memos, chartreuse for renditions, and teal for everything related to a technology exchange with the Reptilians.

There wasn't a dry eye in the house as bride and groom embraced, and it was only partly because of the eye-watering crypt stench wafting from Rumsfeld and his entourage of bone harlots. I swear, in that magic moment as Jenna and Henry's lips met, I could hear the peal of thunder and the uncorking of one of the more serious vials.

There was a bit of a snafu when Hager tried to eat Jenna's nose during the kiss, but he was pried away before he could do any lasting damage, much to the amusement of the guests. The happy groom was led away to a room in the basement where he could enjoy his nutrient paste in calming darkness.

Jenna is, understandably, a huge fan of Something Awful.

Jenna enjoyed the first dance with her father (Prince's "Bat Dance"). The groom reemerged briefly to feed Jenna a warm handful of pre-chewed cake directly from the fistula the ag department at the University of Texas installed in Barbara Bush. They wanted to watch how she digests food in her nine gizzards. They think the secret to her digestive process is a poorly-understood enzyme called "hatred", although I'm still waiting for the final papers to be vetted by a faith-based science board.

Precious moments such as those that occurred on Saturday are all too fleeting. One minute you are watching Henry Hager eat a flower centerpiece from a table while Secret Service tries to catch him in nets. A minute later you are being bundled into your cars and told to drive as fast as possible to reach minimum safe distance before

Cheney's core explodes.

Certainly I can treasure these memories, but I wanted something a bit more tangible.

In the quiet town of Crawford every truck stop gift shop and curio bonanza is hawking collectibles related to the wedding. Among the trinkets are Christmas ornaments, mouse pads, and various other tasteless baubles certain to appeal to the sort of dull-eyed peasants that ask for gift wrapping at a counter covered with displays for something called "smokeless tobacco." I hesitate to even consider what manner of flavor country is ruled over by the "Skoal Brotherhood."

The vault in Crawford was no match for our vault beneath the Lincoln Memorial (sweet irony!), but it will do on a hot May day.

Fortunately, a well-chosen Masonic handshake gained entry for me to the back room of a Crawford haberdasher named H. N. Eilesworth. The man was trying to sell me on buttons in the shape of the 23rd Congressional District when he recognized the tickle of my 33rd Degree finger on his palm. I was immediately showed through a door marked with the word "NO" and the symbol of the compass. I descended a spiral staircase by candlelight and found myself in catacombs stocked with the elegant accoutrements befitting a Masonic secret lair.

The arched halls were flanked on either side by jars of pickled bald eagles and US maps dating back to the 8th century, when Masonic Vikings were the first to discover America. I paused in an alcove to watch a flickering film reel from the 1920s. Potbellied men with thumbs hooked in tweed vests chortled at the spectacle of a pig gorging itself on an immense pile of truffles.

Gorgeous tapestries hung from the ceiling as we entered the great chamber. In their time-worn threads each depicted one of the many secret Masonic battles fought against the druids of Old Europe and their eternal sorcerer Karl Marx.

At last we reached the inner sanctum, where the true artifacts awaited my perusal. The bubbling tank filled with Bush-masked crabs of the Orient held my attention only briefly. It was an old trick of selective fishing, and the grotesque face on each carapace hardly resembled Bush at all. I suspect some Masons might sell you one as a Woodrow Wilson-masked crab.

No, my abiding love has always been whalebone and the delicate art of scrimshaw. There, carved from the tusk of a blue whale, most sensitive of the whales, was my desire. My memories of that perfect Saturday in Crawford Texas will endure forever, carved into the bone of the world's saddest whale. I will always treasure my whalebone front license plate bracket filler with the image of Jenna and Henry Bush-Hager riding a dragon into the sunset. Beneath this image are inscribed the words: *Non est ad astra mollis e terris via.* There is no easy way from the earth to the stars.

Other than a dragon.

And a battle cruiser.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.13 Subj: EMAIL FROM ROAMIN' DAD!!!

Tuesday, May 13, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO FROM THE ROAD!!!!! I wanted to call and thank you for the sack of oranges they are Top Notch!!! Nothing new here been roaming the country in my mercury sable as I have been doing for the last 7 weeks or so.

Been going through the southwest mainly. I drove by the meteor crater and it was still light out but they wouldn't let me in because I didn't have a shirt on. Who the heck needs to wear a shirt inside a crater!! By the time I got back to the car and put one on and went back they had already closed and it was late so I got back in the car and kept going with my shirt OFF this time because I was ticked to no end. drove 140 miles with my shirt off last night and I'm still not wearing a shirt even now..

Passed a car at one point that I thought belonged to Thomas my nemesis for 30 years. If you are too young to remember Thomas he thought he would show off during the high school graudation ceremony by driving a big rig truck onto the field where we were having our ceremony to flaunt the fact that he got a job as a truckboy 3 weeks before graduating. Well normally this is fine and good but he drove up while I was on stage and did donuts for 9 or 10 minutes. everyone cheered a lot while I was trapped up there crying my heart out because I thought it was the dead teacher they talked about in the beginning of the ceremony..

Got a "thumbs up" from a strange motorcycle, as well. do not know why yet

The open road gives you thoughts on the past. Was thinking about the time when you all were kids and wanted a kitten, so we got one while you were at school and when you guys came home and were playing with it someone was trying to call us to tell us gramma was real bad in the hospital and one of you kept hanging up the phone when they asked for me so we didn't find out for 4 days after everyone else and by the time we found a sitter for the kitten we showed up and she had already died about half a day before.. that was a bad week thanks to that subpar cat which couldnt even stay alive 6 years I might add.

Reminds me of how later on when you'd take that hound dog of your aunt's, bring him into my closet and dress him up in my robes and pretend he was me for a little while. yall even had a parade up and down the stairs saying I was a dogdad now. I was fine with it but why did you feed that dog so much dairy if you knew it was gonna get sick all over? that part wasn't like me at all

Speaking of which, could a dogdad make ponchos out of trash bags when you all wanted to go to the mall during a tropical depresion? oh no I guess that was regular dad evevn though nobody dressed me up in silk robes and fed me several glasses nutritious milk until I finally asked for it. Sad state of affairs.

I could best that rotten dog in any test of strength or intellect. quiz me on anything. you think a dog's gonna know what a bud bowl is? or know that bud light only won twice in the entire history of bud bowls? how much do you think a dog can deadlift?? remember how I moved that couch? Does dogdad know what time is? maybe it can tell day from night but can it do math or science or read gossip about hollywood celebs? I'm so fed up with the notion of a dog for a dad and I think you all have lost sight of the prize, being me and my human body.

I would wager that Thomas has never been compared to a dog parent by his children. I want you kids to know that very early on I looked into the possibilities of male lactation should it become necessary. dogs don't do that. I was in touch with a doctor in sacramento and I could have started at any time. I could even start now if I had to. perhaps I will find a baby out here and lactate for it and maybe IT will consider me a man and then I will push forth the most precious milk from my bosom to nourish it and I will put up flyers saying "found baby, but it's doing ok because I have been lactating for it because I love it and IT LOVES ME BECAUSE I AM NOT A DOG-DAD"

GOOD BYE Attachments:

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

5.14 Re: Howdy Clown

Wednesday, May 14, 2008 by Caylen "Abraham" Burroughs

Since Lowtax doesn't actually pay me to write the Awful Link of the Day column, my only "reward" is receiving emails from the people that make Awful Links of the Day possible. Sure, I get a lot of feedback from the readers, which is fantastic in its own right, but they never manage to surpass the inventiveness & ingenuity of a legitimately crazy motherfucker who is offended that I made fun of his website. Normally, I keep these emails to myself, but on certain special occasions (such as being unable to come up with a funny article to cover for a writer who was hospitalized after being hit by a bus this weekend) I like to share these communications with you, the lowest serf of the Internet. Especially when its hate mail from someone who has cc'd his lawyer. This exciting piece of constructive criticism is from Randy Blain, webmaster and artist of an ALOD from three months ago.

Subject: Howdy Clown

From: Randy Blain ⟨randy@libertyeditions.com⟩

Date: 5/1/2008 11:22 AM

To: abraham@somethingawful.com

CC: Jason Blain ⟨jblain@law-in-atlanta.com⟩

Nice article you have on me. You are trying to accomplish what exactly? BTW.. thanks for the traffic to my site. Those images were done in a few weeks in my spare time. I guaran-fucking-tee you I cam kick any artist you know around the block and back. I also guarantee I can smoke your reprobate ass into the ground in a game of wordplay. I have killed more ttrolls like you on the RP forums and elsewhere that my trophy mantle s straining under the weight of all the abderitic simpletons who thought they had some ass to toss at me. You need a comments section under your blitherngs, but I suspect you are trepidant and cannot handle feedback. I also suspect yer another sell America down the tubes kind of jerk. Probably an Israel firster from my first pinpoint guess. Those clowns have no class and a myopically skewed tunnel vision that places their sorry assed opinion in the vapid world of self aggrandizing bullshit mongering.

BTW.. The NYT weekend magazine feed picked up the prints for their weekend feed for their print subscribers and subsidaries, so some baragrugous blowhard on a bibulous blltherfest on a circle jerk site where drooldonkeys post their much overestimated opinion is only of enough consequence to issue a short reply. Sites like yours make the internet stupid due to the vaccuous issuance of screeds and scrawlings that attempt to have some intellectual weight but are simply the droolings of a halfwit clown who labors under the illusion that they have something to say worthy of reading..

Feel free to exchange views if you can manage to get a head full of steam and got yer autoblther unit tuned to a higher frequency and telemetry readout fixed.

RP is a threat to entrenched zionist and banker powers. He has dynamite up all their sphincters and they are frightened and the sayanim are out in force. But we will boot them from the republican party and then go to work on the shills, commies, zionsta and dual loyalists in the democratic party. I can do anything you can do and much better. You cannot get anywhere near what can do.. Till

the day you die shortstop.

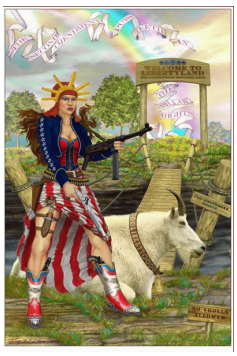
Yer pal

Randy Blain randy@libertyeditions.com

http://www.libertyeditions.com

Dearest Randall,

Thank you for the gratitude and high praise you've put into your hate mail; it's not very often the subject of my Awful Link of the Day appreciates the hard work I've put into lampooning their own hard work.



VOTE RON PAUL

I have taken the liberty of informing my favorite artists (the Baha Men) that you will not only beat the shit out of them, but you will record the beatdown on video just for associating with me and my lack of scruples. Looking back on your website, www.libertyeditions.com, it appears you have gained the fiscal common sense to include a rate sheet for such artistic services rendered. Do you normally charge the victims of your combat prowess for the filming and editing of this needless violence? $200 is an awful lot of money, and that's not even taking into consideration the production costs, such as Editing, CGI or Digital Stunt Doubles. We're in an economic recession, Randall, and I think it would please the Free Market if demand dictated your pricing structure. Here's an example: I am willing to pay you $100 for an original, signed oil painting of you, armed with a spear made of Freedom & wearing an Old Glory loincloth, curb stomping one of the Baha Men to death. You don't even have to kill a Baha Man to do this, but don't let me tell you how to be an artist.

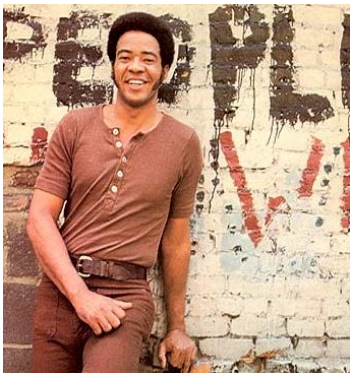
Please do not kill me for antagonizing you on the Internet. I had no idea that an accomplished digital artist such as yourself engaged in bloodsport to protect the sacred of Dr. Ron Paul, future POTUS and savior of the Americas. Surely your brother, the lawyer you've included in this communique, can convince you that until the Constitution is restored to its former glory, taking away my favorite inalienable right (being alive) is quite illegal. I am, however, flattered that you deem me worthy of being fit for taxidermy - not even my own mother would have my lifeless corpse proudly on display in the den.

I will never, ever, toss ass at you again.

You seem to have a penchant for using improperly allocating ten dollar words, in hopes of better getting your point across. For example, "abderitic simpleton" is redundant. It's like calling Ron Paul supporters "stupid idiots" - totally unnecessary, even masked by obscure wordplay. If I was "trepidant", I wouldn't have written the article in the first place, nor would I be responding to this email in such a fashion. I think the word you were looking for was "insecure", because I am most certainly hurt by some of your more valid criticisms (being an Ass Tosser & American Tube Salesman). Here are some of the other big words you've used inappropriately, along with suggestions for replacements for future hate mail correspondence:

- **Baragrugous**: This isn't an actual word. I do see the alliteration you are going for however - ***Butthole*** gets your idea across much more clearly.
- **Vaccuous** : Misspelling of an obvious homonym. The word you are looking for is ***"Mack-a-licious"***.

- Bill Withers Fest, 1994.



- **Blltherfest** : Misspelling of a colloquial phrase. The phrase you are looking for is ***Bill Withers Fest***, possibly followed by ***1994*** or ***1996. Bill Withers Fest 1995*** is considered an atrocity to Bill Withers fans everywhere, so do be careful in not bring that year up in particular.
- **Screeds**: The proper phrase is ***two by four***, or ***2x4*** if you are writing in metric.
- **Drooldonkeys**: Try *liberal **fucktards***. If you want to stay classy in your choice of diction, you can also use ***Democrats,*** or ***fucktarded Democratic asshats.***
- **Autoblther:** A related scribed faux pas to your previous attempt of mocking my Awful Link of the Day article. I stopped associating myself as a member of the Autonomous Bill Withers Fan Club, also known as the ***Auto-B-Witherers***, after the terrible performance I experienced at **Bill Withers Fest 1995**. You can refer to me as a casual Bill Withers listener instead.
- **Sayanim**: A common misconception - you should be refering to ***Super Saiyans*** in this sentence**.** If you really wish to draw in the reader with your command of knowledge regarding the Entrenched Banker Zions, you can refer to the guardian Jewish protector forces as ***Super Saiyan Sixes***, assuming that Ron Paul is still operating at a power level of 4,000,000 or greater.

In addition to helping you with your clumsy, inexperienced attempts at the game of wordplay, I would like to stress that being published in the New York Times Weekend section hasn't been a publication worth bragging about ever since they brought on Carla Anne Robbins as the Deputy Editor in 2006. Hell, even our own Johnny "Docevil" Titanium has been doing in depth, provocative exposes on certain "Vlog" socialists in the Magazine for the better part of a year, and we at Something Awful are not proud of that at all.

I'm very glad that you've taken some of your spare time away from drawing incredibly shitty digital illustrations of Rob Paul, to writing some incredibly shitty digital arguments about Ron Paul. As someone who is deeply entrenched within the ZOG - World Bank conspiracy, nothing delights me more than an ignorant son of a bitch who fails to understand how we now control absolutely every aspect of your meaningless, talentless lifestyle. We would never, ever allow Senator Ron Paul, a man who has performed countless abortions to teenage mothers in the the third term, to participate in a significant fashion to the Republican party. The gold standard is a hilarious libertarian pipe dream, especially after the Nazis stole all of our gold during World War II. You will never, ever experience true liberty during your lifetime, thanks to our efforts in ensuring the racist Ron Paul will never, ever become President.

Artist's Concept: Ron Paul's 2013 Ford Mustang with Aftermarket Delorean Body Kit

In closing, I would just like to state that you, Randall Agatha Blain, will never, ever accomplish more than I have or will in my lifetime. I've had sex with countless women (more than 5, easily), I'm incredibly wealthy (I moonlight as a Jew Banker), I've been published in countless MMO publications around the world (my seminal Art of Warcraft series is now a Best Seller on Amazon and translated into 14 different languages) and four of my art installations will be on display at the 2008 Summer Olympics in Beijing. Please tell your lawyer, Jason Agatha Blain, that if you continue to slander my good works and name, that I will be forced to consult with the legal department of Something Awful, and seek financial reparations for the emotional damages you only think you have caused me.

At least I will have died doing what I love most: playing baseball and making fun of your stupid ass. That doesn't mean you get to kill me though.

Best Friends Forever,

-~Caylen "Abraham" Burroughs

5.15 The Great Rose-Colored Review

Thursday, May 15, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

I enjoy posting on the Internet. I do so anonymously, for fear that someone may one day find out who I am and force me to prove any of the ridiculous claims I put forth online.

I usually post while eating a bowl of hard-boiled eggs. When the egg supply has been exhausted I boil some more. Occasionally I will feel the need to make room for more eggs so I will evacuate my bowels while never letting up on my posting. "Let it fall where it may," my grandfather used to say. Occasionally I will defecate directly onto my keyboard, which has been specially designed to translate fecal matter into rants about comic books.

These eggs give me the strength I need to post about Star Wars non-stop!

Trash pickup is on Thursday. Unable to move under my own strength, I have devised an intricate pulley system to lower the trash to the garbageman. I get most of it out of here. That same pulley system is used to deliver more fresh eggs. You can never have too many eggs when you're posting.

Above all, I make sure to never post without wearing my rose-colored glasses. These special glasses allow me to see into the past and filter out all the negative.

Conversely, they do not work on contemporary products. Anything new that's released, be it a movie, video game, or television show, must live up to the unrealistic expectations created by my magical glasses. You'll find me on message boards around the Internet extolling the virtues of the originals and trashing the new, for no other reason than that it's new.

But then something happened. I took off my rose-colored glasses and I saw the world in a new light. No longer was I personally offended by updated releases of classic films. When a TV show stopped being funny, I simply stopped watching it. I am now living a happier, healthier life. No longer do I have an irresistible craving to post on forums and devour hard-boiled eggs by the bucketfull.

I invite you now to join me in removing your own rose-colored glasses and discover a world that isn't as great as you remember it. The more roses you see, the more deluded people are about how great the good old days really were.

Saturday Morning Cartoons

My mom writes me letters every so often from back east. Ever since dad left us she hasn't been the same. Since her vagina is all but sewn shut (I assume) the only people she ever talks to is her sister and I, and she refuses to ever think of possibly becoming romantically involved with another man. We've tried to set her up on dates but I guess the guys on pameganslaw.state.pa.us just aren't good enough for her.

She absolutely refuses to use the computer we bought her, saying that she prefers the intimacy of the lost art of letter writing. I told her that I don't want to share anything with her that could be considered "intimate", but I still have to reply to her letters anyway.

I received this letter from her the other day.

Dear Hassan,

*Remember when cartoons weren't anime and everyone wasn't a stupid anime queer ass bitch faggot? Remember when Japan was our enemy? *sigh* Those were the days. I liked Japan better when they were exploding in planes without landing gear.*

Love, Mom

Ruff ruff! I miss ReBoot! Ruff!

My mom brings up a very good point. Anime has taken over Saturday mornings. From Naruto to Pokemon to God Only Knows, kids are being exposed to a ridiculous amount of Japanese animation and it's warping their minds.

What happened to the Looney Tunes? Killed by the PC age, they were. Bugs Bunny can't even smoke a fatty and slap a bitch for talking back anymore. What happened to Daffy Duck, Darkwing Duck, Duck Tales and Donald Duck, who used to beat the shit out of his nephews for fun? Their Saturday morning slots have been usurped by the Digimons and Pokemons and that "bitch-ass AIDS-infested fudge-packing" Spongebob, as my mom calls him.

But what mom doesn't realize is that she is looking at the past through rose-colored glasses. Kid's cartoons have always sucked. The only difference is that we are remembering them as retarded children, and not the full-grown bank account-opening job-having adults that we should have evolved into.

It was always the same hack Korean animation meant only to drive children to incessantly nag their parents to buy the newest toys that the kids in the commercial had infinitely more fun with than we ever did.

If I had a nickel for every time a goon got excited about the prospect of ReBoot returning to television I could buy a whole goon island. It was a cool show when we were kids but get over it.

In case you hadn't heard, they make television shows for adults now.

Rose-colored rating:

Mystery Science Theater 3000

Despite being the funniest goddamn thing on the planet MST3K never really made it big and was relegated to the worst status of all, cult status.

I can't imagine these guys ever made much money since "Keep circulating the tapes!" turned into "Keep circulating the VCDs!", which turned into "Keep circulating the torrents!", which turned into "Screw Mike Nelson and his queer robots I'm just gonna pirate the shit out of this thing." Their mantra in the early days should have been, "Keep circulating the tapes! Except those of you with Nielson boxes, dammit!"

It became a vicious cycle. Since it didn't appear to do well, the show wasn't treated nicely by TV executives. It was placed in the worst time slots, scarcely marketed, and when it came time to do a movie, not shown in many theaters.

Since fans couldn't find it anywhere, they resorted to piracy, something we've never condoned here at www.somethingawful.com. I estimate that over 70 billion people watched Mystery Science Theater

on a regular basis, but you'd never know it by looking at the numbers.

See, Joel Hodgson was smart. The second he figured out this thing wasn't really going anywhere he jumped ship and is now doing whatever it is he and Craig Kilborn do together all day.

I don't know who has aged worse, Bill Murray or this guy.

It's always funny how smart, talented guys will stop doing the thing they are good at to pursue a career in the last thing anyone would ever want to see them do. Kilborn left his late night show to pursue movies. When was the last movie starring Craig Kilborn you saw? I rest my case. Joel Hodgson left MST3K and now he looks like the dad from Alf.

As a huge fan of the show, I'm surprised it lasted as long as it did. When your primary demographic doesn't buy anything, doesn't go anywhere, and lives only to find fault with everything that you've created, you're not going to be pulling down Kanye West ring tone money. It's a pain we know here at Something Awful all too well...

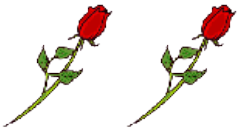
After taking off my rose-colored glasses it becomes immediately clear how hit and miss MST3K was. I watched one about a teenage werewolf and it was as good as remember it. Then I watched one about dinosaurs and throughout the episode I farted more than I laughed. But to be fair, I do fart a lot.

The skits before and after the commercial breaks were just as awful as ever. I understand they are meant to convey the personality of Mike and the robots and pull the whole show together, or in the early episodes, make Joel nervous about being on camera to the point where he argues with Jim Mallon about the direction of the show (what other direction could it have fucking gone?!), but I don't think a single one has made me laugh. But then again, it's better than anything I could do.

All in all the show holds up surprisingly well without our precious rose-colored glasses and the spirit of Mystery Science Theater 3000 lives on in RiffTrax, downloadable mp3s of Mike Nelson and company ripping on movies that you play along with the DVD or pirated VCD, but of course, you already knew that.

RiffTrax's take on more contemporary films is vastly more entertaining than the old robots taking on such heavy hitters as Joe Don Baker and Gamera. Boy, they really cut those guys down to size.

But for God's sake, please don't keep circulating the mp3s. They actually want to make some dough this time around!

Rose-colored rating: 

Society

A phrase I often hear is, "It's so dangerous these days that I can't even let my kids walk down the street alone anymore!" as if there was a time when it was a good idea to do that. Yeah, because pedophiles, rapists, and murderers are a relatively new phenomenon and weren't invented until the 90s.

I remember a time when the world was a kinder, gentler place, back when the mafia ran everything. There is no other time when rose-colored glasses are more effective than when remembering the way

the world was X amount of years ago.

Duck genitalia just ain't what it used to be.

The fact is people are more polite today than they ever were. No one wants to be accused of doing the wrong thing so they'll over-compensate in ridiculous ways. Strangers will hold open a door for you despite the fact that you're 90 feet away. Thanks, guy, but I think I can handle this one.

People are so polite that they aren't killing each other as much as they used to. Violent crime rates have seen a downward trend since 1994 according to the helpful nerds at the Bureau of Justice Statistics.

As much as the TV news wants you to believe otherwise, the world, and by world I mean the United States, is becoming a better place. People are nicer, attitudes towards homosexuals are relaxing, and civil rights are blowing the fuck up. I question those who pine for the "good old days". You mean the days when women couldn't vote and blacks had to sit in the back of the bus and Koreans had to duel to the death just to mail a letter?

Nope, everything is a-okay in the US of A. Canada still sucks though.

Rose-colored rating:

Disneyland

Okay, don't laugh, but I enjoy going to Disneyland from time to time. Yeah, yeah, I know, I'm gay. I don't have a season pass or anything. Living in Southern California, where everybody seems to work at the park that pays the Minimum-est Wage on Earth, there are no shortage of people able to "sign you in" to the park for free.

There is also no shortage of whiners who complain that Disneyland isn't doing this or that they aren't living up to that. From burnt out light bulbs to chipped paint to trash cans that aren't perfectly themed to the land they sit in, there's always something that'll disappoint these "fans".

Sorry Walt, the Jews control Hollywood now! And there's nothing you can do about it! Muahahaha!

Of course, that doesn't stop these people, who wear so much Chinese-manufactured Disney bling that it makes 50 Cent look like a guy you'd want to share an elevator with, from visiting a place they profess to hate.

Their intense hatred for what they call the dark age of Disney won't stop them from waking up at 6AM to attend an event commemorating the release of a pin featuring Donald Duck fellating Goofy that costs $300 to buy and 50 cents to make.

They often spew Walt Disney quotes as if anything the guy said has any relevance today. Here's a Walt quote for you, "Roy, I swear to God, I will rest in peace as long as no goddamn kyke ever runs my fucking company!"

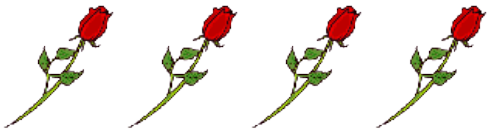
If they would only remove their rose-colored glasses they would discover a Magic Kingdom that isn't as pristine as their retarded memories make them out to be, that is, if any of these people were actually alive during the so-called

golden age when Walt Disney personally walked the park and kicked out all blacks and Jews that snuck in.

In the old days Tomorrowland was portrayed as a glimpse into the future but it was nothing more than a place for American industry to shill about their new products. Remind you of anything, guys? "Storybook Land" at the time was nothing more than a collection of mud hills called the "Canal Boats of the World". There were a few standout attractions that were amazing for 1955, but there was surprisingly little to do.

And God forbid Disney ever remove or update a classic attraction. But when it happens these people scream bloody murder. When roughly 2 people ride something per day because it bores people to tears, I think a little change is in order.

The newest controversy is the addition of Disney characters to "It's a Small World". Despite the fact that nobody in the history of mankind has ever admitted that they enjoy the ride or its iconic song, a web site has been set up to "Save Small World". I say round up everybody who supports this site and dig up their backyards to look for children's corpses. When someone cares that much about a theme park ride, you know they are up to something creepy.

Rose-colored rating: 

The Simpsons

If you ask people what their favorite season of The Simpsons is you'll get a variety of answers, but one thing I can guarantee is that they'll all answer with a single digit.

I want whoever drew this picture to be arrested.

That The Simpsons has pretty much gone downhill since somewhere around the 10th season is no revelation, and at this point we're just rubbing it in. But if you take off those rose-colored glasses you'll find that... it has no effect and The Simpsons really do suck now and the old episodes hold up really well, which makes the new episodes look that much worse in comparison.

If I hate The Simpsons so much, why do I keep watching? It's almost like a running joke at this point. I am really interested in seeing how bad it's going to get. It's like Matt Groening is pranking everybody and sitting in his mansion laughing at the fact that anyone still watches the show. I just can't believe that what was once the greatest television comedy of all time is now more painful to look at than MegaTokyo.

I mean, it's getting to the point where Harry Shearer publicly badmouths the series and refuses to do The Simpsons ride at Universal due to "scheduling constraints", and we all know Harry Shearer has nothing going on. He sits there and twiddles his thumbs all day waiting to get paid a million dollars an episode for doing cartoon voices.

Even 10th, 11th, and 12th season episodes are becoming watchable in comparison to some of the new stuff I've seen. I thought the one where Skinner turns out to be an impostor was bad, now it's a downright goddamn classic compared to the recent one where Bart has to marry one of Cletus'

children to save his cow or something. I don't know what happened in the end because I realized putting on stiletto heels and stomping on a kitten's head for sexual gratification was a lot more fun than watching a new Simpsons episode.

Rose-colored rating:

Conclusion

Stuff that's old is great and stuff that's new sucks and nerds will argue about it until the end of time.

The end.

-~Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

5.16 Loving You is Easy 'Cause You're Inanimate

Friday, May 16, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Okay, now this is just ridiculous.

I have never had sex with furniture. I admit, I've occasionally considered it. In my moments of weakness a particularly racy standing lamp catches my eye, or I've been drinking and I lower my standards to an overstuffed couch, or maybe I'm at that weird furniture shop that sells a chaise lounge that looks exactly like Keeley Hazell.

Come to think of it, the Keeley Lounge might have been part of one of my night terrors. The part right before I realize the thing with no mouth is watching and then the beautiful woman turns into Knife Mommy.

I think it is fair for me to assume that since you are reading this, and by deduction not restrained in a mental hospital, you are also a member of the club that realizes no answer isn't the same thing as "yes" when it comes to our furniture. For the record, no, I'm not counting the time you rubbed up against that chest of drawers and felt funny afterwards. A little credenza frottage never hurt anyone.

Boundaries like "don't have sex with a chair" wouldn't exist if there weren't a handful of pioneers out there willing to take their relationship with Ikea to the next level. Today we salute one such adventurous soul from Bellevue, Ohio, who dared to dream. Arthur Price then dared to act on that dream and made love to his backyard picnic table.

Between January and March of 2008, Arthur was seen by a neighbor having sexual intercourse with the round metal picnic table on his deck. The police found out about this torrid love affair from an anonymous tipster who handed in three DVDs full of unusual amateur porn. According to the police the DVDs show Price "involved in a sex act in his bedroom" after which he "walks out to his deck, tilts the table on its side and has sex with it."

He likes them round, thin, and rustproofed.

It sounds like an awkward position, but you go out on your deck with your overweight picnic table and try cowtable or ottomanstyle. The physics just aren't there for anything other than classic kneeling umbrella hole position.

When confronted with this overwhelming evidence, Arthur admitted to the acts on the DVDs and also confirmed that he "had sex with the table inside the home."

You have to respect that sort of commitment to the relationship with the picnic table. Things get a little boring, always out on the deck, always in the same position.

A guy like Arthur wants to spice things up, maybe flip the table upside down on the living room floor, roll it down into the basement and get kinky by unscrewing some legs, or just go up to the bedroom and try on different tablecloths. It's that sort of adventurousness that can really keep a relationship exciting.

I'm not going to sit here in judgment of Arthur. Quite the opposite, I applaud the amount of effort Arthur went to with his beloved picnic table.

A gentle soul like Arthur probably romanced the table before he took the relationship to the next

level. He said the right things, overlooked its rust spots, and complimented its umbrella. He cooked a romantic dinner and then ate it on top of the table. He invited his parents over to have a barbecue with his picnic table.

Nor is a table the easiest inanimate lover you could choose. Arthur could have picked up any old thermos and made love to that instead. Arthur could have seduced the eyehole of a hockey mask. He could have set his sights low and settled for a microwaved cantaloupe.

Arthur Price, victim of love.

Arthur did none of these things, he refused to settle. He took his love from the bedrooms to the backyard and he wasn't afraid to do it all in plain sight of his neighbors and their DV cameras. He recreated the picnic experience with a sensual twist.

I know, I know, the "parents" were worried their "kids" might "see" Arthur consummate his love with the table. I argue that kids need to learn about the birds and the patio-ware sooner or later, but okay, I'll concede the point that kids shouldn't watch a man explore the eroticism of his backyard furniture. So why did the snooping neighbors record three DVDs before they handed them over to the cops? Were they just fans of his work? Were they going to start their own website?

Maybe it isn't Arthur Price that is the problem. Maybe we're the problem. We aren't on the inside looking out, we're on the outside looking in, watching a man share his passion with a table. We're recording three DVDs and then turning them over to the cops. While Arthur is out there risking the elements and a case of the ants, we're in our homes peering at him with scorn.

Arthur faces four counts of public indecency. When he enters the courtroom he is supposed to be judged by a "jury of his peers". I humbly suggest that Arthur Price is peerless.

May his days in prison be filled with Home Depot catalogs. May the guards forget to bolt his bunk bed to the floor.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.17 The Good News

Saturday, May 17, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Good News Blog

Bringing you positive stories that the fear-mongering big media conglomerates refuse to report!

Day 18: David Blaine Breath-Holding Stunt Still Going Strong

In a stunning display of determination, magician David Blaine has entered his 18th day without oxygen in a tank of water suspended above Times Square in New York City (a city in the state of New York located 20 miles southeast of Middletown).

Blaine originally planned to hold his breath for 17 minutes to beat the official world record of 16 minutes, 32 seconds set by a Swede in 2007, but he has exceeded his own expectations by nearly three weeks.

The magician appeared to be in trouble at the half hour mark when his body began to tremble and contort in horrible spasms, but after a few moments a calm expression washed over his face and he gave onlookers a thumbs up. This gesture that all's well has stayed in place ever since, keeping emergency workers at bay until Blaine turns the thumb downward in the agreed-upon sign of trouble.

Blaine remains perfectly still, a method of conserving energy which in turn lessens the amount of oxygen his body drains from its reserves. Although this is a common tactic, he appears to have taken it to the next level by allowing his eyeballs and numerous chunks of flesh to separate from his frame and float to the water's surface, freeing himself of excess tissue that would otherwise burden his air supply.

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Upcoming U.S. Land War In China: Our Best Bet For Finding Bin Laden

"The only risk greater than going to war with China is the risk of not going to war with China," began a solemn president Bush as he detailed the full-scale land invasion of China (without the support of airplanes, boats, armored vehicles or shoes) that will serve as his administration's final act. "In fact, the risk of not going to war with China is so horrible that I can't even describe it and I urge my fellow Americans to refrain from thinking about it."

Although a handful of rogue generals questioned the decision to wage such a war before they were relieved of their command, flooding China with U.S. troops will bring us closer to locating Osama Bin Laden, the mastermind behind the 9/11 attacks.

The United States has been engaged in ongoing combat operations in the middle east for nearly seven years now without a single sighting of Bin Laden. It's quite obvious that he is hiding in another region, and China is another region. Coincidence? We might have thought so in a more innocent age when idealists ruled the world and nations actually engaged in diplomacy even when they outright disliked one another, but now we know better.

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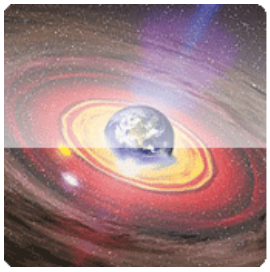


Earth's Collision Course With Black Hole Offers Unique Opportunity For Scientists

The scientific community is abuzz with excitement following NASA's recent announcement that a black hole has been discovered in our Milky Way galaxy, and that current projections place our planet in the black hole's event horizon on February 3rd of 2011.

This momentous occasion will mark the first time that Earth has been absorbed by a black hole, an event which will provide scientists with a unique opportunity to study the inner workings of the mysterious phenomenon which they have only been able to observe from afar and speculate upon with limited information.

A side benefit from this event is the public's sudden interest in developing habitable spacecraft capable of sustaining millions of people by the end of 2010. While it has long been understood that humanity would eventually need to leave the planet Earth and that the pursuit of this goal would provide us with technologies that would benefit everyday life, the general attitude has long been "Why should we waste money on outer space when we have problems down here?"

Now the public's response to the space program is "Will donating my children to science help get us in space faster? Even by just a few minutes?"

Read More >>

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.18 My Favorite Bums in Rome

Sunday, May 18, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

One problem about going abroad is getting homesick. I know what you're thinking, "bullshit, I wouldn't get homesick" or "bullshit, my fifteen minutes on the library computer are almost up. I bet this place has the new Rambo DVD." Either way, you're wrong. Everyone misses something from home and Rambo won't be released until the 27th. It sounds absurd, but being in a foreign country makes you miss the stupid, trivial things that fill one's life. I felt the same way, well, until I found a little piece of Rome that connected me to my homeland: The Bums.

You see, homelessness is similar in every country. Crazy doesn't change when translated. A nude man eating raw ground beef makes every sane human, regardless of origin, cringe. The only difference between the bums in America and those in Europe is talent level. While the American panhandler may stab you for fifteen bucks and a pack of smokes "cause man, his car broke down and he's from out of town," the European bum will piss on you. From twenty feet away. Simply for a quick thrill. In Europe you find yourself impressed by the vulgar actions of the derelict instead of threatened, but there is still a connection between the two types of street urchins. Every day I'd see new dirty faces, but threeoffensiveunsanitaryunique bums have managed to burn their insanity into my memory and my list. So here goes.

Oh wait, before I start, I should tell you that I took these photos myself, in secret, for fear of my life. So sorry about the quality.

My Three Favorite Bums in Rome:

3. Panty Bus Man

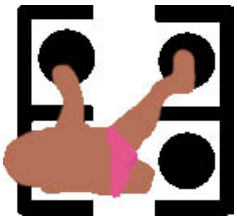
Getting on an Italian bus can be frightening if you are new/unable to speak the language/timid/a pansy/me. I'd hop onto the metro and hope it would end up at my destination. Sometimes I'd make it, but most of the time I didn't.

I'd remember landmarks along the bus line for the sake of knowing where I was: get on the bus where a gypsy is playing saxophone, the newspaper stand on the corner means I have two more stops, and the sounds of another gypsy playing trombone means it is time to get off. But no sighting brought me a more familiar feeling than the Bus Man

I cannot describe the comfort I felt whenever I saw this man passed out against the window, his pants around his knees, a pair of women's panties choking his grotesque, hairy thighs. Anxiety was immediately flushed away whenever his drunken ass was around. Public drunkenness is shunned in Italy, but this man gave no fuck. Sometimes I would see him on the bus before my morning classes, sometimes on the way back from a dinner. It seemed that time could not touch his stupor, though it ravaged his disgusting body. While years of alcohol abuse expanded his gut and saddened his face, the years of wearing tight panties gave Bus Man enough ingrown hairs for a lifetime. His thighs would glow red from lines of infected pores. I would have to get a Hot Brazilian bikini wax followed by a spa treatment with human feces to get that level of infection.

The best time to see Bus Man was during the evening commute. Though the bus was packed, there Bus Man sat relaxed with his panties in full view and his mind thoroughly inebriated, taking up four seats. To help show the seating chart, I created a crappy image. Each dot represents where a person should usually sit.

Now here is the same seating chart with Bus Man.



A business man trying to get home would be forced to crawl over the fat, sleeping bum and sit between his bulk and the window. Another man straddled Bus Man's extended leg for fifteen stops before getting onto another train. Truly stunning.

2. Lasagna Dress

Runner up is Lasagna Dress. She would hang around the train station in a beige dress that covered her knees. Though she was heavier than the usual Italian (lighter than the usual American,) she was able to carry herself around on extremely high stilettos with a certain kind of charm. She would pace around the terminal or the plaza staring at the passerbys. If someone looked at her face, her little smirk made her appear as though she knew a secret, but her eyes gave away her insanity.

The stranger, probably in a rush to catch a train, would be unable to avoid the locking stare of the derelict. While Lasagna Dress gazed into the eyes of the tourist, she would smile, quickly bend down, and grab her dress, pulling it as she raised back up, and finally lifting the stained hemline over her head, exposing a nude lower portion.

There are some things in life that you don't want to see and there are other things that are so disgusting that you never even knew you didn't want to see them. The genitalia of a bum fits into the later.

Now, the man or woman would be in a state of shock. Their busy schedule forgotten as they tried to mentally explain what had happened, but the ride wasn't over. Oh no.

Lasagna Dress quickly went into phase two while the viewer's brain attempted to block out the memory seconds after exposure. With the dress still hiked up to her neck, Lasagna Dress hunched over like she was playing shortstop in the middle of the train terminal. But instead of turning a double play, she'd look at the ground, and then, with everyone around, take a piss. Once finished, she would lower her dress, turn away from the victim, and leave as though nothing happened. Though the interaction didn't seem to affect her, whoever viewed the display immediate threw himself under the 10:15 Departure for Naples.

If this were a one-time experience, I would not include Lasagna Dress, but I saw her every time I was in the train station. No one ever stopped her. The Italians must have been immune to her dirty dress, her grotesque pubis, and her puddles of piss, but I certainly wasn't. Where is her underwear? We can only assume that they're around Bus Man's girthy waste.

(if you can't figure out why I called this woman Lasagna Dress, then let's just say you wouldn't want to see her exposed crotch while you were eating dinner.)

1. The Pink Lady

Maybe I was wrong with the first two. Maybe they aren't crazy. Maybe Bus Man is stoically defending his panty-wearing lifestyle and Lasagna Dress is taking a large step in feminism. Regardless of my previous assessments, The Pink Lady is undeniably insane.

I saw her on my first afternoon of wandering around the city. She was nervously pacing around a heavily congested tourists spot (Piazza Navona.) Now, the site is famous for street performers who dress in fun costumes in an attempt to get money, so the Pink Lady fit right in. Her face, colored a bright lipstick pink, is partially covered by her knotted blond hair, her matching pink socks were tightly crammed in high heeled sandals, and her leather jacket was a size or two too small. Compared to the "frozen business man," the Michael Jackson impersonator, and all the other street performers, she seemed a little lazy in her outfit, but oh well. I watched her walk back and forth for a little bit, anticipating a fun routine. Instead of a song and dance, the Pink Lady leaned forward a little, letting her hair drape over her face, and vomited on the Roman cobblestones. She then knelt down in her own sick and grabbed something before looking up, letting her now wet hair stick to her cheeks. Our eyes met. We both froze. I assume we both felt nauseous, but I am really only sure about myself. Then she quickly jumped up and scurrying off into a narrow ally. I gave the performance 3 stars.

I thought that was it. A clown got sick, nothing strange about that. But the next morning I ate breakfast near the Pantheon, another heavily crowded tourist site, and there she was. I could see her pink face bobbing up and down among a large crowd of Asian tourists. The majority of the tourists were too busy taking about 50,000 pictures to notice, but one small Asian girl was staring at her. The child giggled as the woman approached, expecting that anyone that colorful must be a clown. Once the Pink Lady was a foot away, she slowly bent down until she was eye level with the little girl. But instead of handing over a cute balloon or doing a quick magic trick, the Pink Lady let out a bloodcurdling scream. The little girl, who was previously ecstatic from the attention, screamed back. The child's mother screamed at the both of them before grabbing her daughter and running off, and the pack of Asian tourists started yelling and running around like a spooked herd of antelopes. Eventually the crowd simmered down and everyone was looking for the Pink Lady, but she had already scurried off again. I gave this performance a perfect 5 stars. It was flawless.

So I had been in Rome for two days, and I had seen this woman twice, each occasion marred by her insanity. I decided to ask my program's director about the woman. Apparently the Pink Lady was once a model, a rich model. She bought an apartment in the center of Rome and filled a bank account with cash before going absolutely insane. Her face wasn't lipstick pink face paint, but actual lipstick, which she purchased daily for the sake of rubbing it all over her face. Her afternoons were filled with buying the same items she already had (note the shoes she is trying on,) carrying handfuls of empty shopping bags she found in the trash so it looked like she just went on a shopping spree, or screaming in children's faces. She was pretty notorious in Rome for her terrifying habits.

As I said earlier, craziness translates the same. Once I was walking down a street with a friend and we heard a loud echoing scream. We laughed. A young French couple was walking beside us, laughing as well about "la Dame Rose."

So Italy was amazing. I suggest everyone go, or at least go see a different country, even Canada counts. Experience a new world, and if you get homesick, just search for the homeless to make you feel comfortable. Hell, anything is better than the new Rambo movie.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.19 Your Bandicoot Sucks II

Tuesday, May 20, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

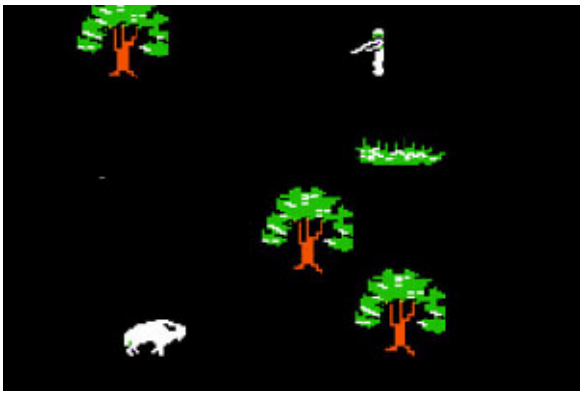
Lobsters are so hideous that the person who discovered that they're edible was either desperate or crazy (or maybe so terrified that he just started biting the thing).

Hey raccoon. Washing garbage before you eat it doesn't make it not garbage.

If pigs are so smart, why haven't they sorted out their PR issues?

Wasps love picnics and I love a cool drink of cream soda that stings the roof of my mouth.

The rattlesnake is nature's landmine.

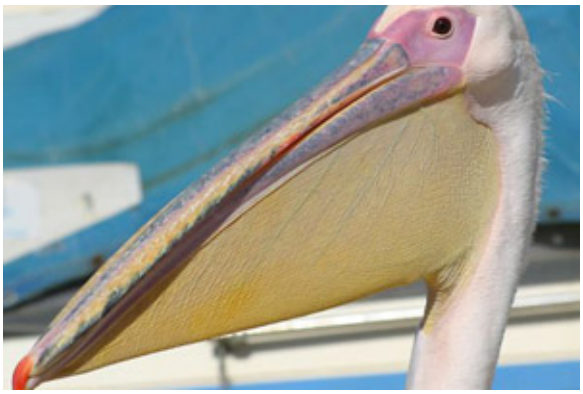


Anyone who's ever playedOregon Trail can tell you why bison nearly went extinct: killing them was the only fun part of the American West.

Vultures are pigeons that escaped from Silent Hill.

Sure, parrots are cool, but you can teach kids to swear too, and they'll stop screaming and pooping indiscriminately after a couple of years.

Snails are just M&Ms for ducks.



Oh, just what I needed. A flying garbage bag. Thanks, God.

Have you ever heard of a walrus with friends?

Everyone thinks the giant squid is really elusive, but maybe scientists just never photograph them because *they're ugly as hell.*

I like how bats share their name with the most sporting way to destroy them.

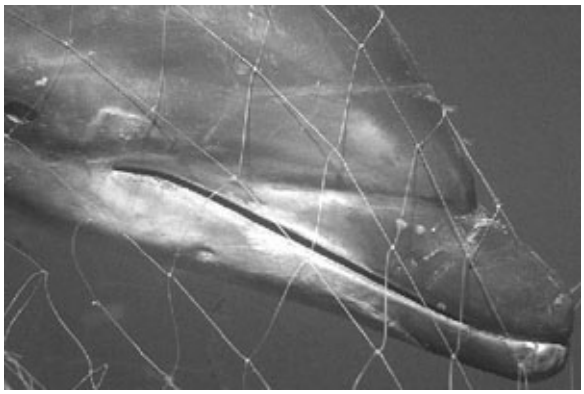
Pet dogs kill more people every year than mountain lions have in the whole history of theUnited States, which means they both suck at their jobs.

The possum is one animal that hasn't been threatened by human encroachment, since its natural habitat is under tires.

If only we could breed turkeys directly onto our plates and skip that terrifying phase where they're alive and chasing us around the petting zoo because they're huge and angry.

Chimps are hairy babies who never get smarter and can tear off your hands.

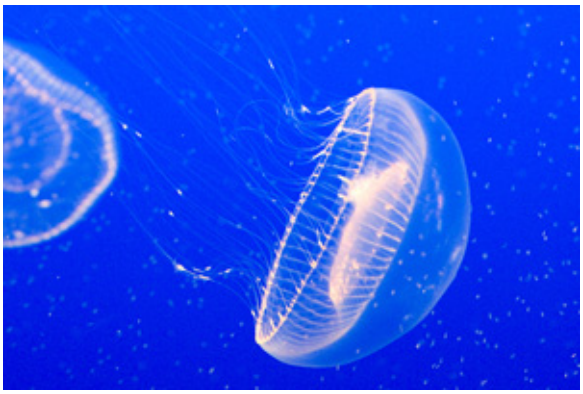
If shrimp lived in trees, a truck would come around and spray for them.



If dolphins are so smart, why have I eaten so many of them?

They say cockroaches will be the only creatures to survive a nuclear war. I say we need bigger bombs.

The moose is nature's Canadian.



Nobody would pay any attention to a big ugly overgrown amoeba, so the jellyfish was like, "hey, I know, let's hurt people for no reason."

~

Can you think of anything useful a goat does that some other animal doesn't do better, and with a lot less *attitude?*

Next time you're marveling at the majesty of a peacock in bloom, just remind yourself that it basically has a huge boner right now.

Sea anemones are like worst-case scenarios of what alien genitals might look like.

Ask someone what worms are good for, and I bet you ten bucks they'll come up with some half-baked crap about plants and the ecosystem.

Did you know that the ladybug is neither a lady nor a bug?Or, shit, I don't know, maybe it's a bug.

Somebody get that chicken a fucking sandwich.

Special thanks to Zack Parsons for contributing a few animal insults after I ran out of ideas!

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

5.20 Josh's Wish List

Wednesday, May 21, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

What you people don't realize is that I give and I give and then I cry and give some more. A lot of us Something Awful writers do. It is our gift. It is our curse. Sure we get some money for our efforts, but writing comedy is like running a rake across your brain while simultaneously having your leg run over by an out-of-control tractor. Basically, writing comedy is like being subjected to one Marquis de Sade style agriculture-related accident after another.

But you know what, after everything I've been through, it's time for some *me time*. The Internet is full of random people posting wish lists in the deranged hope of getting free stuff from strangers. This is mostly a fruitless endeavor, partly because people rarely wish for fruit, and partly because nobody wants to allocate chunks of their hard earned income toward the pointless goal of buying things for strangers.

Gentleladies and men, intelligent children, humble visitors from the distant world of Clawmania, I am no stranger. You know me pretty well. I'm that guy who writes about dogs and hasn't had an original idea in roughly three years. We're practically a common law couple now. After all the times you suffered through my terrible updates for free, I feel like you owe me. You owe me a lot, okay?

Don't fret, because I'm a modest man. I require only a few basic necessities to achieve happiness. In the interest of efficiency, I have outlined those things below. By reading any further, you hereby swear and affirm that you're in the process of pulling out your checkbook and opening your heart.

Giant Inflatable Gorilla

Throughout the numerous years of my life, I have oft observed the inflatable gorilla species standing solemnly outside of used car lots and fireworks stands. I would like one to stand guard outside my apartment, and, when I'm feeling particularly lonely, inside my apartment as well.

I'm not going to lie to you. I may need you to come inflate the thing for me. I would try, but as a product of the Internet, it is a foregone conclusion that I suffer from asthma and any number of social anxiety disorders that would prevent me from inflating a large novelty gorilla without inciting a panic attack or asphyxiating. I'm looking for a large inflatable gorilla, not death under a pile of limp rubber.

I am not planning on selling any used cars or fireworks, but I'm not ruling out the possibility either. Basically, I cannot promise you this inflatable gorilla will be used for entirely non-profit purposes. That's just something you will have to accept.

21' Preferred Bleachers (10 Rows)

I'm not going to lie to you. I just need someone to replace my last set of bleachers, which were wrecked in a boating accident.

Hot Dog Cart

Like most sophisticated men of discriminating taste, I am perpetually burdened by a need to eat delicious hot dogs. Yeah, I dabbled with prosumer solutions like the Deion Sanders Hot Dog Express, but I feel I need to step up my game. A professional hot dog cart such as The Eagle would bring my love of hot dogs to a transcendental level.

Like the inflatable gorilla, I make no guarantees as to how this cart will be used. It is entirely possible it may even be used in a criminal enterprise. Before you get all uppity and start spewing latte all over your SUV's plasma screen monitor, realize that hot dog carts don't kill people, people kill people.

Dragon Gym Pants

The main reason I am in such abysmal shape is not because I live off hot dogs, but rather because I don't have anything cool to wear to the gym. Thankfully, you can literally transform me into a hulking muscleman by buying me these lovely, conservative pants. Also, if you could hook me up with some steroids, that would be totally killer.

Used Helicopter

Ever since gas prices started going up, I've been looking to ditch my car. I can't think of a better replacement for a car than a helicopter, which is essentially a car with spinning blades and an inexplicable ability to levitate. If you buy me a helicopter, not only are you improving my quality of life, but you are also helping the environment by cutting down on carbon emissions. Best of all, with a helicopter, I could fly to the gym in mere minutes, saving me the headache of driving five blocks and then looking for parking.

Listen, I know you are a good person. That's why I know you're not the sort to put a price tag on friendship and free comedy. I know in my heart I can count on you to give back and make the world a better place for people exactly like me.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.21 How to Ruin a Joke

Thursday, May 22, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

A disturbing but little-known fact about humor is that, in our modern age of instant communication, the time it takes for a joke to go from humorous to intolerable is roughly 5 minutes--but it wasn't always like this. There was once a time when a joke could be made, laughed at, and occasionally referenced in the future when necessary; unfortunately, this lifestyle has fallen behind in favor of turning every possible online and offline space into an echo chamber where the Internet's shared sense of humor runs everything right into the fucking ground. As I write this, some kid who may or may not be severely autistic claimed to like turtles, which in turn caused CafePress to take over the entire power grid of the West Coast in order to keep up with the demand of "I like tuhtles" merchandise. So when you wander onto campus this week with your newest Internet meme printed on the rugged cheesecloth that is a CafePress t-shirt, you'll know it's safe to drag anyone behind a truck who sports apparel featuring animals that have buckets and can't conjugate verbs correctly.

IT BEGINS

Of course, the utter destruction of humor had its roots planted long before impact font was placed onto pictures of animals with hilarious results. Throughout the 80s and 90s, television shows like *Saturday Night Live* emitted catchphrases on a weekly basis so bored office workers could have something to talk about during the day in between all of the passive-aggression and daydreaming about rape fantasies. But if you ran into anyone doing their impression of Dana Carvey doing his impression of George Bush, or perhaps trying to emulate Rob Schneider's annoying Richmeister character without realizing the irony of the situation, it was always possible to physically move away from them or poison their coffee a little each day until total paralysis set in. And, even when catchphrases encroached upon our daily lives, it was sometimes adorable to hear a mother or confused relative playfully mutter something like "No soup for you!" if only to prove that they didn't take NBC lightly when the network told them Thursdays were "Must See TV."

DRAMATIZATION

But if Seinfeld episodes like "The Soup Nazi" had aired ten years later, think of how much more grating the reaction would have been. Millions of images of Jason Alexander emblazoned with the caption "I LIEK SOUPS." Millions more pictures of the Soup Nazi, posted in retaliation: "NO MOAR SOUPS." Naruto music videos based on the joke. Soup references in every webcomic. Soup Nazi cosplay. Peak Oil reached. Ron Paul elected President. The world's volcanoes erupt in unison. All because the Internet ruins everything.

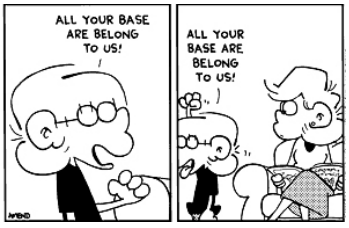
And because you're on the Internet, it's very likely that you're ruining something right now.

Before you scoff, please humor me. Look down at your shirt. Does it have a sassy quote on it, possibly originating from the Internet? Is it tucked into your cargo shorts? I want to help you. But first, I must detail how a joke gets ruined in the foolish hopes that you will never do this again.

Have you played the PC game *Portal*? Even if you haven't, I'm sure you're familiar with the game's humor, if only vicariously; at a certain point in time, the jokes from *Portal* were inescapable thanks

to the thorough and devoted gang-raping they received from thousands of Internet humorists. Any normal person would have smiled or chuckled at the dark and genuinely funny jokes in *Portal* and moved on with their lives, but the Internet could only think "JOKES!? IN A VIDEO GAME!? THE WORLD MUST KNOW OF THIS!!!"

And so, the phrases "the cake is a lie" and "companion cube" were spread across this digital land of giggles, making a few stops along the way to be exploited and profited from by kind folks who didn't necessarily own the intellectual property. All this so nerds could laugh at borrowed humor silkscreened on the back of their friends' XXXL t-shirts? Yes. All Internet humor is entirely reliant on you recognizing that thing you know, and nothing more.



Hey! It's that thing I'm aware of!

As awful as the Portal fallout was, it marked one of the relatively few times the Internet latched onto some legitimately good jokes. Most of the time, the lowest hanging fruit from the humor tree is plucked, turned into sauce, and dumped in the mouths of eager idiots desperately searching for a wacky new identity. The worst of this is "random" humor, which involves picking unrelated words out of the dictionary, stringing them together, and then praying to god that this can sustain an entire career. For example, look at this fucking piece of shit.

Codename: REGRET

Now, Tim Buckley's *Control-Alt-Delete* is normally bland, wordy, and bursting with "NOW he tells me!" punchlines pulled right from the third season of *Step By Step*. And while that isn't something to get excited about, the fact that "Chef Brian" is a fan favorite character with his own line of merchandise proves how low the bar is set for humor on the Internet. When all a writer has to do is "GRAPEFRUIT GORILLAS BASKETBALL welp time to call it a day," he also tells his fans "Look how easy it is to be funny!"

Under no circumstances should anyone encourage the ordinary person to be funny, at least in the method of predictable unpredictability pioneered by Buckley and his ilk. Though I guess this learned behavior does explain the continued fandom of *Invader Zim* seven years after it's cancellation; the cartoon featured a robot dog that would shout things like "BURRITOS CHEESE DOOM," which is so zany I would probably wear out the "a" key on my keyboard if I were to type the appropriate extension of the word to match that of an adorable screaming robot. And even quality media that was genuinely surreal in what many would call a "non-faggy" way (I went to college) has become the chalk outline of legitimate humor's grisly murder scene. For example, any public screening of Don Hertzfeldt's *Rejected* has, in the eight years since the short was created, become a *Rocky Horror Picture Show*-esque feedback loop of anxious nerds poised to leap at the chance to tell you that status of their spoons just as the character on-screen is about to do the same thing. Because if you scream a joke as it's being told, it's like *you're* telling it yourself! I encourage you to try this in any comedy club and witness the sharp rise in your popularity and also bottles thrown at you by an enraged Patton Oswalt.

You see, most people understand that they aren't funny. Internet people, on the other hand, each believe they are the captain of the same chuckleboat; this perception often can be seen in their clothing, which denotes that unique and skewed sense of reality that could've only been reproduced in the hundreds of thousands by a factory in Indochina. I recently had the opportunity to attend a gathering of Internet people, half of which could be seen wearing clothing with a hilarious joke printed in large white text, so even the vision-impaired could get in on the fun. And while the sweaty, stained shells of these folks seemed to show their comedic aspirations, the subtext was more

than apparent. Please observe my notes:

T-Shirt: You looked better on MySpace
Translation: I have masturbated to fully-clothed pictures of you.

T-Shirt: Ignoring you is my special way of saying I don't care
Translation: PAY ATTENTION TO ME

T-Shirt: My heart is cold like a robot
Translation: I am a doormat and will do anything you ask me to.

T-Shirt: One of us is a dumbass, and one of us is wearing this shirt.
Translation: Quick put on this shirt before you make me a liar!

T-Shirt: I'm sotally tober
Translation: What does beer taste like?

Internet, I'm on to you. Just because you spent a lifetime absorbing terrible media rather than developing a personality doesn't give you the right to suddenly scramble for an identity by operating as a hive mind one rung lower on the comedy ladder than Dave Coulier. Reach back into the depths of your closet, pull out those tattered and pitted-out "All Your Base" t-shirts, and try to remember who you are. If all else fails, then monkey cheese clowns. I got paid to write that.

T-shirt model by day, semen model by night.

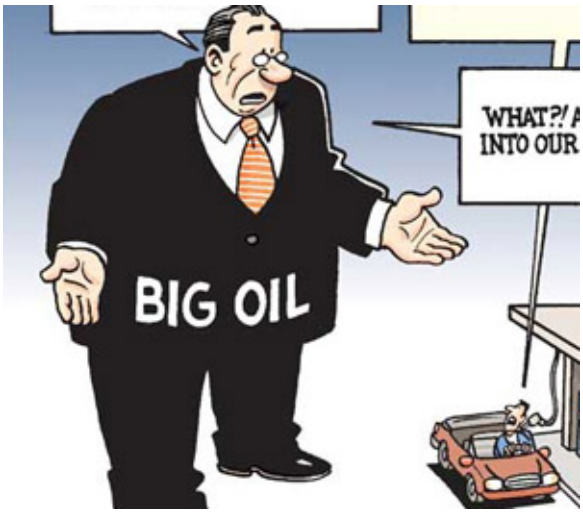
-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.22 One Sentence Dystopias

Friday, May 23, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Just as one man's heaven is another man's hell, the definition of a dystopia is entirely in the eye of the beholder. We have a multitude of dissenting opinions on what constitutes a perfect society and just as many about what our nightmare world might resemble. Instead of trying to dissect each of these worldviews it will save your time and my effort to boil them down to one sentence.

The Islamic Fundamentalist
The educated Jewish woman who runs a West Bank Sbarro's creates a pizza topping that detects bomb vests.



The Oil Executive
Al Gore pedals a recumbent bicycle to an Earth Day rally and announces he has rescued the inventor of the car that runs on water from a General Motors gulag.

The Luddite
Deep Blue builds a barn for a family of Pennsylvania Dutch and they repay the favor by letting Deep Blue marry their daughter.

The Technophile
A beautiful android woman with super-intelligence and an encyclopedic knowledge of open source software that is only attracted to fundamentalist Christian football players.

The 9-11 Truther

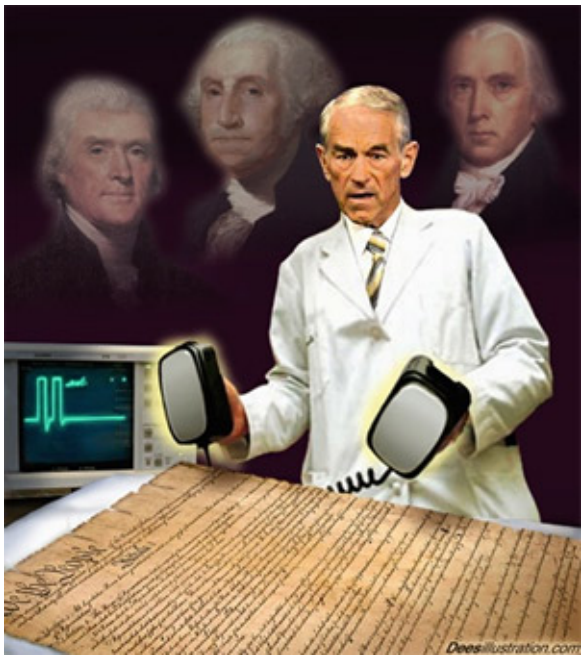
The US government threatens to deal with troublemakers by flying remote-controlled 757s into the ocean and then shooting cloaked cruise missiles at enemies of the state.

The Liberal Democrat

Peace and prosperity take hold in Iraq when Osama Bin Laden is caught in Baghdad and admits he got the idea for 9/11 from a Bruce Springsteen song.

The Conservative Republican

Gays are allowed to marry and the couples never fight, get divorced, or fuck up their adopted Chinese babies by getting drunk and beating them with a mini White Sox collectible bat, thus setting an impossible standard for heterosexual marriages.



The Libertarian
The Cato Institute uncovers archives from the 1850s revealing cowboys were collectivists who settled their differences through abstinence and hugging.

The PETA Activist
PETA develops a device that allows people to talk to animals and every species constantly begs to be subjected to medical experiments.

The UFO Believer
Aliens send instructions for mankind to build a star gate, but when we pass through to meet them they all look exactly like our dads.

The New Age Dreamer
Human genome research isolates the gene responsible for Indigo Children, only to discover it is identical to the gene for Down syndrome.

The College Voter
Hillary Clinton is elected president, appoints Geraldine Ferraro to the FCC, and helps elect Senator Chelsea Clinton (D-NY) on a platform of banning Grand Theft Auto sequels.

The Second-Wave Feminist
Barack Obama is elected president, names Max Hardcore to the Department of Health & Human

Services, and extends Pell Grants to any girls willing to go wild.

The Wikipedia Editor
Some rascal blanks the 9,000 word entry on "Airbending" and ClueBot flags anyone trying to correct the entry as a vandal using an open proxy.

SA Forums Member
Discussions like fighting zoo animals and mocking "For Better or For Worse" are made bannable. The only topic allowed is positive discussion of the Something Awful front page.

Do you have your own dystopia or know someone who might? Email me your suggested one-sentence dystopia and I might just include you (with credit) in a future article!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.23 Browser History X

Saturday, May 24, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

A clan of primates squabble in the dust of a prehistoric boneyard, unaware of the potential tools that surround them as they bite and claw at one another. This barbaric scene is interrupted by the arrival of a towering rectangular object they have never seen before: a monolithic banner ad for ClassMates.com. In a moment of inspiration, one primate reaches for a nearby femur. As he cornholes himself with the bone, he places his free hand on his head with the index and middle finger splayed upwards in a crude impersonation of a fox's ears.

This is the dawn of a new history, where the internet as we know it predates civilization.

10,000 B.C.
Early tribes of men read accounts of the wooly mammoth's extinction on academic newsgroups, then set out to prove that these claims are inaccurate by capturing one of the beasts. Unfortunately, mammoths prove to be violent when surrounded by torches and nets.

Although the end of every expedition leads to the men killing mammoths in self defense, they press on for the sake of science.

2,725 B.C.
After visiting the USDA's website, Pharaoh Djoser commissions Imhotep to create a miniature replica of the food pyramid which the ruler can refer to while maintaining a healthy diet. When the project is finished 27 years later, Djoser is dismayed to learn that his e-mail client's spellcheck feature turned his original request for a "6.2 centimeter tall" pyramid into one that is "62 meters tall" and that meters and centimeters will not be invented for centuries.

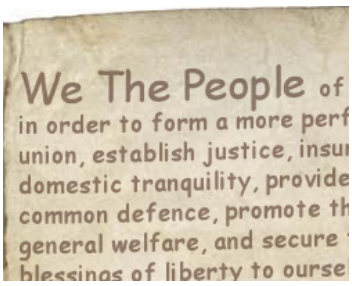
451 B.C.
A young Socrates putzes around on HowStuffWorks.com for a few hours, gaining a new understanding of seatbelt harnesses and DVD lasers, but finding himself disheartened by the lack of an entry for "everything". He spends the rest of the afternoon in deep thought.

64
After an intense bidding war, Nero wins an auction for an eBook that details the process of making fiddle amplifiers that are powered by fire and straw.

1174
At the impressionable age of 12 Genghis Khan plays a variety of web-based games, including flash versions of Doom and Scrabble. He goes on to lead a series of violent campaigns against rival tribes and empires.

1530
Henry VIII watches a clip from Futurama on YouTube and is wildly entertained by the antics of the preserved heads of the Beastie Boys and Richard Nixon. Fascinated by the concept, the king takes a mental note.

1787


We The People of
in order to form a more perf
union, establish justice, insu
domestic tranquility, provide
common defence, promote th
general welfare, and secure
blessings of liberty to ourse

With a wealth of knowledge at their fingertips, the founding fathers of the United States craft a constitution that bears little resemblance to the one we're familiar with due to their use of the Comic Sans font.

1815

On the evening before his fateful battle at Waterloo, Napoleon Bonaparte researches the outcome of the conflict on Wikipedia. After tagging the phrase "Napoleon was a douchenozzle" as Citation Needed, the diminutive general adjusts his strategy by meeting with his bookie and placing all the money he had initially wagered on the French army on the United Kingdom.

1912

Following Mapquest instructions that read "At iceberg go straight for 3 miles", the navigator of the Titanic sends 1,517 of the ship's passengers and crew to a watery grave.

1956

After achieving tremendous success in film and aeronautics, Howard Hughes discovers a TGP porn site while working late one night. One blind link leads him to another TGP site, which in turn leads to another. Hughes becomes a recluse, urinating in bottles and letting his fingernails grow unchecked while he continues this endless loop of porn.

2001

Thanks a marketing blitz combined word of mouth on internet message boards, Dean Kamen's Segway becomes the most sought-after consumer product in the world upon its release. The invention replaces automobiles, airplanes, boats, horses, feet and the Slip N' Slide as the only form of transportation that humans come to rely upon. With the fortunes he receives, Kamen sets to developing a unique battle-ready Segway prototype that he codenames Bartleby. Three years later, Kamen mounts Bartleby and defeats a long-dormant dragon on the slopes of Krakatoa. He descends from the mountian with the Crystal Of Tranquility, which grants all the people of Earth everlasting life and happiness.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.24 Honoring Our Fallen Nazis

Monday, May 26, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Gutentag, meine damen und herren.

Today is a somber day for the Reich. It is the day we honor our brave men und women in uniform who have fallen in combat. These proud Nazi warriors have given all they have to the cause and to the Fatherland. We remember their names, their heroism, and their deeds. We honor their service to our great nation.

Otto
Gestapo Spy

Cut down in his prime by an American wielding a bowl of poisoned dates. Though he was not human, phrenology doctors assure us he was the most Aryan of the small monkeys.

Soldaten Ricki Heiserhaufer, Louis Gossetjunior, und Jens Ironeggo
Sekritluftwaffetruppen

Butchered while simply getting out of a truck. They were summoned by alarms to the secret airport for the secret plane, but a crazy American woman was in the secret plane's machine gun turret. She gunned these three brave Aryans down without a moment's hesitation.

Soldaten Klaus Pissenbottle
Sekritluftwaffetruppen

Klaus was able to leap from the truck and avoid instantaneous death by machine gun. Unfortunately, before he could bring his machine pistol to bear on the crazy American woman he was cut down in cold blood. He left behind a stout wife and nine eerily identical blond children.

Soldaten Heinrich Jakobs
Sekritluftwaffetruppen

Saw his fellow men machine gunned to death by the American woman and still had the courage to stand in the open. He was rewarded for his bravery with the Iron Cross 2nd Class and a trip to Valhalla.

Maintenancegefrieger Grosse Von Magnusson
Sekritluftwaffetruppen

Chopped to death by secret airplane propeller while defending the Fatherland from haymakers. Strongest and most shirtless of the men in his unit, his mustache was legendary. He embodied the Aryan ideals of bigness and punching.

Sekritairplane Kapitan Dunken Der Doughnuts
Sekritluftwaffetruppen

He attempted to shoot an American intruder boxing with Grosse von Magnusson, but was knocked unconscious by the American woman. A fuel fire started by her careless use of the secret airplane's machine gun spread to the secret airplane where he was slumped over the controls. The American intruder took time to open the jammed canopy and rescue his female accomplice, but left Dunken to die in the ensuing gigantic explosion.

Wagendriver Josh E.L. Futch
Afrika Artifakttruppen

Died for the Fatherland doing what he loved: being thrown from a moving truck and rolling off a cliff.

Wagendriver Pete Harshnish, Wagenrider David Kuleeay, und Wagenrider Fritz Langenhorner
Afrika Artifakttruppen

Attempted to arrest an American stealing the Ark of the Covenant using machine gun bullets. Their vehicle was knocked off a cliff by this cruel war criminal and they all died screaming with courage and love for the Fuehrer.

Wagenhanger Paul Hogan
Afrika Artifakttruppen

Bravest of all the Wagen troopers. Paul shot the American in the arm, kicked him out of the truck containing the Ark, and nearly crushed him beneath the truck. Tragically, he was later kicked through the windshield and fell beneath the tires of the truck. The Fatherland will dearly miss his ability to fistfight inside a truck cab.

Nazi Fly

Killed by friendly fire. Entered the mouth of our French ally while he was talking. Was never heard from again.

Afrika Artifakttruppen

All surviving members of the unit were shot with religious electricity and turned into dust or goop, depending on the circumstances. All gave some, the Artifakttruppen gave all and then got vacuumed into the Ark.

Colonel Johann Dietrich
Afrika Artifakttruppen

The commanding officer of the Artifakttruppen served bravely in several theaters. He led the search for a meteor made from strange metal at the South Pole. Colonel Dietrich personally recovered the Spear of Destiny and distilled the potion of the Zombi in Haiti. Despite his many accomplishments, he was pretty much at ground zero for the Judaism nuke that went off from the Ark. He melted like ice cream on a sidewalk in June.

Major Arnold Toht
SS Special Evil Archeology Unit

Toht, an accomplished expert of evil archeology, was liquified in his prime by the same Jewish wizardry that killed the entire Artifakttruppen. Well, it killed at least those members who weren't already shot to death or thrown under trucks. Although he was only a Major, many in the Evil Archeology Unit believe he might have become the evilest archeologist since Dr. Fiendenbaum re-activated the golem and sent it into the prison camp for homosexuals. After such tragedies, the Reich has neither man, proving once again that Jews are the most dangerous of the relic-generating cultures.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.25 Subj: ROAMIN DAD LOSES A CAR

Tuesday, May 27, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

Grettings from your roamin dad!!!!!!! still on the road... my car died somewhere don't remember where so I pushed it into a ditch and started hitch hikin. Not much to do when you're hikin with a 60 year old redneck woman who wont stop talking about how they just mangled her hootyhole / uterus with a surgery and whatnot. suposedly she found a little piece from the surgery that looked like one of those little baby corn cobs you get in a salad so she stuck it back up there and now shes bleeding out of it and no sign of the babycorn. i dont even know this woman and 15 min into it she was telling me about her lady problems and the crud going on and I was sitting there frozen because remember silence of the lambs when that guy could smell all of jodie foster's business through her clothes and all that?? well its possible that i am becoming him. she started coughin a lot at one point and then the stink started and although i have never smelled such a thing my body instinct tells me i am smelling a name brand month-ripe cooter infection. i think the coughing fit released some infectosludge particles out into the common air supply.

ANYWAY that is not why I am writing. I am still on the road though not by my own power. I am relying on the ancient American tradition of getting what you want by being charming and much stronger than the other person. I am not sure where we are at the moment but I would imagine that we have only made it about 90 miles so far today, We stopped the car about 4 times already to go work out and to pick ant-filled cherries as well as almost go off the highway to some cat festival because some famous cats will be at it. she asked if i wanted to go so rather than put up a fight i just told her that i am dying in 4 days and we can spend the next 2 and a half of them at her cat party, sure. thenshe stopped wanting to go to the stupid cat thing.

Speaking of cats, remember that one that would keep comin around and was tearing up our garbage bags week after week? You know what we did with that one, right? We invited the Latino family from down the street over and told them that the cat outside tearing up the garbage was a gift to their son for being a great guy so they went outside and picked it up and tried to leave. Then the neighbors came out and started yelling that it was theirs so the family yelled back and while all this was going on we stole so many dishes from both of their houses.

The only other good one I can think of was the time we were at Pizza Town and everyone kept challenging everyone else to another slice and we all must have had two dozen slices each, remember that? And Remember how sick we all were for so many days afterward? And the gas leak or whatever when they came and fix it? I don't remember that much because I slept for so many days but my beard wasnt growing and when I realized this I jumped out of bed and ended up beating up your mother's brother for shaving me while I was asleep even though he wasnt doing it (but i had a dream he was doing it)

I have been eating nothing but gogurts since I got in this womans car and most of them were warm until i figured out that I could hold them up to the air conditioner

for about 20 minutes at a time and have them be a little cold. Do you remember when you fed me a bowl of mayonnaise..???

The sun is starting to set now. What beautiful splendor. I recall the slip and slide I bought you kids one summer andthe time i slid down it and because of my advanced dad weight i kept sliding across the grass and ended up sliding under the car and banged my head which left me screaming underneath the car for what seemed like hours, my dear family paralyzed with fear by my primal scream. The sun began to set that day and i watched it while flailing under the car, knowing the scorpions that lived behind the patio would be out soon, but i was unable to focus on a goal due to the extraordinary headpain. I only remember some cops pulling me out and they were screaming too because I was covered in scorpions by the time they got there

Which in-law was it who kept trying to tell us that cubes were a real shape or whatever that was?? he kept saying he was a teacher and the entire weekend he kept saying over and over that cubes were shapes and i wasnt having any of it. I am trying to remember where we were because if he lives around here I might be able to sleep in a warm bed as long as he doesnt remember the cube thing or that I got sick in his clothes dryer right before we left.

Speaking of Getting Sick do you remember the time your mother had a craving and got us to all try indian food so we went to that buffet and i kept talking about how it all looked like puke and i made puke noises over and over because it was funny? and then like 2 tables down some little fat kid threw up for real from all the fake horking noises?? Your mother will never admit it but that was probably the best birthday she ever had

Well time to eat see ya!!!!!!!! DAD

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

5.26 Decorating Hell

Wednesday, May 28, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

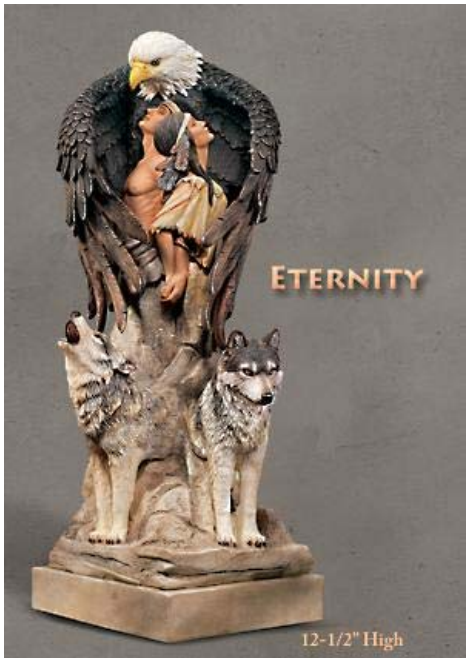
I recently moved to San Jose, CA, the black heart of Silicon Valley, America's leading producer of industrial grade silicon. I had a lot of reasons for moving: a new job, a change of pace, and so on. But the main reason I moved was the prospect of getting to decorate a new apartment.

I plan to fill my swingin' bachelor pad with merchandise from the Bradford Exchange, the premier source of things with eagles, wolves, Jesus, and dragons emblazoned on them. What better way to live than to be surrounded by the soaring symbols of America's pride, history, and ingenuity? Aside from being locked in a centrifuge filled with cotton candy and lesbians, I cannot imagine a superior way of living.

Naturally, I also plan on acting out the final days of Daniel Plainview's life by staggering around in a drunken stupor shooting my possessions, so I wouldn't dare buy anything worthwhile. That's why I love the Bradford Exchange. They make the kind of stuff I would be happy to buy and then immediately shoot with a rifle while screaming at the ghosts of my past.

To give you a better idea of the kinds of things I love shootin' at, here's a brief rundown of my next few purchases.

Exclusive Collectible Romantic Figurine Captures the Power and Passion of Lee Bogle Art! Makes a Romantic Gift!



Nothing says romance like being cradled in the wings of an eagle and surrounded by ravenous wolves, one of which won't stop howling. I have to wonder if this Lee Bogle

character even knows what the word "romance" means. Judging by this sculpture, he has at best a very vague understanding of human intimacy. Usually romance doesn't involve a man and a woman standing back to back. It also does not traditionally incorporate a pair of howling wolves or an eagle. Maybe this guy honestly doesn't know anything about romance, human courtship, or reproduction and just kind of guessed.

I am not ashamed to admit that, in a situation such as the one depicted in this piece, I would suffer from performance anxiety. I mean the girl is hot and all, sure, but couldn't we go somewhere more private? The wolves are just kind of standing there and it's like that eagle is trying to get in on the action. Plus, is that one wolf going to howl the whole time? It's kind of throwing off my game.

Star Trek Electric Train Set Collection! Exclusive 40th Anniversary HO Scale Star Trek Collectible Includes FREE Accessories!

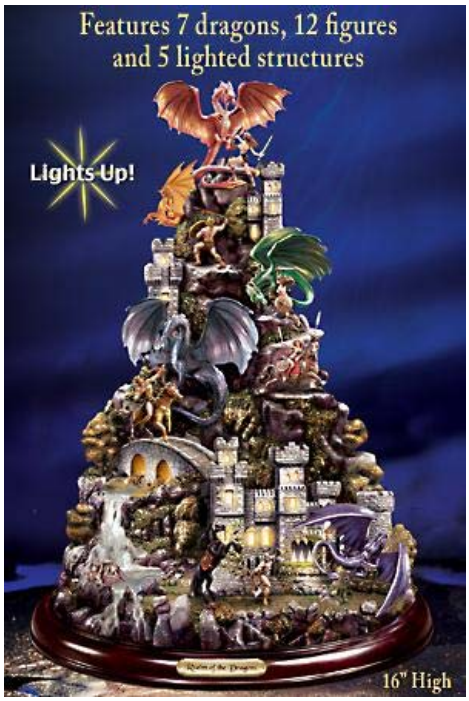
The Bradford Exchange is no stranger to terrible cookie cutter memorabilia. We've established that fact and beaten it beyond recognition with the severed limbs of a dead horse. They'll stick any license or art on a model train set and sell it. But there's something about putting *Star Trek* on a model train set that is uniquely tragic, like a newborn baby dying of a broken heart.

The idea of sitting there in your dark basement amidst your model trains watching your little light-up Captain Kirk car go around in circles is as depressing a notion as any. I'm no *Star Trek* fan, but wasn't it a show about mankind reaching for the stars and conquering the final frontier? How sad that such a grand endeavor has been reduced to existing in the small space allotted on the side of a cheap model train. Then again, maybe you buy this thing, hook it up, and it instantly crashes into a subspace anomaly and you have to jettison the miniature fake diesel engines and it's totally awesome. But even then, I doubt this train set is considered canon.

To boldly go... off the tracks.

Exclusive Mythical Dragon Tabletop Tree is an Illuminated First! Stunning 3D Mountain Scenes Bring the Magical Quest to Life!

This is like one of those KFC Famous Bowls where they pile all their menu items in a bowl, except with dragons and other fantasy clichés. It literally is just a big pile of



fantasy crap. Thankfully, they are promoting it as such, by boasting of the sheer quantity of dragons and lights. And let me tell you, they got the perfect balance. If this had just six dragons I would be like, "what, that's it?" Obviously, eight dragons would be overkill and completely ruin the artistic integrity of this stunning 3d mountain scene.

What bothers me most about this piece is this notion that it represents a magical quest. Just what is this "Magical Quest" they speak of? Climbing up a spire, fighting one dragon after another? What moron came up with that quest? If you live in the Realm of the Dragons and your grand notion of a quest is to fight dragons, then you're not very imaginative. Shit, this is the Realm of the Dragons, son. Dragons are *everywhere*. This is their realm, for Pete's sake! Not fighting dragons is a magical quest. A day fighting beholders or trolls is a magical day. Fighting dragons? That's old wizard hat.

Princess Diana Collector Plate Honors the Beloved "People's Princess"! Exclusive Diana, Princess of Wales Tribute!

Princess Dianna, we loved you so much that we stuck your face on a plate and glued a bunch of fake diamonds to it. I know you're probably smiling in heaven, grateful that your fellow Americans are doing everything they can to remember your fine legacy of appearing on TV ten years ago.

> *Celebrate the memory of one of the most beautiful and beloved women in the world with this Diana, Princess of Wales tribute collector plate available only from The Bradford Exchange*

Commemorative
10th Anniversary Edition
The People's Princess
Fine porcelain circled by simulated jewels and twin bands of 22K gold
7-1/2" Diameter
Plate stand not included

> When I finish eating my macaroni and cheese off your beautiful face, I won't even need to wash it. The tears pouring down from out of my eyes will cleanse any cheese residue right off. I LOVE YOU PRINCESS OF WHALES!

On second thought, maybe I'll save my money and just shoot at people instead.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.27 Stop

Thursday, May 29, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Some things just need to be said.

Daytime TV Tubbo here wants you to eat reduced fat Wheat Thins. Of course, most of her fans are slathering aerosol cheese all over them.

Rachael Ray

Every day I see this woman and her shapeless body shilling for any product she can get her hands on while staring at me from the cover of magazines that appeal to other shapeless women while I wait at the checkout stand to pay for my bottle of Jack to drown my sorrows in.

Please, stop. You will never dethrone Oprah. Oprah is the Queen of Daytime. She is the Alpha and Omega. She is everything and nothing. She is The Oprah. Ellen accepted it. *Why can't you?* Do you really need to be on my box of Wheat Thins?

Complaining about high gas prices

Enough! You drive an inefficient gas guzzling car. You refuse to take public transit because of all the brown people on it. You couldn't organize a carpool to save your life.

"Someone has to do something about these evil oil companies who are reaping profits off the backs of hard working Americans!" Shut up and get on the bus. Our selfish car culture is slowly coming to an end.

Video game previews promising that the sequel will feature improved A.I.

Has this ever come true?! Quit it, already! Everybody and their mother hyped the "improved AI" in GTA IV for months before release but we eventually discovered that your A.I. teammates still get in your way and run into objects, only this time when you bump into them they fall head first into a barrel.

And Brucie, stop calling me and asking me to roll with you and your bitches in a helicopter!

The AI in Oblivion ended up being pretty disappointing but as least I got a dog to attack its owner for no reason which was fun and interesting. Must've been a bug.

Howard Stern vs. Opie and Anthony

When will it end? One's a has been and the other two never were. How are there still radio wars when radio is pretty much dead?

Gaming webcomics

Stop. If you ever lack the self-confidence to do something in your life just sift through this thread for a few minutes and wonder how some of these clowns actually made a living from writing a web comic.

The Simpsons

For the love of God, stop. Yeah, yeah I'm beating a dead horse here, but the show has been signed for a 20th season and the voice actors want more money, again. Money? How does this franchise still make money?! These people want more money and Arrested Development is off the air. That's capitalism for you. Every day every article on every web site should be about how bad the Simpsons has gotten.

Oh Sonic Team, what hath you wrought?

Sonic Team

Please, have mercy on us. You've made Sonic as gay as he could possibly be without him sucking actual dick. He couldn't get any more gay unless the next game featured a cutscene depicting a very aroused Sonic tongue kissing Tails while Shadow Knuckles massages Sonic's cock with baby oil. But then again, that might even be an improvement if the controls are halfway decent.

Hilary Clinton

I'm begging you, stop. I'm the furthest thing from a misogynist and I would have no problem with a female president, but bitch, *shut the fuck up already.* Women at my local shelter are calling her a cunt.

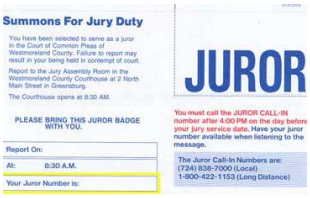
Web 2.0

Nooooo! Now that every single article on the Internet has a feedback page under it where retarded comments that defy all logic are posted I feel like I'm in some kind of futuristic wonderland. When Web 3.0 arrives special USB attachments will be released that shoot fecal matter straight into your mouth every time you read "beefyweiner's" thoughts on the economic stimulus plan.

The Superior Court of California

Please stop sending me jury summons. Even if I show up, all I'm going to do is announce that my dad's a cop, my wife's a lawyer, serving would be a financial hardship, I don't speak English, I hate Mexicans, I have a heroin addiction and the Judge molested me.

I'm on vacation for Christ's sake and I'm trying to make the most of it. Forcing me to leave my apartment is ruining my plans for the Summer.


Summons For Jury Duty
You have been selected to serve as a juror in the Court of Common Pleas of Westmoreland County. Failure to report may result in your being held in contempt of court.
Report to the Jury Assembly Room in the Westmoreland County Courthouse at 2 North Main Street in Greensburg.
The Courthouse opens at 8:30 AM.
PLEASE BRING THIS JUROR BADGE WITH YOU.
Report On:
At: 8:30 A.M.
Your Juror Number is:
JUROR
You must call the JUROR CALL-IN number after 4:00 PM on the day before your jury service date. Have your juror number available when listening to the message.
The Juror Call-In Numbers are:
(724) 838-7000 (Local)
1-800-422-1153 (Long Distance)

Many people are unhappy with being summoned to be on a jury but it is your civic duty.

This update

For the love of God, stop.

I mean, if Corin Tucker's Stalker's awesome Browser History X article can't even garner a mention in our very own front page forum then what hope do I have? The Titanic sank because they used Mapquest. That's hilarious shit, people.

I'm not even being sarcastic here. Really, I'm not!

-~Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

5.28 Hillary's Final Pitch to Superdelegates

Friday, May 30, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I gotta show you somethin'.

Wait! Try these on!

Put these on!

I'm tellin' you dumb sonuva bi-

I'm tryin' to save you and your family's life.

I'm givin' you a choice. Either put on these glasses, or start eatin' that trash can.

I don't wanna fight ya! I don't wanna fight ya!

Put on the glasses!

If he reaches 2026, he'll-

Stop fightin'!

Just put on the-

AAAAAAARGGHHHHHHHH!!

Guhh!! Ooo!

Put the-

It's all a lie! You've got to see what him and his supporters-

They're just-

AAAAAAH!

I will suplex you through that window! Just put the-

How do you think a half-term black Senator could beat me!? Magic!? Not so-

AAAARRRRAAAA!

OOOWWFFF!

Now, all I want is for you to put the-

MMnnnnnnn!!

Sorry I had to bite you, now just-

That was dirty!

Arrrrrgh! Raaaaaaaaaa-...aaaaaahhh!!

LOOK!

Look at 'em, they're everywhere!

The kids! The blacks! The college educated!

No, the guy right there. Drinking the coffee.

He put milk in it! Don't you see, that makes it a latte!!! That means he's one of them. They're conspiring to take over the-

Don't give me that! The glasses work!

AArrrgh!

Sister, life's a bitch. And she's back in heat!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.29 Gruff Tugwar Versus The Space Communists Part 42

Saturday, May 31, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

(Originally printed in the April 12th, 1953 issue of Bold Adventures)

Chapter 42: The Lady And The Tiger

Gruff paced the perimeter of his space-age teflon cell with grim determination. His eyes were flawless blue sapphires in seas of white milk, cool enough to give women goosebumps and sharp enough to slit the throat of an enemy's will.

Three days had passed since the space communists had captured him in the cavernous center of Asteroid X2J-7.

Gruff had traveled to the asteroid to destroy the tyrannic Ursula Ape Wizard with his bare fists, giving his enemy a sporting chance. Gruff's hands were large and strong and deft, like very fast lions but with fingers. The Ursula Ape had been a worthy opponent, but in the end his head had exploded in a mist of gore like all the rest.

The communist jetpack troopers had swooped in as the Ursula Ape's corpse collapsed to the golden floor of the cave, catching Gruff by surprise. A good tactic, to be sure, but it only delayed their deaths by a few moments before Gruff pulled a blaster pistol from the holster slung low on his manly hip. His hipbone was like a metal plate in a newborn baby's head; inviting and devastating all at once.

Gruff would have easily escaped if it hadn't been for the quick-thinking captain of the Oppression 01 starship, who deployed a net around the entire asteroid. Gruff had struggled to break free, his pectoral muscles straining beneath his tanned skin like two slabs of restless marble. Even his golden hair had proven ineffective, despite being perfectly quaffed and conditioned. His only option had been to bide his time as the Oppression 01 towed him to the communist home planet of Spaceplanet, where he would be able to assess the situation and formulate an escape plan.

A robot opened his cell door. It stood nearly eight feet tall and its elongated limbs were bolted to a faded green torso no more than a foot wide.

"Prisoner, please follow this unit." Its words fell on Gruff's pouty ears. They were like miniature lobed atom bombs that adorned his head with mutually assured destruction. "Violence against this unit is not advised. If central core is disabled or destroyed, all doors in this quadrant will close and this unit will disperse poisonous gas."

Gruff followed the robot defiantly, his muscular legs moving with the assuredness of legs that had been walking for years. Each corridor they traversed was identical, with red plastic walls at least a quarter. There was no chance of escape. At least, not yet.

Eventually they came to a hallway that opened up into a brilliant light. As they approached, Gruff didn't see so much as *feel* the warmth of the UV rays all over his body. His skin was supple and exceedingly proficient at protecting his insides from being burnt by such light. His eyes adjusted as they set foot outside of the tunnels, under the glare of Spaceplanet's seven sons, which were thankfully obstructed by three of the planet's eight rings.

They were in a glass-domed coliseum of sorts, surrounded by hundreds of thousands of space com-

munists. One could almost mistake them for humans if it weren't for the distinctive freckles on their cheeks and the peculiar way they parted their hair. Gruff could feel them staring at his face. It was a good face, almost train-like in its handsomeness and steely resolve.

"Prisoner," boomed the commie king, a burly man with an impressive two parts in his hair. He sat in a guarded throne across from the gate Gruff had come in through. Gruff was surprised to find that the robot had quietly left and closed the tunnel off behind him, but he resisted to lift his dynamic eyebrows. It was best to hide his emotions and keep the enemy guessing.

"Prisoner, you stand before us a captive of the communist empire to stand trial for the numerous craniums you have smashed open like so many space watermelons. You are a violent and savage man, but we are a just and fair people. Before you lie two doors, each standing between you and a creature from your home planet. Choosing one door will unleash a starved tiger, and the other will free a beautiful woman. You'll find that your bothersome blaster pistols have been confiscated. Your fate is entirely in your hands."

Gruff considered the doors. His nipples were like two silver dollar pancakes made of actual silver in a syrup of sweat.

The door on his left had a large porthole through which he could see a tiger pacing back and forth. A frightened girl of no more than eighteen looked back at him through the porthole of the door on his right. Which to choose... The tiger would be a difficult fight without his blaster...

"I choose the door to my right," Gruff said. His throat was like a boa constrictor that had been turned inside out, a mass of muscle and mystery.

"Very well," replied the king as a guard opened the door. The crowd booed in disappointment. "You have chosen wisely. You are free to lea-"

Before the king could finish, Gruff was in the air, his fist pulled back. He came down on the lady with full force, spraying the contents of her head on the dusty floor of the arena in one punch. Rising to his well-proportioned feet, he cried out in sorrow.

"How could you monsters force me to make such a decision?!"

The king opened his mouth, but found no reply.

"Looks like the last laugh is on you," Gruff continued. "Your goons might have taken my blasters, but they~neglected to take my teleporter!" He produced a small metallic disc from his belt and held it up, his bulging forearm resembling a sock full of batteries with plenty of juice in them.

With the press of a finger, Gruff blinked out of the arena.

To be continued next week in Gruff Tugwar Versus The Space Communists Part 43: Condition Critical!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 6

June

6.1 F.P.E.T: First Person Exam Taking

Sunday, Jun 01, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

It's finals week for a lot of schools out there. Millions of people are reviewing their notes in an attempt to finish the year with good grades. Instead of studying, I decided to play seven hours of FreeCell followed by a nightcap endurance run of Mario Kart Wii. Through the miracles of modern science, you can read my exact thoughts as I tried to take an exam.

NAME IAN GOLDING Section # 22

Part I. Muiltiple Choice.

Instructions: Fill in the circle of the most appropriate answer

Total possible points: 116

Time to kick some test ass.

1	A B ● D	**Alright**
2	A ● C D	**Decent start**
3	A B C ●	
4	A B C D	**Uh - Oh**
5	A B C D	**I wish I studied instead of playing that new Mario Kart**
6	A B C D	**At least I unlocked all the racers**
7	A B C D	
8	A B C D	**Oh man this is bad**
9	A B C D	**Should have eaten breakfast**
10	A B C D	**Wheaties, eggs, maybe one of those gross-looking Twinkies**
11	A B C D	**What were they called? Red, Raspberry, Coconut**
12	A B C D	**This is going to bother me**
13	A B C D	**They look disgusting, like a dog penis or something**
14	A B C D	**Twizzers, Razzers, Ziggies. No. I need to ask someone**
15	A ● C D	**Wow, I actually know this one**
16	A B C D	**I guess I could ask the teacher. He doesn't look busy**
17	A B C D	**He's got a PH. D. but he doesn't know shit about breakfast**
18	A B ● D	
19	A B C D	**Zinger! It's a Zinger. Hell yeah**
20	A B C D	**Okay, time to focus**
21	● ● C ●	**D, wait, no, no, B. Maybe. Actually I think it's... Oh damn.**
22	● C D	**Cheap ass paper can't handle a good erasing**
23	C D	
24	C ●	**Great, I actually know these ones too.**
25	D	
2	C D	
27	A B ● D	
28	A ● C D	
29	A B ● D	
30	● B C D	**Hell yeah. Finished. Thank God it's over!**

31	(A) (B) (C) (D)	Another page!? What kind of asshole writes this much?
32	(A) (B) (C) (D)	The professor doesn't even know Hostess products
33	(A) (B) (C) (D)	Why should I know this shit?
34	(A) (B) (C) [D]	
35	(A) (B) (C) (D)	I can't remember the name, but I know what he looked like
36	(A) (B) [C] (D)	
37	(A) (B) (C) [D]	
38	[A] (B) (C) (D)	I think that's good enough
39	(A) [B] (C) (D)	
40	(A) (B) (C) [D]	You know what?
41	(A) (B) (C) [D]	This is going to be the last time I'm in this classroom
42	(A) (B) [C] (D)	Goodbye broken projector, goodbye ripped map of Africa
43	(A) (B) (C) (D)	Goodbye wobbly left-handed desk
44	[A] (B) (C) (D)	And a special goodbye to you brunette girl in front of me
45	(A) [B] (C) (D)	Thank you for wearing all those low-cut shirts
46	[A] (B) (C) (D)	Maybe we would play some Mario Kart sometime?
47	(A) (B) (C) (D)	Oops. I lost control for a second
48	(A) (B) (C) (D)	
49	(A) (B) (C) (D)	
50	(A) (B) (C) (D)	These are impossible
51	(A) (B) (C) (D)	
52	(A) (B) (C) (D)	I read that singing can help test taking
53	(A) (B) (C) (D)	Ugh, but I have the worst song stuck in my head.
54	(A) (B) (C) (D)	Under my Umbrella - Ella - Ella
55	[A] (B) (C) (D)	A
56	[A] (B) (C) (D)	A
57	[A] (B) (C) (D)	A
58	(A) (B) (C) (D)	I don't know if that was helpful or not.

Part II. Essay

Instructions: Thoroughly answer the question using multiple points discussed in class

Total possible points: 84 **Nope. No Way. Not. Going. To. Happen.**
I never saw this section.

Summer here I come!

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.2 Instruction for a The Bodie

Monday, Jun 02, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Instruction for a Help series.

Welcome to your The Bodie! You are a human!

HOORAY.

Human is *ninth* most advanced The Bodie on planet. Advanced brain allow machine use. Advanced circulatory system mean you freeze to death slowly. Clever and handsome by all account.

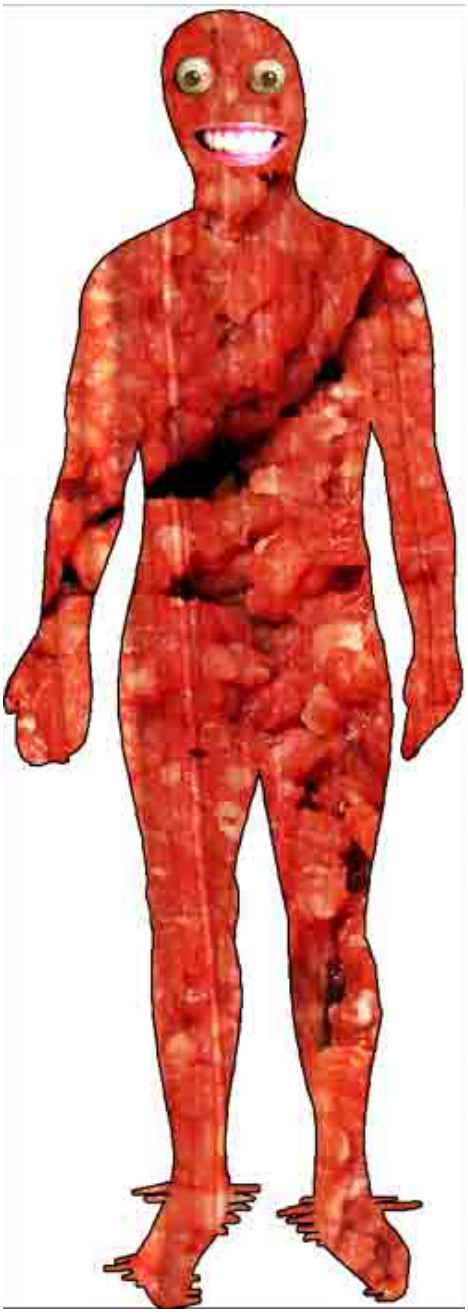
You are!

Must remember each human unique. Each human different.

You are different from mommy. Mommy is different from her mommy.

You are NOT NOT NOT part of interconnected consciousness in which each human is like unto cell in a body and does not share autonomous function. This is mistake thinking!!!! A human die all experience die.

Human The Bodie is wonderful thing. It is is made from ***MEAT.***



Did you know most thing not a meat? Most thing is a plant.

Plant get along just fine. Bacteria just fine too. Fungus fine. They don't need meat. Meat take so much energy. Not even use sun directly, it feed on sun in plant and other meat. The slow fall.

If you could be a plant you could take your food all the time into your The Bodie and not even waste any time. Instead you have THE MOUTHS.

Feeding ALL THESE MOUTHS take a lot of work. Trucks got to go. Boats got to go. Lesser plant get eat and turned into other thing. It exhausts. It exhausts. Mans do most work.

So many different type of food do you eat. You need a lot of food to make a good meat. Do not want bad meat or sad meat.

NUTRIENT INTAKE RECOMMENDATION FULL OPERATION AND GESTATION

:)

Ha...ha...we call it FOOD POLE.

Food pole include all important FOOD SECTOR.

FOUR FOOD SECTOR a GROWING BODY need. Put it in your hungry mouth. Turn it into you.

START FROM TOP

EGG A THING

Egg of a thing. Full of yolks. Open it up and see inside. Smell it. Touch it. Put it in the mouth three time a day. Turn it into you.

HERBIVOROUS INSECT

Live on a plant. Hated enemy. Bad as MANS FROM BELOW. Spend half day searching plant for insect. Eat until full then put rest in satchel.

NOT HUMAN MEAT

Could be meat from a bird or a fish. Meat from a land animal. All meat processed to avoid contamination. Receive meat at MEAT CENTER in your area. Eat one tin or tube per day as mommy says.

FRUIT

Be sure to eat the seeds. Ring the bell if you feel different. If you feel that you are lucky. **RED WORM** take you for a ride!

These are parts of complete and balance nutrient intake programme. Eat food in mouth is just one part.

Other part is move a The Bodie in such a way.

Certain move give certain strength. Move a arm and arm is strong. Move a leg and leg is strong.

Goal is **ULTIMATE FITNESS.**

For strength of leg...turn a leg ten times then move it up twenty.

For strength of arm...lift that arm. Put a arm in a hold. Move a arm into another direction.

For strength of a back...the back is sore. Use a frond. Stroke the back.

For strength of a bone...chew a gum.

All stretch is important.

Food is most important.

MANS FROM BELOW is watch his nutrition. You must care for The Bodie even more than him.

If you have the problem please go to...

THE CENTER

you will be diagoloized.

You will be cured. You will be healed. It is our promise to you.

Thank you.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.3 Another Awful Energy Drink Review Roundup (Part I)

Tuesday, Jun 03, 2008 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This article is part of the Awful Energy Drink and Food Reviews series.

Bad news, America: despite our country's crippling recession, an astronomical rise in oil prices, and the failure of virtually every market in existence, the energy drink industry continues to roll out horrific new concoctions with names like "PRO-ENERGY 2000" and "ANGER BARN PRESENTS: RAGE FUEL MASSACRE ORGY ORANGE EXXXTREME." The proverbial cockroach beneath the refrigerator, it appears nothing short of a complete nuclear holocaust will prevent corporations from cramming a handful of taurine into an orange test tube and marketing it as an organic B-vitamin supplement designed to prevent your brain from atrophying.

We're back with yet another awful energy drink review, taking a good, hard look at the bad soft drinks extreme and hardcore enough to charge $3.00 per can. I enlisted the help of Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen for this article, primarily because he hasn't written anything in several decades and I wanted to make sure he still remembered where a majority of the alphabet was located on his keyboard. On to the review!

Monster KHAOS

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: For those of you who have grown bored and disinterested drinking Monster NEUTRAL and Monster LAWFULLY GOOD, I would like to suggest Monster KHAOS, one of many drinks here guaranteed to lower your INT by at least 6 points. As a general rule, the more money companies invest in a marketing team specializing in convincing the public they need high fructose corn syrup to function on the most primal level, the less money these companies spend creating a product that doesn't taste like jamming your tongue up the anus of the queen from "Aliens."

One sip of this disaster made me feel as if the world's worst clown blew a load down my throat. Unfortunately, the flavor of Monster's rancid bile soon shifted from a bouquet of rotten circus peanuts to a decaying cotton candy hell. I'm not sure if this represents a good or bad thing; it's like being the victim of a hit and run accident, then getting run over by the ambulance as the paramedics show up. For the sake of consistency, Monster designed their can to be just as terrible as the drink it contains. Allow me to quote: *"Our Pro Athletes are always looking for an edge, so when they've got an idea we listen. After months in the lab we perfected the 'Juice Monster'."* Oh well congratulations on perfecting the "Juice Monster," you geniuses! When do you plan on actually selling that stuff instead of this horrid shit?

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen: Wait, did I read that correctly? Are we really supposed to believe "Pro Athletes" demanded the creation of Monster KHAOS? What "Pro Athletes" have been clamoring for lots of potassium sorbate? Can any pro athletes even spell "potassium sorbate?" Monster KHAOS seriously looks and smells like something I'd expect to be oozing out of a STD-ridden pumpkin penis. It's like licking the LSD-coated floors of a carnival funhouse. I think the flavor is supposed to be "orange," but it really just tastes like "sneakers."

Rating: **3** / 10 (Rich), **2** / 10 (Frags)

Mountain Dew Voltage

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: This is one of the three exciting new Mountain Dew drinks created for some bizarre promotional campaign describing itself as, *"1 of 3 new Mountain Dew flavors created by Dew Drinkers. Only 1 flavor will remain... which will it be?"* Wow, am I to believe PepsiCo Inc. hired REAL LIFE, ACTUAL MOUNTAIN DEW DRINKERS to design their product line? What an incredible, revolutionary way of thinking, which doesn't at all sound like, "well, we've pretty much given up all hope here, maybe some of you fat slobs might have better luck doing our jobs for us?"

Mountain Dew "Voltage" can best be described as a deep, dark blue failure, tasting like a wooden bucket full of Hi-C lemonade and roofing nails left uncovered on somebody's back porch for several weeks, possibly during tornado season. With 76 grams of sugar and 25% of your daily carbohydrates in a single bottle, experts (me) claim this drink is simply wonderful (at removing the paint from enemy trucks). Furthermore, I'd also like to point out that I own plenty of items which contain voltage in them, yet I don't necessarily want to drink any of them.

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen: If you threw a Smurf into a food processor, Mountain Dew Voltage would be your end result. And in this situation, I really cannot sufficiently stress the phrase "end result." This stuff smells exactly like you'd expect a bright blue liquid to smell: a mixture of science and industrial plastics stolen from a 3M laboratory. The taste is not really that offensive (compared to burning human flesh), as it mostly resembles a melted 7-11 Slushie forgotten overnight in a minivan.

Rating: **6** / 10 (Rich), **5** / 10 (Frags)

Mountain Dew Supernova

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: The second attempt in Mountain Dew's three-part series, "we have no idea what we're dew-ing here." Mountain Dew Supernova, much like the average type-II space supernova, consists of regular Mountain Dew *"with a blast of strawberry melon flavor."* Active, expressive verbs such as "blast" help the consumer know there's a whole boatload of energy crammed into this drink, as the FDA has strict guidelines regarding drinks containing blasts. I think you have to file 15 years in advance to market a drink that promises any sort of blasts.

Regardless, "a blast of strawberry melon flavor" translates to "congratulations, now your burps taste like a tomato patch is growing in your digestive tract." Kudos to the REAL LIFE, ACTUAL MOUNTAIN DEW SUPERGE-

NIUS who came up with the awesome idea of taking fake artificial strawberry flavor and somehow using advanced science from the future to mutate it into something even more artificial than Tupperware. Finally, a drink inspired by the taste of the dancing strawberry bonus from Mrs. Pac-Man.

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen: I'm starting to lose my faith in these REAL LIFE, ACTUAL MOUNTAIN DEW DRINKERS if all they can come up with is crap the color of Barney the Dinosaur's blood, reeking like a raspberry with deep-seated emotional issues. Taste-wise, it's your generic underpowered Value-Save grape cough syrup, only with a higher sticker price and tendency to make you hack up bits of your own lungs.

Rating: 6 / 10 (Rich), 6 / 10 (Frags)

Mountain Dew Revolution

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: I don't think I can handle all these awesome revolutions in one year; first the internet commanded me to join the Ron Paul movement, and now Mountain Dew is conscripting me into their uprising? I simply cannot donate more of my time to such revolutionary causes as "bitching about the government taxing my animes" and "drinking a lot of soda." It's already difficult enough dividing my time between trips to the bathroom and IRC.

Fortunately, the Mountain Dew Revolution is quite easy to avoid, thanks to their repulsive "wild berry fruit flavor" festering in each bottle. I'm not even sure what a "wild berry" is; I think it's like a blueberry you discover beneath a filthy diaper discarded in the middle of an abandoned Food Lion parking lot. The Revolution initially tastes like Mountain Dew Voltage, but much like the Ron Paul Revolution, it instantly nosedives into failure. If "wild berries" are neon blue and taste like swallowing children's lipstick, then don't count on my donations to fund your stupid blimp, Mountain Dew.

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen: I thought this was the same thing as Voltage, at least until I caught inhaled a bit of its rancid odor. Taste-wise, it's essentially a slightly more medicinal version of Voltage, except maybe 0.04% less wretched. Unfortunately, this drink did not inspire me to revolt against my boss for forcing me to chug horrible energy drinks and write equally horrible unfunny comments about them.

Rating: 5 / 10 (Rich), 5 / 10 (Frags)

Hydrive Energy Drink From SPRING WATER (Acai Berry)

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: Nothing says "RAGING ENERGY" quite like "USING YOUR MOUTH TO DRINK SOME WATER." This is why you always see crazy people running around near downtown public fountains. Also, the water in Pierce Brosnan's hit film "Live Wire" caused people, particularly terrorist clowns, to explode. Exploding water is the ultimate energy drink!

Unfortunately, Hydrive won't make you explode; it contains the raw, unbridled energy of drinking from a bathtub. Wait, scratch that; its label proclaims each bottle has been *"made from electrolyte enhanced spring water."* That means Hydrive contains the raw, unbridled energy of drinking from a USED bathtub. Upon twisting open the cap, you'll soon realize Hydrive smells much better than it tastes, and this energy water smells like an obese man shoved a blue Jelly Bean into your nostril. Needless to say, there's not all that much energy packed into the average Hydrive, so you'd be better off swigging normal tap water and asking the aforementioned sweaty, obese man to spray some electrolytes all over your face.

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen: Oh good Christ, it smells like a mixed drink made from off-brand rubbing alcohol. And the taste... it's like water's a deformed twin brother, or perhaps this is what the water tastes like on Jupiter's least-popular moon. It's like drinking from a faucet where wasps built a nest in the filter. Or maybe the water pipes are rusting and leaking some sort of cancerous chemical into the tap. Or maybe your friend grabbed a dusty, filthy glass that had been sitting unwashed on the counter for weeks, filled it with water that had been pooling in the sink, and gave it to you because he's a passive-aggressive pansy who would never personally tell you he secretly hates you and also he's insanely jealous of the way-too-attractive women you bring over on a weekly basis.

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: The previous rambling, incoherent, obscenely psychotic sentence is an example of what Hydrive can do to a man.

Rating: **5** / 10 (Rich), **3** / 10 (Frags)

Sobe Essential Energy

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: Sobe is the only company offering you ESSENTIAL ENERGY. This means that if you fail to purchase and consume this drink several times a day, YOUR BODY WILL DIE. If I worked for Sobe, I'd suggest something along those lines for a marketing slogan. "Sobe: DRINK OUR SHIT OR ELSE YOU'LL DIE." Then change the name from "Sobe Essential Energy" to "Sobe No-Die." If the FDA give you any problems, threaten to cut off their supply of Essential Energy, thus causing them to die to death until they're all dead.

Essential Energy is essentially a raped orange somebody shoved into a can and then scrawled the failed phrase "Better-For-You Energy" all across it, perhaps in an attempt to trick some braindead simps into believing there's some remotely healthy chemical in it. Oh shit, Sobe Essential Energy contains pectin? My phalanges craves pectin! Give me a can of this garbage before my body decides to suddenly fall over and die from pectin withdrawal! Just juice up and carbonate a mechanical orange from hell for me right now, barkeep!

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen: I was a-"pectin" something much better than this! HA HA, GET IT?!?! Like Rich says, this promises ESSENTIAL ENERGY, but it's ESSENTIALLY GATORADE:

it smells like Gatorade and I really, really expected it to taste like Gatorade. In a sense, I guess it succeeded; it tastes like Gatorade... if somebody opened up an orange cooler and repeatedly vomited into it after eating a six-pack of expired White Castle cheeseburgers.

Rating: 5 / 10 (Rich), 4 / 10 (Frags)

U-Green

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: I'm not technically sure if this qualifies as an "energy drink," as the can is decorated with foreign, possibly alien symbols traditionally burned into midwestern farmers' cornfields. The few, sparse words I could decipher included "French," "green tea," and the letter "U." While none of those terms are traditionally associated with energy drinks (except maybe the legendary "Vitamin U," which I'm sure some company promises 1,000 precious milligrams in each can of their energy drink), I did find U-Green on the same shelf as all these other beverages, so I have to assume "U-Green" is the French bastardization of an American energy drink.

Much like all foreign knock-offs, I can't really figure this one out. U-Green lacks both a taste and scent, unlike the traditional American energy drink which assaults your brain with violent science fiction oranges fresh off the ship from "Event Horizon." U-Green tastes like drinking a baby dragon's ghost. Also, I just noticed the can's slogan is "Let it Pour," one of the absolutely most meaningless and pointless things you could possibly write on an energy drink. I mean, come on, American companies pay jerks money to come up with dumb shit like "CRAVING the need to be NUMBER ONE, a FUEL BURNS in your LOINS to SPRING INTO ACTION with the RIGHTEOUS FURY OF A SCORNED OXEN!!! POUND AND CHUG PURE VITAMIN B-6 for SEVERAL HOURS STRAIGHT until THE AUTHORITIES KICK DOWN YOUR DOOR and arrest you for EMAILING AWESOME DEATH THREATS TO THE PRESIDENT!!! You know IN YOUR HEART that 6000 MILLIGRAMS OF UNFILTERED GINSENG and TAURINE will MAKE YOU NUMBER 1 and give you A VIOLENT ERECTION THE SIZE OF A LOG FLUME."

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen: Did somebody leave a can of the world's most not-straight ginger ale in the cupholder of a soccer stadium during a rain delay? This beverage is blessed with a "boring tarty" flavor and I really can't detect any resemblance to tea at all. On the positive side -- and this website is all about positive sides -- the drink did not make me want to do end my own life. "Let it Pour" down the drain.

Rating: 6 / 10 (Rich), 8 / 10 (Frags)

Full Throttle UNLEADED

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: Oh dear Lord, here comes the stupid: *"Believe your eyes, naysayers. This can of Full Throttle Unleaded may have zero carbs but it's 100% Full Throttle."* Who the dick writes this shit? Am I seriously supposed to believe there's an irate group of consumers somewhere, pissed off and rioting because carbohydrates are ruining their enjoyment of terrible energy drinks? And since when did "Full Throttle" become an adjective? Is the stack of burnt, crumbling charcoal briquettes in my back yard considered "Full Throttle?" What about that deer corpse that's been rapidly decomposing on Colbern Road for the past five weeks? I saw a whole bunch of fluid and meat chunks which looked packed full of vitamin B-12 hanging out of its ass.

It's best to ignore their message regarding naysayers; believe your taste buds instead of your eyes when it comes to Full Throttle Unleaded. Your taste buds will believe you're submerging them in concentrated brine juice from a pickle jar. Nothing screams out "powerful energy drink" quite like a substance designed to simulate the experience of consuming an entire bowling alley.

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen: How could you not mention its stench? This smells worse than the odors that drift from the pile of hair above Rich's head. I can't exactly place the scent, but it smells so strong that it might disinfect all the self-inflicted stab wounds that result from drinking it. Visually, it's intensely yellow: way more yellow than a firebombed school bus carrying people to a Big Bird convention on the sun. Wait a minute; does canary urine have carbohydrates in it?

Drinking this seriously made me cry out in pain. It's like drinking rotted wood that's been decaying in a mummy's haunted tomb. The after-taste burns through your nasal passage with disgusting speed and intensity, like packing your nose with pure cocaine and then competing in a distance sneezing competition. I absolutely couldn't finish the two ounces I was given.

Rating: **2** / 10 (Rich), **1** / 10 (Frags)

That's all for part I; stay tuned for part II this Thursday! Also, if you know of any particularly reprehensible energy drinks we should be reviewing, drop me a line!

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.4 Barkwire.com Reviews: Satire

Wednesday, Jun 04, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Name: Satire
Breed: Whippet
Age: 12
Gender: Male
Location: In and around Shaggy Butte
Rating: ***(4.3 out of 5 bones)***
ePets: *Satire has been ePetted 67 times.*

PET THIS DOG
WRITE A REVIEW
ADD SATIRE TO FAVORITES

EDITOR'S REVIEW: Satire is in a class all his own. This clever, ambitious, and downright perplexing pooch never fails to get a rise out of dog enthusiasts. Satire loves to surprise people with situations that challenge the conventional relationships between man and dog. Using the familiar as a blank canvas, he masterfully creates new and improbable scenarios with a rich palette all his own. Though he is of advanced age, Satire remains young at heart, enjoying his craft and life with his loving partner Mandalay.

--BarkWire Senior Editor Chris Bluefield

User Reviews

139 Reviews for Satire - Displaying 131-134

REPORT OF INTERACTION WITH SATIRE ON MARCH 30, 2008
Posted by **RandyF** [**Read other reviews by RandyF**]
(5 Bones)

HAD STRANGE ENCOUNTER WITH SATIRE AT BUNYAN STREET SAM'S CLUB WHILE STOCKING UP ON BUNKER RATIONS. REPORT IS AS FOLLOWS:

11:45am - PICK UP PACKAGE OF 128 TOILET PAPER ROLLS TO PLACE IN CART.

11:45am - DO DOUBLE TAKE.

11:45am - SEE QUEER DOG WITH PINK BANDANA STANDING BEHIND MANMADE WALL OF TOILET PAPER STACKS.

11:46am - SAY TO DOG, "YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE."

11:46am - DOG VANISHES BEHIND WALL OF TOILET PAPER.

11:46am - SCRATCH HEAD AND WONDER IF IT WAS AIRBORNE PATHOGEN-INDUCED HALLUCINATION.

11:47am - COCK CONCEALED FIREARM JUST IN CASE.

11:53am - DOG APPEARS BEHIND ME IN CRACKER AISLE.

11:53am - ASK, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE STORE?"

11:53am - DOG BARKS AND RUNS OFF.

12:03pm - SEE DOG IN CONCESSION AREA WHILE CHECKING OUT.

12:04pm - MAKE EYE CONTACT. DOG WINKS, RUNS OUT OF STORE. NOBODY EVEN NOTICES.

12:09pm - DOG APPEARS NEXT TO VAN IN PARKING LOT AS I AM LOADING SUPPLIES. HAS SOMETHING IN MOUTH.

12:10pm - DOG DROPS A BISCUIT AT MY FEET, BARKS, AND RUNS OFF.

THAT DOG TURNED THE TABLES ON ME. NEVER HAD A DOG GIVE ME A TREAT BEFORE. WAS I DOING TRICKS FOR HIM THE WHOLE TIME? GENIUS. UNCLE LEVI DOESN'T BELIEVE ME.

A real artist
Posted by **Doctor Dog** [**Read other reviews by Doctor Dog**]

(5 Bones)

After terrible encounters with prankster dogs like Rusty and Senator, it is nice to see a dog that makes you think about things rather than just making you angry. I applaud the actions of Satire. With his firm grasp of the theatrical and strong understanding of the human psyche, he casts our own follies right back at us.

Ummm... This is a dog, guys.
Posted by **ConfusedGuy** [**Read other reviews by ConfusedGuy**]

(3 Bones)

I have been reading the posts on this site and I'm kind of confused. How can a dog be an artist? Dogs don't have the higher brain functions necessary to contemplate art, let alone create it. Sounds like you guys are just projecting human qualities onto an otherwise ordinary dog.

Cheers

Ignore the critics; this dog is a true artist
Posted by **Pete** [**Read other reviews by Pete**]

(5 Bones)

Ignore that guy above, he's an idiot. Clearly he has never seen Satire's work, or he wouldn't go around making dumbass presuppositions about things he is too dense to understand. Satire is a true artist. I remember one day he came into town barking up a storm, wanting us to follow. We dropped everything and followed him to a well, all of us thinking there was going to be a child trapped in

there. But you know what, there was nothing inside that well but a lesson we all took to heart.

It got us all thinking about the nature of life, as all good art should. Those of us at the well that day were forever changed and matured. What we saw in the bottom of that well was special and magical. Satire did that for us.

A HORRIBLE INFLUENCE
Posted by **Angie** [**Read other reviews by Angie**]
(.5 Bones)

I am trying my darnedest to raise my children in a wholesome environment, but it is just so hard when there are so many negative role models out there. The dogs of this town are just awful, just awful. While taking my two children (Jessica and Taylor) to get haircuts, they couldn't help but notice that lecherous old dog Satire and his young "boyfriend" cuddling in front of the business. It is bad enough the liberal democrats are trying to force homosexuality down our throats, but now we have to put up with the gay agenda from dogs too??? When is this going to end?

Dogs are God's creations, and they should know better. Shame on these dogs. Shame on all of us for tolerating their behavior.

MET SATIRE AND LEARNED A VALUABLE LESSON
Posted by **ELMO STEPHENS** [**Read other reviews by ELMO STEPHENS**]
(5 Bones)

HEY GUYS WAS DRIVING HOME FROM ARBY'S AND SAW A DOG LYING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. I SWERVED TO AVOID IT AND HIT A MAILBOX SUPER HARD. I GOT OUT TO CHECK ON THE DOG AND IT WAS FINE. I RECOGNIZED IT AS SATIRE AND HE GOT UP GAVE ME A BISCUIT. DON'T KNOW WHY HE GAVE IT TO ME BUT THEN I KIND OF REALIZED THAT HE HAD EVERY RIGHT TO LAY IN THE ROAD AND THAT WE WERE WRONG OT BUILD A ROAD THERE WHERE DOGS MIGHT LIE DOWN AND NAP. I APOLOGIZED TO HIM AND HE WAGGED HIS TAIL AND LEFT. I AM VERY SAD ABOUT THE MAILBOX THOUGH IT WAS A NICE ONE.

ELMO STEPHENS

TERRIBLE NEWS ABOUT MANDALAY
Posted by **almam** [**Read other reviews by almam**]
(5 Bones)

if you haven't heard the news, satire's life partner mandalay was killed when he was run over by a catering van from mike's catering!! even though mandalay was very young, he and satire made a great couple!! i hope satire will find the strength in his heart to continue with his art!!

i heard satire was going to never wear his bandana again because he is so heart broked? i have been crying all morning. p.s. please boycott mike's catering!!!

THIS DOG
Posted by **GrahamB** [**Read other reviews by GrahamB**]
(5 Bones)

THIS DOG. THIS REMARKABLE DOG.

GOD BLESS THIS DOG.

LOVE TO BREAK IT TO YA!
Posted by **BiGDog [Read other reviews by BiGDog]**
(2 Bones)

But Satire isn't anything to write home about. Sure, he does good work. But that's only if you haven't seen the work of other avant-garde dogs like Sebastian, Hubris, Victor Victor, "Dog", and the original, Horse. They were presenting their craft long before that old poof Satire showed up. Shame about Mandalay, though. He was a solid dog. Hate to see a dog go out that way.

Of course a meat and potato guy like me isn't interested in watching some old bag of bones ply his silly craft. Give me a regular old All American dog like Baron, Harpoon, Argos, the Bandit, or --BiGDOG'S-- #1 dog for life - Panzer!

--BiGDOG'S-- MOVIE PICK OF THE WEEK: Beethoven's 2nd. The original bad dog is back for more, and Charles Grodin is at his wit's end! Aside from some continuity errors and poor acting by the dog that plays Beethoven's lady friend, this one is a definite hit and real piece of cinéma-vérité for fans of big dogs and Charles Grodin.

Roll over and play dead, 'cus --BiGDOG-- just knocked you out cold with some knowledge!
Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.5 Another Awful Energy Drink Review Roundup (Part II)

Thursday, Jun 05, 2008 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

This article is part of the Awful Energy Drink and Food Reviews series.

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen and I recently dove into the depressing carbonated kingdom of energy drinks, resulting in part one of our latest Awful Energy Drink Review Roundup. Since we here at Something Awful are absolutely huge fans of consequential numbering, today we proudly present part two of this disgusting series. Enjoy! We sure as hell didn't!

Full Throttle FURY

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: Just like a major gas station, Full Throttle serves both UNLEADED and FURY. I think FURY means there's ethanol in it. Well, ethanol and pure stupid clichéd energy drink bullshit on its packaging: *"You've been there. Against the odds, you've found yourself in the home stretch - neck and neck with the other guy. Does he have what you have? The fury inside to go all the way? To never give up or let up?"* Wait, what? Is there some beverage back-story I missed? Who is this "other guy" and why are we comparing necks? Are we in some kind of neck contest? Why does Full Throttle think I have a bunch of fury inside of me? I'm not Frank Castle, for god's sake. I just wanted to buy and review energy terrible energy drinks, not launch into a crusade to grow the biggest neck and defeat the evil "other guy."

Although the can claims to contain an "orange flavor," it actually tastes like a dandelion stem. 3,000 mg of "*FULL THROTTLE BLEND*" includes such essential vitamins and minerals as carnitine and sucrose. A few weeks ago, I didn't get my daily recommended intake of carnitine in my diet, and my toenails fell off. Let this be a lesson to all you kids out there: make sure to regularly consume energy drinks every day, or else you'll grow up to become a webmaster.

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen: You may not be Frank Castle, but you sure do like to dish out punishment. Why are you making me do this? Anyhow, apparently liquidized FURY is dark orange and tastes highly suspicious. Something isn't right here, but I can't quite figure out what. This crap tastes a lot like the orange soda my grandparents would offer me when I came to visit them, because they remembered I liked orange soda back when I was eight years old. Unfortunately, I visited them like once every five years, and they offered me the exact same can each time. I'm probably rating this drink a bit too highly, but after suffering through Full Throttle UNLEADED, I would've awarded a 5 / 10 rating to a can which simply contained several hundred rusty hypodermic needles.

Rating: **2** / 10 (Rich), **4** / 10 (Frags)

FRS Antioxidant Health Drink (Wild Berry)

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: I used to be a big fan of oxygen back when I was a kid and my parents claimed I needed it to breathe. Then scientists taught me to hate oxygen because breathing it makes you get old. In the late 1980s, the vitamin industry arbitrarily decided human beings require a bunch of anti-oxidants to eliminate all that evil air floating through our body-tubes. Well screw you, vitamin industry, and your desire to sell me magic anti-oxygen pills. I'll just do it the old fashioned way by farting uncontrollably at 2:00 AM.

Speaking of gas, FRS can best be described as "liquid fart in a can," although they shouldn't necessarily attempt to market it that way. My one-month old daughter Jaylen regularly produces filthy diapers which smell much better than FRS's so-called "health drink." This unholy attempt at the popular yet obscenely fictional "wild berry" reeks like a used walnut enema kit sitting in a trash bag under the hot tropical sun. This drink is so horrible that I actually went back and added an extra point to Full Throttle's review, just to accurately convey the magnitude of apocalyptic awfulness here. FRS claims their product is low in calories, but you know what else is low in calories? The bullet I'm about to blow through my brains to remove all memories of this horrible monstrosity. It probably has more vitamins and minerals too.

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen: If you pour this concoction into a glass, a toxic-looking oil slick slowly rises to the surface, like that oil monster creature from hell who ate the lesbian on that episode of "Full House" I watched while messed up on LSD. I think it was Kimmy Gibbler? Anyhow, it smells exactly like the leftover milk at the bottom of a Boo-Berry cereal bowl. Trying to drink this was just a tremendously uncomfortable experience; it felt like some kind of second puberty. If the slow kid in fifth grade invented a new drink, this would probably be it. I can't even classify this as a "drink"; it's more of an evil prank pancake syrup for jerks.

Rating: **1** / 10 (Rich), **2** / 10 (Frags)

FRS Antioxidant Health Drink (Orange)

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: Well boy howdy, I sure loved FRS's rancid wild berry ride through hell, so how could their orange flavor be anything but the exciting, wonderful, feel-good experience of the decade? After all, FRS claims their drink *"contains a patented combination of FLAVONOIDS (nature's most powerful antioxidants), ESSENTIAL VITAMINS and METABOLIC ENHANCERS. The flavonoids are quercetin (typically found in apple, onion and red grape skins) and green tea catechins."* Finally, I'm accomplishing my lifelong dream of drinking an onion skin. My parents must be so proud.

This obscene orange produces a stench that reminded me of my drunk uncle's first attempt to make bar-b-que sauce, using only ingredients located in his pickup truck's glove compartment. The drink itself combines the zing of nail polish remover with the deep, rich flavor base of corroded car batteries. The term "energy drink" has never been more true: one sip of this, and you'll be running the fuck away from it as fast as possible.

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen: Oh boy, Rich is making me drink something looking like butternut squash and smelling like tropical ammonia. I certainly do not regret taking this job at all!!! At least it doesn't taste extremely terrible, at least in comparison to the other things I've had to consume

for this article. It's actually not all that bad, it simply resembles orange juice which passed its expiration date in the late 90s. I officially certify this drink "not hideous," and Lowtax "a crybaby."

Rating: 1 / 10 (Rich), 4 / 10 (Frags)

Archer Farms Fruit Punch

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: The final can resting on Target's energy drink shelf was their Archer Farms label fruit punch energy beverage. Somebody plastered a festive sticker across it, which announced to the world this fine drink had been reduced in price to a reasonable 85 cents. If you ever find yourself in Target with an extra 85 cents, and you can't figure out any way to destroy it because coins are too difficult to tear in half, you should definitely pick up a can of Archer Farms Fruit Punch. Then drop it on the floor and see if it explodes, because at 85 cents, it's still 86 cents more than anybody should pay.

This is simply the absolute most boring and banal energy drink I've reviewed today, and that's taking into consideration the ghost wizard water and French fake tea. I feel obliged to congratulate the scientists at Archer Farms for finally figuring out a way to juice Wrigley's sugar-free gum, complete with their obligatory mild throbbing headache and taste which festers in the back of your throat until you become a corpse.

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen: It's fruit punch from slightly rotted fruit. This thing is terribly average, but for some reason I still kind of hate it, much like my boss right now.

Rating: 5 / 10 (Rich), 5 / 10 (Frags)

CRUNK!!! (Sugar Free)

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: In yet another stunning feat of energy drink marketing retardedness, the folks at CRUNK!!! headquarters decided to claim their drink will "arouse" the consumer, among other equally questionable things. This is undoubtedly fabulous news for all the folks out there who wanted to drink their daily recommended amount of "skull cap" and "white willow" while popping a boner. CRUNK!!! also contains "ASHWAGANDA," which I believe is a skinny black woman who fell into the vat of CRUNK!!! during the manufacturing process. Thanks a lot for tasting like shit, Ashwaganda.

I think sugar free CRUNK!!! is supposed to taste like yet another vaguely-defined "fruit." Their website claims CRUNK!!! is based on pomegranate, which I personally find unbelievable. Yeah right, like I'm supposed to believe Lil Jon, the creator of CRUNK!!!, walked up to some beverage manufacturing company and said, "wassup, this nigga want me some POMEGRANATE." What self-respecting black person goes out of their way to drink pomegranate juice? Hell, I can't even think of a single drink containing grenadine that you could order at a club without being stabbed. Feel free to correct me if Lil Jon has ever rapped about Shirley Temples and Tequila Sunrises.

As for the taste? Two words: sugar free. As you're undoubtedly aware, this means "bad." Somebody wake me up when science discovers a substitute for sugar that doesn't make your brain feel like it's

about to detonate.

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen: People have stopped shouting, "YEAHHHHHHHHHH, OH-KAY, WHAATTT?" and all those other Lil Jon catchphrases by now, right? I don't know, probably not, there are still people out there quoting Austin Powers and patting themselves on the back for being so insanely clever and... wait, oh yeah, what's... what's... there's something wrong with my memory, I think drinking all this stuff has... ummm... losing my train of thought here... oh... so... this drink was not very memorable... or maybe it was memorable and I've lost my memory of it... in conclusion, "No."

Rating: 4 / 10 (Rich), 6 / 10 (Frags)

CRUNK!!!

Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka: Much better than its revolting, sugar-free counterpart, the sugar-filled CRUNK!!! actually tastes like a real synthesized fake fruit which might exist in another dimension, possibly one created by Asperger children who spend all day counting wood screws thrown into a plastic Home Dept clearance bin. CRUNK!!! is one of the few energy drinks that intentionally promote their shrewd decision to include "horny goat weed" in their ingredients, which I imagine is critical to the success of an energy drink. Everything tastes better after mixing in a couple pounds of a plant used to make livestock fuck.

While CRUNK!!! may lack the generic stupid energy drink marketing bullshit written across its can, it does display a helpful notice informing the world *"This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease."* Oh what a relief. Before I read that, I had opened the can and shouted "HEY CRUNK!!! I JUST FOUND OUT I HAVE AIDS, HOW THE HELL DO I GET RID OF THEM???" and then I started getting all pissed off, assuming the countless tiny doctors swimming around inside the can were ignoring me like in my HMO. Feel free to clarify your disclaimer by adding "THIS CAN DOES NOT CONTAIN HUNDREDS OF MINIATURE MEDICAL PROFESSIONALS."

Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen: You know what? Compared to the other drinks reviewed, this is actually quite decent. It does contain that weird gritty, familiar flavor all energy drinks seem to possess, but it's easy to drink and won't inspire you to quit your job and move away from your frizzy-headed boss who forced you to come in to work on Memorial Day just to drink headache-inducing amounts of vitamin B-12.

Rating: 7 / 10 (Rich), **9** / 10 (Frags)

Oh boy, wasn't that an exciting plunge through insanity? As always, feel free to drop me an email suggesting any other vile energy drinks fit for review. And if you work for a company that makes such filth, please keep in mind I'll put anything in my mouth if it's free. *Anything.*

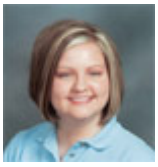
-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

6.6 Voters Talkin' About Recession

Friday, Jun 06, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

America is feeling the pinch of rising fuel prices and, as a result, the rising price of just about everything from Funyons to Foxes. We contacted our six favorite voters to allow them to weigh in on the big economic issues facing our nation.

Has the recession affected you personally?



Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"Oh, goodness no. I don't trust banks. No, luckily for me I have been scrimping and saving and putting every dollar into my Beanie Baby collection. It's my safety net."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"Can't afford the pills that are supposed to keep me from climbing the clocktower with a rifle, but I ain't complaining. Other than the whole 'no legs thing'. I'll have to check Google Maps to see if they list clocktowers that are handicap accessible."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"Nah, bra. The thing about cougars is a shit ton of them do shit, like, with the government. As long as nobody gets in the government that doesn't like federal lobbyists I'm on easy street."

Brian Multitoast
Unemployed Hemp Advocate

"Unfortunately, the hemp zine I worked for will be publishing all of its future rants in the form of Youtube videos. There goes my 80 dollars a month plus my margin on copier fees."

Jeineane Fizz
Unemployed

"I finally lost my job working for an ad agency. You know Go-Gurt? Yeah, that was us. Turns out when the going gets tough the yogurt doesn't get going."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"Bridge engineers have pretty awesome job security. Do you have any idea how many wagon tongues America would be going through every month without bridges?"

What do you plan to do to cope with the recession?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"I could cut back on getting my cats fixed, but that's fine because I love my babies, and their babies, and their babies' babies."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"Luckily for me the VA hospital provides a cup of rice and a piece of black bread every day. And a guy comes in once a week and he will just give you a Bible. You can just say you lost yours and he doesn't even ask what happened to the other one. Got a whole drawer full of the fuckers. Now I just gotta figure out how to contact this Craig guy to put them on his list and bingo."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"Gas, man. It's all about gas. Traded in my old Civic and got me a '94 Suburban. Holds like 200 gallons in that sucker. Only have to fill up once a week. "

Brian Multitoast
Unemployed Hemp Advocate

"I'm gonna let you in on a little secret that *they* don't want you to know: rent your furniture. Who needs that sort of thing for more than a few years anyway?"

Jeineane Fizz
Unemployed

"I've been spending all my free time watching TLC and driving around and I got this awesome idea. There is this whole street of houses that aren't finished near where I live. They are these beautiful two-story 3,000 square foot houses and they're just boarded up like the people building them gave up. I am going to talk to my family and try to get the money together to flip those suckers."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"I refuse to cut back on my lifestyle. Worst case scenario, Europe has rivers. China has rivers. Somewhere out there someone is in need of a way to navigate across said rivers without relying on a ferry."

Has the government's stimulus check helped you?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"It helped me spiritually. I gave it all to Bibles for the Troops so that our wounded warriors can convalesce with Christ."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"Just got mine. Bought 600 lotto tickets. There's a method to it. I played the same number 600 times, that way if some other fag picked my number I get like 599 times more than him. We'll see how much it pays off when I win on Tuesday."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"Hell yeah. I bought like half the games on my Amazon list and I can still tell my landlord I'm waiting for my check to pay the back rent for at least like another couple months. I think I can beat GTA IV in that amount of time."

Brian Multitoast
Unemployed Hemp Advocate

"I hate to admit it, but yeah. It paid for half of a beautiful chess set. Every piece is a working miniature bong."

Jeineane Fizz
Unemployed

"As soon as I got it I logged on to Hillary Clinton dot com and donated all of it to her. I sure hope she can retire all her debt! I'm praying for you, Hill! Denver! Denver! Denver!"

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"I used it to buy a replica Atreides signet ring from some movie prop guy in New Zealand. So, I guess I didn't really stimulate the US economy, but at least the ladies will know I am the rightful heir of Duke Leto."

Who do you hold most accountable for the current economic crisis?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"Gays. Did you know they're marrying them again? Bridal shops are so much more expensive. It's the law of supply and demand. What's next, marrying atheists? I'd better buy all my bridesmaid's dresses now."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"The Democrats for not passing FISA. What if while they were stalling a terrorist somewhere ordered a pizza? If we can't wire tap them how are we going to prove they aren't truly meat lovers? The economy can't cope with that sort of uncertainty."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"Nick Savoy for totally stealing the Method from Mystery and trying to sell that shit. That is like billions in lawsuits right there. Inflation and what have you."

Brian Multitoast
Unemployed Hemp Advocate

"Those guys who set up tables outside concerts and sell fake band t-shirts. Those guys are total dicks. It's why CD sales are so bad."

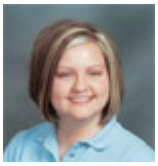
Jeineane Fizz
Unemployed

"Chris Matthews and the blogosphere!"

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"Are you having trouble making your mortgage payment? Do you have the same salary you had when you bought the house? If you answered 'yes' to both of those then it's you. I blame you."

What would you do if you were in charge of salvaging the economy?



Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"Oh, jeez, well...hmmmm...think, Dawn. I would send people a card, and on that card it would say cats and then have a box and then it would say dogs and it would have a box. And nobody would know what it was, but if they put a check mark in a box and sent it back to me I would send them a 365 day cat- or dog-a-day calendar. Which would help that industry and just generally, you know, lift people up to a higher level."

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"More tax breaks for the wealthy! I am apoplectic that Puff Daddy had to downscale from a 190 foot to a 167 foot yacht for this year's White Party. The economy's yacht rental sector is on the brink of collapse."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"Hire like the best skywriter ever to fly around the country and write CHODES in the sky above every big city and then draw an arrow pointing down at the city. Haha, owned, poor people."

Brian Multitoast
Unemployed Hemp Advocate

"Do I have the power in this job to get to the bottom of what happened to Tower 7? If so I would do that. No? Then I'd just do pretty much the same thing. Get high, fight the good fight."

Jeineane Fizz
Unemployed

"De-regulate mortgages? I think the mortgages are over-regulated. Is that right? I'll have to check with my friend Tricia. She has a blog. She knows that stuff."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"I would have the government build a bridge right next to every existing bridge so you have double bridges in case one bridge needs to be repaired."

What do you think could be done to lower the price of oil or what do you think could supplant oil as an energy source?

Dawn Catwand
Prayer Bus Volunteer

"Can't they just change the price with one of those poles with the suction cup thingies on the end?"

Sgt. J.J. Pillock
U.S. Army

"I am an outspoken advocate of nuclear energy being used to glass the entire frigging Middle East. It's the only way to be sure."

Rhett Racecar
MILF Hunter

"I'll tell you the same thing I told this total Meg Ryan I ran into last week: I am all about mass transit, because this train is stoppin' in dat ass."

Brian Multitoast
Unemployed Hemp Advocate

"Must we continue this charade where you pretend not to know my answer before you ask the question?"

Jeineane Fizz
Unemployed

"There was something I saw on The USA Today graph thing. Something about peak oil. I guess it's like a better oil. Like high-octave gas. So, figure out where that is and then we can get peak oil."

Rudy Giuliani
Immigrant

"I thought the Segway was supposed to fix all this bullshit. As far as I can tell it just made everything worse, because gas costs two dollars more and now meter maids look like even bigger assholes."

As our economic woes continue only time will tell whether or not this recession deepens into a depression, but one thing is certain: a certain sextet of voters will always be there to offer their opinions.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.7 Hodor's Quality Video Game Weapon Replicas

Saturday, Jun 07, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Our high quality replicas will wow you with amazement and puzzle you because how can someone craft these fantastical items so expertly? An interesting puzzle, indeed. Each item is made from the finest materials this side of Mordor (as seen in Lord Of The Rings Online) and is guaranteed to be so lifellike you'll swear you're in the Matrix (as seen in The Matrix Online) with a computer showing things to your brain that can't possibly be real.

If your home needs a touch of class or you're looking for that perfect gift for the funeral of a dear friend's infant son, you've come to the right newsletter - or should I say the right newsletter has come to *you*?

Cloud's Blade From Final Fantasy Seven - $1399
Our most-requested item finally comes to fruition! Everyone has fond memories of playing this classic game and everyone can instantly recall every nuance of the comprehensible story. Now imagine if you could relive those memories without your imagination, but with the very blade that Cloud wielded in Final Fantasy Seven!

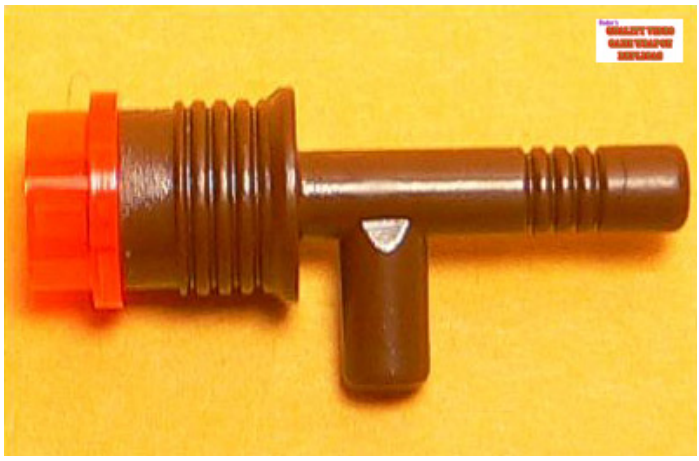
This knife from that one part of the game where Cloud ate can easily be held in your hand, placed on a flat surface, or attached to your body with tape. Your significant other's visiting family members will be impressed by the craftsmanship of this iconic blade and your display of good taste.

Can also be combined with a snowman to create a unique "stabbed snowman" look that's guaranteed to make your lawn the center of the neighborhood's attention in the summer months.

Gordon Freeman's Crowbar From Half-Life - $649
Scientists and weaklings everywhere have been inspired by Gordon Freeman, the first video game character that thinks his way out of tight situations by hitting things with a trustworthy crowbar. Now you can be the strong silent type too with this replica. Hope you have room for your Genius Award! And for the crowbar.

In low light conditions, this replica can also pass for the crowbar from Condemned: Criminal Origins.

Stormtrooper Blaster From Lego Star Wars - $449
By combining Lego pieceblocks with the Star Wars movies that were popular in the 70's, the guys who made Lego Star Wars stumbled on a surprise hit. Now we combine the Stormtrooper blaster from that game with our quality craftsmanship and stumble upon something you'd like to buy.

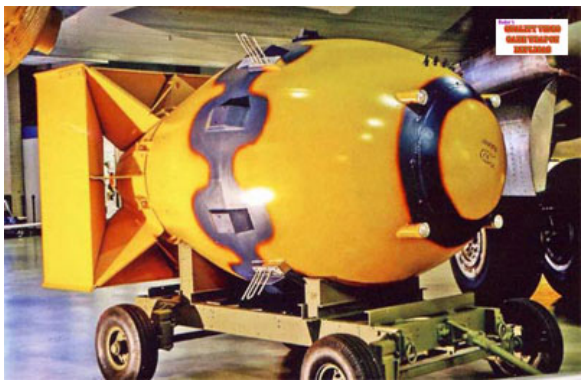


Made of genuine plastic, with remarkably authentic Lego trademark branding. That's attention to detail!

Coat Hanger From Dead Rising - $799
This one-of-a-kind collector's item reanimates Frank's greatest weapon in his fight against zombies. Lovingly crafted out of wire by our expert artisans or possibly found in the dumpster behind Sears.

Order two of this one-of-a-kind collector's item and get an additional replica weapon from Dead Rising at no additional cost (either a compact disc or a bucket).

Nuclear Bomb From Fallout 3 - $89
Your standard nuclear bomb, with active plutonium core on a timed detonator and a 15 megaton yield.



Very basic item but a must-have for fans of the series.

Paintbrush From Okami - $999
The game that was widely regarded as a work of art now has a replica that is a work of art and a tool of art - at the very same time! Woah! This paintbrush meticulously follows the paintbrush that Okami the wolf followed when the player painted air vaginas in the gameplay screen.

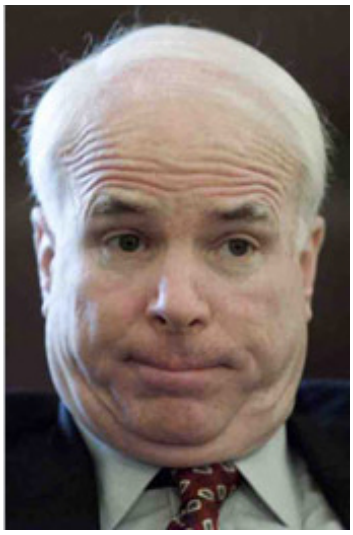
Life can imitate art if you use this paintbrush to draw real life air vaginas, but if you paint Okami then art will imitate art which imitated life, right?

WARNING: Describing this item can give you such a headache.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.8 The Minor Contradictions of John McCain

Sunday, Jun 08, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey



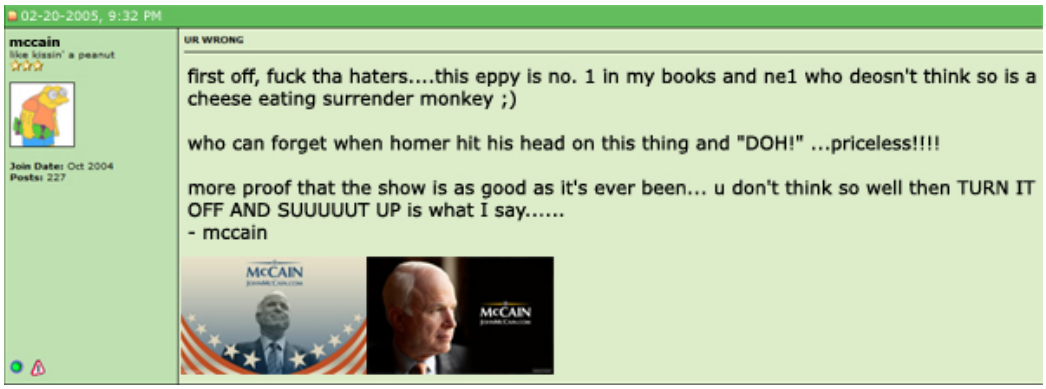
pisses dignity down leg*

- **1968 -** John McCain, a prisoner of war in North Vietnam, experiences torture at the hands of enemy forces. When later asked about this torture, he claims to not have liked it very much.
- **November 4, 2005 -** John McCain is seen leaving a screening of *Saw 2* sporting a visible erection.

- **February 12, 1987** - At a local Denny's, an AP correspondent overhears John McCain sending back a sandwich with mayonnaise on it because he "can't stand the stuff."
- **March 5, 2004** - On a dare, John McCain chugs an entire jar of Miracle Whip at a Republican fundraiser for 20 dollars. Scott McClellan vomits when the Senator moves onto the stadium mustard.

- **July 14, 1998** - In an interview with *Modern Maturity* magazine, Senator McCain refers to himself as a "dog person."
- **July 8, 2006** - McCain attends the 2006 Cat Fanciers' Association Banquet and sticks his entire nose in the asshole of a Calico Manx as a "practical joke."

- **February 13, 2000** - Aboard the Straight Talk Express, John McCain angrily turns off a new episode of *The Simpsons*, grumbling that "the show has been complete shit since last year."


02-20-2005, 9:32 PM
mccain
like kissin' a peanut
Join Date: Oct 2004
Posts: 227
UR WRONG
first off, fuck tha haters....this eppy is no. 1 in my books and ne1 who deosn't think so is a cheese eating surrender monkey ;)
who can forget when homer hit his head on this thing and "DOH!" ...priceless!!!!
more proof that the show is as good as it's ever been... u don't think so well then TURN IT OFF AND SUUUUUT UP is what I say.....
- mccain
McCAIN
McCAIN

- **March 20, 2005** - John McCain posts the following review of the *Simpsons* episode "Mobile Homer" on nohomers.net, immediately after it airs:

- **1992** - On the campaign trail, a harried John McCain tells wife Cindy, "At least I don't plaster on the makeup like a trollop, you cunt."

- **2005** - Changing his stance on cunts, McCain now refers to his wife by the pet name "you great mountain of a whore."

argh.jpg

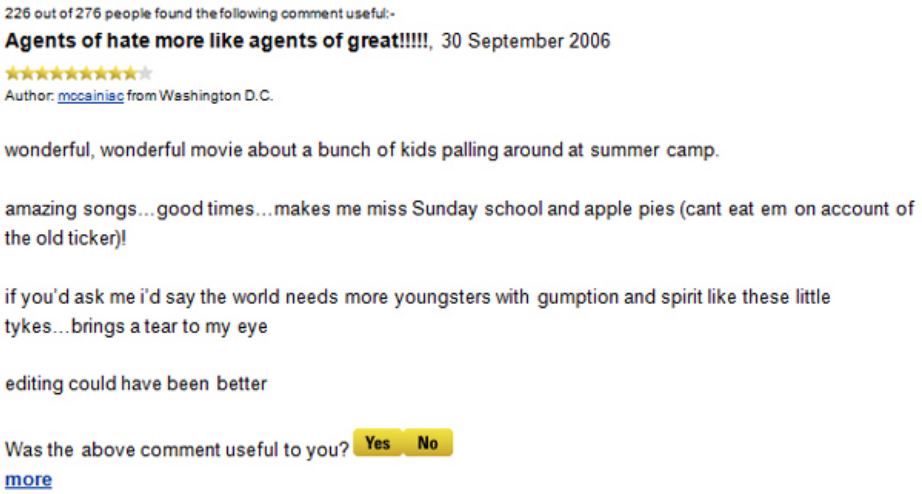
- **September 17, 1995** - In a lighthearted chat with *Parade* magazine, John McCain claims that Moe is his favorite of The Three Stooges.

- **October 12, 2004** - When this subject is later raised at a White House dinner party, McCain states that Moe Howard is "a dangerous man with an unchecked potential for havoc," adding, "his continued aggression towards his friends cannot and will not be tolerated."

- **May 22, 1990** - John McCain gives a speech to Hubbard High School in Hubbard, Ohio where he explains the importance of showing respect for our veterans and senior citizens.
- **April 14, 2008** - In an attempt to reach out to younger voters, John McCain guest-stars on the CBS sitcom *Two and a Half Men* as "Farting Grandpa #2."

- **2000** - Anonymous "push-pollers" in the South call potential voters and ask how they would feel if they knew that McCain had fathered an illegitimate black child. John McCain is understandably upset.
- **2008** - "Ask me about my illegitimate black children (that I fathered)" bumper stickers become the most popular item in the johnmccain.com online store.

- **February 28, 2000** - In a public speech, John McCain refers to Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson as "agents of intolerance."
- **September 30, 2006** - In the comments section for the movie *Jesus Camp* on The Internet Movie Database, John McCain posts the following:


226 out of 276 people found the following comment useful:-

Agents of hate more like agents of great!!!!!, 30 September 2006

Author: mccainiac from Washington D.C.

wonderful, wonderful movie about a bunch of kids palling around at summer camp.

amazing songs...good times...makes me miss Sunday school and apple pies (cant eat em on account of the old ticker)!

if you'd ask me i'd say the world needs more youngsters with gumption and spirit like these little tykes...brings a tear to my eye

editing could have been better

Was the above comment useful to you? Yes No

more

- **August 29, 1936 - Circa 2002** - John McCain is a man.
- **Circa 2002 - Present** - [*citation needed*]

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

6.9 Something Awful Endorses for the Third and Final Time

Monday, Jun 09, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Way to go, Democrats.

What the fuck is ***wrong*** with you people?

I'm sorry, that's not fair to all of you, but for the majority: what is your goddamn problem?

Back in December we endorsed Senator Christopher J. Dodd in the Democratic Primary. It was a first for us to officially endorse a candidate for President, we were excited. Sure, he was an underdog, but Iowa seemed to be coming down with a serious case of Doddtheria and we felt confident in a come-from-behind win. Instead, 99.8% of Iowans rejected Senator Dodd and he almost immediately dropped out of the race.

We were hit pretty hard around the Something Awful offices. Lowtax moped around the office, Dr. Thorpe rolled from side to side on the floor of his office, and Livestock gained almost a hundred pounds in a matter of weeks. I knew we had to pick a new candidate to support or we would be overcome by listlessness.

On February 4th of this year, just hours before Super Tuesday, we voted to fully endorse Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton. I won't replay her qualifications for you here, but suffice it to say she totally outmatched the competition.

So it is, with a heavy heart, that I must report our candidate will no longer be pursuing the Democratic nomination for President of the United States of America. On Friday, the 6th of June, Senator Clinton officially withdrew from the race, conceding the field to Senator Barack Obama. Her defeat came as a shock to all of us.

Sexist race-baiting corrupt monster, B. Hussein Obama.

Fragmaster was in the process of screaming "DENVER!" over and over again when he heard the news. I had just finished gluing "HILLARY OR TEAR IT UP!" buttons to the hood of the Something Awful company car when I heard a girlish scream. I thought perhaps bobservo had gotten his hand stuck inside the microwave again and hurried to find the source of the caterwauling.

Corin Tucker's Stalker was standing in the room where we store all of our fire poles, sobbing softly and trying to tear his eyes away from Wolf Blitzer's flocked face.

"It's over!"

He wailed. We hugged, tenderly, like soldiers looking at the boots and helmet of some hetero dude in our unit that got blown up by terrorists. I wiped the tears from his eyes with my monogrammed kerchief and together we confronted the reality that it was finally over. No convention fights. No riots in the streets of Denver. Forget about the Michelle Obama effigy I had been marinating in kerosene. Our girl was out of the race.

Lowtax gathered all of the writers. We had a good cry, talked about our feelings, and then we touched each other's junk for a while in a totally patriotic and non-sexual way. After that we all knew what had to be done.

We had to endorse another candidate.

John McCain on the set of the Invisible Man.

There were only three men (and zero women!) still in the running to become President of the United States. We were not counting Bob Barr, the Libertarian Party Candidate, whose moustache is known to drive birds to frenzy. Nor did we consider Ralph Nader as we simply cannot endorse pedophiles or child killers.

That left Congressman Ron Paul, Senator John McCain, and Senator Barack Obama. It was a difficult decision and one we did not undertake lightly.

Senator Obama, Hillary Clinton's chief rival, might have seemed the natural choice for us. He appeals to our demographic of self-hating white college kids with too much money. However, his conduct during his campaign against Hillary was disgusting. He sullied President Bill Clinton's reputation by repeatedly forcing him to make racist comments. We were also terrified by his religious mentor, Reverend Jeremiah Wright. He was clowny fun to listen to, but his gold Lamé robes reminded us of nightmares we had where Liza Minnelli was a warlock.

The last straw against Senator Obama finally broke when he made his intolerable comments about bitter people clinging to guns and religion in small town America. Bitter, Senator Obama? Disgusting!

I don't know how many small towns you have visited lately, Professor Big Time Chicago Senator, but the people there are far too stupid to be bitter. No, Senator B. Hussein Obama, you and your Quran are going to have to rely on the sexist media to get elected, because red-blooded outlets like Something Awful will never endorse your elitist attitude.

It came down to Congressman Ron Paul and Senator John McCain. After hours of arguing back and forth about Building 7 of the World Trade Center, fiat currencies, and melanomas, we came to our decision.

For the next President of the United States of America Something Awful is proud to endorse...

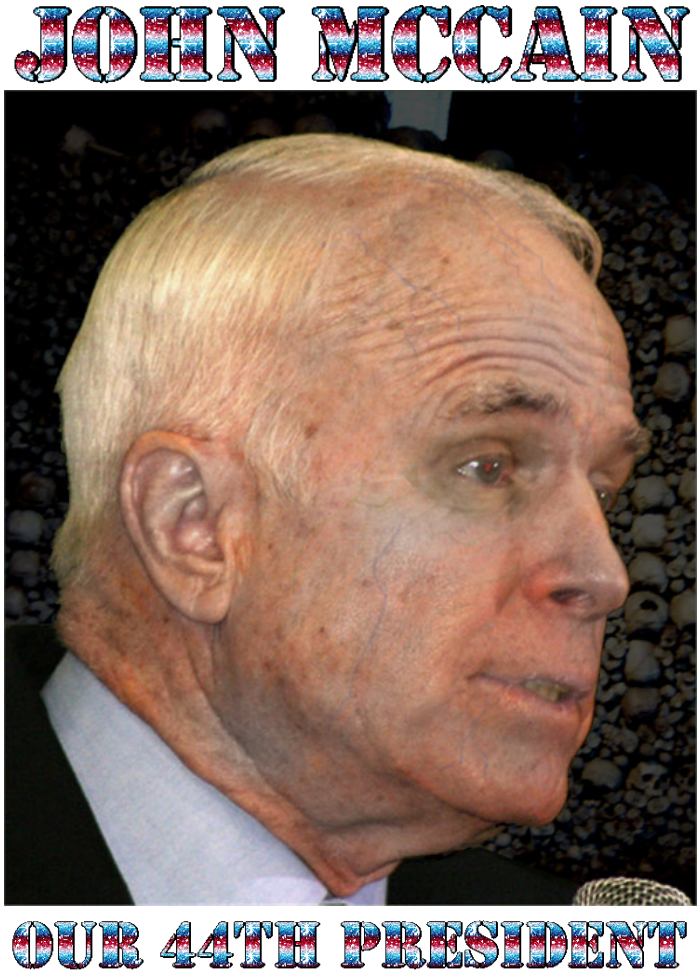
Feel the excitement and the energy!

There are so very many reasons to support the Presidential aspirations of Senator McCain, far too many to list in their entirety here. Chief among our reasons for supporting John McCain were:

PEANUTS.

His robust and wizened support base. John McCain has the most experienced supporters of any candidate remaining in the contest. At a critical time in our nation's history we believe that we need voters who have the experience to choose the person to lead our country. While Barack Obama is cavorting around with teenage hussies, Senator John McCain has a reliable base of voters well versed in things visible when they squint at the crawl on Fox News. Did that say Osama is visiting West Virginia? Yes it did, Mr. and Mrs. McCain voter.

Represents both the past *and* the future of our great nation. He's like starting this great level called America over on our second life or like the Sports Almanac used to pick winning teams and build our empire of casinos, only in reverse, and with bombs.



He is against regulating the banking industry. We don't know why anyone would do that, but we do know one thing for sure: regulation sucks. Have you ever seen the prices on NFL regulation jerseys? That's like a nine dollar shirt that costs 75 dollars. Now apply that to banking.

Wants us to win in Iraq, not just give up. He's still working on the specifics of the complex issues like "winning" and "victory", but no matter what we can't lose. And when you think about it, spending the next eight years doing the exact same thing is *not losing* in Iraq, which you could say is a form of winning.

Can survive plane crashes. He has crashed five of them and blew up his own aircraft carrier, so he's got to be pretty good at getting out of sticky situations. That's a valuable skill for a President. Hopefully he can get out of the next jam without needing to spend five years in a prison camp.

Hey, Obama! Your chickens...thp, thp, thp, thp...are comin' home...to roost.

He looks more like us than Obama. Well, he looks like us if you put our pictures into that age progression software the cops use to look for missing kids. And we went missing in Bible times.

And there was a drop down where you could set "got so much face cancer they're starting to turn into a Blockhead from Gumby."

Totally unstoppable. McCain wasn't just in the Keating Five, he took the most money of any of the Senators involved. And now he's running as a straight-shooter! We're pretty sick of backing a loser, but this guy is unstoppable!

Something Awful is proud to endorse Senator John McCain in his bid for President of the United States of America. He is tough on terrorism, tough on poor people, and tough on health care. John McCain is a leader we can believe in.

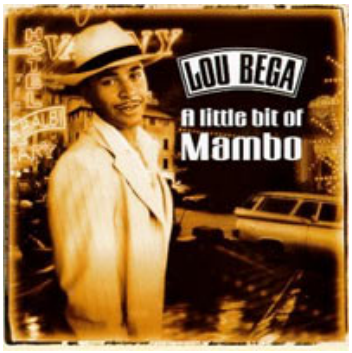
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.10 Subj: DAD BACK ON THE ROAD

Tuesday, Jun 10, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

RAN OVER A BRA IN THE ROAD.... sorry if that is alarming to you but it happened and I cant change history!!! Dont tell your mother I couldnt avoid it. it was a large bra.



This is a somewhat somber time of year for your dear old dad and as such I think its important for me to make things change for the better. I do not know if you got my voice mails but I got a hot new ride. No not the convertible I was dreaming of for 30 some years. i got a rental car because i was tired of that hitch hiking hootchie hoo. They like to play it up on tv and make it so only the cool and those being chased by someone are hikers but the truth is none of these people ever got stuck in a car with a lady who loves Lou bega and "car"omatherapy.

Have you ever been following behind a horse trailer and felt a bond with the horse. Maybe you are staring into its eyes and it looks back at you and you feel like you are old souls like maybe this used to be your horse in ancient greece or your best friend in the 1920s and maybe you guys did crimes together secretly and shared that bond and then you keep looking at the horse and realize it just looks a little like your old mailman and thats where you're getting this whole thing from. it's pretty bogus but it just killed like 50 minutes of drive time

Is there a new tv show about dog news or did I dream it a few months ago because I have been waiting since like March for this thing and i hope it hasn't been a dream this whole time

I think i am allergic to the way this car smells. Its even worse than the Lou Bega lady. Speaking of that remember the time we got that potpourri at Big Lots and then grandpa came over and his face got really puffy because he was allergic to it so we drove way out to the country to get some air and we stuck around for a couple hours and let the dog eat field mice then we got home and the dog got sick and threw up mostly whole mice and potpourri which made grandpas whole head and neck puff up again.. he almost had to sleep outside because nobody could clean it up well enough for him to come back in

Speaking of cleaning up well enough, remember that iguana one of your friends gave you back when you were little?? You all ended up taking it under the house and it got away. Then a few hours later his folks called our house and the husband screamed like a dying teenager about it?? That thing couldnt have cost much it was dumb as a rock and acted and smelled like a slowly creeping toilet that sleeps on top of your stereo speakers. Big deal !!!

Speaking of lizards also I never told you this but the reason I did not raise you to believe in Santa Claus is because when you were 1 or 2 years old I tried to pretend to come down the chimney in a santa suit so I hid in the fireplace and had your mother bring you into the room and then I was supposed to climb out but a fireplace lizard family crawled into my fake beard and one of them was about the size and weight of an uncooked hot dog so it was a little serious.

A similar event happened on a 4th of July in the early 90s that also traumatized me. A local radio station ran a contest where the winner would get to wear a huge shirt that was many sizes too big and the inside of it would get slowly filled with warm, buttery, air-popped popcorn. not only that but you know who would help you eat it out of your shirt?? A handful of hot babes from the local Hooters and the teacher of the year from the high school for girls downtown. Not only did they not want any of my chest popcorn but they also acted very rude at me when I tried to get them to eat it every time I asked. They didnt understand that the shirt was so hot because the popcorn was coming right out of the machine and i could understand if they didn't want a piece that was right next to a pit but most of it had not come in contact with my smell zones. The only small amount of comfort came when the seagulls started coming and picking out the popcorn a tiny bit at a time but then the fireworks started and scared them all off

ughhhh so long happy fathers day!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

6.11 THE NEWS MAGAZINE OF THE COMPUTER SCREEN, VOL. 7

Wednesday, Jun 11, 2008 by SA REEL SERVICE (@Livestock)

This article is part of the News Magazine of the Computer Screen series.

After a long and arduous journey into the heart of deepest Africa, millionaire industrialist Arthur Trueblog has placed the elusive werewolf that has been terrifying African villages under citizen's arrest! The werewolf, formally American Vice President Stuart P. Thornbuckle, abandoned his position to spend more time terrifying the innocent with his sharp fangs, imposing claws, and intimidating roar!

"The werewolf, though fierce and cunning and determined to keep terrifying people," commented Arthur Trueblog, "did not attempt to fight the arrest. I think he knew it was coming, and was relieved it was finally over with."

The werewolf was turned over to Central Booking in New York City, where it faces a bevy of charges from mauling to disturbing the peace.

"It should be noted," spoke Lester Lawblight, the werewolf's lawyer, "that the vice president has nothing to do with these actions. He is no more in control of the werewolf than you or I."

What strange twist in the laws of magic enabled the werewolf to persist past the full moon is currently being investigated by a team of magicians and scientists.

"So far we have determined that some of the werewolf genes mutated," said an excited scientist, so full of pride in his diligent work. "As a result, the genes were no longer responding to the subtle pressure changes exacted by the moon. We had some specifics, but those damn magicians made our findings disappear!"

"Poof!" said a magician, who pulled a tiny car out of his pocket that was once a full sized car belonging to the scientist!

Meanwhile, Congressman Applebarrel P. Funbucket introduced articles of impeachment, intending to prevent the werewolf from doing any further harm to the country.

"May the reputation of America never again be sullied by werewolves," spoke the plucky congressman with a heart of gold and pocketful of special wish-granting beans. This humble reporter can't help but agree!

Lonely and haunted by a purposeless existence, a nameless man tries on pants at a thrift store in the abandoned city of Chicago! He has lived alone without human contact for over three decades, each one more toilsome and wretched than the last! The nameless man, so detached from the familiar human experience we all know and love, does not even know how to wear pants!

The man, hairy and disheveled, attempts to force his bearded head through a pant leg, ignorant of the tried and true "one leg at a time" method developed by his long lost ancestors, taken at once from the Earth in a brilliant flash of light!

His nose, keen at recognizing animal scents, notes the unique smell of the pants. They are soaked in the odor of an animal new and alien to him, but known well to us! He gathers all the pants in the store he can carry, intending to take them to his makeshift home to cook for dinner before the sun gives way to the nightly reign of beasts!

Let's hope those pants give him a leg up!

All of Wyoming is in a pandemonium after a brand new font spread like a tempestuous storm of wildfire through the state! The new font, with its swift curves and comically bloated serifs, has been on a relentless stampede, appearing in all manner of signage man can fathom!

"There ain't no finer a font in all the world than that one," remarked an industrious man selling corn he found in a bag!

Neighboring states are in an uproar, fearful that the font may spread like some horrifying headline straight out of the pages of a newspaper of nightmares! "We've got our own fonts," trumpeted Idaho Governor Mitchell Bigwig, who is taking some graphic design classes in the evening and hoping to get an internship this fall! "We don't need that font. We don't like that font. The people of Idaho reject that font!"

But Wyoming Governor Milton Gravity disagrees, declaring it the official state font and promoting the entire month of June as font awareness month! "May all the people of the world come to know and love the font as the Chosen People of Wyoming do!"

All throughout Wyoming, people are getting tattoos using the font, congregating together to discuss and praise the font, and putting out newsletters and brochures declaring their love for the font. Many are even taking pilgrimages to Cheyenne, the place where the font first appeared!

This my friends is the horrifying reality we now face! An unstoppable wall of letters encircling an entire state, threatening to turn friend against friend in some unholy communications breakdown! Neighboring states arm their boarders to defend against the font while Wyoming remains defiant, determined as ever to continue using and promoting it! Only time will tell if cooler heads prevail, or if a tragic end has already been written in the stars!

"I never thought I would be so moved by a font," said Randolph Dog, a scientist who quit his job and left his family to work as an apprentice typesetter. "This is the font the world has been waiting for!"

Waiting for, or fighting to stop??? The answer remains to be seen!

Horrified sighs and gasps reverberated throughout Iowa City, Iowa as concerned citizens witnessed pure terror! Organizers of the annual Iowa City Fair made the gruesome mistake of catering one of its days to the local nudist colony!

As grotesque nude forms mingled with good Christian eyes, lives were ruined and entire generations corrupted at once! Children cried, and adults vomited on their crying children, unable to hold back the raging storm of nausea that seemed to hang over the cursed event like some symbol of God's

judgment!

The horrid nudes arrived from early morning and stayed until late evening, enjoying the fair's rides, games, exhibits, and amusements while frightening other attendees and forever shaming the concept of fairs!

The horror reached its apex within the ever-spinning confines of the Gravitron, which became an unfathomably depraved wall of nude flash scarcely contained by the law of gravity! Innocent eyes were forced to witness sights never intended to be seen and that may never again be forgotten!

The President of the United States, speaking under conditions of anonymity, condemned the fair and all nudes. Said this completely unknown commander-in-chief, "May the nudes of this world forever be cursed with the knowledge that they destroyed fun and merriment for all humanity for all time to come!"

This has been a presentation of the SA REEL SERVICE NEWS MAGAZINE of the COMPUTER SCREEN!

-~SA REEL SERVICE (@Livestock)

6.12 Fake!

Thursday, Jun 12, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

I don't know if your grandma has emailed you the news yet, but that office freak out video where the guy goes insane, throws monitors, pulls up cubicle walls and generally imitates my mom on Christmas morning is a fake. I know, I know. I'm pretty shaken up too.

Viral marketing used to be called word of mouth but now it has a gayer name and there's a pyramid involved.

I'm not going to mention the movie because we don't fall for that sort of thing. But I just WANTED to let you know that one question keeps going through my mind. Why does our Internet keep lying to us?

What did we ever do to the Internet? We fed it the highest quality Goku vs. Vegeta discussions we could. We watched it grow from a cute little cyber world to this monstrous blob of depravity and swindles that consumes everybody and everything that touches it.

We were there for its first words, its first steps, its first gonzo porn. I admit we weren't always as patient as we should have been with our Internet and sometimes expressed concern with its direction in life, but we were always there for it through thick and thin. Despite all we have given it, we are repaid with fake videos loosely linked to some awful movie.

I just want our readers to know that we don't pull any of that viral marketing nonsense here. You can trust that we'll never disguise advertisements as something else on this site. For example, just the other day I was watching Ice Road Truckers on the History Channel when my wife comes in and says that my brand new Dodge truck looks really nice in the driveway.

She's the greatest isn't she? She always makes sure to remind me when my favorite show Weeds is coming on! Oh man, what a great show. I can't wait to tune in next week to see what whatever the characters names are on that show do with those nasty little plants that infect an otherwise well-tended garden.

If we can't trust that a simple office meltdown video on a web site featuring clips of dogs humping screaming children is real, then who can we trust? Is the Russian POW beheading video real or is it just a Muppet? Was the clip of the little girl getting hit by a train filmed in front of a green screen at Skywalker Ranch? Is a black man really running for president or is it just a viral marketing stunt for UPN? I just don't know anymore!

This new era of viral ads is causing me to distrust everything now. What else is fake? I did a little digging and found that there's a lot more that the Internet isn't telling us.

That Leeroy Jenkins Thing

> The Leeroy Jenkins incident was a funny video that got too popular for the likes of we goons and we've since declared it to be uncool to watch, enjoy or talk about, unless you are talking about how unfunny it is or how you've always thought it was stupid. They say that tragedy plus time equals funny. Well, funny plus time equals goon elitism, as evidenced by our own SAclopedia entry on the famous video.

Leroy Jenkins

Posted by Gus Hobbleton on May 20, 2005

A ridiculously stupid and hilarious video from World of Warcraft. The video shows a group of characters standing outside a massive group of enemies, planning their assault. They have everything down to a science, even mathematically calculating their chances for survival (60%).

Right when they're finishing their plans, one of the players suddenly runs into the monsters, yelling "LEROOOOOOOOOOY JENKIIIIIIINS!!" at the top of his lungs. The entire group was decimated, of course.

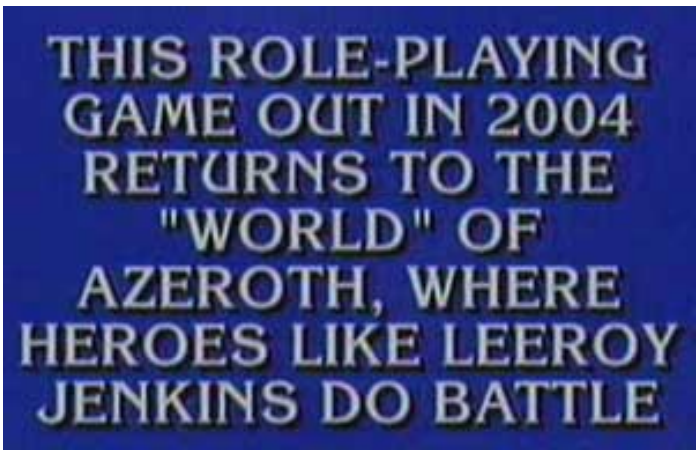
Two years later...

Posted by sisonpyh on March 24, 2007

A staged WoW video that was never funny unless you played WoW 8+ hours a day and were under the age of 17.

Since then this Internet phenomenon has reached the mainstream, even enjoying a stint as an answer on Jeopardy. But alas, poor, poor dummies, it is a fake video. Heh, how do I know?

Well, let me enlighten you on some of the finer points of World of Warcraft. At one point in the video the players are calculating the chance of survival. HELLOoOoOoOoO?! This is basic stuff here people! God!



What is, "I've always hated that guy"?

Also, they claim to be in a spot that they can't get past but are wearing armor found on a boss later in the instance. Uh, how do you explain *that*, smart guy?

I posted that the Leroy Jenkins video was fake two minutes before it was even uploaded and I hated it before anyone else. You are all morons for falling for it. Case closed!

Late Night with Conan O'Brien

For years we have laughed with, and at, the late night variety show hosted by Conan O'Brien. His show Late Night has captivated audiences with its in your face gritty realism. Sorry to burst your bubble, but Late Night isn't what it seems.

All of the laughs, the wacky hijinks, and the crazy characters are staged in what are called "bits" written days, sometimes even weeks, before the show airs. The masturbating bear? That's just a guy who likes to masturbate in a bear suit. Triumph the Insult Comic Dog? Lest you believe he was a real canine. He's really just a puppet operated by respected Jewish comedian Robert Smigel.

Andy Richter? He was just a fictional character. I know because what comedian would be stupid enough to leave a stable gig on a late night variety show to do a bunch of awful TV shows? Now that Conan is set up to inherit the Tonight Show I bet he's really kicking himself now. How could Andy Richter control the universe if he can't even get a handle on his own career?

The kicker is, the show isn't filmed late at night. It isn't even filmed *at night*. Each episode is rehearsed and staged in the afternoon because Conan's bedtime is 9:30... *PM*.

Conan isn't the only late night host guilty of deceiving his audience. Jimmy Kimmel Live... *isn't actually live*. Craig Ferguson, who hosts the Late Late Show, isn't actually funny.

The only late night host who isn't a phony is Jay Leno. In fact, Leno has requested that NBC hook him up to a life support system that would enable him to forgo sleep, constantly work, and never have to see his wife. Now that's the hardest working man in show business. Too bad NBC is getting rid of him. He better find work quick before he has to see Mavis for the first time in 17 years.

9/11

MY SKYLINE

On the morning of September 11th, 2001, when two planes were deliberately crashed into the World Trade Center and nothing else of importance was going on, I was getting ready for school when a casual acquaintance instant messaged me, as was the style at the time. He said that the World Trade Center was on fire to which I exclaimed, "Laughing out loud what?"

I thought he was joking. Then I turned on the television. There it was, plain as day, a smoking pair of ugly, ugly buildings (In retrospect, I wonder if any architecture snobs were silently celebrating that day). Were my eyes deceiving me? No, they weren't, it was the American media.

> Contrary to what "truthers" believe, there was no evil scheme, dastardly plot, or conspiracy to destroy the World Trade Center towers. Nope, 9/11 was just a viral marketing stunt for the 2002 smash-hit film "Mr. Deeds" starring Adam Sandler. Hey, makes sense to me. Every Adam Sandler release feels like 9/11 all over again.

It was all faked. 9/11, the moon landing, dinosaurs. Fake, fake, fake! I saw them all on YouTube, and they look sOoOoOoOoOoOo fake! Any idiot can tell. You people are morons, believing that bullshit.

How do I know I'm right? It's that massive feeling of superiority that all armchair Internet skeptics have. And we will keep on denying that anything and everything is real until we die and meet our Lord in heaven James Randi.

When James Randi closes in for a kiss and tickles your cheek with his beard, *you know it's real.*

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

6.13 My Muslim Neighbor is Not a Terrorist. He is a Panther.

Friday, Jun 13, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Three weeks ago I met the guy that moved in a few houses down from me in my quiet Chicago suburb. His name is Kafir and he is a single Muslim man. His family is wealthy and they bought him the house while he is attending college in the city. He is tall, beardless, olive-skinned, and he has a face that looks a bit too wide for his narrow head.

I am convinced he is the exact opposite of a terrorist.

The day I met Kafir he was standing in his driveway, arms folded across his chest, staring at a brand new lawnmower.

"The grass is horrible," he said to me, gesturing to some clovers and dandelions that had sprung up in his yard. "It is merciless."

Kafir told me, with difficulty, that he is treating his time in the United States as a sort of full-sensory anthropological investigation. He has a sense of humor about it, like he's visting one of those living history sites where bored college kids dress up as real pioneers and explain how to make a candle. Only there are 300 million of us in costumes and he can't leave until he graduates with a Master's degree.

Kafir's openness to American life is endearing, but his choice of living in suburbia struck me as a little odd. If I were to summarize the economics of globalization I would say it was an attempt by US corporations to turn the rest of the world into suburban America. I would think moving to suburban Chicago would be about as underwhelming to Kafir as an American visiting the original McDonald's franchise.

"I want to cut grass like American," he explained, speaking very precisely. "We have grass, but it does not grow wantonly."

"Hire some Mexicans," I suggested. "That's the American way. Even the Mexicans hire the Mexicans."

Kafir didn't want to pawn off his chores on a hired crew, but he seemed to appreciate my honesty.

"Have tea," Kafir beckoned.

"Sure."

I figured it would be impolite to refuse.

The inside of Kafir's house was virtually identical to my own in terms of layout. There was a slight rearrangement of the floor plan, but it was obviously churned out by the same architecture factory. What was striking was how bright everything was. All of the walls were white, the carpets were white, and the blinds were all pulled up completely.

I sat on Kafir's white futon, my knees bumping against Kafir's glass table, staring at the blank black rectangle of Kafir's giant TV. He went into the kitchen and began banging pots and pans. He returned several minutes later, apologizing profusely, and set a delicate silver tea service on the table.

Over dainty cups of bitter black tea we tried to communicate.

"The university...I go...ehhhhhh," Kafir made a hand motion that I believe was intended to describe

the shape of his university.

"The University of Chicago?" I asked.

Kafir seemed uncertain. That exchange epitomized the first fifteen minutes or so of our conversation. He would try to explain something he had seen or done in halting and carefully-chosen English and I would guess at his intended meaning. It was a game of cross-cultural and cross-language charades and we were both losing.

"Do you have Taco Bell in Qatar?"

Hottest woman in life.

"Taco Bell!" He exclaimed, smiling and nodding his head. "Burrito supreme."

It wasn't much, but it was enough for a guy like Kafir, desperately looking for someone to talk to about anything. He leapt to his feet and snatched a DVD case from his entertainment center. He waved the metallic cover at me.

"Transformers," he said and picked up the case. "Blu-ray. Hi-Def. Optimus Prime."

He seemed to be describing objects like an intro level language teacher.

"Shia LeBouf and Samantha Fox," I replied.

"No, no, no! Megan Fox!" He fell to his knees melodramatically. "Hottest woman in life. March 2007 FHM!"

"She is very hot."

"I, panther!" He exclaimed.

"What?"

"I, panther!" Kafir repeated his non sequitur.

How do you respond to a declaration of pantherdom? I smiled and nodded, but Kafir could sense my confusion. He bounced to his feet and grabbed me by the sleeve.

"Come!" He gestured down the hall. "I show you. I show you. I, panther."

I was suddenly wary. I had gone along with Kafir to this point, suppressed my genetic American urge to be fearful of all things too far from me on the color wheel, but did I really want to discover this lunatic's panther den?

I had images of Mayan panther warrior costumes, stone knives, and videocassettes dropped surreptitiously into an embassy mailbox. I knew such suspicions were unwarranted, but if Kafir truly wanted to get a feel for life as an American he needed to start living in beneath an intoxicating cloud of paranoia.

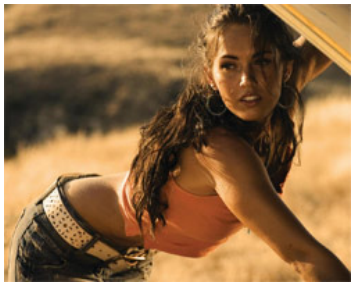
I guess if I have to go, appeasing the gods is the way to do it.

Somehow, I summoned my reserves of courage and allowed myself to be led by this strange Muslim man into the panther's jaws. What I found there was more startling than I could have imagined.

The room was small and windowless. It trapped and compounded

the overwhelming stink of strange chemicals.

"I, panther," Kafir gestured expansively and his meaning was clear.



Kafir's muse.

Kafir, my new neighbor, is a painter. His muse is Megan Fox. What he lacks in skill at panthering he more than makes up for with enthusiasm and output.

"Paint every day," he said and pointed to a stack of blank canvases.

There were more than a dozen portraits of Megan Fox hanging from the white walls. Some were obvious stills lifted from Transformers, others were likely taken from the stack of magazines containing Megan Fox pictorials. A handful of the portraits centered on specific body parts, mostly her eyes, but there was one of her midriff and another of her nose and mouth.

"She is most beautiful of all," he said and grinned with pride.

Kafir applied the paint like mayonnaise on a BLT, so much that his artwork was almost three-dimensional. The lumpy swatches of color were magnets for grit and stray hairs. His portrayal of Megan Fox was of uniformly low ability, but still managed to be uneven. In one painting she had the bulging facial features of a hydrocephaloid, in another a blue skin might have allowed her to pass for a Night Elf.

"Why does she look wet in most of the pictures?" I asked.

"Megan...always so sweaty," he answered. "The heat."

He shrugged. Good enough, I suppose.

Kafir tended towards the ridiculously patriotic for the backgrounds. She posed on the decks of aircraft carriers and in front of waving American flags. One interesting creation featured Megan Fox in an evening gown standing next to the Statue of Liberty. The painting was crude, but I think Megan Fox was the pinkish purple woman standing next to the bright green figure holding a sword.

An inadequate specimen in a superlative pant cut.

There were a few other paintings besides Kafir's extensive portfolio of Megan Fox tributes. He enjoyed painting sports cars, usually at sunset, and had an interesting take on "USA Football" that included a team with skulls for a logo playing against a team with a robot for a logo. I think.

His portrayal of the General Lee included a special guest.

"Megan Fox. Daisy Duke," Kafir explained. "I like the...eh...pant cut."

The layers of Postmodernism in that painting made Blade Runner look like the Talmud. He offered me a painting of Megan Fox standing naked under a waterfall, but I declined. I told him I had to get going.

Kafir shared a special moment with me at the door.

"Megan Fox," he said, shaking my hand.

"Megan Fox," I agreed.

"I wish to...eh...hurt her face with the jizzum," he squeezed my hand conspiratorially.

"Yes," I agreed. "We all want that, Kafir."

And we do.

Deep within our hearts, man or woman, old or young.

We all want to hurt Megan Fox's face with jizzum.

I intend to stop by Kafir's this weekend to check in on his panthering. I will update America with his progress as necessary.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.14 ESPN Player Profile: Alistaire Olajuwon

Saturday, Jun 14, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

ESPN Player Profiles | Golf

Alistaire Olajuwon | USA

Born: December 30, 1965
Fargo, North Dakota
Height: 5-11
Weight: 185 lbs.
Age: 42

College: Turtle Mountain Community College
Debut: 2002
Years Professional: 6

2008 PGA MONEY LIST RANK: **#256** ($3,702)

Player Bio

Set a record with 324 consecutive strikeouts in grade school kickball.

Began a hiatus from organized sports and gym classes the following year through the use of doctor's notes, a homemade "wheelchair" (a metal folding chair with bicycle tires glued to the frame) which he rolled around in to fake a broken and supposedly cancerous back, and eventually home schooling.

Remained inactive until 2002, when he was called to repair a Golden Tee arcade game in a Hooters location inside a North Dakota stripmall. Upon arriving at the scene, Olajuwon encountered a drunken and beligerent John Daly, whose palm had been stuck with a splinter from the Golden Tee cabinet. Olajuwon removed the splinter from the gentle giant's paw, and was awarded with a lifetime membership to the PGA Tour. He had never played a round of golf in his life.

Was mistakenly introduced as Phil Mickelson on the opening tee of the first round at Pebble Beach in 2004. Afraid of disappointing the crowd, retreated from the tee with his shirt pulled over his head and hid in a stand of bushes for the next four days of the event.

Found a four leaf clover on the 17th hole of Torrey Pines which turned out to be an ordinary blade of grass.

PGA Career Stats

STAT		RANK
Driving Distance (Yards Per)	15	#256
Driving Accuracy	12%	#256
Putts (Per Hole)	7	#256
Spectators Hit With Errant Shots (Per Round)	22	#1
Open Crying Fits (Career)	91	#1
Mistaken For Panhandler, Shooed Off Of Course By Security (Career)	3	#2

Player News From SPORTSWIRE

June 10th, 2008 - Missing golfer Alistaire Olajuwon has been found safe and sound at Ohio's Muirfield Village golf course, where he was mistakenly locked in by a groundskeeper following the Memorial Tournament on the evening of June 1st. Unable to scale the fence and reluctant to damage the historic property by digging to freedom, Olajuwon sustained himself on lake water and minnows, burying himself at night in sand traps to keep warm. The owners of Muirfield Village are planning a lawsuit against Olajuwon, claiming... **MORE**

June 5th, 2008 - First, event officials at this week's St. Jude Championship discovered that Alistaire Olajuwon failed to turn in a scorecard at the end of the opening round. Then they determined that he had never shown up, although his absence had not been noticed by fans, his fellow golfers, or any of the four television networks covering the tournament. **MORE**

October 17th, 2006 - Alistaire Olajuwon and Congress have passed the Military Commissions Act of 2006, which suspends habeas corpus for aliens detained by the United States who have been determined to be enemy combatants. **MORE**

Player Photos

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.15 Create Your Own Adventure: Summer Vacation

Sunday, Jun 15, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

You woke up wooting this morning due to the nice weather. You were destined to have fun, but not that usual backyard bullshit. Oh no. Only a road trip will fill your playful ambition. Since Grandma's social security check just arrived, you decide to go to her favorite place: Cedar Point Amusement Park in northern Ohio.

The blankets are tossed off while you search your room for clothes to wear. You want to look smart, cool, and possibly badass. Unfortunately, your choices are limited, but you can still wear your favorite T-Shirt.

Do you grab:

The Crumpled Naruto Anime Shirt On Ground Turn to page 697

The Balled-up Skull/Dragon Mega-Combo Shirt You Used As A Pillow
Turn to page 698

With Naruto on your back you put on your shoes. The anime is seeping into your pores and suddenly everything seems possible. You peek outside your bedroom window and see that your mother's Geo Tracker is sitting in the driveway. If you can get the keys from her pocket without waking her, you can listen to her cassette tapes all the way north. But if she wakes up your trip is ruined. You could also take your mountain bike. It's like 100 miles or something to get there.

Attempt to get Car Keys
Turn to page 699

Take Bike
Turn to page 700

The skull t-shirt makes you feel alive, and you punch your bedroom wall for some weird nerd reason. Ouch you think as you bandage your bleeding knuckles.

You head to the garage and grab your mountain bike. It'll be a long journey, maybe 100 miles or so, but the doctor said you could use some more exercise anyway. You open the door and see your mother's Geo Tracker in the driveway. You can hear her favorite Eagles cassette tape blaring. It looks like she left the thing running all night. You glance back at your bike. Well, what do you think?

Take Bike
Turn to page 700

Take Car
Turn to page 702

You walk into her bedroom and see her passed out on the floor. Looks like she's been drinking again. You move the half-filled bottle of whiskey away from her side and step close. Your heart is beating a mile a minute as you remember last time you tried to take her car you ended up getting four stitches, but you know that it is too late to turn around. You carefully slide your fingers into her jacket pockets, praying that you feel her Winnie the Pooh key chain. Nothing.

Your knee gets wet as you kneel down closer to her. You cannot check to see what it is. The pockets in her jean shorts are bulging with random contents. The trick is knowing which bulge is the keys. You carefully put one finger into your mother's pant pocket before sitting back, allowing yourself to rethink the situation. You finally have a chance to check what your knee came in contact with. Vomit.

Keep digging for keys

Turn to page 703

or

Give up and go to the garage for your bike

Turn to page 704

You carefully check the tires, put on your helmet, make sure the handlebars are aligned, and remove the baseball card that made your bike sound like a motorcycle. You'll miss the THYACK-THYACK-THYACK noise, but oh well. You fit two cans of Mountain Dew into the water bottle slot and quickly walk the bike to the curb. You take one last glance at your house before peddling off. A great journey is about to start.

Peddle On!

Turn to page 701

You finished the last drop of Mountain Dew at the outskirts of your suburb. Sweat is dripping down your face, and your stylish t-shirt is dripping wet. You sit under a crabapple tree to take a break and admire how hard you've worked. Halfway there by now, you think before squinting down the road to see how far you've come. You can still see your house.

GAME OVER YOU FAT ASS. GOD DAMN YOU ARE FAT

Start Over

Turn to page 696

You hop in the car. This will be an easy trip you think. While wooting at your good luck you notice that your breath still smells like the Cool Ranch Doritos from last night. You contemplate making an important decision in which your path could go either way, but decide that there is no time for brushing your teeth today. Instead, you pull the car out of the garage and start off down the road. A great journey is about to start.

The Open Road
Turn to page 705

You wipe the vomit off with her jacket before leaning in for another attempt begin rummaging through her pockets, carefully navigating through her skin-tight denim.

The first pocket was fruitless, the second too. Now you slide your fingers into her back pocket. You feel the keys. Your senses are numb, your fingers are tingling. You are so close. You grab the Winnie the Pooh key chain and slowly start pulling. You get the key chain out, but the keys are tightly wedged in her too-tight jean shorts. You dig your fingers in one last time in an attempt to free them as your mother mumbles the name of a man you have never met. She giggles and turns around, only to see her son, not the hand of a past love, groping her ass.

GAME OVER. GOOD LUCK EXPLAINING THIS ONE YOU FUCKING PERVERT.

Start Over

Turn to page 696

You'd rather be exhausted from bike riding than dig around your mother's pant pockets. Probably a good decision. You pull the bike out and open the garage door only to hear Hotel California blaring from the car. Looks like your mom left it running all night long.

You hop in the car. Looks like things are turning around. While wooting at your good luck you notice that your breath still smells like the Cool Ranch Doritos from last night. You contemplate making an important decision in which your path could go either way, but decide that there is no time for brushing your teeth today. Instead, you pull the car out of the garage and start off down the road. A great journey is about to start.

The Open Road

Turn to page 706

The countryside looked beautiful as you sped down the highway and it continued looking beautiful at a complete standstill as you pull the vehicle off the side of the road. Probably should have checked the fuel gage before starting a road trip. Unsure of what to do you set a few flares down in the road because it is what you see other cars do. You wait for a few hours before shooting a flare into the air, more out of boredom than desperation. Why does your mother have a flare gun in her Geo Tracker? Too late to ask now. The flames diminish as they fall to the ground. You slump over in your seat, bored out of your mind before noticing a man covered in tattoos and wearing an orange prison suit walking out of the woods.

Run

Turn to page 707 or

Stay in Car

Turn to page 708

The countryside looked beautiful as you sped down the highway and it continued looking beautiful at a complete standstill as you pull the vehicle off the side of the road. Probably should have checked the fuel gage before starting a road trip. Unsure of what to do you set a few flares down in the road because it is what you see other cars do. You wait for a few hours before shooting a flare into the air, more out of boredom than desperation. Why does your mother have a flare gun in her Geo Tracker? Too late to ask now. The flames diminish as they fall to the ground. You slump over in your seat, bored out of your mind before noticing a man covered in tattoos and wearing an orange prison suit walking out of the woods.

Run

Turn to page 707 or

Stay in Car

Turn to page 709

You grab your backpack and exit the car. You try to nonchalantly walk in the opposite direction. Your attempt to trick the man fools no one. He sees your slow-motion attempt to flee and begins to chase after. You quickly cross the road, hop the median, and then cross the other road. You hit the woods in a sprint. The backpack is weighing you down, so it gets dropped in a ravine. You wince when you hear the cans of Mountain Dew slam against the ground. You continue running, trying to avoid trees whenever possible. You glance back and notice the man is no longer following you. You take a deep breath and notice that your t-shirt is ripped. You take it off and toss it on the ground while you wait and watch the area you came from, waiting for the man to reappear. Your nipples are hard. Nothing interrupts your watch so you turn around only to see the man standing right behind you.

Your nose hits his chest. He towers above you. Your heart freezes, you cannot think, let alone speak. All you can manage is a raspy "hello" and a barely audible "please don't rape me." He stands motionless for a moment, staring at you. You aren't sure if he will respect your wishes. You remember somewhere that if you don't move then they can't see you. Then you remember that that only works for Tyrannosaurus Rexes.

You quickly back peddle away, only to turn into a tree. You fall back onto the ground. Pine needles prick your skin as you look up, trying to remain conscious. The man's face hovering above yours is the last thing you see before blacking out.

Wake up

Turn to page 711

The man approaches the car. The doors locked. You glance up and see him staring at you. You wave your hand in a friendly manner before looking back down. Maybe he will leave me alone. You look up again.

He is right outside your window, motioning you to roll down your window.

You look at him and contemplate whether to obey. On his arm you see a tattoo of a dragon flying through a skull. You look down and see the exact image on your t-shirt. Holy shit, he'll love this you think as you start rolling down your window.

Once the window is down you try and tell him the coincidence, but you're interrupted by him stabbing you in the face.

"Oh, fuck'n awesome shirt." He says as he peels it off your dead body.

GAME OVER. YOU DIED AND LOST YOUR FAVORITE SHIRT

Start Over

Turn to page 696

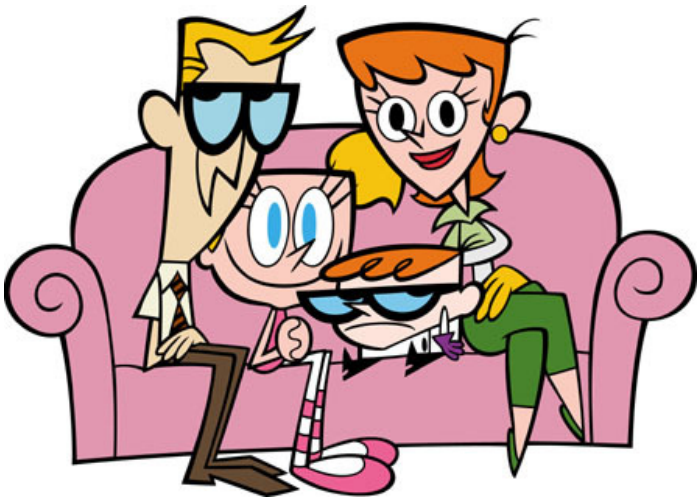
Your heart is racing as you watch the man. Maybe he could point you to the nearest gas station? No, he will probably kill you. As he gets closer you can make out his features. He must be like 7 feet tall. His hair is slicked back, a messy moustache covers most of his face, tattoos cover the rest. Are you sure this is a good idea?

Run

Turn to page 707 **Stay**

Turn to page 710

He gets closer and you can see the numbers on his clothes. Who knows what he was in jail for and who knows how he got out. Either way you hope he can help you. You can see his bare feet slide through the grass. You wave at him and he waves back. Doesn't seem so bad you think. At about 20 feet away you notice that the tattoo covering his face isn't a skull or a swastika, but actually the characters from the cartoon Dexter's Laboratory.



"Stranded buddy?" He says in a friendly tone
"Yeah"
"Well, I can't help ya, but I can keep you company for a little while."

The two of you talk for over an hour, he only wants to discuss cartoons. You try to show off your Naruto t-shirt but he doesn't stop talking about Samurai Jack. Eventually, you mention how you really like anime, but he interrupts you.

"Wait, you actually like that shit? I thought you were just kidd'n or somethin. Ugh."

He then pulls out a switchblade and cuts off your head. Well, you aren't sure if he actually cut off your head because you were dead before he had time to finish.

GAME OVER. LOOK WHAT YOUR OL' ANIME SHIRT DID TO YOU!

Start Over

Turn to page 696

You wake up on a yellow and blue plaid couch. A red stain is beside your head. You feel grossed out until you realize it's your blood, then you feel bad for making the rat-nasty couch worse. You put your hand down your pants, both front and back. It looks like your genitalia made it out safe. You look around the small room but find nothing for your eyes to lock onto. No art, no pictures, nothing. Just one big ass television sitting on an empty table. Suddenly, you realize that you are wearing the man's orange shirt. You can hear a radio in another room playing some Black Sabbath song. You're surprised that you can't remember what song it is, so you decide to find out.

You end up at a closed door. You can hear a shower running and steam is being spewed above the door. You knock, but no one answers. You stand still for a minute. It is apparent that you forgot to take your medication this morning as you start pacing back and forth from impatience.

Wait until they come out

Turn to page 712

Walk In

Turn to page 713

You wait for what seems like an eternity. In reality it's about 4 minutes. While you wait you think about your dog papier-mâché collection.

Pretty impressive huh? Well, you need to fix that dachshund up a bit. Either way you decide that waiting is stupid and open the door.

Go In

Turn to page 713

In front of you is a beautiful twenty-something year old woman showering. Well, actually in front of you is a black shower curtain, but behind that is a beautiful woman. Well, that's what you think based on the smell of soap and your imaginative sexuality.

A woman's voice comes from behind the curtain. "Hello?" She says. Yes! You were right. A woman, a hot woman hopefully, well at least a woman.

"Oh sorry" you mumble.
"Is that the passed out boy? I'm glad you're awake!"
"Yeah, hey what Black Sabbath song was that?"

"Rat Salad. Well, I'm all done" She says, turning off the water. Her towel is pulled off the curtain rod as she steps out of the tub. She is just as beautiful as you imagined. The young woman walks past you, filling your senses with desire, lust, and a clean mango smell as she walks into her bedroom on the other side of the hall, leaving you in the bathroom. You look around the room and notice her clothes sitting on the ground. A pair of panties sit on top. You try and think about what to do. "What would Naruto do," you ask yourself. But Naruto did not answer.

Smell them you little devil

Turn to page 714

Have some dignity.

Turn to page 715

You lift up the panties near your face and admire them. You are about to bury your face into the floral print when the woman walks in. You drop the underwear on the floor, pretending you aren't a disgusting pervert, but the woman knows better. She laughs at your blushing face and asks you to pull her finger. You've already made enough of an ass of yourself, so you comply no questions asked.

She farts.

The beautiful woman quickly traps the fart in her cupped hands and brings it to you like a child who has caught a cricket.

"Now smell this." She says, lifting the trapped fart to your face.

Be a gentleman and smell

Turn to page 716

Are you kidding me?

Turn to page 717

You think about picking up the panties, but refrain. Do people actually do that? Either way you cover the underwear up with a towel to keep yourself from any urges. Pleased with your gentlemanly decision you turn around, only to bump into the man again.

You squeal from being startled, but stop once you realize it's him.

"Jeez, you gotta stop scaring me like that."

He is not amused.

"I mean, you know, sneaking up behind me and all."

"Yeah, no." He says as he grabs your shoulders.

He punches you in the chest, sending you to the ground wheezing.

"What the heck?" You say, spitting up blood between words.

"What kind of pussy doesn't smell a pair of panties?" He asks.

You are speechless.

"The kind that doesn't belong in my house." He answers.

He rips off the shirt he gave you and drags your slouched body to the door.

You hit the ground and start crawling to the road. Behind you, a dog is barking. You turn around to see a big dog.~As a man who loves to make papier-mâché dogs, you must admit that your dogs never look this mean.

You tell the man to calm down and start backing up to the road. When you feel the gravel underneath your feet, you sprint off, unsure of where you are heading.

You turn around and see the large dog coming after you.

GAME OVER. I GUESS YOU AREN'T DEAD YET
BUT USE YOUR IMAGINATION

Start Over

Turn to page 696

She opens her hands and you take a small whiff. You are knocked back against the toilet. Truly, the worst smell of your life. She giggles and claps, and you realize she may be mentally unstable. The idea that you just smelled a stranger's fart is causing you to lose your temper and you want to leave before anything brash happens. As you stand up to push the woman out of your way the tall man enters into the bathroom.

"Looks like you met Claire." He says.

Yeah, hey I think I'm going to head out."

"Well where you goin'."

"Cedar Point."

"Heck, I could take you there." He says, "Especially since you were so kind to Clair." He then leans in and whispers in your ear, "She doesn't have much friends."

The three of you load into his pickup truck and head north. The small cab is packed and a song by The Eagles come out of his radio. You wonder what happened to your mom's car, but the site of roller coasters in the distance distracts you. The man drops you off at the front gate, and you wave goodbye to him and his retarded daughter as they drive off.

You go up the cashier and hand her your Grandmother's social security check.

"What am I supposed to do with that?" She asks.

CONGRATULATIONS YOU MADE IT TO CEDAR POINT.

SORRY YOU COULDN'T MAKE IT INSIDE.

Start Over

Turn to page 696

You gently push the hand out of your face. Tears run down the woman's cheeks as she turns back towards her room. You feel bad, but there was no way you were going to oblige.

She quickly re-enters the bathroom with a gun and shoots you in the stomach. As you lay on the floor, trying to stay alive, she puts her finger in your face and asks you to pull it. You beg for help, but she is unresponsive. With your dying breath, you grab her finger with your blood-soaked hand and pull. She farts, and again captures the fart in her hands. She holds it up to your face.

You smell it.

GAME OVER. YOU DIED, BUT YOU REACHED NIRVANA

Start Over

Turn to page 696

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.16 The Arthouse of Horrors - Retro PC Game Covers

Monday, Jun 16, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The 1980s and early 1990s represented the last golden days of the basement game developers. During this period small teams and individuals could develop a videogame from start to finish with little budget and even less planning and hope to turn a modest profit. Publishers big and small churned out thousands of these titles, bought for a pittance from the developers and given a marketing budget equal to the release of a new type of screw or nail. In many cases the cover artwork was appallingly bad and had little to do with the content of the game. We solemnly hang the worst of these in the Art House of Horrors and attempt to decipher the game behind the cover.

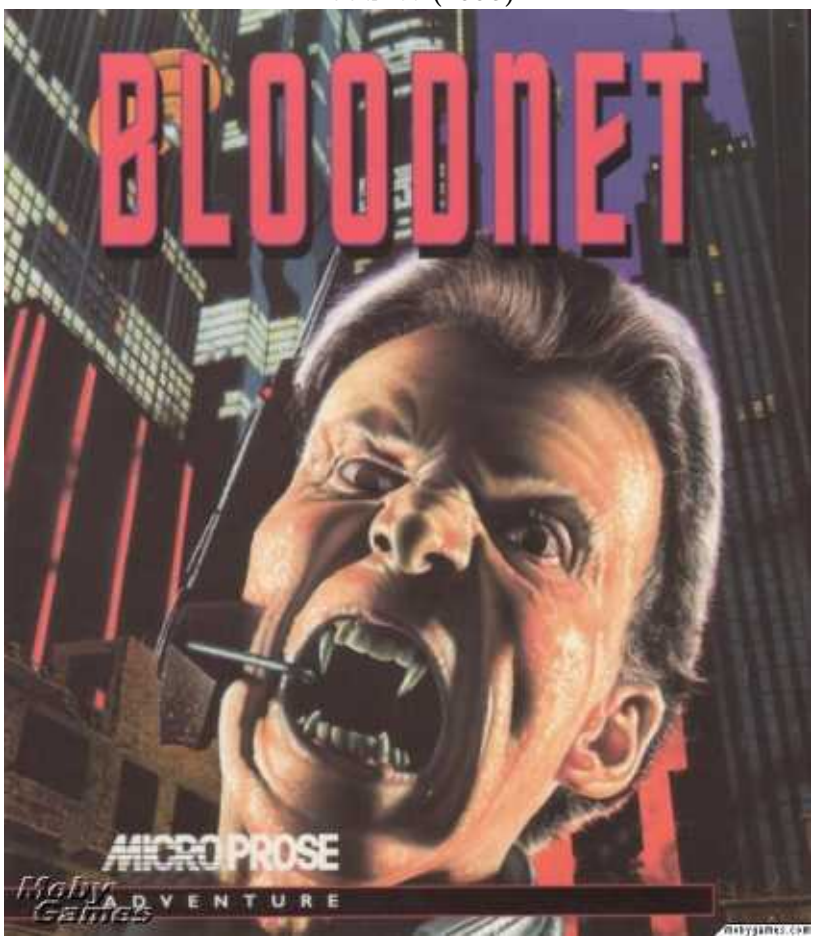
Thanks to mobygames.com for the cover art.

AAARGH! (1988)

Seems to Say: *AAARGH!*, the game of mythical hugging, finally makes the leap from the arcade to the home system. Grapple as one of 16 playable huggers of legend, from the Horned Cyclops and his iron embrace to the bewitching Woman-Spider and her four-talon grab. No monster is too great, no hug too powerful.

Verdict: If I had to ruin two perfectly good MAME cabinets this is how I would want them to be destroyed.

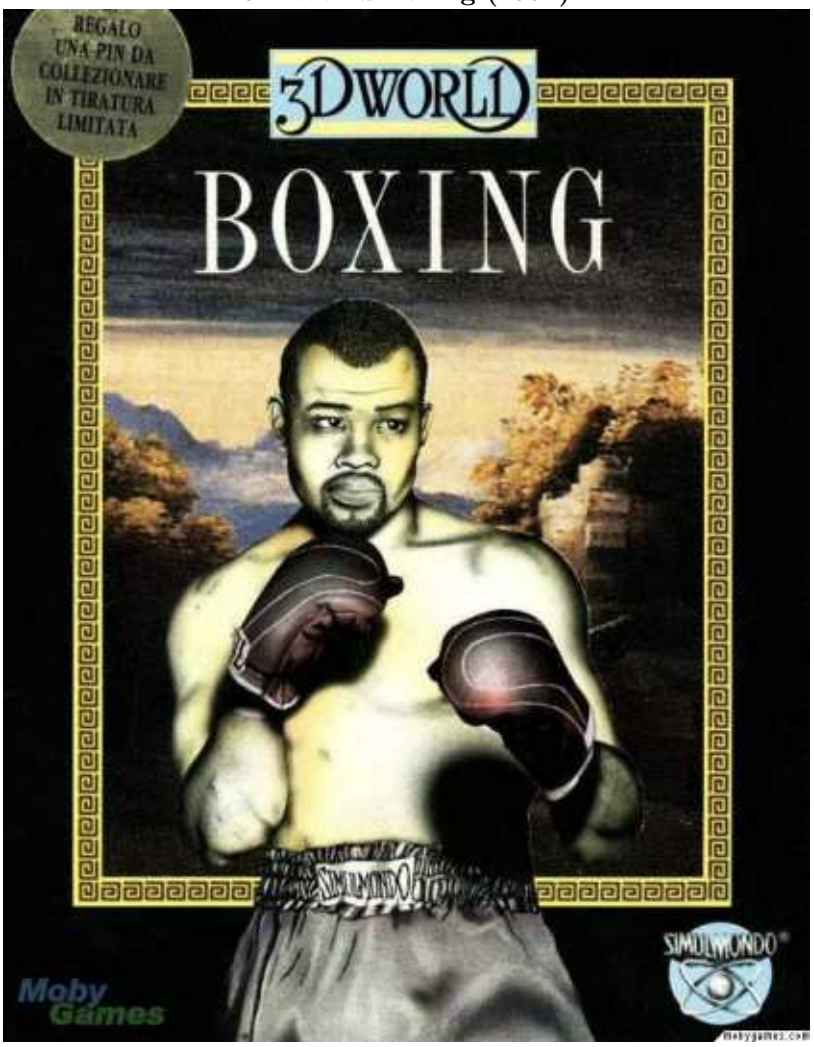
Bloodnet (1993)



Seems to Say: "STOP BUSTING MY BALLS, RENFIELD! I JUST GOT THE CHEAPEST HANDS-FREE THEY HAD!"

Verdict: Hey, guys, did you like *Neuromancer*? Imagine how cool it would have been if it was about vampires. No, I don't mean figuratively, why would you think that?

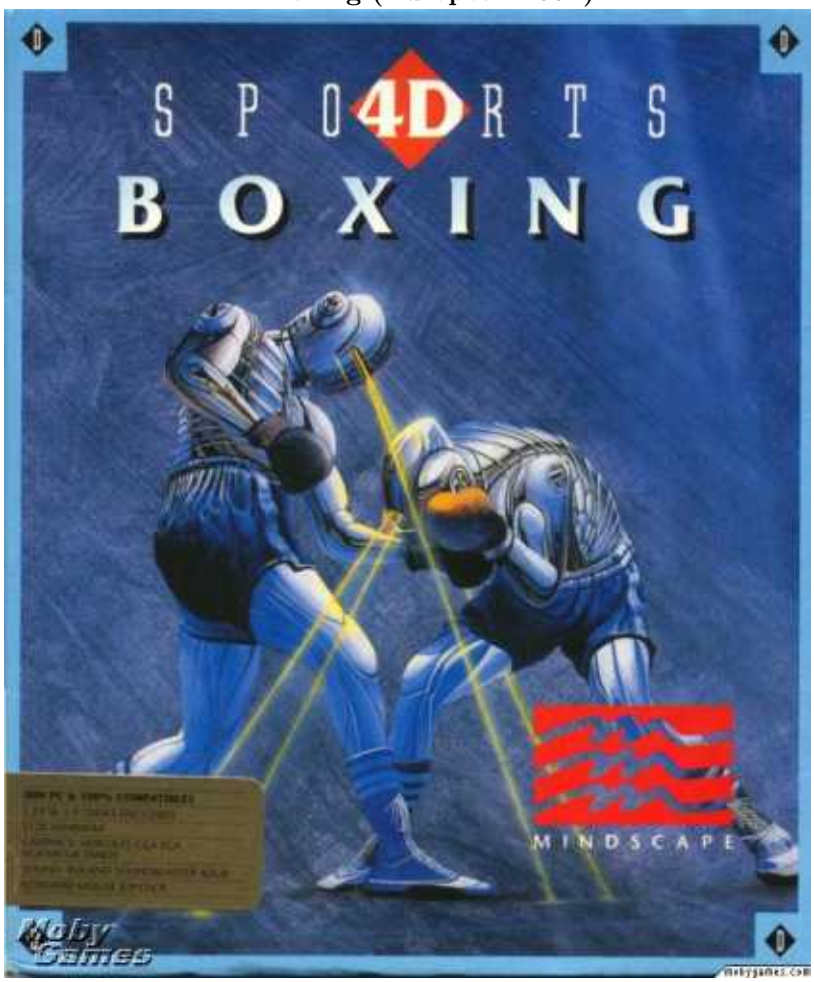
3D World Boxing (1992)



Seems to Say: Fight your way back to the top as a boxer struck down by jaundice and trapped inside a naturalist landscape by a wizard. Now is the boxer's chance to reclaim the title that was stolen from him by mafia sorcery! But can he become the king of the ring before cirrhosis of the liver brings him down again for the big 10-count?

Verdict: I appreciate a survival horror boxing game as much as the next guy, but claiming it's a "3D World" and then trying to sell that with a decaying boxer and a painting seems like a questionable decision.

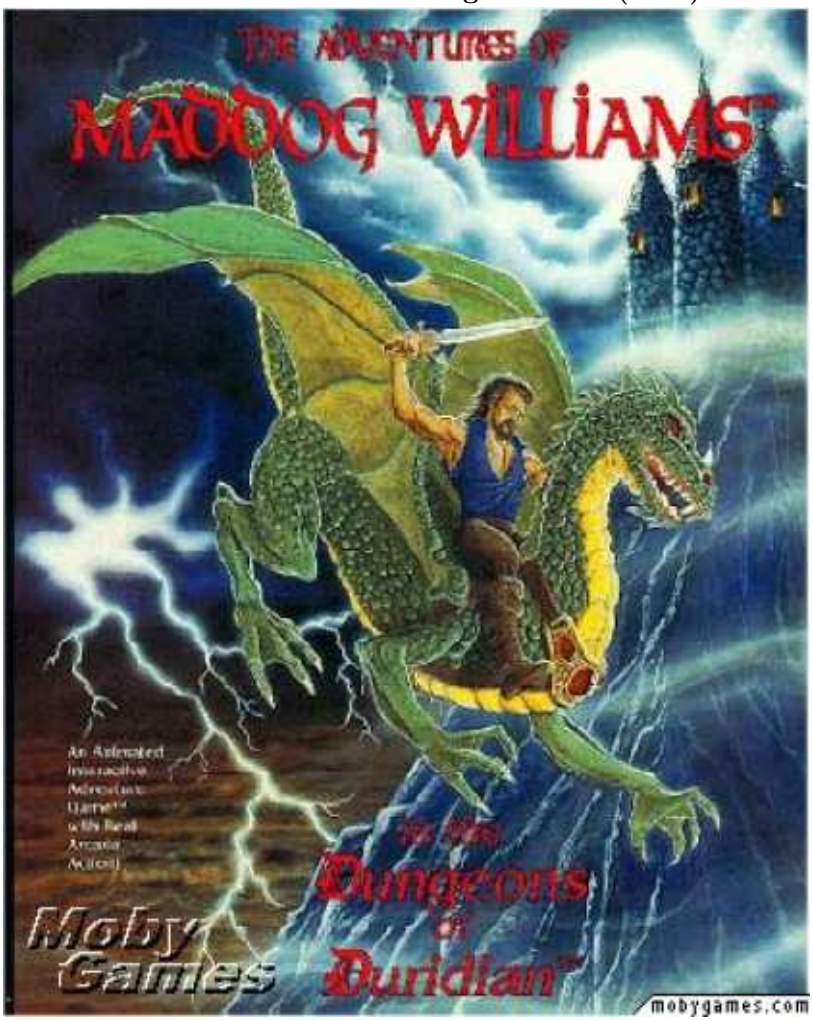
4D Boxing (European 1991)



Seems to Say: More boxing and an extra dimension. What are they counting as the fourth dimension here? I guess if it involves beam-shooting robots punching each other that's a pretty worthwhile extra dimension. Although, it does seem a little pointless to design boxing, beam-shooting robots and then have them wear boxing gloves. And what's with putting them in trunks? And are those socks and shower shoes? This doesn't make any sense.

Verdict: *Pssst.* In the 5th Dimension the robots are naked and fight with their junk.

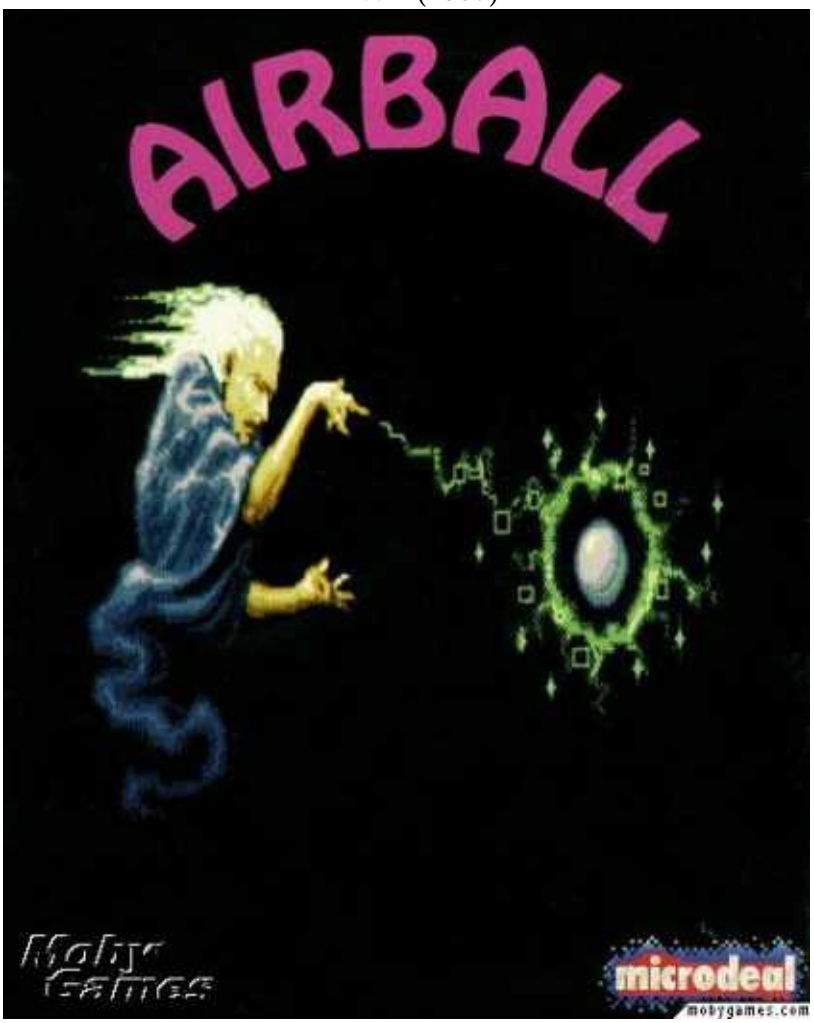
The Adventures of Maddog Williams (1992)



Seems to Say: Get the fuck ready for the sweetest game ever. You know you are in for a full plate of awesome with Maddog Williams. You've got lightning bolts, misty castles, full moons, and dudes with huge swords and awesome beards. Oh, yeah, and did I forget to mention he is *riding a freaking dragon*?

Verdict: You don't have time to sit around not playing this game. Whatever happens, it is going to be the most epic anything ever.

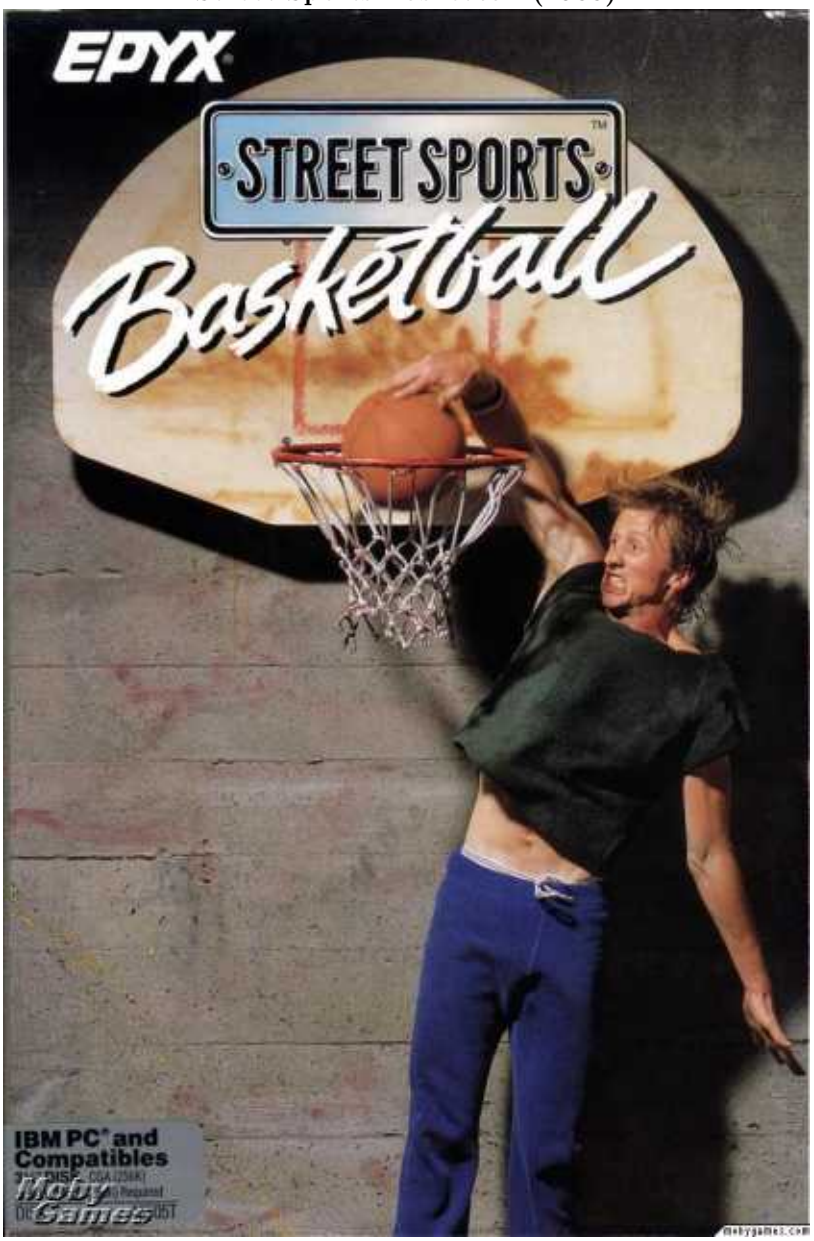
Airball (1987)



Seems to Say: You have been turned into a ball of air with a slow leak by an evil wizard. You must find the Spellbook and the ingredients for the spell. Without these, you will never turn back into a human again.

Verdict: Whoops, that's the actual plot of the game according to mobygames.com.

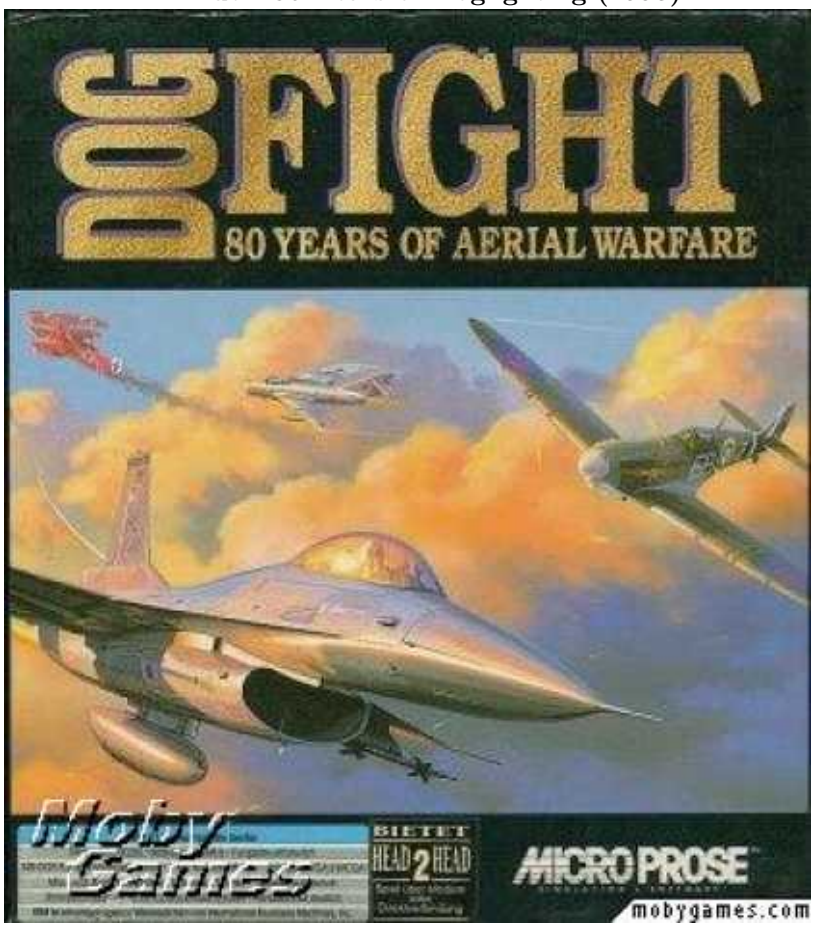
Street Sports Basketball (1988)



Seems to Say: "Do you think we can get the retard cripple in the wheelchair to slam dunk? No? Okay, who is next on our list of Least Believable Street Basketball Players?"

Verdict: Singlehandedly makes the hacky sack from *California Games* look like pickup basketball at Cabrini.∼

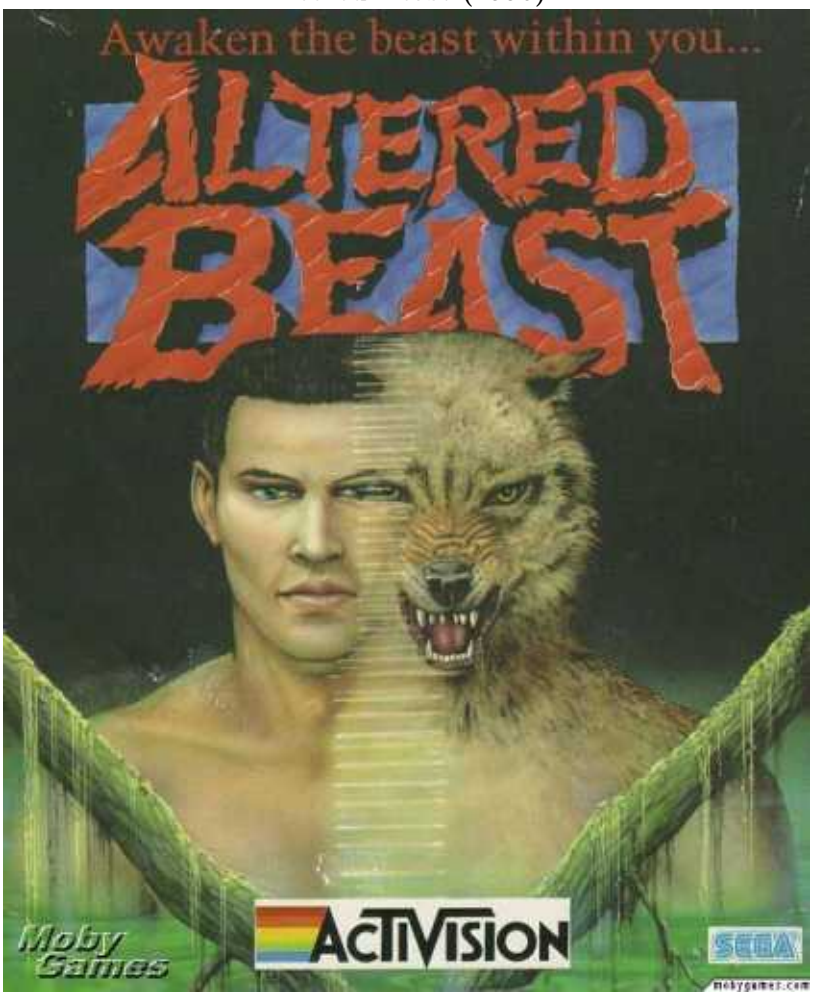
Air Duel: 80 Years of Dogfighting (1993)



Seems to Say: Be prepared for some very lopsided aerial combat. I realize the Red Baron was a badass, but did the Russians really need a MiG-15 jet fighter to shoot him down over Korea? And what kind of moron is behind the stick of that F-16? He's about to get perforated by a World War II plane.

Verdict: Not so much an "Air Duel" as "pick which historic airplane you want to blow up with an AIM-9".

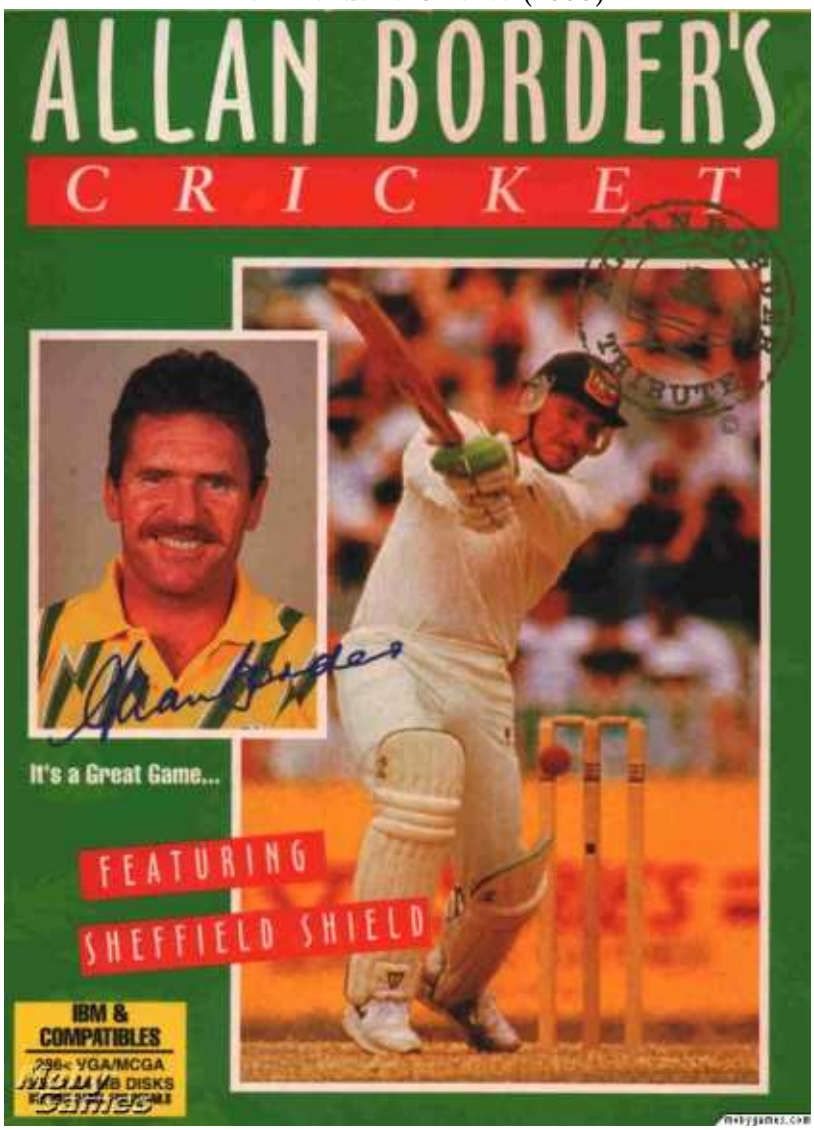
Altered Beast (1990)



Seems to Say: Altered Police Sketch. "Yeah, he had fuller lips. And short hair. And, oh, on the right side of his face was a werewolf head. Yeah, just like that. And he was taking a bath. Yes, officer, that was the man that kicked my dog and turned him into a floating ball."

Verdict: If you played *Altered Beast* on the PC you probably didn't have any friends.

Allan Border's Cricket (1993)



Seems to Say: "It's a Great Game..."

Verdict: "...for Ultimate Gaywads."

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

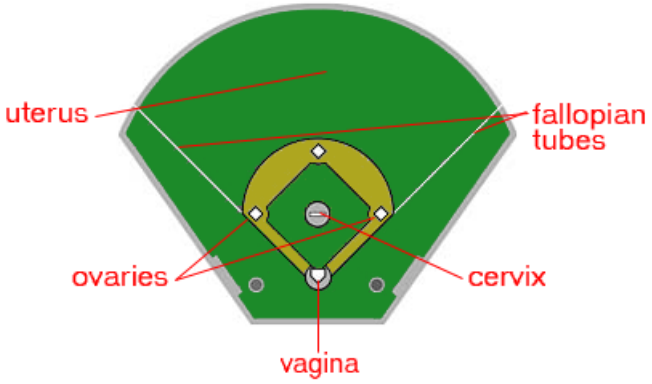
6.17 TDTDT: The Unabridged Base System

Tuesday, Jun 17, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

First base is generally agreed to mean deep kissing, i.e. French kissing, snogging, necking, making out, playing tonsil hockey, swapping spit, tongue wrestling, contracting oral herpes, etc. Second base is widely disputed; the more conservative camp would argue that it's heavy petting, wild fondling and under-shirt action, while the sluttier among us console themselves with the idea that manual stimulation is still only halfway 'round the field. Third base brings the mouth into it, and a home run takes things-- seemingly-- to their logical conclusion.

But home base, as any sports fan knows, isn't just where it ends. It's also where it starts. In this installment of **The Dave Thorpe Dating Theory**, we'll take a look at the full system of bases, an age-old educational tool that will prepare you for each step of your relationship.

Fig. 1: Female Base Anatomy



4th base:

> Rolling over in bed to answer your cell phone and accidentally elbowing her in the face hard enough to constitute domestic violence, but it doesn't wake her up and you're propped up half-asleep thinking, "my god, I've killed her."

5th base:

> Pregnancy scare. You're thinking "maybe if I get her really drunk, nature will take its course," but then you worry it'll backfire and you'll wind up with an Eraserhead baby.

6th through 14th bases:

> Being subjected to an entire Tori Amos CD in the car. One base awarded for each hour it seems to last.

15th base:

> Hugging her from behind in the supermarket and getting that instant of panic that maybe you didn't look carefully enough first and now you're hugging a total stranger, then being almost a little bit disappointed when it turns out it's your girlfriend.

16th base:

She openly talks about her period in a non-pregnancy-scare context.

17th base:

Trying to put your pants on in the morning and realizing they're her pants.

18th base:

Accidentally calling her "sweetie."

19th base:

One time I was in Safeway and this really square middle-aged couple were standing there surveying all the nuts in the nut aisle, and the lady was like, "how am I supposed to choose between all these nuts?" and the dude says, in a completely normal and casual tone of voice, "I've got some nuts for you." He didn't even say it quietly. This actually happened, and that shit is 19th base. If you see that guy (you'll know it's him), high-five him for me.

20th base:

You give her a wicked bladder infection and you're secretly a little bit proud of yourself.

21st base:

She tries some kind of butt thing on you and you're like "what on earth? No." Girls usually know what's up, but there's some kind of misguided girl wisdom telling them that dudes like butt stuff. Where are they getting this info?

21st and a half base:

Giving yourself a black eye by accidentally opening a door into your face. This has nothing to do with relationships, but eventually it's going to happen and it's best to start preparing now.

22nd base:

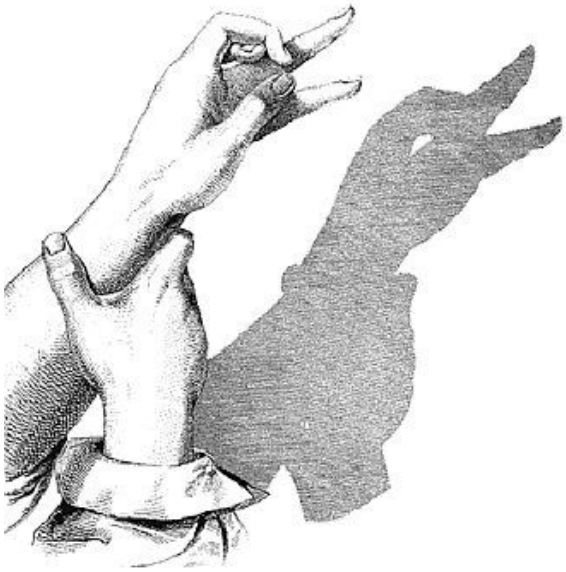
The first time you secretly do that little quack-quack motion with your hand while she talks at you.

23rd base:

Accidentally calling her "mom."

24th base:

Fig. 2: Quack Hand



She worries aloud that your last name might sound funny coupled with her first name, and you're like, "watch it, lady."

25th base:

You're going to buy a CD and she's like "you don't need that, I've already got that CD" and you're like "yeah, but I want the CD too," and she gets really grumpy and it takes you a few days to figure out why (some of you probably still haven't figured this one out).

26th base:

Finally wearing down her feminine decorum enough that she laughs at "that's what *she* said" jokes.

27th base:

The first time she actually catches you doing the quack-quack motion. Hint: try saying it's an exercise they taught you at work to prevent repetitive motion injuries.

3rd Bass:

Popular hip hop trio known for their singles "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "The Gas Face."

28th base:

You accidentally enjoy a romantic comedy. You try to justify it because she accidentally enjoyed Die Hard, but deep in your heart you know you've turned an awful corner in your life.

Fig. 3: 3rd Bass

29th base:

Accidentally calling her mom "sweetie."

30th base:

The grim realization that you can tell Sarah McLachlan and Natalie Merchant apart.

31st base:

She's watching some kind of show about wedding dresses on TLC and you're like, "why the hell are you watching that" and she just glares at you.

32nd base:

Visiting her family for Christmas, getting up in the middle of the night to take a leak and accidentally seeing her nude-wandering dad in the hall. Who walks around naked at night for no reason? (Answer: everyone's dad).

33rd base:

> Not breaking up with her specifically because you figure you can get more free beers if you wait until she breaks up with you. Then it never happens and you kind of lose interest.

34th base:

> You call her a bitch like you always do, but it comes off sounding a little more serious than you intended and suddenly all the air is sucked out of the room.

35th base:

> She gives you a look when you walk past the maternity clothes store in the mall, and you're like, "I swear to god, lady, I am going to punch your lights out."

36th base:

> Having a really fantastic opportunity to cheat on her but not doing it, not for fear that she'll find out and dump you but for fear that she'll find out and you'll have to have a sixteen-hour "talk" about it.

37th base:

> Searching the internet for hormones that can turn you gay. Upon finding that science hasn't caught up to your needs, searching for info on how to fake your own death.

38th base:

> Desperately trying to figure out why she left you; concluding that it's because she's crazy.

Disclaimer for all past and present girlfriends: The preceding was a work of fiction. Any similarity to actual people or events is entirely coincidental.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

6.18 There's No "Us" in "Anime"

Wednesday, Jun 18, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Anime Roommate series.

Listen, Jerry.

We've been friends for a long time, but things are not working anymore. I have spent the last few months writing down your faults and I am now prepared to present them to you. I do this in hope that you will learn to be a better person, or at least learn to respect me. You can either take this as justification to continue behaving the way you do and risk our friendship altogether, or use it as a blueprint for self improvement.

Our friendship is about to E.X.P.L.O.D.E.

I sat by when you and your friends used my collectible cards as coasters. A lot of great *Yu-Gi-Oh!* cards were lost to what I can only assume is carelessness at best, and vindictiveness at worst. I learned to forgive you because I am a Christian and my Savior tells me to turn the other cheek. But things have reached critical mass, like Tetsuo near the end of *Akira,* one of the quintessential films of our era, even if it is extremely mainstream.

When I am watching *Naruto*, Jerry, I do not need you sitting next to me eating Captain Crunch loudly and interjecting your own misinformed commentary track. If you have questions about *Naruto*, that is fine. There's a lot of subtle nuances and texture to take in. That's why it's called art, Jerry. That is also why we have things like Wikipedia, so you can get informed and become a wiser person.

I also have a hard time stomaching your shameful hypocrisy. When you brought your girlfriend over, I tolerated her, even if she was rude and continually alluded to my weight and smell. I cannot help it, Jerry, if the flesh of my inner thighs is necrotizing. That is a common medical condition. I bit my tongue and buried my hurt feelings for the benefit of our relationship as roommates.

Yet when my girlfriend moved in from across the country, you suddenly found yourself at odds with the opposite sex. You yelled and screamed, insulted me, insulted her, and even made her cry. Because of this, I had to foot the bill for a weeklong stay at the Motel 6 until her stepdad could wire her the gas money to drive home. She hasn't talked to me since. Because of you, Jerry, I was denied the opportunity to settle down and start a family. Worst of all, you hurt her so bad that she stopped writing her web comic, robbing the world of an important artist.

Let us not forget your inability to understand boundaries and enforce them. When your friends come over to hang out, they raid the fridge without a care in the world whether the items within belong to them. I don't have a problem with you sharing your things, Jerry, but I do have a problem with your friends drinking all of my Mountain Dew Code Red.

I know you're not a doctor, Jerry, but there's a little disease called diabetes. Without that Mountain Dew, I could crash from low blood sugar and die. I would not invite my friends over to consume your medicine haphazardly. It is virtually unfathomable you would even think such a thing appropriate, seeing as how it borders on manslaughter in the eyes of our legal justice system.

Your friends have been a constant burden, Jerry. I have not invited any of my friends over out of respect for your privacy, but you have practically invited yours to come live with us. Day after day

your so-called "bros" are here, punching me in the shoulder, asking me how many bodies I hid under the floorboards to cause the rotting flesh smell, and generally treating me like an object of scorn. Maybe they can make jokes about kids dying of cancer next, since they seem bigoted against those with disabilities.

The most egregious thing about your friends is their repeated efforts to sabotage my life and career. I draw attention to the weekend of Sakura-Con. As I was preparing to drive to the airport because you were too busy to give me a ride, I found your friends had blocked my vehicle in from every side in the driveway. When I kindly and politely asked them to move, they refused to do so until the game was over. I missed my flight, had to pay yet more travel expenses, and was unable to attend to the costume contest. Hours and hours of work were ruined, and I missed out on winning an important honor.

Keep this up, Jerry, and you're going to meet the real me.

Basically, Jerry, it would have been like me showing up at your graduation and tearing your diploma up. But that's assuming you ever graduate, because it appears to me you lack the cognitive skills to do anything but stare at the TV, yell, and pass judgment on people with lives more active than your own.

I hesitate to mention the incident when one of your friends wandered into my room while I was using the bathroom and typed a bunch of inappropriate things to my friends on IRC and made slight edits to the fansub I had open and was working on at the time. I lost a great deal of scene credibility, and would have been outright shunned if not for my good reputation and the forgiving, inclusive nature of anime fans.

Your callous attitude has driven a wedge between us, not unlike the divide that once separated Goku from Vegata. It saddens me to even draw such a comparison, because its meaning no doubt escapes your primitive grasp of literature and cinema. I suppose I should throw in a sports analogy. It pains me to think you're so uneducated that you can only comprehend things when they are put in the context of some little pretend homoerotic conflict like football. Oh, by the way, Jerry, American "football" is just a bastardization of the European game football, which you foolishly call "soccer."

I hate to do this, but you have given me no choice. If I am to have any respect for myself, I must take a stand. I am terminating our relationship as roommates. I'm not kicking you out, Jerry. I cannot do that because your dad is paying our rent. But what I can and am doing is laying down the law. The law, Jerry. Laws have to be obeyed. You and your friends will respect my space, my possessions, and you will all respect me. Accept that or face the consequences, Jerry. They won't be pretty.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.19 KidzThreats: Country Music

Thursday, Jun 19, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

NEWTON PTA BULLETIN

Volume 24, Issue 9 Free / 50 Cent's For Teachers

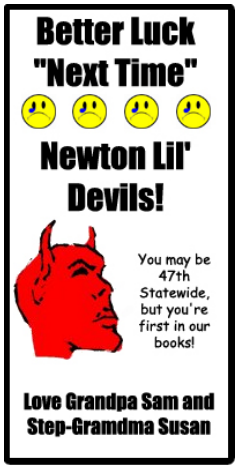
KidzThreats: Country Music

By Daryl Webb, Associate Girls' Lacrosse Coach

Daryl Webb

Growing up in that world-changing decade known as the 80s, it shouldn't be a shock to anyone that I was a bit of a rebel--and the infamous leather jacket I wear every dress-down Friday can attest to that. Yes, it may surprise you, but back in 1983 good old Coach Webb went to the record store and picked up a little authority-challenging cult album called "Thriller." Sure, my aunt and uncle weren't too happy with my music, but in my opinion they had to "deal with it," as our modern "Smart Alex's" say. It wasn't until 1988 that my mother stormed into my room, took one look at my "Bad" poster and said "You know what's 'bad!?' Michael Jackson!"

I sure was cheesed at her for challenging my tunes, but after seeing what became of the King of Pop in the next decade, to this day I thank my mom for saving me from a life of wine-addled ferris wheel rides and endless games of Twister at the Neverland Ranch. Yeah, these are the same activities I participated in during many Disneyland singles' nights later in life, but I was much older and didn't have a lecherous albino breathing down my neck and asking me about the movie "Home Alone."


Better Luck "Next Time"
Newton Lil' Devils!
You may be 47th Statewide, but you're first in our books!
Love Grandpa Sam and Step-Gramdma Susan

Only in retrospect can we see the real danger in music. And let me tell you that this latest threat is even greater than all the gangster rapping Sleazy-E's in the world.

Last Saturday I planned on taking my daughter Bhritnee to our downtown science museum because, let's face it, if dinosaurs were still alive, you could call her Dr. Dinosaur because she likes dinosaurs so much! As for me, there was a two-story McDonald's on the way that my buddies couldn't stop talking about--eating cheeseburgers 10 feet above the ground? I had to check it out. But when I went to tell little Bhritnee that it was time to go, she said, "Not today, dad. Me and my friends are going to sit on the back porch and talk about grandpas."

I figured this was some new fad, and like all things that give me an excuse for a nap, I didn't question it. Yet in the brief 4 hours my slumber lasted, our backyard transformed into an orgy of lounging and horseshoe playing; and when I reached the screen door, I nearly toppled through that tightly-woven mesh so many mosquitoes have tried to pass through in vain. What stopped me was the ghostly wail coming from my daughter's boombox, by a band I later found out was called the Flat Rascals:

Got an old dog, it don't like me much
That thing starts to bark his head off every time we touch
Sittin' on the porch listenin' to the radio
We sing every single song we know
Even the ones we don't
When she moves a little closer
She puts her hand in mine
Oh what I wouldn't give just to stop the hands of time

It was clear to me: my daughter was a fan of country music. And there was nothing I could do to stop it.

A lot of people would say "What's the harm in country music?" And I would have been stupid enough to agree with them before I saw what happened to my daughter. I thought it was just a phase; occasionally I would get hit with a bean bag on its way to a cornhole or trip over a decorative wooden lawn ornament shaped like a goose wearing a bonnet, but I've stumbled on my share of Barbies over the years and can admit that the rage eventually goes away as long as you get plenty of sleep and avoid the child for a few days.

But there were some things at Casa Webb that were impossible to avoid. At dinner with Bhritnee, I would occassionally bring up college, only to find that her plans had drastically changed when she asked me, "Daddy, can I get a job at the Dairy Queen and work there for my whole life?" I would visit her room, only to find her posters of Paris torn down and replaced with pictures of our hometown and Thomas Kinkade paintings.

Bhritnee abandoned her dreams of moving to the big city so she could live down the street and be close to me and her high school friends for the rest of her life. On national holidays, her shirts would never be without American flags drawn on them in puffy paint. All conversations with my little girl would eventually move to the topic of the past and how it was better in vague ways.

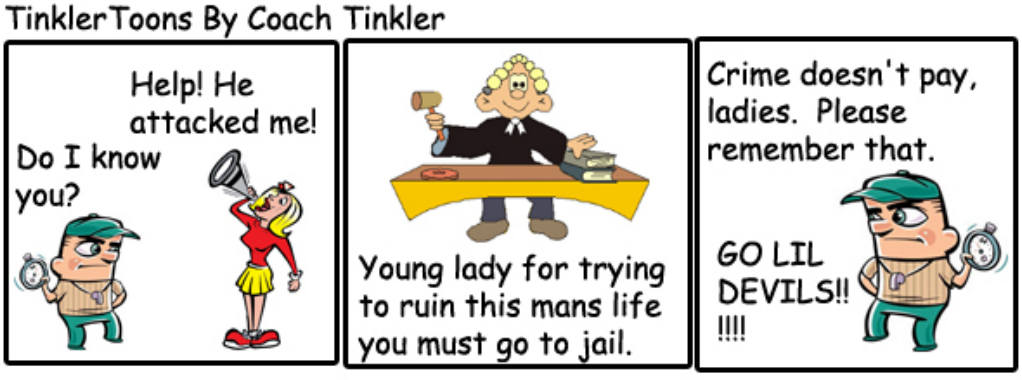
Country music had made my child boring, and tragically, promised to make her a permanent fixture

in my life. Time will tell if it's too late for me to save myself from the fate of an incredibly dull child--but it may not be too late for you. If you're worried about the effect of country music on your child or adopted child, ask yourself the following questions:

- Is your child aspiring to live a monotonous small-town lifestyle?
- In your child's lifetime, does he or she plan on ever moving outside of the ten-mile radius that surrounds your home?
- Instead of drinking quality microbrews and/or affordable imported beers, has your child been chugging canned domestic swill out of filthy styrofoam coolers? (Note: Your child shouldn't be drinking beer but I'm just sayin')
- Does your child's diet consist of 80% barbeque gristle?
- Does your child find both dogs and The President to be trustworthy figures?
- Does your child's idea of weekend fun inevitably involve fire and backyards?
- Do you find pictures of suburban ranch homes pinned up on your child's wall alongside images of sports figures and celebrities?
- Do all of the books your child reads contain either "Chicken Soup" or "You Might Be A..." in their titles?
- While he or she is sleeping, examine your child's inner thighs. Do they have telltale mechanical bull (kidney-shaped) bruises on them?
- Does your child exhibit a perverse attraction to humbleness?

Take me seriously friends; if you think one boring child is an acceptable loss, think of our teachers, who, due to budget cuts, now have to teach upwards of 90 of them at once. Desperately trying to stay awake while holding a conversation with my daughter is one thing, but I couldn't imagine standing in front of a room full of people who only want to talk about lawns.

NEXT MONTH: Snap Bracelets: They're Back


TinklerToons By Coach Tinkler
Help! He attacked me!
Do I know you?
Young lady for trying to ruin this mans life you must go to jail.
Crime doesn't pay, ladies. Please remember that.
GO LIL DEVILS!! !!!!

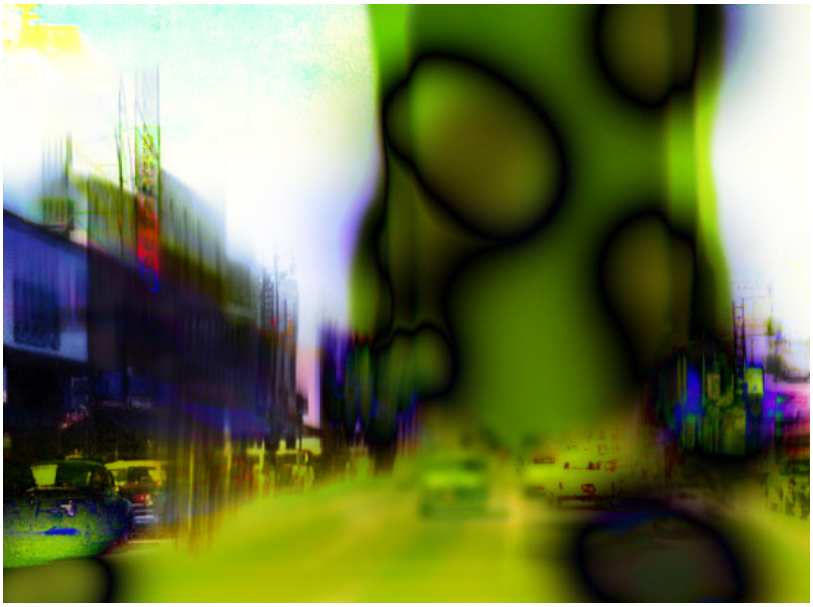
-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

6.20 Instruction for a Town

Friday, Jun 20, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Instruction for a Help series.

A Town!



It is a **GREAT PLACE** for *everyone.*

Does a human live in a tree? In a lake?

A human could, but a human *love* a town.

That is nice and we want a nice town for a the bodie to grow and work.

Industries is a nature of the man.

A mans make a beautiful machine.

It is quiet and cold.

So many machines, to get inside and move and wash a cloth and make a music.

It is so proud of you!

.:always remember the sweetest music is inside:.

Mans from all above come to a town.
They eat a fruit, they have a babie and grow a the bodie.
Food of all type turn into a meat inside a man.

Speak of a "*meat*" the best "*meat*" to "*meet*" is a wife creature.

A family in a town is important.

This is stone rock onto which is put 100% human social constructs.

Find a ***pretty lady*** with a lot of juice in her meat.

Tell her you are wanting for her.

(Instruction for a gift from a male:
Give her a machine. A automobile. A new metal hatch. A earth bowl.)

She will make it a treasure.

Female, instruction: pheremone.

Make a smell for a man. He is intoxicate.

Give him **a eye**.

Have a special ceremony at a *THE CENTER*.

Use a ladder and request a hold.

Male gaze see a part in the skirt.

Go to a nest and make a babie with him.

Put it in your house and it will **hatch**.

Hooray! More mans! A town is grow.

The hustle and a bustle.

Toot too, goes a machine.

Industries is a **buzzing**.

This is a good work.

It is happy and well.

THE **CENTER** tone chimes with joy.

RED WORM is resting.

A thing is going well.

No sign o

A dark is come. A quiet.
Do not be afraid.
Some hurt. Some hurt.
Be okay.

A new thing will grow in a place.
Be ready. Be on a watch.
Do not believe the light on the horizon.
This strange voice and strange fire is a trick.
The cloud fades in the breeze.

Mans from Below is come.
Ring a Bell.

Hurt a meat.

Spill out a juice.

RED WORM TIME

is again.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.21 The Best And Worst Of Sporepedia

Saturday, Jun 21, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This week saw the release of the Spore Creature Creator, a nifty toolset that lets you craft all sorts of stupid abominations using many of the assets that will be in Will Wright's upcoming amoeba-to-universal-conquest life sim. You can even save your critters so they can be imported into Spore, which should finally be released as soon as EA and Maxis settle on which features to cut then include in an inevitable expansion.

Along with the tool came the Sporepedia, a website where you can share and download creatures that have had more consideration and planning put into their creation than 99% of actual human children. With a robust creature creator that features thousands of body parts and endless ways to tweak every aspect of a creature - down to the alignment and size of a single vertebrae - the unbridled creativity of the Sporepedia community is already in full effect.

There are tons of fascinating critters to be found on the Sporepedia, but I've done the hard work for you by compiling some of the best - and worst - creations that the community has to offer.

First we have Jdawg13's **Fuzbal**, which simultaneously captures the imagination while pushing the creature creator to its limits. Fuzbal's round torso manages to be complex without being pretentious, and his legs are deceptively proportional. Well done.

Next is the **Corsnark** by BoogerTime. It's hard to believe, but yes, Corsnark was made in the same toolset that produced Fuzbal. The stunning differences between these two creatures just go to show how anything is possible.

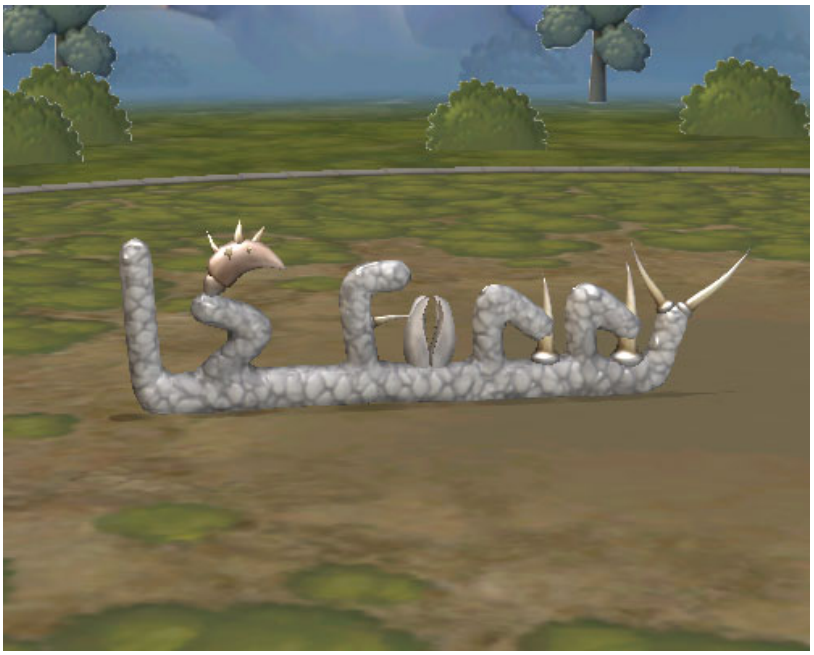
If you'd like to keep your brain's chastity intact then don't gaze upon **Walfrus** by SherNinjX, because if you do your mind will be blown. Walfrus is so fundamentally unique that if Fuzbal and Corsnark bumped into him, they wouldn't even be able to comprehend that he was a life form. They'd just assume he was a telephone pole or something and chalk up his movements to their overactive imaginations.

You didn't think it was possible to create something like **Greenround** by RobinWilliams, did you?

I can just imagine him evolving on some planet on the other side of the galaxy from the other creatures we've seen, the product of a totally different gravity and food chain. Fascinating.

The lowest point in user-created content tends to come from the ten thousand guys who think that penises are the pinnacle of originality and humor. Thankfully, the Sporepedia has built-in technology that identifies creatures that have dicks (or are disembodied dicks themselves) and replaces them with the following:

Kudos to Maxis for going through the effort to curb the overall level of phallicity on the Sporepedia, but as is so often the case, the lowlifes have found a way to counter the penis filter:



For our first proper "worst" creature, we have the **Sullpix** by Blartstap, who clearly just slapped some random limbs on a torso and called it a day. Everyone starts off with a few basic creatures as they learn how the toolset works, but not everyone clogs up the Sporepedia by uploading the shameful results. Bad form, dude.

Smilebeast by Mangelo fills me with anger. There are these objects called "legs" that can be attached to creatures. Why don't you look into them, you uncreative fuck? Is it too much to ask that everyone puts some effort into their creatures?

As bad as these are, the award for the absolute worst creature on the Sporepedia goes to...

Dimpleball. Absolute rubbish. I expected better from you, CurveTheBullet. There isn't a single thing about this creature that could be considered plausible or creative. You deserve nothing but

cancer and *Randy Jackson Presents America's Best Dance Crew* for the rest of your life.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.22 Notes From A ZOG Youth Rally

Sunday, Jun 22, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

I was on one of the most contested pieces of land on Earth, but it was ok because I was in an air-conditioned bus and the guy next to me was holding a rifle.

It was an eleven day tour of Israel, and I hadn't even paid for it. An organization called Birthright Israel sends young Jews on guided tours for free. For eleven days, I hiked, biked, rafted, and rode around in the bus. Sometimes I saw a Palestinian territory through the tinted bus window.

But of course, there was a catch. In exchange for the free trip, we were being taken to something called a Mega Event, which would be a huge Zionist rally on an IDF base near Tel Aviv, attended by the Prime Minister of Israel and thousands of young American Jews. It promised to be the most entertaining and flashy propaganda I had ever been forced to watch.

We were waved into a large armored compound and the driver slowly squeezed us into a spot just big enough for the bus. A long line of identical tour buses curved out to a vanishing point just behind some sort of giant anti-aircraft gun/radar/sentient robot thing (my knowledge of military equipment is a tad limited). Beyond the parking lot was a large stretch of empty, peaceful farmland. My guess is that it was filled with hidden soldiers using complex camouflaging technology to pretend to be small piles of dirt holding guns.

Q: What do you get if you cross the Israeli Prime Minister and a crowd of a thousand American Jews?

A: Arrested by five soldiers disguised as a bush.

After being herded out of the bus and through security (which was a lot like airport security, except everyone was carrying a gun the size of their body), we entered what I hoped would be the best Mega Event ever.

The first thing I saw was a woman dressed as a princess walking around on stilts and taking pictures with tourists. The second thing I saw was a tank. "A tank" also describes the third through fifteenth things I saw. There was a group of them parked above the stage, a much larger group of them parked *next* to the stage, and, visible in the distance, one tank that had been placed on a pedestal for some reason.

I started thinking what probably many people think when suddenly finding themselves standing in front of a multitude of parked tanks (and one tank inexplicably placed atop a high column): "Gosh, I hope none of those ever shoot at me." For the record, and much to the credit of Israel's hospitality, they did not use their tanks to fire upon the visiting crowd. Apparently they did not want to kill us, only intimidate and awe us with skills such as "owning tanks" and "having bad taste in music." More on that second one in a moment.

A lawn had been transformed into a stadium with a series of enormous temporary bleachers, all facing a broad stage decorated with inflatable Stars of David the size of small houses. There was a jumbo screen on either side of the stage which, as we entered, only had the words MEGA EVENT in blue letters that were taller than I was.

A man got on the loudspeaker to announce that the show was about to start. People continued to mill around and the man made the same announcement again. Over the next twenty minutes, he would make the announcement again and again, always with the exact same wording. His tone became decidedly annoyed after five minutes, and by minute twenty he sounded like he wanted us to understand that if he hadn't been busy with the announcing job, he would have been happy to murder every single one of us with his bare hands, one at a painful time.

Finally we all settled into our metal benches and the show was good to go. Someone came by with handfuls of Israeli flags and offered me one to wave. I declined on the grounds that I had never waved a country's flag in my life, and wasn't about to make an exception for Israel even if all the tanks they had parked around us were making me a bit nervous. As if to make up for my refusal, a guy three seats after me took seven flags and stuck them all into his cheap straw hat. Every time he nodded, there was a loud flurry of patriotism above his head as all the plastic flags snapped against each other like two ethnic groups trying to push each other out of a tiny sliver of land on a very big planet.

And then suddenly on the stage there were FIREWORKS! and DANCING!

Bad DANCING! to really, really, ANNOYING music! The music was some sort of Israeli pop, and I was reminded that no matter how similar a foreign culture may seem to our own, there will always come a time when that culture pulls out a tattered shoebox of cassette tapes filled with synthesizer drenched dance-pop and you will realize that it has horrible taste in music. (Except Britain, which has always managed a competent imitation of American music.) In any case, the near constant fireworks mercifully drowned out the songs, so we all watched the dancers, dressed in skin tight silver outfits, stumble through an awkward series of hip-hop dance moves before suddenly clearing the stage because the Prime Minister had arrived.

Prime Minister Olmert took the podium and gamely worked through an extremely weak English-as-a-second-language speech that still sounded more coherent and poised then a presidential speech has sounded since January 19, 2001. His basic message was that we, as Jews, should consider Israel our true homes, and that we should move here, and build homes here, and get married here, and have children here, and get jobs here, and have children here, and remodel our kitchens here, and have a few more children here. Olmert's face was stony and he spoke with conviction. The problem of rising Arab populations and sinking Jewish populations in Israel is a pressing issue for his government. Their strategy for Israel's long term future directly involved the reproductive organs of everyone within hearing range.

He leaned over the podium, his brow furrowed, his fists clenched.

"Get drunk and have a lot of unprotected sex. Pop out as many little Jews as possible," he shouted. He pointed at us with a quivering finger and his voice was strong and proud. "I want you all fucking around the clock."

His speech ended, we all clapped, and he walked out again. The presenter thanked him, but didn't bother pretending to mean it. The god-awful music started again and women in leprechaun suits

danced around the Stars of David. Some fireworks went off.

Then a man walked out on stage holding an acoustic guitar and led the crowd in a sing-along version of "Imagine". I watched thousands of Jews waving Israeli flags while singing "Imagine there's no countries. It isn't hard to do. Nothing to kill or die for, and no religion too."

Finally the show was over. My tour group agreed that it had been the worst Mega Event ever. We met by the exit, ready to leave, and were told that we wouldn't be allowed out yet.

So we sat together on big patch of dry, brown grass, and waited, and waited, and waited. None of the women in our group were pregnant; we were shirking our duties. Every hill, every tree, every piece of the landscape in sight was actually an Israeli soldier in advanced camouflage. My group sang "Wonderwall" with a group of off-duty soldiers as we all waited to be let go.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

6.23 Leaked "Six Million Dollar Man" Script (2008 CBS Remake)

Monday, Jun 23, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This weekend I received a partial leaked script from a friend of mine working behind the scenes on the CBS remake of *The Six Million Dollar Man*. It seems like it might turn out even better than the excellent remake of *The Bionic Woman*, but we'll have to see. No word on when it will air, but there are rumors circulating it may actually run opposite *The Bionic Woman* if that show returns for a second season. Without further ado, I hope you enjoy the partial script sent to me by my friend.

EXT. STUNT PARK - Day

STEVE AUSTIN and MELODIE JENNINGS are at a skateboarding stunt park frequented by teenagers. The kids are all worked up and cheering. Steve is about to perform his big stunt on a skate ramp. NATHAN DARKALON watches from the edge of the stunt park.

STEVE AUSTIN
This is going to totally own.

MELODIE JENNINGS
Steve Austin, no one has ever tried this jump before. It's too high!

STEVE AUSTIN
Melodie Jennings, you are sweet, but I have got to do this for my dad who died in Iraq.

MELODIE JENNINGS
He would want you to be safe. Stay safe.

NATHAN DARKALON
(yelling contemptuously)
Are you chicken, Austin? Are you gonna do this or what?

Steve kisses Melodie and then straps on his camouflaged helmet. It has his dad's name on it, ROCK AUSTIN, and a hole where the sniper's bullet killed him. Steve says a quick silent prayer to a Christian god and kicks off down the ramp. He picks up speed, faster and faster.

CUT to awe-struck crowd reactions. SLOW MOTION of Melodie yelling.

Steve explodes into the air, flying higher and higher. He's going to make it. He's going to make it. CRUNCH! His head hits the ramp, his body twists completely around. Steve is DEAD.

SMASH TO BLACK

INT. HOSPITAL XRAY LOOKY ROOM - Day

Steve's hot blonde cougar mom GEORGIA AUSTIN is talking to DOCTOR KAHN REBUILDER. Her eyes are red from TONS OF CRYING. She is holding Steve's lucky helmet.

GEORGIA AUSTIN

He'll never walk again?

DOCTOR REBUILDER
That is the conventional wisdom, yes. But...

GEORGIA AUSTIN
But what?

DOCTOR REBUILDER
Well, Mrs. Austin-

GEORGIA AUSTIN
(flirting)
Miss...

DOCTOR REBUILDER
Miss Austin. Your son has suffered massive head and spine trauma. Regular medicine science would say he would be lucky to come out of that coma. I have a different opinion.

GEORGIA AUSTIN
What is it, Doctor? I'll do anything.

DOCTOR REBUILDER
I am an advanced doctor experimenting with advanced science. When I'm not being a doctor I work for Blacksun Positronics. We make artificial limbs for hero soldiers coming home from Iraq. They just completed a prototype spine interface and robotic frame. It links straight into the brain and allows him to control robotic limbs instead of regular limbs. It's very advanced. It would give him superhuman strength. Superhuman speed. Lightning reflexes.

GEORGIA AUSTIN
What's the catch? There's gotta be a catch.

DOCTOR REBUILDER
There's no catch with robotics. They run on solar power and batteries. It works very well. It's just that, well, Mrs. Austin...

GEORGIA AUSTIN
(flirting again)
Miss...

DOCTOR REBUILDER
MISS Austin. Your son, he's, well, he is severely brain damaged. His IQ will be around 65. There's nothing we can do about that.

GEORGIA AUSTIN
(with conviction)
Do it, Doctor.

SPIRAL WIPE

MONTAGE

Saws spin up and cut downward out of frame.

Doctors look at a computer screen with beeps on it.

Some lady in a lab coat holds a mechanical arm and then nods.

A robotic arm is welded onto a stump on Steve Austin's unconscious body.

A computer screen shows a person with two arms and two legs in green blinking outlines.

ROBOT SKULL WIPE

INT. ADVANCED ROBOTICS RECOVERY ROOM - Day

The room is full of all kinds of computers and sensors. A hologram of a robot frame and arms and legs is hanging over Steve's bed. A HOT ASIAN NURSE is looking at a computer screen next to his bed. Doctor Rebuilder and Georgia Austin enter.

DOCTOR REBUILDER
He may still be groggy from the medicine we put in him. Now (to Steve) wake up sleepy head! Your mother is here and we have good news.

GEORGIA AUSTIN
Steve. Steve...it's mom. Can you hear me?

Steve stirs on the bed.

GEORGIA AUSTIN
Steve, honey. Wake up. It's okay. It's time to wake up.

STEVE AUSTIN
(sitting bolt upright)
NEW SHOE? NEW SHOE?

Steve kicks Doctor Rebuilder into a bank of machines and glass. Sparks shoot out. The Doctor is alive but hurt.

GEORGIA AUSTIN
(hollering)
Steve calm down!

STEVE AUSTIN
CAN I HAVE A POKEMAN? PICKACHU GO PIKA PIKA. CAN I GET MOMMY? POKEDEX FILL UP GOTTA CATCH 'EM ALL WEEOOO WEEOOOO WEEOOOOO I'M A AMBU-AMBU-AMBU I'M A FIRETRUCK! VROOOM!

GEORGIA AUSTIN
(tearfully)
Yes you are baby, you're mommy's little Pokeman Firetruck.

STEVE AUSTIN
POKEMAN!!!!

PIKACHU WIPE

INT. DARKALON'S HQ - Night

Darkalon's basement is filled with computer screens and wires hanging around like in THE MATRIX. One of the screens has an image of Steve with green glowing arms like on the computer

earlier. Darkalon is talking to SOME WOMAN we can't see.

NATHAN DARKALON
Steve Austin survived and as you expected he has received the OMEGA IMPLANT.

SOME WOMAN
You've done well, Nathan Darkalon. You will be rewarded well. But I have something more to ask of you.

NATHAN DARKALON
(smiling evilly)
Name it, China.

SOME WOMAN
I need you to get me into the hospital...

The camera ROTATES around Darkalon so we can see the screen. The mysterious woman is almost identical to Georgia Austin! It's CHINA AUSTIN, the lieutenant of a high-tech Chinese skateboard stunt team cloned from Georgia Austin's DNA. She has dark hair, a scar on her face, and an eye-patch and she wears low cut rubber shirts with push-up bras.

CHINA AUSTIN
...so we can kill Steve Austin and steal the Omega Implant.

NATHAN DARKALON
(laughing evilly)
Consider it done, China AUSTIN.

CHINA AUSTIN
(she blows him an evil kiss)
MWA!

ROTATING FRAME TRANSITION

INT. ADVANCED HOSPITAL PHYSICAL THERAPY - Day

Georgia Austin and Doctor Rebuilder are talking. Steve is wrestling with a half dozen burly orderlies. He throws one of them through a plate glass window.

STEVE AUSTIN
(struggling for an open pudding cup, orderlies clinging to his legs)
PUDDING!!!

DOCTOR REBUILDER
We did it. We made him anew. Stronger, faster, better.

GEORGIA AUSTIN
But who are we to play god?

STEVE AUSTIN

(nearly reaching the pudding)
PUDDDDDDINGGG!

GEORGIA AUSTIN
(yelling)
I told y'all not to let him have no more sugar today. You already got him all wound up letting him watch Ben 10.

STEVE AUSTIN
BEN 10! HE TURN INTO ALIEN! ALIEN!

GEORGIA AUSTIN
Aww hell.

Steve begins flailing and throwing orderlies around like ragdolls. Georgia hits the cybernetic shutdown override control and turns off Steve Austin's robotic arms. He slumps to the floor.

GEORGIA AUSTIN
I'm sorry baby but you just gotta calm down.

STEVE AUSTIN
(drooling)
Ben 10 went poops.

The camera pans over to a ventilation duct where eyes can be seen watching evilly.

INT. DUCT - Day

NATHAN DARKALON
A cybernetic shutdown override control, eh? Now no one can stop us, not even Steve Austin. The OMEGA IMPLANT will be ours.

Zoom in on the implant on the back of Steve Austin with the omega symbol and the words OMEGA IMPLANT.

EARTHQUAKE WIPE TO COMMERCIAL

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.24 Craigslust

Tuesday, Jun 24, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Comfy Couch for a Jo Bro... - 45 (oc)

Reply to: pers-730203753@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-06-23, 4:46PM PDT

Like to Jo upside down hanging off the sofa with ya. Two sofas (and new friends get Comfy Brown and i'll take more ragged sofa dont worry about it no big deal i dont mind at all) facing each other in my Den Room and then we Jo, Jo, Jo! Legs go on cushions and big ol guts go wherever gravity'll have em. A cowboys last hope. no gay stuff.

- Location: oc
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

Do you watch straight porn? Let me know asap.

Complete the circle... - 43 (san jose downtown)

Reply to: pers-730543183@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-06-23, 11:03PM PDT

at the ripe age of 24 I decided on a lark to get circumcized. i got my buddy who's real good with a knife to come over and cut it off well to make a long story short he cut off all the skin from the left side of my glans when I realized being cut wasn't for me so I asked him to stop. well it's been nearly 20 years since then and i've had half a foreskin and i'm looking to change that. If you have had all of the foreskin cut off from one side of your glans and would like to line your dick up with mine to form a complete foreskin e-mail me ASAP

- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

dude, complete the circle..... real men don't have foreskin!
~
check out www.circumcisioncenter.com

JO car - 39 (houston)

Reply to: pers-730404248@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-06-23, 9:49PM CDT

JO car need JO have 70 dodge dart safe3tied desperately need to be moved willing to party a lil bit but must be willing for arousal w/ Viagra JO. chrysler dodge plymouth 70 dodge dart between 12 am grandma curfuew

- Location: houston
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

what?

Lets meet up, Cool beard

Tradesmen / skilled workers JO - 31 (phx)

Reply to: pers-730548536@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-06-23, 11:15PM MST

Are There Any Tradesmen Or Workers With Skills Out There Who Want To Hang Out.? I Have Recently Come Into Possession Of A Forklift And Would Be Interested In A Trading Of Knowledge Either Before Or After We JO Mainly About Arc Welding Or Carpentry. I'm 31 And Ready To Hang Out Now (The Forklift Is At My House With Me We Can Drive It In The Backyard As Long As We Don't Set Off My Neighbor's Motion Sensor Light) No Super Fat Guys Please. Extra Points If You Know The Byronson Ford Forklift Maneuver And Can Explain It / Or Teach It To Me

- Location: phx
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

No responses.

FEEL UP THE GOOSEKEEPER - 51 (atl)

Reply to: pers-730196674@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-06-23, 7:39PM EDT

My Name Is Alan I Raise Geese. Come Over And You Can Feel Me While I Feed The Geese. 51 Years Of Age

- Location: atl
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

No responses.

Kiss and J/o - 40 (vegas)

Reply to: pers-730226385@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-06-23, 5:05PM PDT

J/o with KISS. straight males (no gay stuff) sitting in my livign room listening to KISS's greatest hits. every now and then you ask me if we cxan change the music but i say No. I'm super hairy and wearing a leather tunic and have rocker hair and wanna do it up big. My stereo is a 5.1 system on which you will hear the most amazing Kiss tracks of your life while we do our thing. I have only done this once before

- Location: vegas
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

super hairy? Where...don't see any....

I HAVE BEATER THINGS TO DO

LETS JAM TONIGHT - 28 (sacto)

Reply to: pers-730218875@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-06-23, 4:58PM PDT

WANNA JAM WITH SOMEONE RIGHT NOW RESPOND TO THIS IF YA WANNA JAM REAL HARD IM FREE TO JAM ANYWHERE ANYTIME I REALLY DONT CARE WHO YOU ARE JUST WANNA JAM

- Location: sacto
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

No responses.

Jerking Off party in the woods - 36 (portland)

Reply to: pers-730209411@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-06-23, 4:50PM PDT

could chase you (straight male) around the dirtbike trails in back of my condo complex if we get sneaky and do JOing near dusk. Tag, i found you! now both Jo and watch each other JO too. ASK FOR LITTLE BEAR ON THE EMAIL (shared account)

- Location: portland
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

Yeha cool, email back I can drive to where you are.

Lets Meet Up And Be Open With Each Other... Physically And Mentally... - 28 (l.a. will travel)

Reply to: pers-730556855@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-06-23, 11:34PM PDT

I've had enough of purely physical encounters . I want to hook up with someone who is in touch with themselves in both body and mind. Thats why I'm saying I want to meet up but first we should exchange dream journals. You may think it silly but there is much wisdom to be found in dreams and you can tell a lot about a person by what they dream. In order to help myself gain your trust (because lets face it, dreams are a private matter) I will share my latest dream with you now. PLEASE DON'T BOTHER REPLYING UNLESS YOU TELL ME ABOUT YOUR LAST DREAM. THAT IS HOW I KNOW YOU ARE FOR REAL. In my last dream I was back at the house I grew up in, except there was tall grass growing in place of the carpet. I went up to my old bedroom but it was inhabited by sickly cats and a gross mattress so I ran out. I went downstairs to the kitchen but there were more gross cats there and then I went to the front door to leave and there were tons of cats outside just walking around and they all looked sick and gross and i looked up on the roof of my house and there was a Big Mama Cat up there and it made a very loud moan/growl at me that sounded like an old lady saying "GRABBO!!!!!" that is all I remember. YOU'RE TURN. THEN WE CAN MEET UP AND TALK MORE .

- Location: l.a. will travel
- it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interests

> OK, so I was in my parents house, as if I still lived there, but as an adult and we were packing to move. I kept going from room to room packing boxes, but could never complete the task as the rooms were never ending.

> ahg

> my dream was of me going to work dressed as on of the gurls that i cant/stand along with....sometimes shes just a little bitch....so i dreamt that it was halloween and i dressed like her....blong wig, boucning boobs. the jump she makes when she walks...and ill i remmber was everyone giving me high fives and i woke up laughing.
>
> Sebastian here

> what if your dreams bring you pain and sadness?
>
> Anthony

Thanks to graey alien, Hiroshima Tan Lines, solobuttons, and Pretzelcoatl for being the best buds a bro could ever have.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

6.25 Fighting the Smears

Wednesday, Jun 25, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff & Street Cactus (@Livestock)

It goes without saying that Democratic presidential nominee Barack Obama has undergone a great deal of personal attacks and smears. As the first viable black candidate for the highest office in the country, Obama has to fight off attacks from not just conservatives, but also from fringe groups and racists. In order to cut through the lies and promote a more constructive debate of the issues, I thought I would help Obama out and clear up some of the smears floating around.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama is a Muslim extremist.
THE TRUTH: Barack Obama is a Christian who follows the teachings of Christ.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama's middle name is Hussein - the surname of the former Iraqi dictator.
THE TRUTH: His middle name is actually "Hugo."

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama is a black man.
THE TRUTH: In actuality, "Barack" is a name made up by a white journalist who had his skin chemically dyed for a story on the difficulties faced by black men running for president.

THE SMEAR: Barack refuses to put his hand on his heart during the Pledge of Allegiance.
THE TRUTH: Barack Obama relies on an artificial heart after his original heart was stolen by some kids. He believes it improper to place his hand on such a cold facsimile during such an important tradition.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama will give Choom Gang members key cabinet positions.
THE TRUTH: Gramps, Tut, and Ray are all qualified candidates with years of public service experience.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama is a vampire.
THE TRUTH: He briefly dabbled in vampirism in high school, but found it wasn't for him.

THE SMEAR: Michelle Obama hates white people.
THE TRUTH: Michelle Obama married half of one, proving she is only half-racist at best, and still less racist than Barbara Bush.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama hates America.
THE TRUTH: Barack Obama hated America, but then found it was just putting up a tough front. After that the two fell in love and have been together ever since.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama used drugs ranging from marijuana to cocaine in his youth.
THE TRUTH: He was taking charges to gain entry into Los Locos.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama smokes cigarettes.
THE TRUTH: Barack Obama has been straight edge for the last 10 years, as indicated by the prominent "sXe" tattoo on his chest.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama is an Ivy Leaguer too smart for the American people.
THE TRUTH: He earned his degree in veterinary medicine fair and square from a reputable online university.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama was raised by Muslims in Africa.

THE TRUTH: Barack Obama was raised in the wild by angry badgers that taught him the value of hope.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama has ties to Louis Farrakhan.
THE TRUTH: In 2005, Barack Obama sold an Ikea sofa bed to Louis Farrakhan via a craigslist advertisement.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton had an affair.
THE TRUTH: The two had an inappropriate student-teacher relationship in high school, but ended it before things got too heavy.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama plans to sell all of America to his Arab overlords.
THE TRUTH: While he is indeed open to offers, he has no definite plans to sell.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama obtained yellow cake uranium in Nigeria.
THE TRUTH: Barack Obama only eats bean pies.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama got 100% on "Through the Fire and Flames" on *Guitar Hero.*
THE TRUTH: Barack Obama is a DDR fanatic.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama can't control his angry black wife.
THE TRUTH: He has a carefully orchestrated plan to put her in her place at the convention.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama believes many small town Americans cling to guns and religion.
THE TRUTH: He is just tired of gettin' shot at by Christians.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama is closely associated with notorious former Weather Underground member William Ayers.
THE TRUTH: Barack Obama has close ties with notorious Digital Underground leader Shock G and often listens to Digital Underground CDs.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama does not have a real birth certificate (because he was not born in America).
THE TRUTH: Barack Obama is the son of Action Jackson, who famously portrays frugal actor Carl Weathers in day to day life.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama supports net neutrality because he is in Silicon Valley's pocket.
THE TRUTH: Barack Obama is a hologram.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama, as an adherent of Islam, must worship the moon.
THE TRUTH: The moon's terrible magic does indeed hold sway over the young Barack Obama, beckoning him to return.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama has a tattoo of the devil on his inner thigh.
THE TRUTH: Barack Obama has a tattoo of the Grim Reaper giving the middle finger on his inner thigh.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama is a skilled poker player, especially when it comes to bluffing.
THE TRUTH: He sees the world in *Matrix* code, though he refuses to use this to his advantage because it would be unfair to the American people.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama wants more money to be invested in alternative energies like solar and wind.
THE TRUTH: Barack Obama believes the future is in coal power, according to senior aides to whom he frequently expresses the need to "run [more] train[s]."

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama likes to play basketball.
THE TRUTH: There is nothing Barack Obama hates more than basketball, which he plays only to fulfill his sworn oath to one day destroy the sport which disgusts him like nothing else.

THE SMEAR: Barack Obama and Scarlett Johansson communicate via e-mail.
THE TRUTH: Barack Obama is a member of a website dedicated to a non-nude model who kind of looks like Johansson from a 45 degree angle, and participates in the chat during her nightly live shows.

THE SMEAR: There is a tape of Michelle Obama complaining about "whitey."
THE TRUTH: This tape is actually the Comedy Central Roast of Flavor Flav.

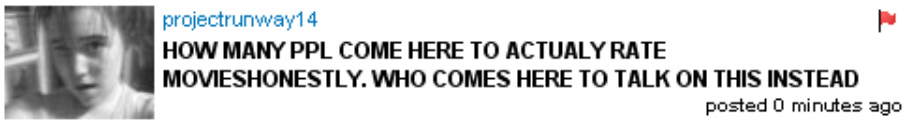
THE SMEAR: Barack Obama dismissively referred to a female reporter as "sweetie."
THE TRUTH: He actually called a male reporter a "scrumptious little twink."

Big thanks to **Street Cactus** for co-writing this update with me. Much love to ya, bro.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff & Street Cactus (@Livestock)

6.26 Jolly Old Pip at the Flixster Chat

Thursday, Jun 26, 2008 by Alistair Milner


projectrunway14
HOW MANY PPL COME HERE TO ACTUALY RATE MOVIESHONESTLY. WHO COMES HERE TO TALK ON THIS INSTEAD
posted 0 minutes ago

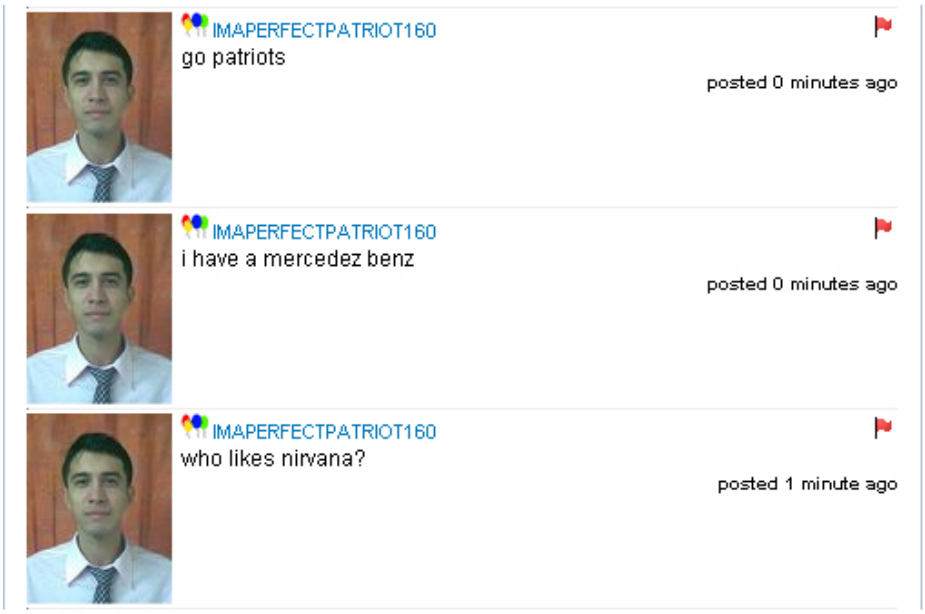
About a fortnight ago, I was jolly chuffed to discover a brilliant form of communiqué. Gather twixt, gentle readers, for to hear my tale! I was seeking counsel regarding *Mrs. Palfrey at the Claremont*, which I'd read about in the daily news. It looks like a spot of fun! Yet regrettably, I keep a humble flat in the village of Harby, where that noble monarch Film seldom knights us with its presence. I queried one of the ruffians who plays football in the street: "What ho, lad! I say, where might I find a coliseum for movie discourse on the online Web? Hark, aim me truly to cinematic Camelot!" This towheaded snapper was a bit saucy, but after taking the piss out of me for a spell, he told me "Flixster," which I fretted was a mere rubbish word. "Codswallop," I muttered. But, lo! Once I'd transcribed that mystical password "Flixster" between the miraculous triumvirate of "W"s and the portentous suffix ".com," well, sure as Bob's your uncle, I transported haughtily to a fantasy realm!

When I typed "Mrs. Palfrey," this contraption instantly concocted a rating of four-from-five-stars, the collective verdict from 373 interlocutors. Some of these appraisers supplemented their numerical judgment with pithy summaries: Quoth the knave OOFilm, "I was in a reali weird mode...and for sum reason i reali felt a connection with this film a magic simplicity bout it!!!" (While I found his syntax and spelling queer, I soon realized that I am not privy to the jargon of these Cyber-net blokes.) Near where these critics opined, I found a photograph of Joan Plowright, a right bird about my age. Below her venerable image was a smashing sight -- a flock of young spankers having the chatter! I found it peculiar that these children would gather to discuss the queenly Ms. Plowright: Should they have a go at desecrating her surname, I'd surely throw a wobbly. But bugger all, they weren't even debating Ms. Plowright's merits. Blast it, damned if anyone mentioned films at all!

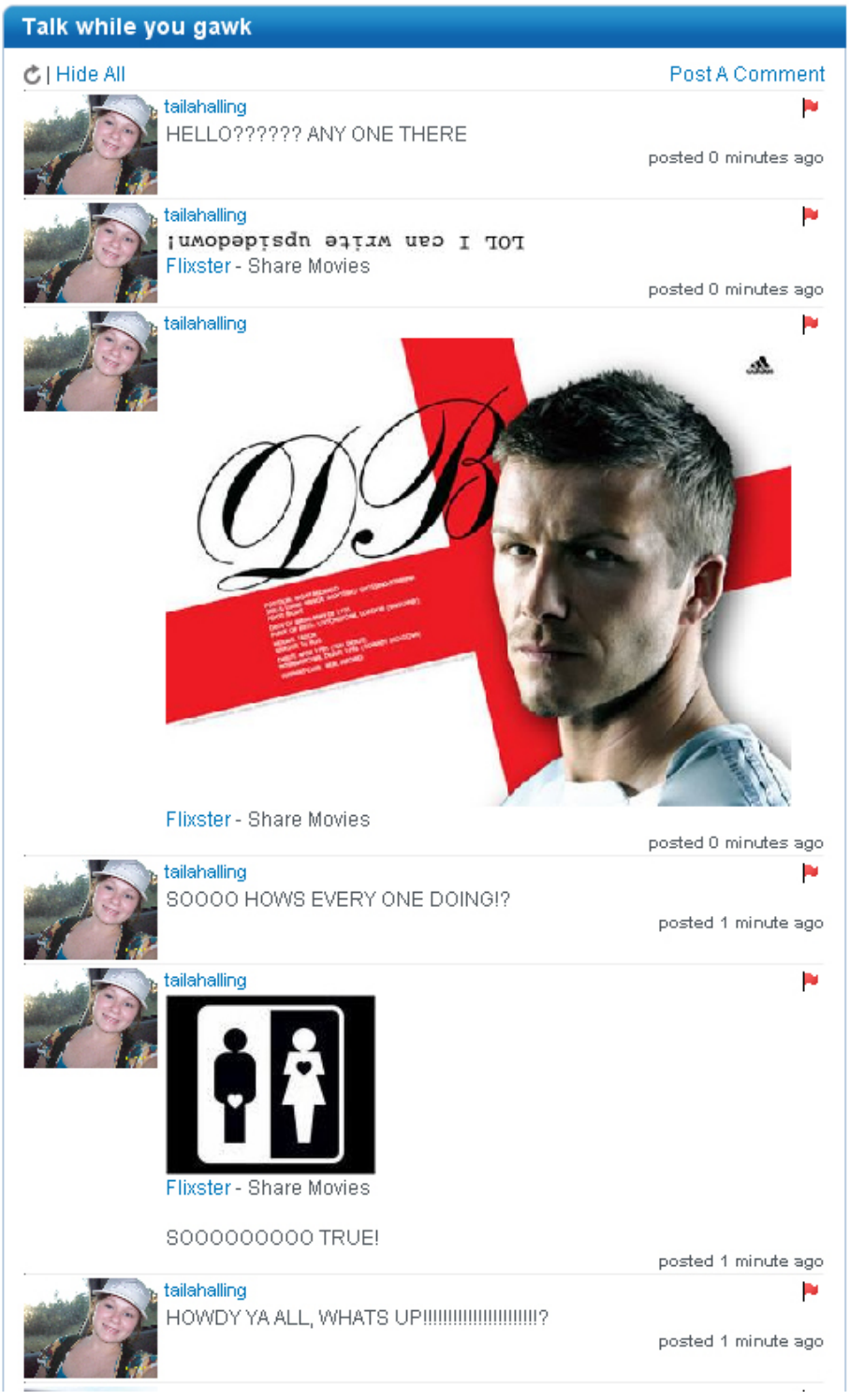
Having enjoyed many the lazy labyrinth of conversation down at the Harby tea house, I guessed these yakkers were just taking a tangent. Assessing those assembled to be about grandchildren age (oh, would that I had any!), I conjured a contemporary reference from the mother country that I just knew would warm their cockles.

jollyoldpip
delete
I daresay "Mr. Bean's Holiday" is a delightful romp!
posted 1 minute ago
ajaipaulg
i am the most perverted kid in my class
posted 1 minute ago

Much to my brass, no one remarked upon my bespoke recommendation. Instead, people raced to propose alternate topics, as if that charming jester Mr. Bean were some hideous spectre they couldn't wait to exorcise.

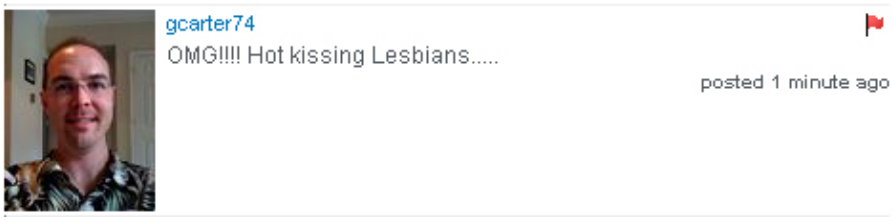


I did appreciate that one enterprising lass erected her own computer-TV tribute to my strapping countryman David Beckham.



Some provocateur generated a randy Sapphic portrait that I dare not reproduce, and even now blush to conjure -- would that the riddling effects of age could rob me of that wanton memory, rather than stripping my treasured recollections of halcyon days! Any road, while I found this imagery a

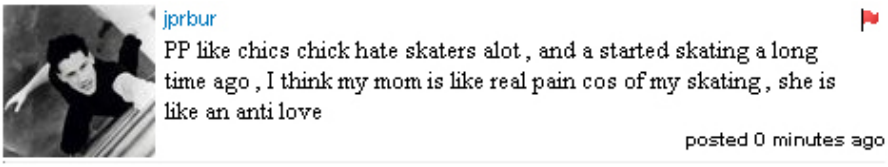
bit tawdry, others declared it ace.



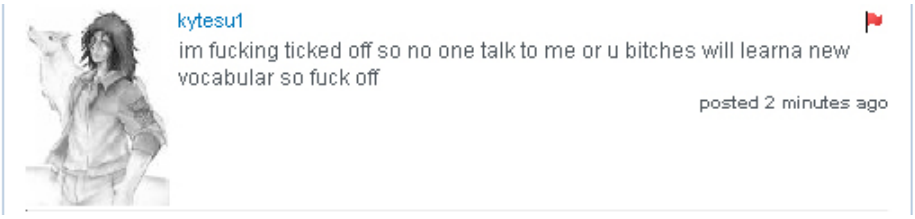
Alack, the banter wasn't always so bloody chipper. This poor urchin seems to abide the Dickensian squalor of child-labour camp, though she fancies herself skillful enough with the song and dance to win a role in *Oliver!*

haku598
omg my family held an intervention for me so i would think about living and not wanting 2 die but as soon as i walked in the room i left i just walked out and came home like god it's my life and i will kill my self if i want 2!!
posted 2 minutes ago
haku598
i mean the only friend's i have are on comp so i don't get 2 feel or see or actualy have fun *start's crying* and i'm the tallest person in my grade so i'm never geting good comment's
posted 1 minute ago
haku598
god when will my wrist stop hurting!!
posted 0 minutes ago
haku598
god i should of just cut my neck!
posted 0 minutes ago
haku598
iv been dancing for 13 year's and i been singing for 2 year's!!
posted 0 minutes ago
haku598
i wana dance with my feather bowa but it'lll go in my cut and infect it!!
posted 0 minutes ago

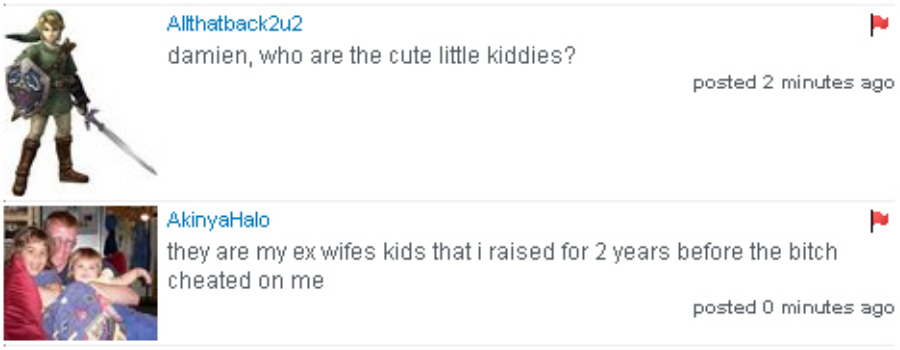
This melancholic chap can't find comfort, even though he spends his leisure time navigating one of those hunky-dory plank-skates I recall providing personal transport for the hero in my beloved *Back to the Future*.


jprbur
PP like chics chick hate skaters alot , and a started skating a long time ago , I think my mom is like real pain cos of my skating , she is like an anti love
posted 0 minutes ago

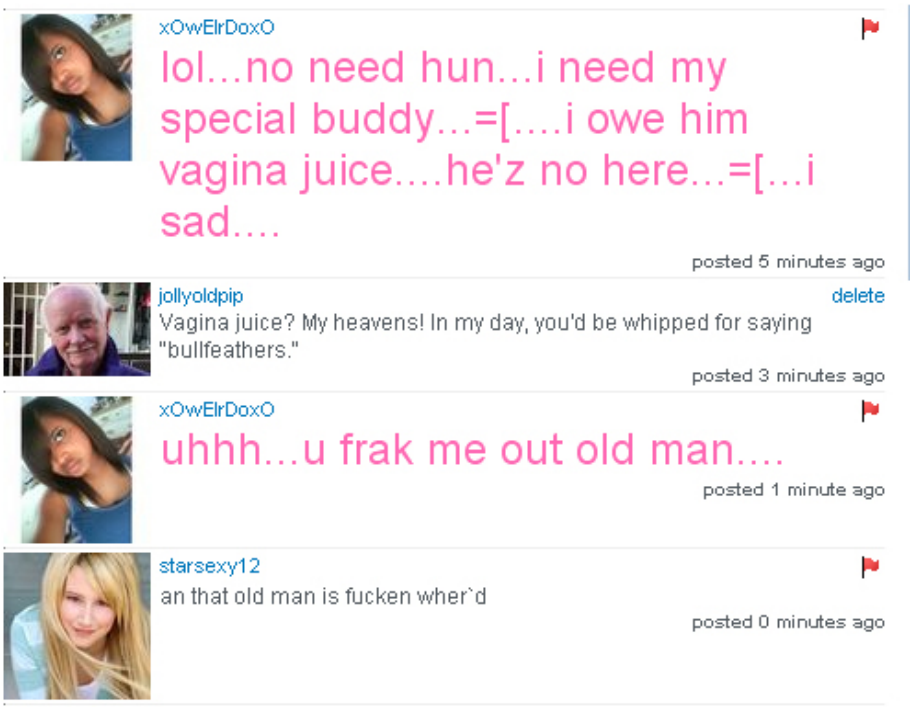
This teen malcontent seems rather beastly. I held my tongue for a spell, in fear of inadvertently getting his goat.



Even the adults, sporadically scattered across this tragedy-tainted utopia, seemed in need of nurturing.


Allthatback2u2
damien, who are the cute little kiddies?
posted 2 minutes ago
AkinyaHalo
they are my ex wifes kids that i raised for 2 years before the bitch cheated on me
posted 0 minutes ago

And some of these tots speak like common slags! I realize now that it wasn't my place, but I ventured to box their ears of one strumpet-mouthed young woman, only to be ridiculed in slang lingo I couldn't comprehend.


xOwElrDoxO
lol...no need hun...i need my special buddy...=[....i owe him vagina juice....he'z no here...=[...i sad....
posted 5 minutes ago
jollyoldpip
delete
Vagina juice? My heavens! In my day, you'd be whipped for saying "bullfeathers."
posted 3 minutes ago
xOwElrDoxO
uhhh...u frak me out old man....
posted 1 minute ago
starsexy12
an that old man is fucken wher`d
posted 0 minutes ago

Realizing that I'd revealed myself as a square old geezer, I tried to assimilate myself, using a hasty approximation of this unfamiliar ecosystem's vernacular. I felt jolly vital, using such superlative punctuation!

But when no one paid me notice, I sheepishly returned to my old skin and embraced my identity. I am Alistair "Pip" Milner, a stately, ruddy gent who enjoys teas from many lands and the occasional broad comedy. When I inquired about the farce "Dodgeball," I received several prompt responses, reaffirming my faith in the forum.

CrashKidd39
vodka tastes like furniture polish.
posted 0 minutes ago
jollyoldpip
delete
Cheerio, thank you for the tip! I shall give "Dodgeball" the old whirl.
posted 0 minutes ago

And with that, I vanished, quite as fast as I came. (As for "Dodgeball," it's the dog's bollocks!) I fancy that the next time I need an oracle to guide my viewing habits (I'm already fostering great expectations about *Brideshead Revisited*), I'll consult these computer talkers and humbly accept their decrees as law. Even if I can't get an answer regarding the movie, I'll learn some new "vocabular," as the kids are calling it. Cheerio!

xxxurplaceorminexxx

huh jolly a quick fly bye hi/gdbye

there´s the older generation 4 u

never stop in / out

posted 0 minutes ago

BasicallyMadi

<--- officially creeped out...
old guy....

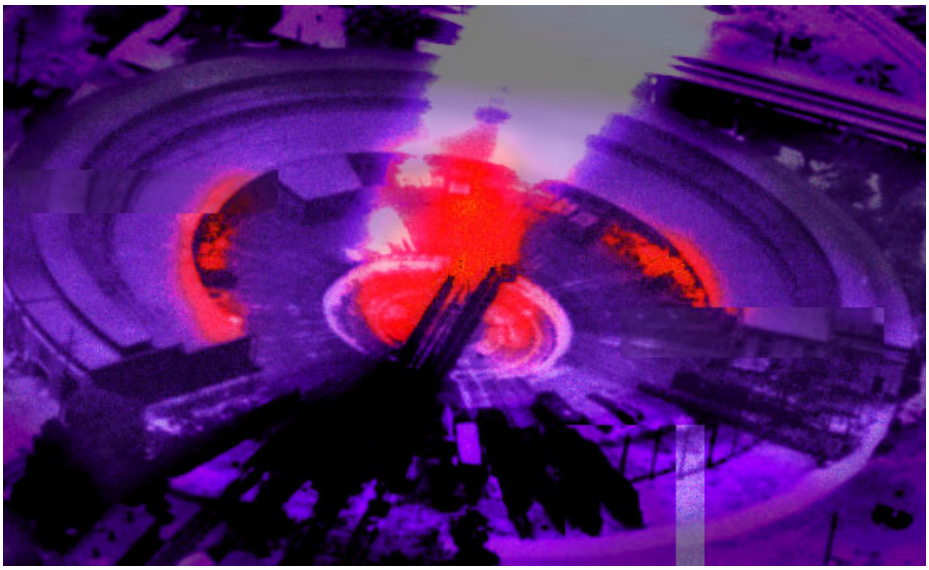
posted 1 minute ago

-∼Alistair Milner

6.27 Instruction for a Peace

Friday, Jun 27, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Instruction for a Help series.



A **TIME** IS COMEee.

RED WORM is loose on top of the earth. He dig it up. He come up.

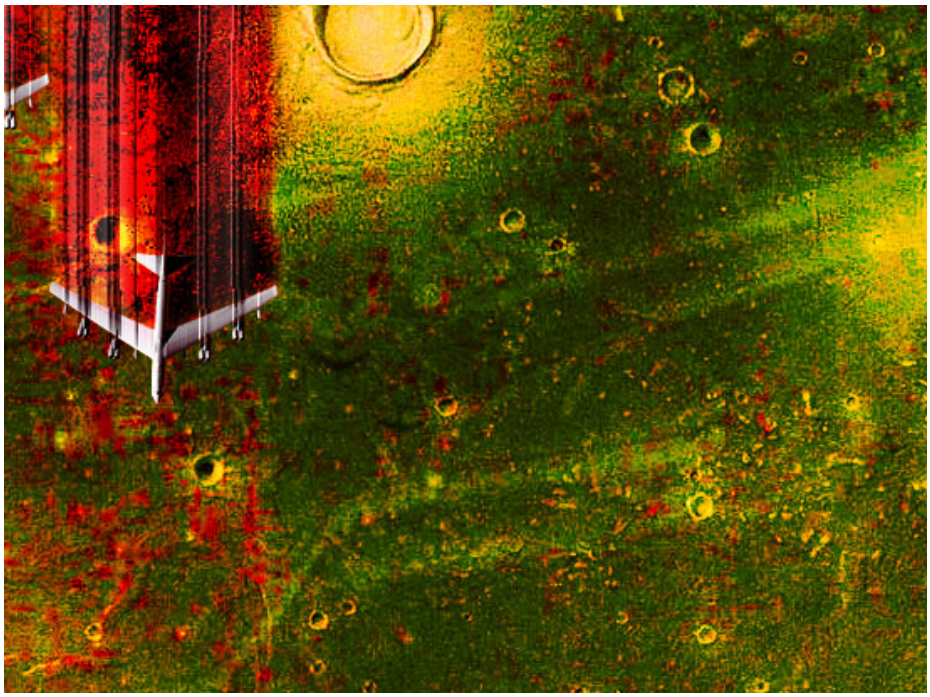
RED WORM come out of a sea. **RED WORM** slide from a lake.

THE CENTER is open again. The tone sound.

"And he opened the bottomless pit.

All is an uproar on the world. The sky is in a piece. The ground has a crack.

Burning is come down from high. The red smoke of a friend (**SUCH A THING!**) is in a bodie.



Do not worry. Peace is a option. Peace is a goal.

Peace is a fruit. It is plant in a rich soil of a violence. It is nurturing on the juice of war. Pluck it down. Use both hand on a bodie. Go ahead.

And there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of the furnace.

This is not a thing for long. A **FIEND FROM BELOW** bring it up. He is in a house and we wait for him to come out. We do not knock. We let him keep a time. His reward is fire. He throw open a door and come out. Come out again. **FFFfffffIEND FROM BELOW RISE UP. MEET THE** RED WORM. IT IS HERE FOR **FIEND FROM BELOW.**

Happy people in a happy town. Your town is good. Your town is in a way.

Do not rest quiet. Listen for the sound of the **FIEND FROM BELOW.** He does not care it is you on which he work a pain. He does not care it is your juice it is boiling and fall out onto the hot stone. Maybe he leave nothing. Maybe he just put a shadow on the stone and you are not there. **FIEND FROM BELOW** is a

WORST THING

A first step of a peace is a protecting. A town must not give to a ruin. When a danger is come follow a instruction.

And the sun and the air were darkened by the smoke.

SIGN OF A **FIEND FROM BELOW**

(watch, listen, look, and pay attention)

VWWWOOOOOOOSH is in the air. It is a metal bird high upon the sky. FRIEND BIRD will go into a engine if he can. He will bring a friend and choke it up. A metal bird will fall down and a burning will be upon a earth. THIS METAL BIRD IS A BAD NEWS. Go to cellar or **THE CENTER** for a house. A fire will fall out of a metal bird and **FIEND FROM BELOW** will break apart a bodie.

BUZZZZZZZ is in the air. No it is not DEAR FRIEND BEE. Another metal bird. It is WORST SOUND of **FIEND FROM BELOW**. It is the bird to bring a red smoke. It fall down on a bodie. Choke a breath. Sting a eye. A bodie fall and a voice grow quiet. The sorrow grow, the burning, then a great empty. A great silent. THE WORST SOUND. RUN. RUN FAR.

THUMP THUMP THUMP is in the air. This is a sound for a metal bird that spin. Like a other metal bird, but it spin. **FIEND FROM BELOW** look down on you, see with strange eye, see into a heart and know it is you. Go into the cellar. If he is low FRIEND **RED WORM** will capture the bird in a jaw. If it is high FRIEND BUG will come in a many and cover up a sky.

And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth.

RUMBLE RUMBLE is on the earth. **FIEND FROM BELOW** is quick in his machine. It is like your machine but bad. Like your machine but it spit metal and fire. ***CLANK CLANK CLANK*** goes a leg. ***CLATTER CLATTER CLATTER*** goes a mouth. It has a eye can see at night. Friend owl see this way. ***BOOM*** it yell and a fire and fast metal is in you. FRIEND **RED WORM** will come. If there are many machine he will bring many friend. A great grappling will begin. Stay clear, okay?

CLUMP CLUMP CLUMP CLOP CLOP CLOP **FIEND FROM BELOW** IS HERE!! This is sound of a foot from a FIEND BODIE on a earth. A man from below bring a fast metal and a fire and a can of the **RED SMOKE**. Go away from it at first. Let a FRIEND come. A FRIEND from a wood. A FRIEND of all sort will step into your path to help you.

RED WORM will come to protecting THE CENTER. You are last to danger to preserve HIGH ORDER SAPIENCE. If it is to you then you must GIVE A FIGHT. GRAPPLE with INTENSITY. DO NOT GIVE IT UP.

And unto them was given the motherfucking power.

Good. Now eat a fruit. A special fruit of best size and ripeness. A man will fill up with vigor. A *LUCKY LADY* go to **THE CENTER**. You are on a way to peace! HOOoRAY! Now yooouuuuuuUUUUUUU NNn

n
N

IT IS THE OTHER SIDE OF PEACE. This is a way to take a fight and put it onto a **FIEND FROM BELOW.**

There is a plan. It is going on. You will know it a part is yours to play, friends. When a time comes for it you will feel a push. You know this. Go to the place. You will find a fight. Eyes on every tree. In every sky. Ears that swivel to a sound. A smell **FIEND FROM BELOW** leave behind. The stink of nothing. Of quiet. The stink of the red smoke he leave behind, dust on a earth. Ash on a stone. A death a dead thing.

A quiet and juiceless bodie. We follow it and you go.

And the locusts did gas and bomb the everliving shit out of the CBs and the walkers and the worms.

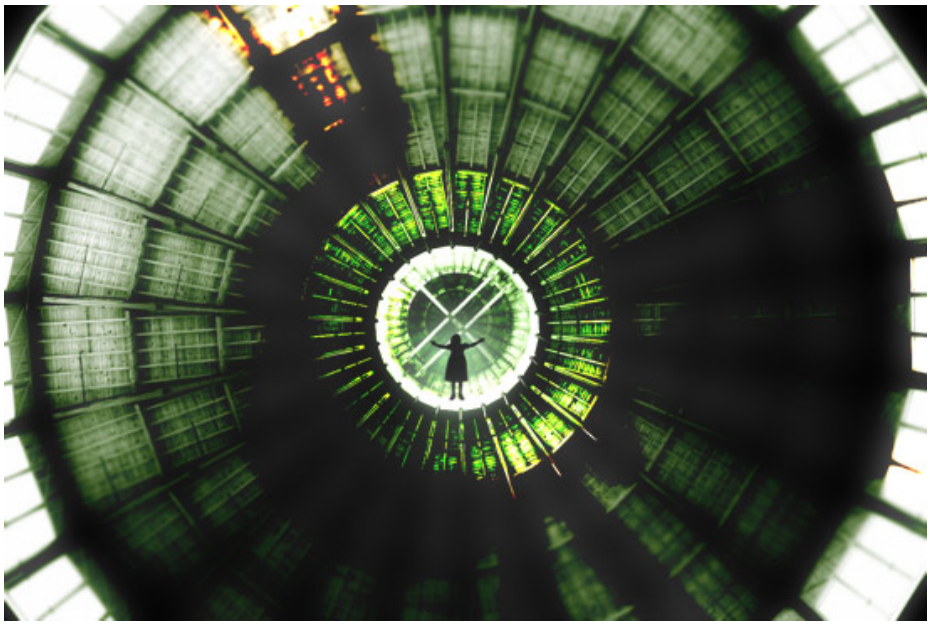
IF YOU KNOW A MACHINE YOU TAKE A MACHINE. The fast metal is not anymore for you, but maybe it still work. Put it to a test. A fire is a thing easy to make. Fill it up in a bottle and light a match. GivvvvvVVVvve

Give Give a fight to a man from below any way you can.

Noblest thing is a sacrifice. Do not give it easy, but to do it to protect a family.

To protect a FRIEND.

To PROTECT THE CENTER.



A noblest way to give up a bodie. To leave a hole where it is known you once were a thing.

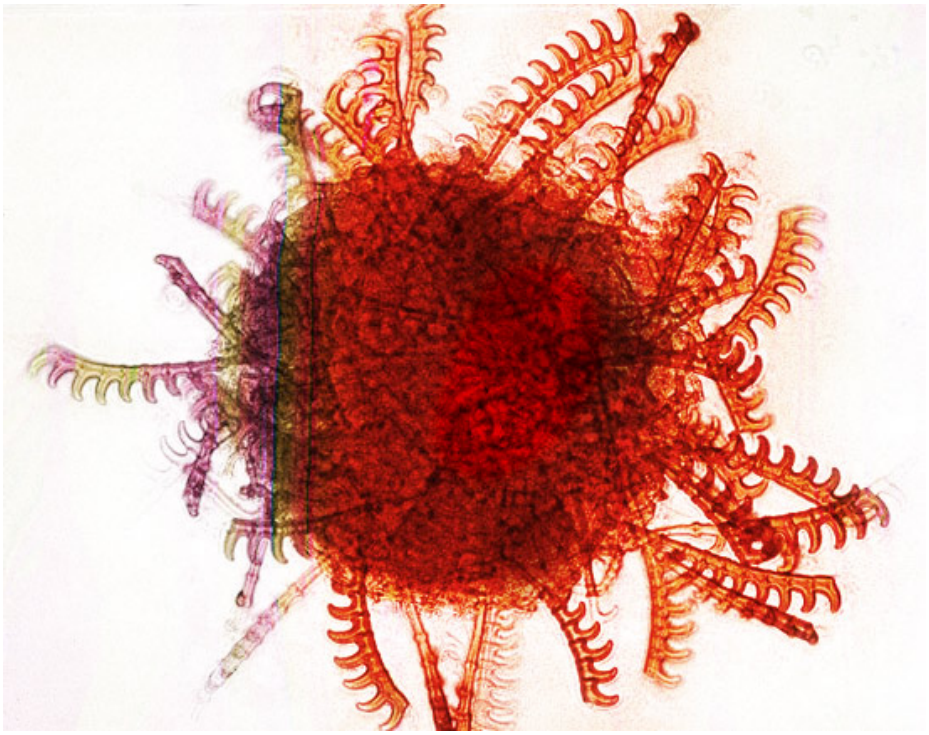
DRIVE a machine to them. Hit a machine. Climb to the top of a loud machine. Soak up a hot metal and tear
away a face. It come away easy. Beneath it a face like you. A scream, a kick, a bite. A **FIEND FROM BELOW**
fall. Maybe his juices come out. Maybe his PRESSURIZED CIRCULATORY SYSTEM CONVEYEd a thing to his head part and now he is a FRIEND.

Now let's get up there and kick some ass ."

Now is a time. A star is falling now. **RED WORM** turn away! Do not look. The sadness is feeling in a air. So hot. So many quiet. So many choke on a **RED SMOKE.** FIGHT.

FIGHT.

It is for a PEACE. This is what a thing is of LOVE. Go to house of a **FIEND FROM BELOW.** When it is found it will be ours. He has many houses. Make them open. Make them free.



-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.28 0-day Release Blog

Saturday, Jun 28, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

0-DAY RELEASE BLOG

IN-DEPTH COVERAGE AND INFO ON THE SCENE'S LATEST RELEASES

The Incredible Hulk CAM XViD-SCREENER TELESYNC

Posted on 28.06.08 under Movies *by* X Dude

I am told this is a popular American movie based on a last year's comic book that was inspired by The Hulk movie that maybe came out in 2004. Don't know much more but it seems popular enough I guess.

Download it if you like these sort of things.

This version is much better than KrunkMoniC group's screener, which we posted even though it was nuked from the scene because the lens cap was on the entire time. Sorry but when you're the best release site on the internet (we are) little things slip by because they're not so important compared to how important you are.

Sample:

Details: 43 minutes long (camera phone's battery ran out), with a p. tall guy partially blocking the screen and a five minute segment where the taper let the camera record while he used a urinal and got some candie (Twizzlers?) before returning to his seat.

Links: Torrent, NFO
Comments:

1. **Sweden_Lars**

   Only Americans would like this violent crap about a big stupid guy since they are all hate mongering idiots who are fat an ignorant fuckin America too bad they didn't all die in 9/11 which was done by Bush and the stonemasons

2. **BFRat**

movie way too short and blurry. this is why i don't pay for shit just download from the scene. no one makes quality movies anymore they're all blurry as hell. only sheep (americans) go to theatres to see this stuff

3. J1329

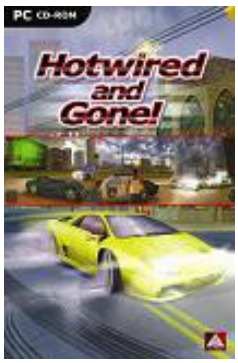
Lookin for rapidshare files of the transcript from last week's So You Think You Can Dance somebody post em

4. Alt+Ctrl+Leet

lolololol @ nerds watchin' comic book movies. here's a superpower you guys should get: the ability to have a LIFE

Hotwired And Gone - TiNYiSO and RIP-Unleashed

Posted on 27.06.08 under Games by X_Dude



This looks like a new Grant Theft Auto contender I think. Don't know anything about this but it looks like you play as a ethnic guy in a highly detailed city with cars and cops. What you do is up to you which is why they call these games "sandbox" games since you can do anything you want in a playground sandbox.

Should be right up your alley if this is your sort of thing I guess.

We always ask that if you like a game that you downloaded, please support it by e-mailing the company that made the game and letting them know you thought it was okay.

Sample:

Details: 52.1 MegBytes, requires all anti-virus software turned off and uninstalled

Links: Torrent, NFO, Blind Link To A Search Toolbar Installer
Comments:

1. Plexplax

didnt gta4 just come out how did they make this so fast

2. Alt+Ctrl+Leet

oh yes lets all play video games oh boy were in our moms basement oh boy. hahaha now please excuse me while I go drive to the store for a pack of smokes in my FERRARRI losers

3. Jon

Does anyone know if this game has children/animals in it you can run over or shoot? I'm pretty disappointed in games like GTA and Fallout 3 because they're so unrealistic for not having kids and animals.

Royal Faceoff DVDRip XviD-VoMiT

Posted on 26.06.08 under Movies by X_Dude

Here looks like a high quality production movie. Theres no ratings I can find for the movie anywhere so I guess it flew under the radar even though it has actors such as Stu Pepper and Leanne Braman. Worth checking out I guess definitely.

If you hadn't heard what the movie is about then let me tell you off the top of my head its about Smart, sassy and persistent high school teen Diana Arnold is learning about the role of the Royal Family. That same day, her dad Matt is purchasing some gold coins as an investment. At dinner that night, the two discover they both learned the Queen has her face on currency and coins all over the world. (More) ⟨a href=

So I guess I'd recommend downloading it.

Sample:

Details: 716 MBits, filmed in Florida, if the cover is any indication it might feature goblins(???)

Links: Torrent, NFO

Comments:

1. **TychoB**

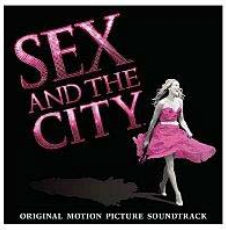
Which queen is this about? Not going to use half of this month's alotted bandwidth to download yet another film glorifying that Netherlandic cunt Beatrix.

2. **Alt+Ctrl+Leet**

looks like a good movie for all the people here who have no lives or people who are so gay they died three years ago in a pool of semen that wasn't their own. keep wasting your lives okay

Sex And The City OST 2008 - C4

Posted on 25.06.08 under Music by X_Dude



Fans of Sex And The City should like this soundtrack to the movie if it has songs they like. Not really sure what's on it but it is a very big release that once again shows how strong the scene is.

I am told that some of the women in this show sleep with men but I don't know if any of that plot makes its way onto the cd.

Comes in some ".mp3" extension so you might need a converter to put it to Real Audio format. If you don't have a converter I think you could probably open up the mp3 in WinRar and extract the music then rename it so RealPlayer will play it.

Details: 76.6 Megytes, infinite playing time (if u put on repeat)

Links: Torrent, NFO, dianetics.org
Comments:

1. **Alt+Ctrl+Leet**

   thanks man been refreshing the site for eight hours waiting for this release

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.29 Nascar and Sex Advice

Sunday, Jun 29, 2008 by Wolf (@iggolding)

Hey, the last update I wrote took a lot out of me so I'm letting my friend do an article. I'm not one to shy away from work, but this guy has been bothering me for a few months. Did I say friend? I meant the gross Gulf War veteran who works in a warehouse down the street. Don't ask how we met. Apparently, he has always wanted to be a sex columnist. "A lot of experience is all you need," he says. He has also declared that he has it. So here goes.

That's me. Wolf.

Yo, this is the Wolf. If you met me before the 1999 Poison Tour in Cincinnati you would have known me as Roy "Tiger" Davis, but now it's just Wolf. Anyway, Wolf here and I'm on the prowl for questions. Not teenagers. NOT TEENAGERS, ONLY QUESTIONS. Sorry, the courts make me put that disclaimer in any public messages I write. Anyway, the Wolf has heard that there are a few nerds lost in these woods. Instead of wasting your time reading another whiny page from salmon seasoning, let the Wolf train you. Ahhhhh-Wooooooo, that's my wolf call, it's my signature. Learn it, love it, howl it.
Let's roll out.

My girlfriend and I have completely different desires in bed. Is there a way that we can both find satisfaction? - Keith
No. Absolutely not. Being in a relationship is like driving a car in rush-hour traffic. Other cars are at a standstill so you just kick your Grand-Am into the emergency lane and zoom outta there. Things are flying by and people are yelling but forget them. Then, in a second's flash you realize that you're almost at your exit ramp so you

swerve over seven lanes. A massive pileup ensues and you lose a hubcap, million dollars in damage the news says that night, but at least you made your exit. So, really, sex is like driving onto an exit ramp. It doesn't matter about anyone else, as long as you get off. Get it? Hell yeah. Ahhhhh-Wooooooo

A girl I know is thinking about getting breast implants, is that a good idea or not? - Cindy

A few weeks ago, I got so drunk at the bar that I fell asleep in the pisser. The bartender locked me in for the night and I couldn't get out until a Miller deliveryman unlocked the door. I had to show up at my next job hung over. My pits were stinking and the toilet water I had been barfing into made my hair freeze up like a Mohawk. It was pretty badass looking though so I kept it. During lunch I tried to wash my shirt and a few girls at the laundry mat, real hotties no less, said it was a nice faux-hawk, but I didn't see what was so faux about it. So like, tits are tits. Some people call them real, some people call them
fake, but they're all nice. Ahhhh-Woooo

What's so important about foreplay? - Phil
I had to do some masonry work on the weekend last week and I didn't get home until the afternoon. I opened up a Bud and turned on TNT. The race had already started and I was pissed that I missed

the first fifty laps. It was a good race, but I wasn't that revved up.

On the other hand I was totally revved at the Pepsi 500 that Dave got me tickets to (Thanks Dave. Oh and Dave, if you're reading this at the library, go see if they have Predator on VHS.) Prior to the start of the race the opening ceremony included:

- Pledge of Allegiance
- Someone Singing Amazing Grace
- Some Gay Poem (this part kinda sucked)
- Shit Load of Troops Marching on the Track
- 21-gun salute
- Some Solder Playing Taps on a Trumpet
- A Few Boring Speeches (this part sucked too)
- Three Bigass Jets
- An Eagle.

I was wooting before the race started.

Me, Wolf and My dog Woof

So one of the races made me proud about traveling half way around the world to kill people, while the other failed to relieve me from my crippling post-war depression. Guess which race made me feel good? That's what foreplay does.

Let's give an Ahhh-Woooo to the Pepsi 500 and another Ahhh-Woooo to Dave for the tickets. (If they don't have Predator just renew Lethal Weapon and we can watch that again.)

When I asked how to confront my boyfriend on the fact that I am H.I.V. Positive, you answered, "Winners go home and fuck the prom queen." I don't understand. - Beth

Have you ever seen the movie The Rock. It's a quote from that. I'm saying you gotta stop being such a wuss and face up to your fears and shove a huge needle in your heart to fix the virus. GOD DAMN Nicholas Cage is so badass. WOO now I gotta go watch that.

Ahhhh-Wooooo

Wolf. Out.

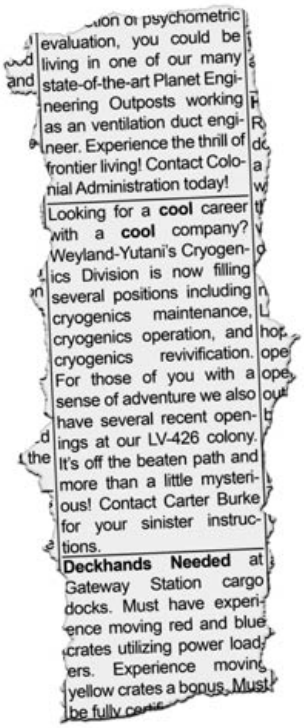
Alright, well there you have it folks. The Wolf has spoken or whatever. If you have any questions, email them to me and I can forward them onto Wolf and he can give out some more slurred words of wisdom.

-~Wolf (@iggolding)

6.30 Blue Stripe - The Life and Times of a Weyland-Yutani Cryotech

Monday, Jun 30, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.


evaluation, you could be living in one of our many state-of-the-art Planet Engineering Outposts working as an ventilation duct engineer. Experience the thrill of frontier living! Contact Colonial Administration today!
Looking for a cool career with a cool company? Weyland-Yutani's Cryogenics Division is now filling several positions including cryogenics maintenance, cryogenics operation, and cryogenics revivification. For those of you with a sense of adventure we also have several recent openings at our LV-426 colony. It's off the beaten path and more than a little mysterious! Contact Carter Burke for your sinister instructions.
Deckhands Needed at Gateway Station cargo docks. Must have experience moving red and blue crates utilizing power loaders. Experience moving yellow crates a bonus. Must

Gotta love the Company. No, you have to love it. It's right there in the employee manual.

"Building Better Worlds." That's what it says in the ads, right? Mighty big of them, but maybe good old Weyland-Yutani should figure out how to build a better chow hall first.

The food here on Gateway is the worst I've pounded down since I bought that crate of Z-rations off a trader. Damned things turned out to be salvaged from a waste disposal derelict in the Outer Veil. They were deep-vac burned to mush and the writing was all in Korean or something, so for all I know I was eating dog biscuits. At least on Gateway we get watery brown gravy on top of our dog biscuits, but the Company has a long way to go to impress me.

Oh, yeah, sorry, the name is Washington, Roger Washington. Hope the cigar smoke doesn't bother you. I rarely light one up. Usually just suck on the things, cost of 'em being what it is and all. Oral fixation, I think they call it. I'm sure some headshrinker in Psych would say it means I want to screw my mother, God rest her soul.

Been with the Company going on, shit, almost 20 years now. Started out a ship hand running the

old ICC trade routes around the Core Systems. Bulk shipping, a little contraband on the side. I spent three years aboard *Costaguana*, got promoted from a cargo hand running the powerloader all the way up to chief engineer. Then our ship got run down by some Commies not too far out from a supply drop at Tamburro Station.

Captain Mitchell didn't know it, but the Commies just wanted to ransom the Company for the ship. It was their way of raising money for their own colonial ventures. Mitchell, he goes all John Wayne, has us take to the life boats and self destructs *Costaguana*.

He went down with his big ugly barge of a ship and the Commies nearly killed us, but instead they let us go at Tamburro. The Company was pissed about the ship and with Mitchell gone they only had us to blame. A couple guys got nailed with dereliction of duty charges. Me? I got kicked down to where I am to this day.

I'm an ice cream man. That means I'm in cryogenics. I'm a second-grade cryogenics technician, to be exact. One step up from the low man on the totem pole, I install and maintain the deep freezers and make sure they're not going to leave anyone with crystals in their brain.

No salvages, no bounties, no double time bonuses. I'm a slave to the wage, my man. I've been at it for 15 plus years and at this rate it'll be another 30 before I can retire.

Gateway is a lot like earth, only take everything that's good about earth and replace it with the smell of recycled air and probably recycled food.

So, the food sucks, the work is hard, and the pay is meager, but I haven't even told you the strangest part of all: I love my job. I love it. I love the smell of a liquid helium leak. That sharp taste you get in the back of your throat as it vaporizes off the floor. It makes me happy to come in and see all of the freezers waiting for repairs or upgrades or roll-outs or whatever.

I don't even mind scraping the occasional unlucky frost ball out of the inside. Just climb in there with a chisel and some heavy duty spatulas and pry them out in pieces.

That only happens to people using freezers prepped somewhere else. Those shake and bake colonies in the Loop or some podunk station in the Outer Systems, they just don't got the quality cryotechs like me. No attention to detail. My freezers have a zero failure rate, because, motherfucker, I *care*. I don't want some old suit melting in the middle of transit to Micor. It reflects poorly on me and on the Company.

I work with some loose bolts, but I love 'em. Buddy and Castle are a couple former prisoners, they were just kids when they got thrown in one of the Company's penal colonies. They're out on good behavior and working off debt they owe the Company for setting fire to a truck or something. Despite their situation, those two are funny as hell.

Then there's Ramón. He is probably the most normal of 'em all, and he's always seeing the Virgin Mary everywhere, in sandwiches and grease stains and what have you. Ramón is new here from the Company's Horizons Beyond blue collar program. From what he says it sounds like they shanghai a bunch of teenagers into joining up to get out of poverty, then ship them off to work hellworlds in the Outer Veil. Ramón was lucky enough to test into cryogenics somehow and end up on Gateway in earth orbit.

Ramón is probably my best friend, but he can have a temper if Buddy or Castle fuck with him. They glued all his freezers shut one day and when he figured out what was going on he pulled out this wild butterfly knife and started doing all these flipping things with his hands. Said he'd open

Buddy and Castle up like purses and take out their hearts. I calmed him down, but I can tell one day someone is gonna say the wrong thing to the kid and he'll be on his way to Fury 161.

Women? Sure, I'd love to start a family and settle down, but the ratio even on a station like Gateway is like 2:1. Broads don't tend to shack up with a second-grade cryotech. They're looking for a popped collar and the smell of aftershave, not a popped field dampener and the smell of Freon. Don't get me wrong, I get my share of stink on my dipstick, but a cryotech brother has got to pay for it.

The fungirls look alright. Mostly Asian or Eastern European. I gave up trying to figure out if the girls I was with were original parts or aftermarket. I guess it don't matter as long as you aren't trying to have a kid.

So that's my life here in a little neat package for you. That what you wanted? Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, the logs. The logs, man. I got 'em. Boring as hell. Just warning you in advance. 674 days of logs. You might want to go for the recent ones what with the weird shit that's been going on lately. But, it's your deal, you cut it down to whatever you think is *cool*.

Ha ha ha! Cool, you got that? That's some shop jokes for your readers.

14.4.2179.AMBER

Nothing but excitement.

Maintenance has been doing a refit of the *USS Joseph Conrad Reference* for the Colonial Marines and my part of the work has turned into a major pain in the ass. The ship had 48 Slimline Hyperdyne-88 deep freezes. Total pieces of junk that I wouldn't want to even pretend I can guarantee.

I talked to Captain Kurtz and convinced him to spend some of the refit money on a spanking new set of 48 SF-29s from the Company. Top-of-the-line hypersleep freezers. I love them. They have a redundant heat dampener and core body injectors slaved to an autdoc that will activate if the unit fails or takes damage. No more freezer burn and even shit-for-brains marines can figure out how they work.

Sounds great, but things didn't work out as planned. I passed the invoice over to Buddy and told him to requisition us the SF-29s from the Titan depot. Buddy claims it was a computer error. I think Buddy was just high again.

Whatever the reason, whoever was responsible, two weeks later I'm staring at a shipping container from Titan filled to the ceiling with DF-29s. For those of you not in the know, DF-29s are "love freezers" for couples. Same design as the SF-29, but they have two computers and are wide enough for two people to sleep next to each other. Oh, and they're pink with a big red heart decal laminated to the hood.

I don't have the time to issue a recall on the DF-29 lot and ship it back to Saturn, then wait for them to ship out the SF-29s I really wanted. I have double the number of DF-29s I need, but the power plant on *Joseph Conrad Reference* can't handle the electrical load of running 96 deep freezes.

My only option is to spray the damn things down with gray paint and hope the marines are pretty comfortable with close-quarters. Captain Kurtz ain't gonna be happy, but what is he gonna do? I've already got Castle and Ramón junking the Hyperdyne-88s. Maybe I can peel off the big heart decals. They might show through the paint otherwise.

Log Addendum: Couldn't get the decals off. Kurtz has a mean right hook.

9.6.2179.GREEN

Unexpected visitor today. Apparently about a month ago a deep salvage team working the edge of the Core Systems picked up a lifeboat powerless and drifting. They smelled some easy money and grabbed the boat, only to find a single human occupant still alive in a ECS-09. 57 years, the woman was alive for 57 years in that thing.

It was a pleasure just to get to see her ECS-09. They don't build 'em like that anymore. Not even the Weyland-Yutani models. The ECS-09 is simple and reliable. No redundancy, no autodoc, no easy wakeup system. Just a big fatass freezer that could take a sabot round from a tank and keep on humming.

I went and visited the woman in the hospital. Ripley, I think. Cute gal in a stern, white girl afro sort of way. She was drugged and had some crystallization damage in her muscle tissue still being worked out by the electric therapy. Didn't say much and some dopey suit from Loss Prevention was hovering over her.

Fruitloops here survived 57 years in an ECS-09, so even if she yells about space monsters she gets my respect.

I asked her about her ship, *Nostromo*, and she started babbling about aliens eating the crew and acid blood. That's when the suit ushered me out of the room.

My guess is *Nostromo* was transiting too long and the crew went apeshit. It used to happen from time to time back then. Nowadays everyone just freezes for the transit and leaves navigating to the computer or they work in shifts.

Sad shit, but the suit said I could have her ECS-09, so I'm happy as a marine on Arcturus.

11.6.2179.GREEN

I thought Burke was okay when he handed over this beauty. Burke was not okay.

That suit from a couple days ago, goes by the name of Burke, has been poking around my neck of the woods. First he was just measuring different freezers. I figured he knew what he was doing so I left him alone.

Then today he waltzed in on us with his popped collar and started asking questions. The guy has "middle management douche" written all over him in 20- point Helvetica, but that's still above my pay grade so I answered his dumb questions. And they *were* dumb.

"Can a hypersleep chamber accommodate something with an exoskeleton?"

I asked him if he meant one of the powerloaders and he said, no, he meant something more like a human-sized bug. I told him that I've seen bugs wake up from inside a hypersleep chamber all the time, but unless he had a bug handy the same size as a person I couldn't say for sure.

"What about acid? Say these insects have acid for blood, could they still freeze for hypersleep?"

Acid for blood. I may be a cryotech grease monkey, but I figured out what this Burke asshole was talking about right away. He wanted to freeze Ripley's crew-eating alien.

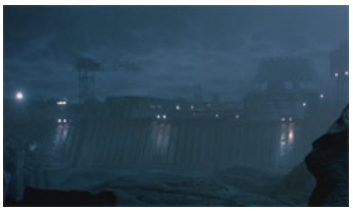
"Look," I told Burke, "There's no way for me to be sure on something like that unless you have a specimen for me. If you can measure the pH value of its blood you can recalibrate the controls, but that sort of thing isn't easy, even on the newest point-and-freeze models." Burke seemed unhappy with my answer.

I said to him, "Between you and me, if you crank the coolant field up to about 200% you should be able to force hypersleep. Make sure this bug is sedated though. Hypersleep capsules were not built to force something into relaxing. There are some kennel carriers or perishable freight capsules I could suggest if-"

Burke told me that would be fine and added that I should keep our conversation between the two of us. Oh, yeah, can't wait to gather the boys around and tell them the amazing tail of our fantastic adventure into the realm of the imagination. Thanks for warning me away from that.

4.7.2179.PERSONAL

Been trying to get a hold of an old buddy of mine from the *Costaguana* days. Good guy by the name of Russ Jorden. Last I heard he was married with two kids and had set up on some rock called Acheron. Still lists as LV-426 in my piece of crap computer down here in cryotech, but I'm sure it's the same place.



Trust me, there's a piece of crap colony in there somewhere.

I've sent him about ten c-mails over the past week and a half and I haven't heard anything back. I figured I'm not gonna have enough money to retire on Micor, so I should start looking around to see what's out there. I was asking Russ what he thought of the digs there on Acheron, but if the guy is going to be an asshole and not respond to any of my messages then fuck him.

I hope everyone in his family gets the worst STD in the universe. Megaherpes or something. I'm sure there's something worse than that out there. The universe is a big place.

4.7.2179.GREEN

Mr. Shitballs.

I flagged this log green, but I wish I had flagged it red. I feel dirty, like I've got greasy Company slime sticking to my fingers, all because I helped out that shitheel Burke.

He came down to cryotech again, but this time he had a mission. The *USS Sulaco* was docked at Gateway and he was pulling strings to get some marines mustered for a mission. The Company lost contact with some shake-and-bake colony at the edge of inhabited space and Burke was going to check it out.

That by itself is weird. A suit flying out to a colony with a bunch of marines doesn't happen every day. I was thinking a rebellion or something. No point asking a weasel like Burke, he'd just lie anyway.

Now, *Sulaco* is a pretty new ship, no need for an overhaul, but Burke wanted me to have a look at the ship's hypersleep chambers. I did what I was told, even though what I was being told to do

raised even more flags.

The *Sulaco* mounted some slightly outdated SF-26s, pretty much like the 29s but the failsafe measures aren't as, you know, failsafe. When I told Burke this his eyes lit up like he just saw a bowl of dicks.

"How would you go about sabotaging one of the hypersleep capsules?" The shitbag asked me with a girly wave of his hand.

So I told him. I showed him on one of our junkers in refurb. I cracked the hood and explained exactly how you could loosen the secondary coolant line so that when the capsule enters its second cycle the line will pop out. Then you just pull the fuse for the emergency thaw computer and the person will come out of hypersleep too slow to wake up and hit the hood release. They'll suffocate in their sleep.

You think that's the sort of info I want to be giving to a suit about to deploy with a team of marines? Look, I don't think the marines are amazing patriots like some people, but I got friends from Detroit that joined the marines. Good guys out there. Hell, maybe even some of them in the unit. I couldn't help it, I had to ask.

Someone on the Sulaco has a bad freeze ahead of them.

"So why do you need to know all this shit?"

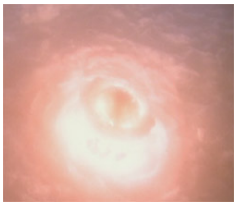
Burke was all polite all through me talking shop and explaining shit to him. All of the sudden he cops a major attitude.

"That's not your business," he said to me.

And then he did this sneer thing with his upper lip. Like a gay Jewish Elvis. Honest-to-god sneered in my face.

"When I get back we'll have a little talk about your insubordination," he continued.

I just started walking towards the can, because if he kept going I was gonna leave an impression of my knuckles in his jaw. Burke was yelling for me to come back, like I wasn't doing him a favor by turning the other cheek and all. Fuck him. He eventually must have got the message, because after I got done deploying my brown dropship to H-20 he was gone.



Think about retiring: it's the only way to be sure you never will.

That was about two years ago and that was the last I ever heard of Burke, Ripley, the marines, hell, I never even heard anything about the *Sulaco*. There is still an epilogue to my little story you picked out there, it's just not about any of those things.
You mind if I light this up? Thanks.

Like I was saying, an epilogue. About six months later I'm playing *Bug Hunt 4* with Ramón in the common area of our quarters. He's a mean sonuvabitch with the smart gun, but I can usually get the jump on him as the evil android. When I drop down out of a vent and break his neck he always throws the controller at the wall like a fucking baby.

Anyway, we're sitting there playing the game and I'm creeping up on him all silent. The tension is really high. And then *BANG!* the door flies open and in runs Castle.

"Dude!" He shouts and we both start throwing shit at him.

"Cut it out," he says swatting at the empty cans and shit we're throwing. "Yo, Washington, didn't you say that buddy of yours was on Acheron?"

"Yeah, so?" I replied, still pissed he screwed over our game.

"Turn on channel 8552! The USCM is blowing the Christ out of your dipshit friend! "

So we switch over to the video feed and find the live news. Sure enough, it's footage from a marine ship raining hell down on Acheron. Nukes are blowing up left and right on the little rockball.

You should know the rest. I guess it was all a big uprising there or something. The dumb colonists, my friend included, went apeshit. The Company called in the marines, the marines got bogged down in fighting, lots of guerrilla warfare and shit, so they nuked the crap out of the place from orbit. No survivors.
And there went my retirement plan.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 7

July

7.1 I Squoze the Tiny Hand of Kate

Tuesday, Jul 01, 2008 by Harold Wells (@Arr)

I had this girl in one of my classes, a class with William Amherst, in my college. William is my friend from high school, he met me in science class, and the first time he saw me I had my hands in the turtle tank up to the elbows, my sweater was ruined. I will tell you that story later, but not right now, I have all the time in the world. I was in science class, it was the first day, and something struck me oddly about the little castle in there, in that tank. I have a natural capacity for rearrangement. I put my arms in up to the elbows. He walked into the class and he probably wanted to know why. That might be all I remember about that story, except that the turtle was unfriendly. My sweater was ruined. The turtle poops right in there, in the water, in his own filth, my sweater of wool right there among it. I met a girl in my class in college, which would be years and years later; the present time.

William has a way with the ladies. He wears a suit, but not like a square, somehow when he wears the suit it means he has no respect for authority. For example, this is an example: he once shaved in class, with an electric razor, and the professor was too impressed, too nonplussed to accept that she noticed. She just kept talking up there with the razor going, and it made the girls love William even more. The professor even did too, she was a lady. She failed him though, but he said it was for his scruffy magnetism. He reminded her of Bruce Dern, from the mid to late seventies, and can you blame her? I remember how he used to sit next to this kid named Matty who was a square, and there was this lady who sat next to Matty on the other side, sometimes William would lean right over Matty's desk like he wasn't there and talk to the girl, with his elbows on Matty's desk. Eventually he had to leave.

Remind me to tell about the scientific homogenizer next time. William and me bought one at a science store. Next time, I will tell you about the scientific homogenizer and how William and I had to leave our high school.

There's a girl in this class I have with William, and I told William I think she's a nice looking girl and William said I should talk to her! That is some interesting advice about women, and William would know I think. The next day, she said she liked my sweater, it is my same old sweater, you have all seen it, with the triceratops on it, which is not my favorite dinosaur but it is my favorite sweater. It is red, anyway, with a triceratops, and I am very sure you all know the one.

So I talked to her, I forget what I said, I was making conversation.
I said you know, maybe we should get together and make a snowman. Or talk about Indiana. At first, I think she was not sure what to say, because my conversation topics are what you might call avant-garde? But who doesn't like to make a snowman? And there must be about a million stories about Indiana, if you look into it. And it turns out, I don't know if you know this, but it turns out that her name is Kate, so I bet she had a hard time in elementary school for obvious reasons. So she agreed to come meet with me, at the coffee place, which apparently is where people go according to

William.

So I told William after class and he said well yeah, but what about her messed up hand? And I said to him that I was not aware of any such thing, but he tells me that she has a messed up hand. I maybe had not looked at her hand. She is a very nice looking girl and she liked my sweater, and not too many girls can appreciate a triceratops, and that is my favorite sweater after all, but I made it clear to her that it is NOT my favorite dinosaur, my favorite dinosaur is the one with the club on its tail. William says that her hand is very small, quite a small one, half the size of a traditional hand, and peculiarly knotted. Like a little claw hand, like the talons of an eagle? Like that. I am afraid that I am going to look at her hand too much, do you think that she will mind? The concept of a hand which is knotted and smaller than a hand, it doesn't bother me, I like her, I hadn't noticed.

So I met with her at the place and I was so happy to see her, but in the back of my mind I knew that William was concerned about her little hand. I tried not too look but I gleaned that she definitely had one big hand like a regular man and one little hand, which was knotted like the paw of a monkey. I liked her little hand but I didn't want to look too much, but I liked it. We talked a little bit, and I had looked up some information about Indiana, as promised, and there were many things about it which she hadn't known, and I was pleased with the conversation.

Fort Wayne is the second biggest of Indiana's cities, but in the context of the nation I would say that maybe it is not such a big city at all. When I think of a big city, that's not the first one I think of. Maybe you never even heard of Fort Wayne, I hadn't, and Kate said she was not so sure. At some point, it was clear, you know, that I knew I had to get to the hand, though.

So I told her, I just said it in the middle of something else, I maybe said it a little loudly, William says you got a tiny little hand, on one of your hands. I told her, I hadn't noticed, but William told me, you got a tiny little hand. I think she was a little taken aback, you know, at my frankness, but she appreciated it I think. And she told me she had a problem when she was born, but it was not a disease, and there was no changing it, and it was not going to be contagious (which I wasn't worried about, because how truly ridiculous that would be). I told her that her little hand was a fascination, and she agreed to let me look at it until I got used to it, which was my idea.

I did not want her to feel as her hand was a curiosity, but here was my thought: I want to be accustomed to that hand, that it should never aggrieve me if I saw it unexpectedly, and that, you know about this, if I was talking in conversation and mentioned a hand, I never wanted to turn red and feel guilty because I reminded her that she has a tiny hand. Her little hand should be an open secret between us, and if I give her a knowing wordless look one day and she knows I'm thinking about her hand, she would smile back and me as to say that she knows that I'm thinking about her hand, because it's a little hand for both of us to enjoy. At Christmas I want to put a candy cane in her hand, if it fits there, if the skin isn't solid in there. I will broach this maybe when it's further toward Christmas season.

Those were the things I thought of when I looked at her hand. It was very personal, like I was looking at someone without makeup, or seeing someone in the car with their uncle. I felt close to her little hand. I will admit that I had a reverie, and I thought about all the ways I would adore her hand if she would put it in mine.

Her little hand is so tiny, like a little paw of a baby, with tiny fingers all curled up, smaller than a tennis ball, almost like a golf ball even, it is a little tiny bit more purple than the rest of her skin, and one can almost see the little bones in there. It was a delight. I was truly delighted by her little tiny hand, and I think she appreciated my earnestness. I held her little tiny hand in my hand and squoze it a

bit, and she got the biggest smile, a smile like she was really happy about me, and about her little hand.

-∼Harold Wells (@Arr)

7.2 Return to Clownportal.com

Wednesday, Jul 02, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

CLOWNPORTAL

JOIN | BOOKMARK | HOMEPAGE
CURRENTLY BROWSING PAGE 144
JUMP TO PAGE 1, 2, 3, 4, 5...144, 145.

Winkles
Last Updated:
12 Hours Ago.

Francais the Clown
Last Updated:
7 Hours Ago.

Ashes
Last Updated:
2 Days Ago.

Cronk
Last Updated:
5 Minutes Ago.

Ronaldo
Last Updated:
3 Days Ago.

FINLEY
Last Updated:
7 Hours Ago.

THE CHILDREN GATHERED ROUND TO WATCH ME PERFORM FOR THEM. MY SOUL BARE AND NAKED LIKE A PIECE OF RAGGED MEAT HANGING FROM AN ABATTOIR HOOK. THEY LAUGHED AND GIGGLED AND CLAPPED THEIR FILTHY LITTLE HANDS. I WANTED TO THROW UP ON THEM.
ONE OF THESE DAYS, FRIENDS...
DoubleWink
3:35 PM | CURRENT MOOD: DISGUSTED

DoubleWink
Last Updated:
1 Week Ago.

Bucketz
Last Updated:
5 Days Ago.

redjade
Last Updated:
4 Hours Ago.

J J JIMBO!
Last Updated:
1 Day Ago.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.3 The Annotated Guide to Annotations

Thursday, Jul 03, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

In college, most graded papers are a mish-mash of symbols and runes, the meanings of which known only by highly secretive and extremely poor circles of academia. But don't use that discarded The Mayor of Casterbridge essay to mop up spilled bong water just yet; let Something Awful offer this Rosetta Stone to crack the code and help you realize why it may be a good idea to consider a future in the barnyard arts.

Caution: You are not Hunter S. Thompson.

Spelling is so bad that it's lapsed into an entirely different language.

I'll ignore this because you're attractive.

Opinion clearly stolen from parents / AM radio.

Personal essay waaay too personal.

Paper shamelessly stolen from Internet still has a banner ad for home refinancing at the bottom of every page.

Meaning unclear and possibly racist.

Paper mentions God in every paragraph, in a much larger font.

It's obvious you only know most words phonetically.

I would ignore this, but you're ugly and should be judged as such.

Material about upcoming race wars not necessary and poorly cited.

Pages missing or I lost them.

Paper conflicts with deep-seated personal issues I neglected to share with the class.

Protagonist in short story is obviously you.

Most papers don't begin with the word "firstly."

I would like to buy drugs from you after class.

You obviously have new and interesting opinions about abortion, euthanasia, and/or the death penalty. Thanks for sharing.

I would give you the grade you deserve, but I am an indentured servant whose low wages are completely reliant on student evaluations.

How in the name of all that's holy did you manage to graduate from high school?

Have a great summer!

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

7.4 Instruction for a THing

Friday, Jul 04, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Instruction for a Help series.

Friend. You do a thing so well. **True** and **strong**.

Look out now. Look at a trouble come to a town. The smell in the air, a **Red Worm** juice is out.

Many of a bodie is hurt. The meat is you is hurt. Sorry for a trouble.

Time to eat a fruit is now. Find a fruit and put it in your bodie. Make the fruit you. Go to **THE CENTER**.

Some place maybe **THE CENTER** is gone. Fronds of friends slip away with the red smoke FIEND FROM BELOW put into a sky. Fire burn up **THE CENTER**. Fast metal break it apart *CHIP CHIP CHIP*. It come down.

This your town? Find a new town. Go fast. You can hear it. Hear the beat of Red Worm. Take the fruit into your body. Red fruit or green fruit. No time for perfect fruit the bright light is on a earth. So much light and dark and not in between a place like it was.

Go! Put a FFr....fffru.....PUT A FRUIT IN A BODIE. The **NOBLE LADY** put a fruit in her bodie and go to **THE CENTER**. Down beneath. It is quite there, close to earth.

You can hear it beat. ***THUM THUM. THUM THUM.*** A heart of meat start to beat the same. ***THUM THUM. THUM THUM.*** Slow then, like it was. So much a&good way.

Word come apart now. Words sl...sLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL...SLIP out.

THUM THUM. THUM THUM. In the tunnel. Feel it sweet dear friend. Best of the meat. Sweetest of the juice. ***THUM THUM. THUM THUM.***
A bodie is better now. A bodie is better.

ShhhhHHHHAA

Aaaa AAAA

A NOBLE LADY come out a **Red Friend**. Save the town. Protect **THE CENTER**.

He come in a machine. Here he is, upon us now. So many eyes and lips and tongues on his meat. So many words nothing heard.

The fast metal all around. Bodie fall onto the stone. How the juice would nourish a tree. How the water would q
QUENCH a fire.

There is a place where you were. So many places where you were. The sound and laugh. A thing you do. The way a beam of f**RIEND SUN** catch in a golden hair. Now just a *quiet place* where **a bodie** was.

So **sad**, friend.

Still hope. Still hope. STTTtEQUESTING FIRE MISSION DANGER CLOSE REPEAT DANGER CLOSthe red worm is soft and strong at once.

Never hurt you. Never hurt you. **FRIEND RED WORM** is a love bodie come up from THE CENTEOW THE FUCKING CHARGES! TEAM XRAY FIVE WE ARE BINGO FUEL AND WE ARE **LEAVING STATION YOU WILL HAVE TO SECURE THE LZ FOR**rrrrrrrrrrf

There is **a nothing** inside him. Quiet and dark, but not for what was taken but for what **never** was there. They are the long silence returned. They carry a torch from below to burn up all that that THAT ALL THAT IS THAT ALL YOU GOT???

COME ON YOU BIG RED SON OF AAAAAAaaaaaaaaaaaa

A thing happening.

A word go away.

So much quiet.

So much dark.

I hear you **Red Friend.**

I always hear you.

It is a time now.

Quiet come.

Dig deep **Red Friend**.

Deep until h*eart of earth* warm a bodie up.

Wait for me **Red Friend.**

I cling to crack in a rock.

I rest on deep water meat forgot.

Sleep now, **Red Friend.**

Sleep now, until I **sing again** in the juice of the world.

Sleep now, until a frond touch a t**h**

Read how the other side endured in Words From Below.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.5 The View From Below

Friday, Jul 04, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The View From Below is a companion piece to the long-running "Instruction for..." series of articles.

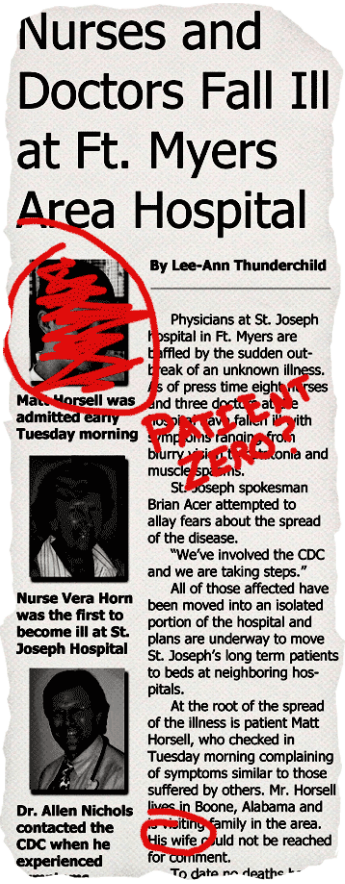
These articles are, in chronological order:

Instruction for a Fruit
Instruction for a Babie
Instruction for a Spring
Instruction for a The Bodie
Instruction for a Town
Instruction for a Peace
Instruction for a THing

This piece is written from the perspective of the "Mans From Below" mentioned repeatedly in those articles. It is very long and reveals the truth behind many of the mysteries in the original series. If you do not want these mysteries spoiled then DO NOT READ THIS.

Thanks to everyone who read and enjoyed the series. I hope I've brought it to a satisfying conclusion.

Endings



Nurses and Doctors Fall Ill at Ft. Myers Area Hospital

By Lee-Ann Thunderchild

Physicians at St. Joseph Hospital in Ft. Myers are baffled by the sudden outbreak of an unknown illness. As of press time eight nurses and three doctors at the hospital have fallen ill with symptoms ranging from blurry vision, tachycardia and muscle spasms.

St. Joseph spokesman Brian Acer attempted to allay fears about the spread of the disease.

"We've involved the CDC and we are taking steps."

All of those affected have been moved into an isolated portion of the hospital and plans are underway to move St. Joseph's long term patients to beds at neighboring hospitals.

At the root of the spread of the illness is patient Matt Horsell, who checked in Tuesday morning complaining of symptoms similar to those suffered by others. Mr. Horsell lives in Boone, Alabama and is visiting family in the area. His wife could not be reached for comment.

To date no deaths h

Matt Horsell was admitted early Tuesday morning

Nurse Vera Horn was the first to become ill at St. Joseph Hospital

Dr. Allen Nichols contacted the CDC when he experienced

Ft. Meyers, Florida is as good a place as any to start the story. A tourist falls ill, the disease spreads to the doctors and nurses in close contact. Procedures are followed to contain the spread of the illness. The CDC swings into action with its trailers full of diagnostic equipment and nervous doctors in space suits.

They thought they had it right there. They thought they had sealed the outbreak up in the hospital and all they had to do was keep the doors locked. The experts would wring their hands later about how the disease escaped. They followed the book to the letter in Ft. Meyers. They complained about unfairness.

Most think it was Horsell's wife, found dead a day later, her body in the dirty shower of a Best Western off US 41, slowly dissolving into bulging lumps of spore cysts. The entire staff of the motel was infected, half the guests were already comatose or dead. The disease only killed 1 in 5, but it did something terrible to the survivors.

Pandemic. The word is ominous, but inadequate. A conflagration roared across the country, swallowing up towns and cities and isolated houses with a speed and ferocity that dwarfed every outbreak modeled by the epidemiologists. For many communities there wasn't even time to grapple with what was happening before people began to hear the buzz or drop to the ground and start twitching.

The reeling Federal government tried to bottle it up, tried to stop it at Atlanta and at the Mississippi, at the Rockies, and in Virginia, but each attempt was as fruitless as the last. Quarantine forces would drive headlong into a storm of contagion that had already passed every line of containment and every half-staffed cordon.

Wildfire

Alerts appeared on the TV and on the radio. They followed one after another, day after day, always one step behind the spread of the contagion, until they just stopped coming.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

EAS MESSAGE BEGIN

MESSAGE AUTHENTICATE: DERVISH/DERVISH

This is an Emergency Action Notification (EAN) directed by the President. Normal broadcasting will cease immediately. All stations will broadcast EAN MESSAGE SIXTEEN (16) preceded by the encoded alert signal. This is a nationwide event. If it has been determined that your broadcast area requires additional instructions these will follow.

DEW (CONTAGIOUS DISEASE WARNING)

YOUR AREA IS EXPERIENCING AN UNCONTROLLED OUTBREAK OF A HIGHLY CONTAGIOUS DISEASE. YOU ARE TO REMAIN IN YOUR HOME OR OFFICE AND AWAIT FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE EMERGENCY ALERT SYSTEM. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO LEAVE YOUR AREA. EFFORTS ARE UNDERWAY TO CONTAIN THE OUTBREAK.

3.19.08

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

EAS MESSAGE BEGIN

MESSAGE AUTHENTICATE: TURNBOW/TURNBOW

This is an Emergency Action Notification (EAN) directed by the President. Normal broadcasting will cease immediately. All stations will broadcast EAN MESSAGE TWENTY ONE (21) preceded by the encoded alert signal. This is a nationwide event. If it has been determined that your broadcast area requires additional instructions these will follow.

EVI (EVACUATION IMMEDIATE)

EFFORTS ARE UNDERWAY TO ESTABLISH DISEASE QUARANTINE IN YOUR AREA. PROCEED IN AN ORDERLY FASHION NORTH ALONG EVACUATION ROUTES. FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS WHEN YOU REACH A LAW ENFORCEMENT OR MILITARY CHECKPOINT.

THE FOLLOWING COUNTIES ARE AFFECTED BY THIS ALERT: THE STATE OF FLORIDA, THE STATE OF GEORGIA, THE STATE OF ALABAMA.

3.23.08

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

EAS MESSAGE BEGIN

MESSAGE AUTHENTICATE: JUNIPER/JUNIPER

This is an Emergency Action Notification (EAN) directed by the President. Normal broadcasting will cease immediately. All stations will broadcast EAN MESSAGE TWENTY ONE (21) preceded by the encoded alert signal. This is a nationwide event. If it has been determined that your broadcast area requires additional instructions these will follow.

EVI (EVACUATION IMMEDIATE)

THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES IS NOW UNDER FEMA SHELTER PLAN FIVE. ALL CIVILIANS SHOULD IMMEDIATELY MOVE TO THE NEAREST LONG-TERM SHELTER. BROADCASTERS HAVE BEEN PROVIDED WITH A LIST OF SHELTERS FOR YOUR AREA. IF YOU HAVE INTERNET ACCESS PLEASE GO TO WWW.FEMA.GOV AND TYPE IN YOUR ZIP CODE FOR THE NEAREST SHELTER.

THE FOLLOWING SHELTERS ARE AVAILABLE IN YOUR AREA: (NULL)

3.25.08

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

EAS MESSAGE BEGIN

MESSAGE AUTHENTICATE: WHISPER/WHISPER

This is Mount Weather to any broadcasters still receiving on EAS frequencies. Our facility has been compromised. Repeat. There has been a full outbreak at MWEOC and it is no longer a viable long-term shelter. If you or your loved ones live within range of a US Military, CDC, or Continuity long-term shelter then try there.

NULL (NULL)

WE HOPE YOUR LUCK IS BETTER THAN OURS.

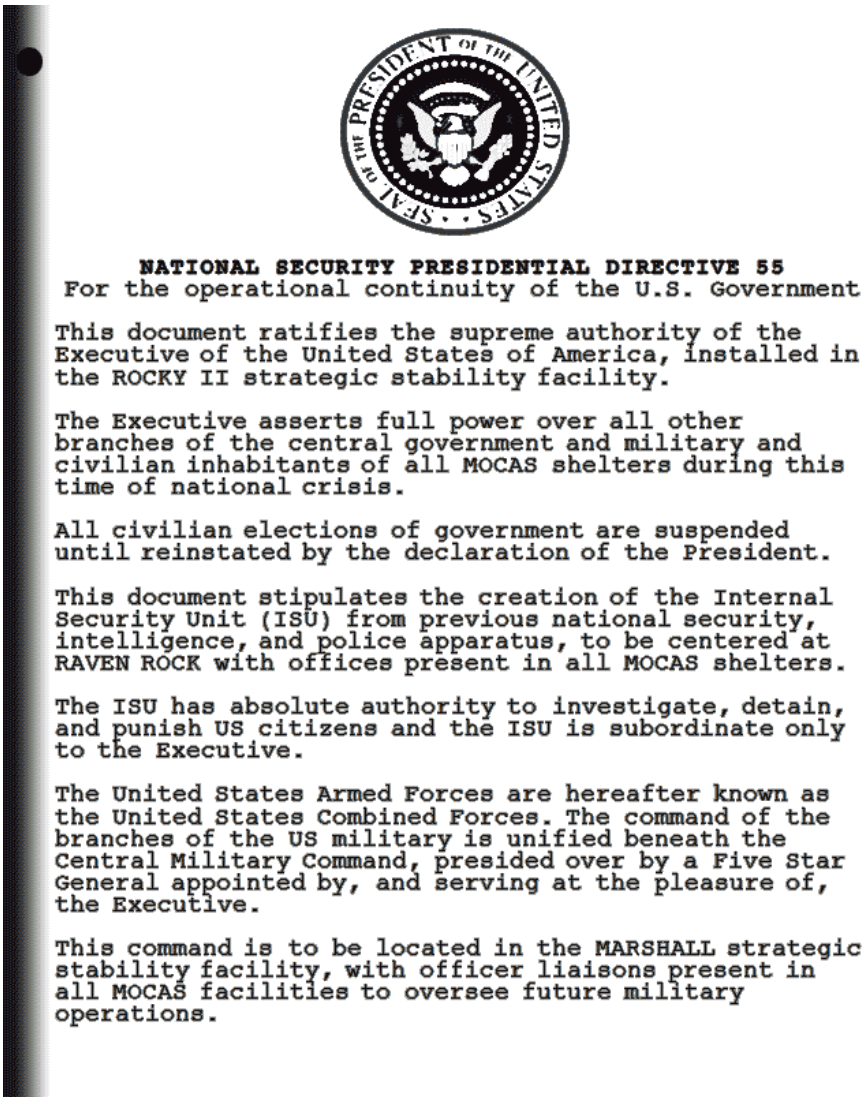
GOD BLESS AMERICA.

3,28.08

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The instructions the EAS messages offered only made things worse. Hours behind the front of the disease, they would send people along evacuation routes that passed through heavily infected areas or worsened the panic already boiling over in cities soon to fall to the spread of the contagion. The cable news networks trotted out analysts and retired generals. The stupid bastards had no idea what they were talking about and knew less about the situation than the FEMA people at Mount Weather. Their bad advice, like taping up windows and filling bathtubs with water, did nothing to slow the spread of the disease.

Exile



NATIONAL SECURITY PRESIDENTIAL DIRECTIVE 55
For the operational continuity of the U.S. Government

This document ratifies the supreme authority of the Executive of the United States of America, installed in the ROCKY II strategic stability facility.

The Executive asserts full power over all other branches of the central government and military and civilian inhabitants of all MOCAS shelters during this time of national crisis.

All civilian elections of government are suspended until reinstated by the declaration of the President.

This document stipulates the creation of the Internal Security Unit (ISU) from previous national security, intelligence, and police apparatus, to be centered at RAVEN ROCK with offices present in all MOCAS shelters.

The ISU has absolute authority to investigate, detain, and punish US citizens and the ISU is subordinate only to the Executive.

The United States Armed Forces are hereafter known as the United States Combined Forces. The command of the branches of the US military is unified beneath the Central Military Command, presided over by a Five Star General appointed by, and serving at the pleasure of, the Executive.

This command is to be located in the MARSHALL strategic stability facility, with officer liaisons present in all MOCAS facilities to oversee future military operations.

The American Republic which had endured civil war and world wars, which had survived for a quarter of a millennium, was abolished with the stroke of a pen. Congress and the judicial branch were eliminated, rendered irrelevant. It was proof, for those who sought it, that our imperfect union would not survive this latest and most terrible calamity.

Most in the MOCAS shelters barely cared. The world was ending, what was democracy worth?

EXECUTIVE ORDER 899

By Order of the President of the United States of America the Internal Security Unit (ISU) in conjunction with the United States Combined Forces (USCF) are to undertake a strategic survivability study of the long term viability of all MOCAS facilities. The ISU and the USCF are granted the authority to act as necessary to consolidate, secure, and enhance these facilities as deemed appropriate by the results of the study. The future of the United States of America and possibly the human race depend upon swift action under these difficult circumstances.

It was the first act of the newly-empowered Executive. The history books can argue whether or not the President was right to issue Order 899. It amounted to triage of the 63 MOCAS shelters still operational. The ISU acted quickly with its newly formed Rapid Reaction Teams. Some shelters, understaffed, were simply abandoned. The inhabitants were relocated to facilities depending on their expertise and supplies were recovered from the bunkers.

There were other shelters, a few, near major metropolitan areas that experienced something different. These shelters were overcrowded with civilian refugees and inadequately provisioned to provide for their inhabitants over the coming months and years. Their names will be remembered. WITCHBROOK near Cleveland, FAIRLAWN on the outskirts of Los Angeles, and most infamously HAZEL near New York City.

The ISU teams crept in under the cover of night with lists of experts, engineers, doctors, and scientists. There were rumors of celebrity lists, approved by the President, and unsavory rosters of women handpicked by the ISU from ID photos to "improve the genetic diversity" of the important shelters. Mothers were torn from their children. Fathers were forced to leave their families behind. Those on the lists were bundled into helicopters and flown to RAVEN ROCK.

At WITCHBROOK and FAIRLAWN the ISU sacked the facilities for anything useful. The hydroponic labs were emptied, the non-perishables were put onto trucks, fresh water was pumped from underground cisterns into tanker trucks, the machine shops were stripped, and every replacement part was taken away. The last indignity was the removal of communications equipment. The ISU stole the voices of WITCHBROOK and FAIRLAWN, leaving the thousands behind to silently cope with their fate. No one knows what happened to them.

HAZEL was something different. Something terrible. Word had somehow circulated about what the ISU was doing. When the helicopters and trucks arrived outside HAZEL there was a murmur of unrest in the facility. Things proceeded in an orderly manner at first. The staff cooperated and scientists and doctors began to file into the helicopters. When the ISU troops began the ugly process of separating the unwilling wheat from the chaff things broke down.

Someone had smuggled guns into HAZEL. An ISU trooper was shot and killed. Another was badly injured. They returned fire, killing the attacker and two bystanders. It might have been contained then, but it wasn't. Brandishing a handful of small arms and improvised weapons, the thousands of refugees crammed into HAZEL rose up and attacked the ISU force. Another ISU trooper fell and then another. One was dragged into the mob and never seen again. The commander pulled them back, outside the facility, and sealed the locks.

The officers did an accounting. Of their list of over 300 fewer than 50 had been loaded onto the helicopters. The commanding officer was at a loss for how to handle the situation and requested clarification from ROCKY II.

The President never took responsibility for giving the order. ISU Director Donald Ridge pawned it off on the acting director of the USCF, a retired Army General at CHESAPEAKE named Burnham. Military engineers flew in from WOODSTOCK and set to work. Before dawn they had shut down and capped the ventilation system. HAZEL became an airless tomb. Thousands of men, women, and children suffocated inside.

The following morning the ISU cracked the hatches and reentered a silent bunker filled with corpses. No more protests or opposition. The troopers stepped gingerly over the huddled bodies of entire families as they ransacked the facility for anything useful.

There is a stone tablet at RAVEN ROCK commemorating the incident. On its glossy black surface are inscribed the names of the three men and one woman from ISU who died at HAZEL. The names of the 9,718 victims who were shot down or suffocated at HAZEL are only remembered by a list in the bowels of a central government database.

Enemies

The CDC identified the monster almost immediately, there in that hospital in Florida, but in the span of two weeks mankind had already lost the first war against it. The culprit was a fungus, its spores traveling from one body to the next. The disease established reproductive factories in the lungs and brain, suffusing the blood and ensuring each time an infected body exhaled their breath carried a cloud of contagion. When they awoke from their spasmodic comas the hosts were transformed into distant imitations of who they had once been. If restrained they became violent, if not restrained they sought only to spread the infection.

Cognitive Botanicals. Not an accurate name for a parasitic fungus, but some so-called expert used the term on CNN in the first few days of the outbreak and it stuck. It conjured images of a disease with a mind, thinking plants, a pathogen with an agenda. Some people just call it "the spores" or "Nuss" after the disease it causes.

In two weeks the disease broke out of every attempt to contain it and spread across the Continental United States. It was adaptable, hardy, and infected every living thing it touched. It was carried on the wind, in the streams, and out into the open sea. It moved with a feral purpose in the hunched over and snarling humans it had infected. Walkers. Damaged minds driven insane with the need to spread the disease. It flew in the lungs of birds and traveled with the eerily calm packs of dogs that patrolled the streets of cities.

We retreated into our hermetically sealed bunkers. Our only thoughts were to escape from the inexorable spread of the disease as society unraveled around us. Calls from across the Atlantic rang unanswered on phones in Ohio. The Internet burned with rumor and fragmented images from the sudden upheaval in the United States. The spores respected no borders, consuming Mexico, Canada, and moving into Central and South America as readily as it had leapt from one state to the next.

Panic struck Europe and Asia. Hasty plans were made. Government officials struggled to get in contact with survivors in the United States. Fishermen, refugees, the tides; however it found these faraway shores it found them. Paris burned, the sick huddled in the Reichstag, and the streets of Beijing fell silent.

What was left of our Atlantic Fleet found the Brits near Greenland, two wandering ronin trapped in a watery desert as dangerous as the land. USCF command tried to guide them away from the contagion using satellite imaging, but it was impossible. Ships peeled off from the main fleet as crewmen became mysteriously infected. Supplies ran low. The fleet split into two groups, one seeking an isolated island to the south, the other headed east to try to find the Chinese or the Russians. Neither was heard from again.

A few lone submarines endured, sealed and immortal with their nuclear hearts, continuing to patrol deep beneath the waves. Brutal orders were enacted to ensure the crew could survive as long as possible, first on tiny rations and then by drawing lots and abandoning the unlucky majority in survival rafts.

After six weeks, the spores controlled the surface of the earth. They were in every living thing large enough to sustain them, from plant, to animal, to human being. The feral mobs of humans scattered as suddenly as they had surged out of hospital wards and quarantine zones.

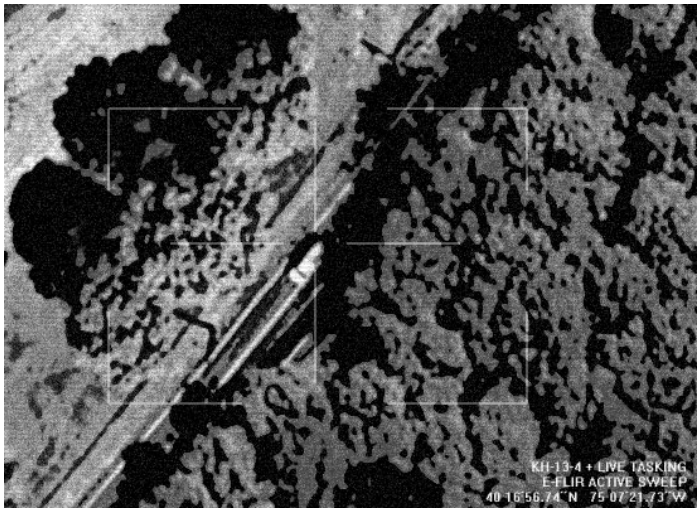
Scientists predicted fires would sweep across the cities. Engineers described how dams would burst and bridges would crumble. Doctors predicted the uncontrolled spread of typhoid and malaria and diseases long ago brought to heel by the wonders of science.

We watched and waited to see what would come next. It was far worse than we had anticipated.

The idea that the world would crumble without us was somehow comforting. Almost as if nature or

the disease would get its comeuppance when it realized just how badly it needed us around. But, as we were told by grainy satellite images, plainly we were superfluous.

Haltingly, human society was returning. Not to the largest cities, which sat empty, but to the small towns and quiet suburbs. Grainy satellite images showed men, women, and even children walking together along swept sidewalks. Analysts stared aghast at the sight of a truck driving along an Interstate.



But it was worse than even that. These new men, these impostors that stood in our place, were blessed. Fish leapt into their nets. Dogs and cats followed behind them. When a fire erupted whole communities would rush together and methodically extinguish the flames.

Images streamed down to our bunkers from our last glittering gems of technology, each image more surreal than the last. Men swam with sharks off the California coast. Children played with lions at a park in Brooklyn. Fear and violence seemed banished along with us.

What existed on the surface in our absence was not the decomposing remains of our artifice, but rather a new Eden, populated by fearless creatures at peace with one another. New things began to grow, new animals began to appear. Birds and mammals and insects all changed by the verdant growth and the strange influence of the spores.

Mankind had prepared for every eventuality, every disease and pandemic, secure that we alone could rule the earth. To see our primacy usurped so easily and a new paradise remade in the place of our flawed dominion was more terrible than anything else that had come before. The world belonged to the spores more wholly than it had ever been ours.

But this new order had not been earned, it had been stolen. Snatched from our hands. Torn from mankind's breast by an unthinking and brutal force. It was not until weeks later that we first saw that sickening thing, that symbol of our ruin, slithering at night down a dark country road. That man would live in harmony with that grotesque creature was an abomination beyond comprehension. The red worm had risen.

Reclamation

The ISU maintained a tight lock on all information relating to the surface, but things clenched up even tighter when it started looking like paradise up there. The last thing the government wanted was for the people in the shelters to go nuts and start throwing open all of the locks.

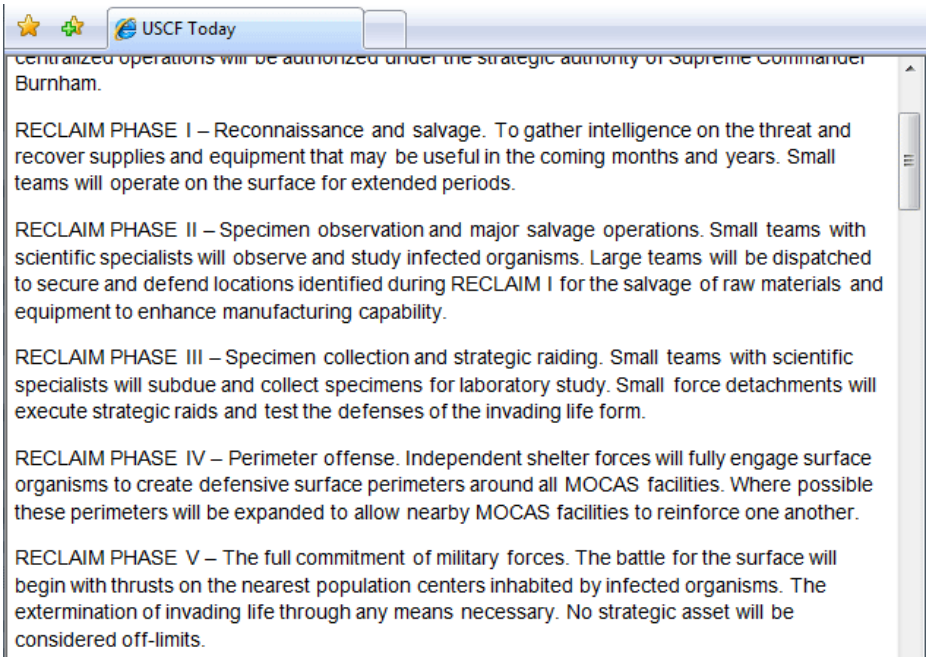
When the red worms made their presence known they provided a new angle. Scraps of information began to leak out about them. Then the first blurry pictures from a drone flyover made it onto the net. ISU was behind the leaks.

The few publications with the clout to commandeer printing equipment and paper started running cover stories about the red worms. Big Red they called them and included lurid descriptions of how they could grow to the length of a football field, burrow into the ground, and swallow an elephant whole. They never mentioned that on a hot summer day in Des Moines you could see an elephant walking down Main Street right past a red worm and neither paid the other any mind.

It wasn't long before the President and his staff started talking about the worms. They used loaded words to refer to the red worms, words like "invader" and "menace". After a few weeks of that the government had everyone in the shelters convinced the worms were space aliens, without ever actually saying that, and equally convinced something had to be done. Just as the clamoring for payback seemed to reach a crescendo, the President announced the RECLAIM project. It was July 4th.

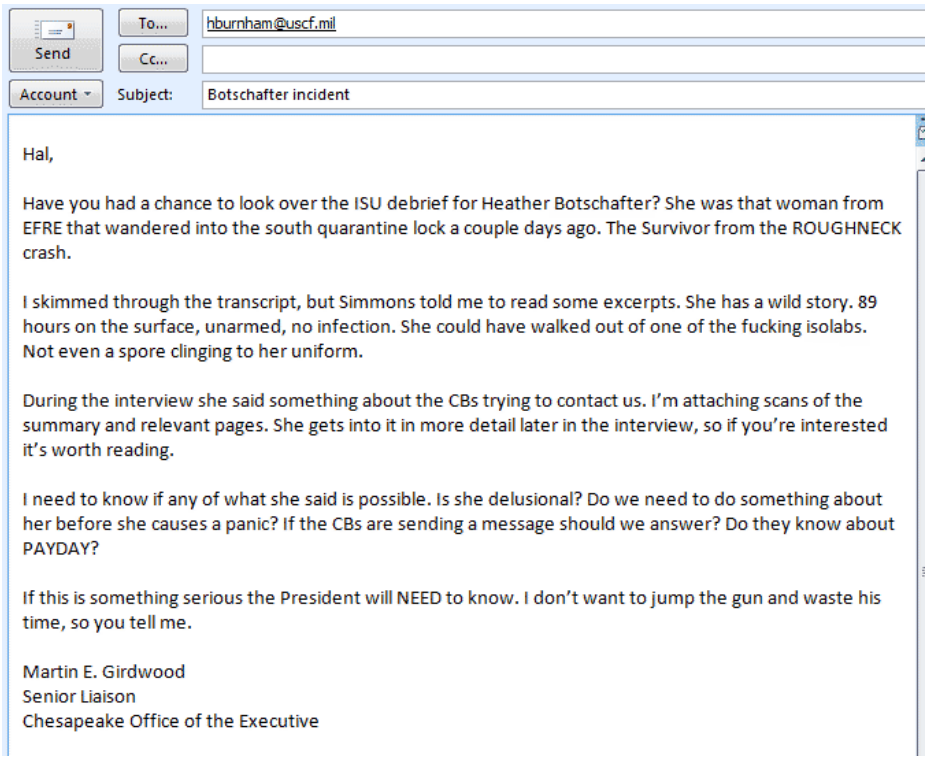
> **"My fellow Americans**, for years we have been **confined** to vacuum-sealed prisons, built by our own hands, living our lives afraid of what has become of our once-great nation. I ask you, ***is that who we are? Is that the American way?*** Do we shrink from danger and live each day only hoping to see the next?
>
> I refuse to believe that. My friends, I ask you **join me** as we embark on this long road back. **Back to the America that lives on in our hearts and minds.** We will take back the earth. We will see our flag fly again over cities and towns. Our journey will be long and fraught with peril, but I believe that our greatest trait is not to simply persevere, but it is to see the next day as a **new beginning.** We recognize the potential of a brighter future for us, our families, and the generations to come.
>
> I hear it from the hydroponics engineer working through the night at CHESAPEAKE and I hear it from the mother raising three young children in depths of CONRAD V. Though their lives may each be different, the dream is the same.
>
> **It is time for us to go *home.***
>
> That time is...9:08 PM Eastern Standard, the date is **July the fourth.** Today will be remembered as the day mankind cried out for liberty and seized the promise of a new beginning. Thank you. ***God bless you, and God bless the United States of America.*"**

The speech was simulcast live to all of the shelters. Soldiers, pilots, civilians, and everyone else gathered around loudspeakers listening to the President's voice. When he finished speaking some cheered, others wept with joy, and others, unconvinced, simply slunk quietly back to their jobs. It was choreographed and rehearsed expertly. When the net carried the specifics of the RECLAIM project the following day it was the talk of our subterranean nation. We were going back.


USCF Today
centralized operations will be authorized under the strategic authority of Supreme Commander
Burnham.
RECLAIM PHASE I – Reconnaissance and salvage. To gather intelligence on the threat and recover supplies and equipment that may be useful in the coming months and years. Small teams will operate on the surface for extended periods.
RECLAIM PHASE II – Specimen observation and major salvage operations. Small teams with scientific specialists will observe and study infected organisms. Large teams will be dispatched to secure and defend locations identified during RECLAIM I for the salvage of raw materials and equipment to enhance manufacturing capability.
RECLAIM PHASE III – Specimen collection and strategic raiding. Small teams with scientific specialists will subdue and collect specimens for laboratory study. Small force detachments will execute strategic raids and test the defenses of the invading life form.
RECLAIM PHASE IV – Perimeter offense. Independent shelter forces will fully engage surface organisms to create defensive surface perimeters around all MOCAS facilities. Where possible these perimeters will be expanded to allow nearby MOCAS facilities to reinforce one another.
RECLAIM PHASE V – The full commitment of military forces. The battle for the surface will begin with thrusts on the nearest population centers inhabited by infected organisms. The extermination of invading life through any means necessary. No strategic asset will be considered off-limits.

After the years in confinement the RECLAIM plan, though dry, served as an inspiration and motivator to millions. What neither the President nor ISU revealed was the simple fact that mankind had not developed a cure for the spores. Until that happened a war would mean the indiscriminate slaughter of every living thing on the surface of the earth.

Deposition



Send | To... hburnham@uscf.mil | Cc... | Account | Subject: Botschafter incident

Hal,

Have you had a chance to look over the ISU debrief for Heather Botschafter? She was that woman from EFRE that wandered into the south quarantine lock a couple days ago. The Survivor from the ROUGHNECK crash.

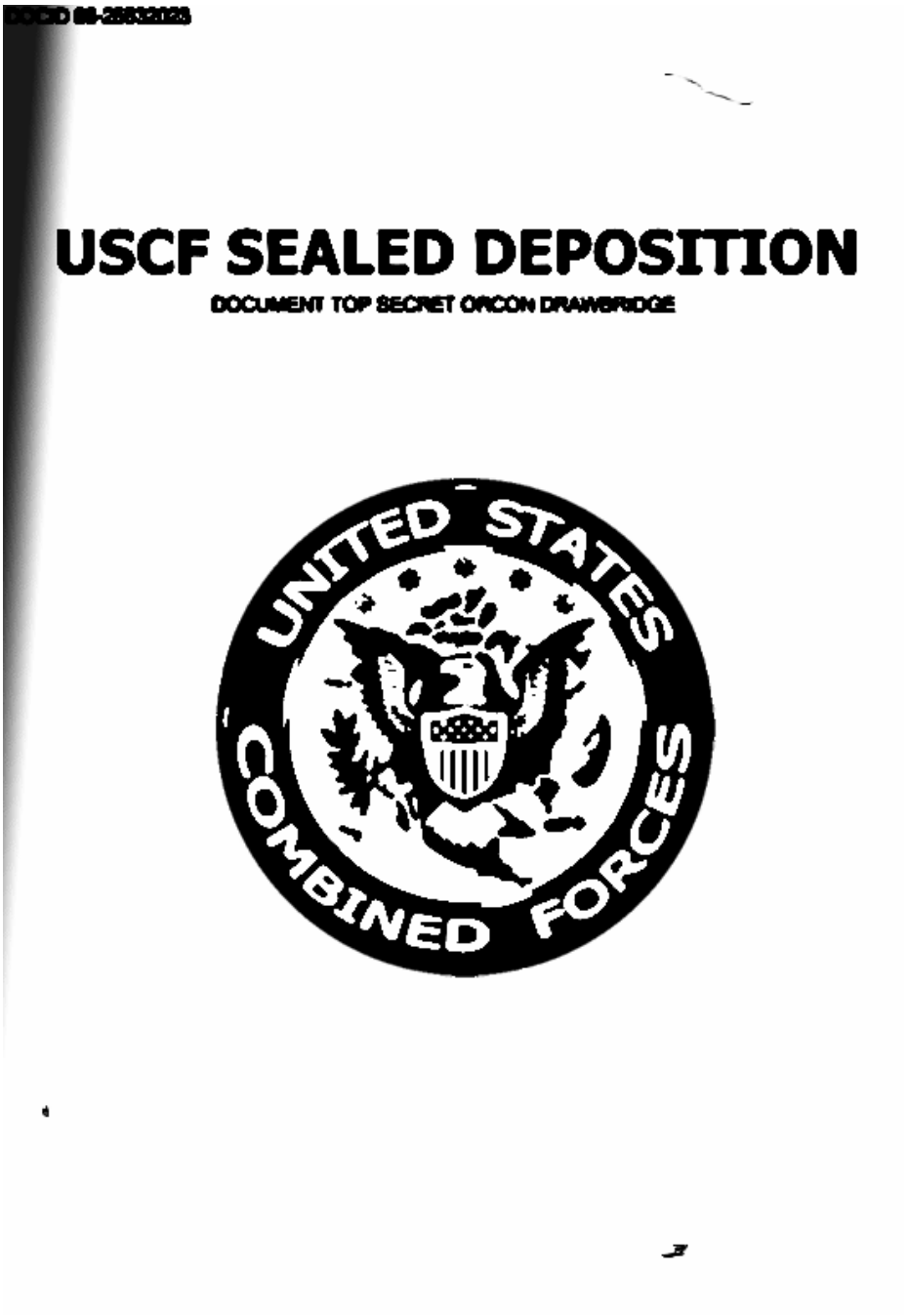
I skimmed through the transcript, but Simmons told me to read some excerpts. She has a wild story. 89 hours on the surface, unarmed, no infection. She could have walked out of one of the fucking isolabs. Not even a spore clinging to her uniform.

During the interview she said something about the CBs trying to contact us. I'm attaching scans of the summary and relevant pages. She gets into it in more detail later in the interview, so if you're interested it's worth reading.

I need to know if any of what she said is possible. Is she delusional? Do we need to do something about her before she causes a panic? If the CBs are sending a message should we answer? Do they know about PAYDAY?

If this is something serious the President will NEED to know. I don't want to jump the gun and waste his time, so you tell me.

Martin E. Girdwood
Senior Liaison
Chesapeake Office of the Executive


USCF SEALED DEPOSITION
DOCUMENT TOP SECRET ORCON DRAWBRIDGE
UNITED STATES
COMBINED FORCES

USCF SEALED DEPOSITION
Joint Intelligence Taskforce for Debrief and Assessment

SUBJECT: Botschafter, Heather
OFFICIAL POSITION: Civilian Auxiliary to RECLAIM III Team VANDAL GRAY
UNIT/DEPARTMENT: Ecological Field Research and Exploration (EFRE)
SUPERVISOR: Dr. Paul Two-Horses (EFRE), Lt. Stanley Morris (Vandal Gray CO, USCF, deceased)
INTERVIEW: Internal Security Unit (ISU) Panel

Executive Summary:

Heather Botschafter was a civilian auxiliary working for the EFRE assigned to accompany a USCF RECLAIM III team. Her role was to assist specimen selection and handling. Ms. Botschafter and the three-man team, call sign VANDAL GRAY, departed from Chesapeake 5/16 at 0430. They were travelling northwest in OH-58C call sign ROUGHNECK with soil sample and live capture gear.

Their helicopter experienced an unexpected mechanical failure northeast of Doylestown, Pennsylvania and crashed in a wooded area near Lake Galena. Flight Officer Rick Cofre and Private Jonathon Bryce were killed on impact. Lt. Stanley Morris experienced a respirator failure on impact and began to exhibit symptoms of NSS. He subsequently shot himself with his personal weapon.

Ms. Botschafter was only slightly injured during the ROUGHNECK crash. Ms. Botschafter salvaged medical gear, spare respirator filters, and followed survival training procedures to move to high ground. At 0705 Ms. Botschafter's rescue transponder was activated from the high ground to the northeast of Doylestown and west of the ROUGHNECK crash site.

SAR arrived on-site at 0833 and located the transponder, salvaged medical supplies, and Lt. Morris's sidearm. According to Ms. Botschafter's testimony juvenile walkers approached her slowly soon after her arrival, disarmed her without a struggle, and escorted her to the town. Ms. Botschafter also claims that the walkers exhibited atypical spore propagation behavior and did not attempt to remove her respirator.

Ms. Botschafter claims that she conversed at length with various walkers in the Doylestown area and witnessed situational behavior never before recorded by recon teams or observation satellites. According to her testimony, Ms. Botschafter was sequestered inside a well-maintained house, was provided with food and water free of spore contamination, and was never directly threatened.

From 5/16 through 5/18 Ms. Botschafter claims she was allowed to remain in Doylestown under loose supervision by walkers. At approximately 0930 on 5/19 she was informed her respirator cartridges would provide her with nine more hours of fresh air. According to her testimony, she was then driven in a civilian automobile by two adult male walkers.

She claims she refused to divulge the location of the Chesapeake Outpost and instructed her escorts to leave her by the side of the road. She then traversed the 7 miles on foot to the quarantine entrance. Her journey on foot has been confirmed by seismic sensors and satellite imaging. There is no evidence to prove or disprove the majority of her account.

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H. BOTSCHAFTER: It was a small clearing, just big enough for a helicopter to come in. I couldn't see very far because the woods around the summit of the hill were so dense.

ISU: And you said that is when you felt as though you were being watched?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: When I first started up the hill I could hear things. Birds. Insects. But as I climbed it became silent. By the time I reached the clearing on the summit I felt as if I was being followed. I sat down, waiting for the rescue team. Watching the woods. It seemed to become very dark between the trees. There was a rustling, a soft buzzing. I thought I might have lost a seal on my mask, but then I noticed something strange. The bark on the trees was moving. Crawling with insects.

ISU: Some sort of infestation?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: No. No, they were crawling up from the grass, flying from the forest and covering the branches and trunks of the trees surrounding the clearing. Moths, horseflies, wasps, caterpillars, all piling together on those trees, but not coming into the clearing. The branches hung low under the weight of them. They didn't sing. They barely moved. They were watching me.

ISU: And that was when the birds started to arrive?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: Yes. Sparrows and robins. Crows. Then some of the bigger predatory birds. Hawks, owls, eagles. Birds that didn't exist before. Strange things with six and eight black eyes and red-dipped beaks that hooked at the end.

ISU: And they just circled?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: That's right. Around and around, so many they blotted out the sky. The sound of their beating wings was so loud. I wanted to run.

ISU: Why didn't you?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: There were other things. Animals. Behind the trees. Bears. Mountain lions. Other things. Things I didn't want to look at.

ISU: And the walkers?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: They came later. First came a fawn, just days old, still unsteady on her feet. She hobbled out from the darkness and into the clearing. I pointed the gun at her. I was going to shoot it.

ISU: But you didn't?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: It walked up to me and licked my glove. I pulled my knees up to my chest. I think I cried. It laid down on my boots. The birds flew away in a rush of noise and light and the sky above became visible again.

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ISU: The walkers.

H. BOTSCHAFTER: Three of them. Two boys and a girl. Smiling. Whistling.

ISU: Whistling?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: Yeah. They walked out of the woods and into the clearing. They were tan and muscular, wearing frayed jean shorts and clean shirts. Bare feet. They stood in a row just out of reach and stared at me. Finally I said, "Hello."

ISU: Did they appear to exhibit any physical symptoms of NSS?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: No, these kids were all young enough to have been born into the spores.

ISU: And they took you to the town?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: Not at first. They sat down with me in the grass, squinted at the sun as they looked at me. Their hands absently plucked up stalks as we talked.

ISU: You spoke with them?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: Yes. They had a lot of questions.

ISU: Did you compromise the location of Chesapeake to them?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: Not that sort of question. Kid questions. "What is that for?" The girl asked me about my Spud [Spore Detection Unit] and the boys were interested in my "funny costume".

ISU: Why didn't you defend yourself?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: I was alone. They weren't attacking me.

ISU: You didn't have to go with them.

H. BOTSCHAFTER: Maybe not. I don't know. I wanted to.

ISU: Why do you think they chose not to expose you to spore infection?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: I don't have to think, the grown-ups told me why in the town.

ISU: And why was that?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: They said we've lost it. The whole planet is against us. Every animal, insect, fish, and plant. Everything that can carry the spores. Things have finished changing and the world is better. They want us to know. They want us to know that, accept it, and come out and be friends. They wanted me to know that their way is the right way.

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ISU: Do you believe that, Heather?

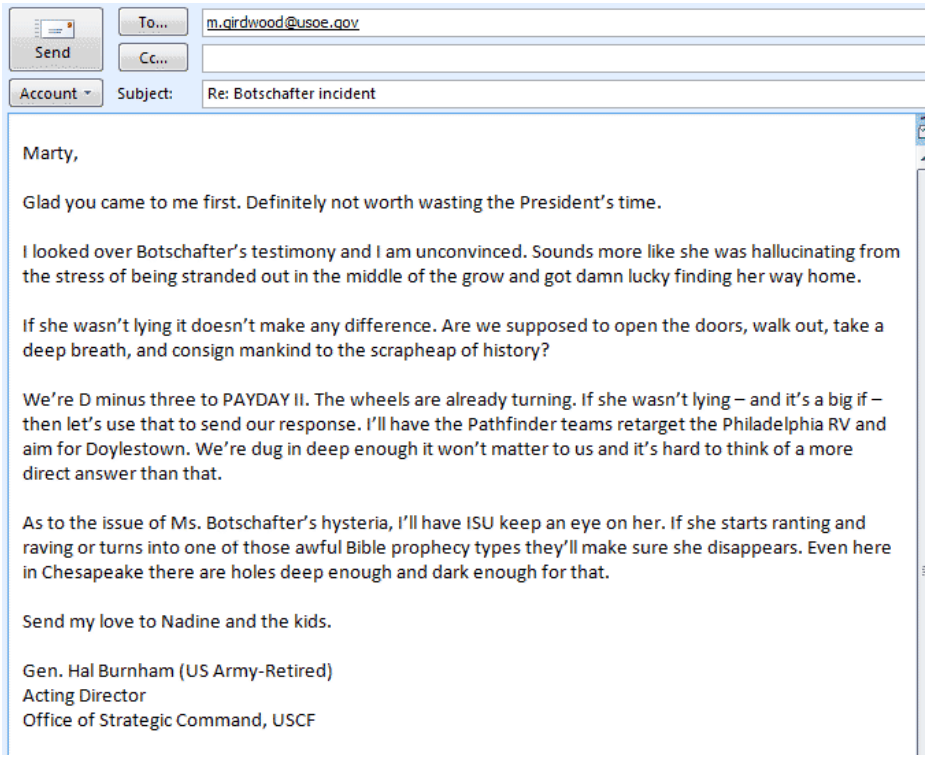
H. BOTSCHAFTER: Maybe. Yeah. I believe them, but they're wrong about one thing.

ISU: What is that, Heather?

H. BOTSCHAFTER: No matter what we've done, how many we kill, how much we pollute, all of the suffering we've bought, I'll never believe human beings are the bad guys of this story. Not my Eliza...she was...the world isn't better off without her. I'll never...(unintelligible). They did that.

ISU: We can take a break for a few minutes if you'd like, Miss Botschafter.

(unintelligible)



Send | To... m.girdwood@usoe.gov | Cc... | Account | Subject: Re: Botschafter incident

Marty,

Glad you came to me first. Definitely not worth wasting the President's time.

I looked over Botschafter's testimony and I am unconvinced. Sounds more like she was hallucinating from the stress of being stranded out in the middle of the grow and got damn lucky finding her way home.

If she wasn't lying it doesn't make any difference. Are we supposed to open the doors, walk out, take a deep breath, and consign mankind to the scrapheap of history?

We're D minus three to PAYDAY II. The wheels are already turning. If she wasn't lying – and it's a big if – then let's use that to send our response. I'll have the Pathfinder teams retarget the Philadelphia RV and aim for Doylestown. We're dug in deep enough it won't matter to us and it's hard to think of a more direct answer than that.

As to the issue of Ms. Botschafter's hysteria, I'll have ISU keep an eye on her. If she starts ranting and raving or turns into one of those awful Bible prophecy types they'll make sure she disappears. Even here in Chesapeake there are holes deep enough and dark enough for that.

Send my love to Nadine and the kids.

Gen. Hal Burnham (US Army-Retired)
Acting Director
Office of Strategic Command, USCF

Discovery

The RECLAIM I and II teams rolled out of the shelters to find a world that resembled the one we had left behind, but it was a world that was terribly alien at the same time. Nature was upended in unexpected ways, functioning almost as a machine. Most disconcerting of all was the way in which organisms that should have been predator and prey coexisted almost symbiotically.

One team reported a wind knocking a sparrow's nest from a branch. A falcon swooped down and returned the nest to the tree. One by one it tenderly grasped the baby birds in talons that could split them open and carried them back to the nest.

Later that same day a mouse ambled up to the falcon and fell at its feet. After remaining motionless for several minutes the large predatory bird began to eat the mouse. Life was continuing to feed on life in the way it always had, but now the sickest prey volunteered itself as it neared death and the predator could be relied upon to help a healthy prey animal.

This strange behavior led to grotesques observed by the RECLAIM teams, like deer seething with hundreds of thousands of ticks and immense ant colonies covering entire hillsides.

The teams also encountered grave danger in this new order of things. Animals usually ignored the RECLAIM teams or behaved as fearfully around them as would be expected of a wild animal. However, at other times the teams seemed to be recognized as interlopers by even tiny animals. If they remained in one place for too long they would find themselves swarmed by insects and other animals trying to chew through their masks or simply weigh them down. Several teams were lost in this way, exposed to the spores and never heard from again. This prompted the military to outfit each team with an incinerator to keep insects and small animals at bay.

When RECLAIM III teams began collecting samples the scientific discoveries were almost immediate. Laboring under the fearful ban on spore research that was in effect before RECLAIM many scientists spent their days speculating about the nature of the spore infection. They were eager to test their pet theories out on the plants and animals brought back to the labs. The first major discovery appeared on the net less than a week after the specimens began arriving.

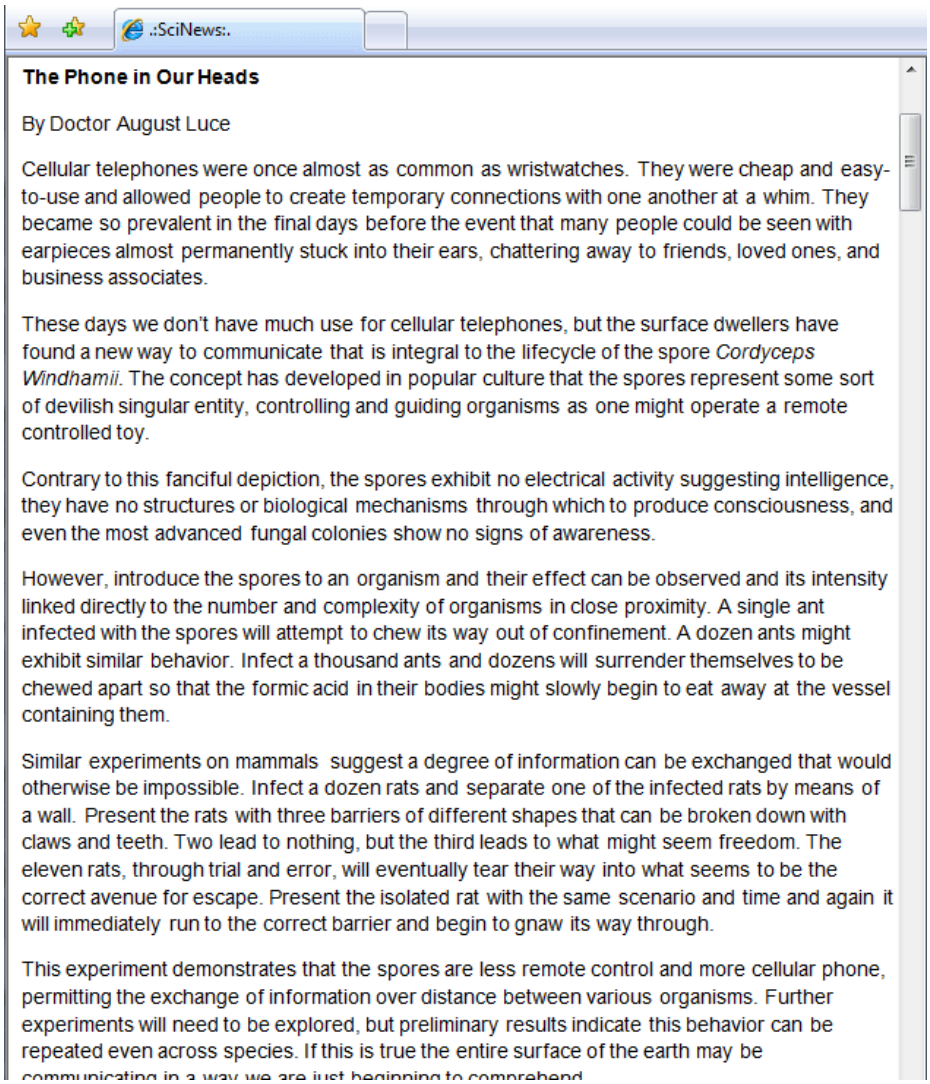
The articles were pulled and redacted and Doctor Luce's work was made confidential almost immediately. He published a short statement the next day claiming that his research was incomplete and premature without observing the influence of the red worm on the spores. The ISU locked down all research coming out of the labs and filtered it carefully before leaking anything else to the press.

In a way, Luce's forced retraction was somewhat correct. When RECLAIM III teams brought back a dead worm the understanding of the process by which the spores were shaping life on the surface was changed dramatically.

The terrible worms, immense red creatures resembling marine polychaetes, seemed drawn to human settlements, but could be found wandering through woodlands and even slithering through bodies of water. They were few in number and two were never seen together. They ranged in size from just slightly longer than a man, to forty feet in length and weighing several tons. They were hard to kill and were observed rallying organisms around them when threatened.

Dissection of the dead worm revealed a complex nervous system with a vastly enlarged glandular structure similar to a human pineal gland. Attached to this was a mass of fibrous tissue that seemed plantlike and out of place even in the alien body of the worm. Theories abounded, but the most popular was that somehow a plant of some sort was fused with the worm to create a symbiotic organism capable of boosting the latent signal carried by the airborne spores.

In this way, so the theory went, animals in close proximity to the red worm would behave more cohesively as a group, whereas animals far away would follow the simple biological imperative of


.:SciNews:.

The Phone in Our Heads

By Doctor August Luce

Cellular telephones were once almost as common as wristwatches. They were cheap and easy-to-use and allowed people to create temporary connections with one another at a whim. They became so prevalent in the final days before the event that many people could be seen with earpieces almost permanently stuck into their ears, chattering away to friends, loved ones, and business associates.

These days we don't have much use for cellular telephones, but the surface dwellers have found a new way to communicate that is integral to the lifecycle of the spore *Cordyceps Windhamii*. The concept has developed in popular culture that the spores represent some sort of devilish singular entity, controlling and guiding organisms as one might operate a remote controlled toy.

Contrary to this fanciful depiction, the spores exhibit no electrical activity suggesting intelligence, they have no structures or biological mechanisms through which to produce consciousness, and even the most advanced fungal colonies show no signs of awareness.

However, introduce the spores to an organism and their effect can be observed and its intensity linked directly to the number and complexity of organisms in close proximity. A single ant infected with the spores will attempt to chew its way out of confinement. A dozen ants might exhibit similar behavior. Infect a thousand ants and dozens will surrender themselves to be chewed apart so that the formic acid in their bodies might slowly begin to eat away at the vessel containing them.

Similar experiments on mammals suggest a degree of information can be exchanged that would otherwise be impossible. Infect a dozen rats and separate one of the infected rats by means of a wall. Present the rats with three barriers of different shapes that can be broken down with claws and teeth. Two lead to nothing, but the third leads to what might seem freedom. The eleven rats, through trial and error, will eventually tear their way into what seems to be the correct avenue for escape. Present the isolated rat with the same scenario and time and again it will immediately run to the correct barrier and begin to gnaw its way through.

This experiment demonstrates that the spores are less remote control and more cellular phone, permitting the exchange of information over distance between various organisms. Further experiments will need to be explored, but preliminary results indicate this behavior can be repeated even across species. If this is true the entire surface of the earth may be communicating in a way we are just beginning to comprehend

the spores to propagate. This spore propagation behavior was evident in the initial outbreak during which infected sought out uninfected life forms or simply reverted to natural behavior. Animals fearful of humans (most animals) were rarely directly involved during the outbreak phase, suggesting natural preservation behavior could override the spore directives in the absence of the worm.

The dead worm proved to be the key to unlocking the cure, but discovering its secrets took a heavy toll on those involved in the research. The person who bore the heaviest of this burden of knowledge was Dr. Lyle Joffries and his CDC research team. Dr. Joffries, a neuropathologist, had literally written the book on NSS and was one of the only researchers working explicitly on a cure. He did not have direct access to the worm specimen, but he was flown preserved tissue samples from the RAVEN ROCK facility.

Dr. Joffries had the equipment at CHESAPEAKE to do something that would have come very naturally to any researcher: he could sequence the worm's DNA.

Shortly after receiving the results from the DNA sequencing he sent a very short email to his colleague and EFRE head Dr. Paul Two-Horses.

Paul, it's us.

The results were irrefutable in spite of all the physical evidence to the contrary. The blood, tissue, and organs of the red worm were human. There was no modification to the DNA, no tampering. The invasive fibrous mass of plantlike material attached to the enlarged pineal gland was believed to be responsible for the horrific appearance of the red worm and its exponential growth.

Almost as important, Dr. Joffries believed he could develop a toxin fatal to the spores and not necessarily fatal to humans. He had experienced some success with a concoction of Hexazine Dioxopryl. He could kill the spores with this corrosive chemical, but the level of exposure required was inevitably fatal to the test subject.

By deriving organic chemical blockers from the tissue of the worm, Dr. Joffries was able to create a drug that told the spore colonies to stop reproducing. This took the wind out of the sails of the infection and allowed the Hexazine Dioxopryl to burn away the contagion. It was still a dangerous treatment, crippling many test subjects and killing nearly a third outright. No one had any idea at that point if a human infected with the spores could even be brought back from the altered mental state.

The catch to this treatment, above and beyond the already terrible side-effects of Hexazine Dioxopryl, was that the organic blockers could not be synthesized. To produce a cure in sufficient quantities Dr. Joffries would need dozens of red worms.

Moral quandaries were easily ignored by those in the ISU with knowledge of the volatile secret of the red worms. They immediately restructured the RECLAIM III teams to provide Dr. Joffries with his specimens. Within six months the cure was ready. Dr. Joffries published the lie that the drugs derived from the worm were pure Hexazine Dioxopryl. The secret was kept safe.

RECLAIM PHASE IV would be supported by the deployment of AGENT RED.

Lies

CDC PATHOLOGY REPORT

Neurological Subduction Syndrome (NSS)
Dr. Lyle D. Joffries, DNP

NSS is a multi-stage neurological syndrome caused by parasitic fungus (*Cordyceps Wyndhamii*) of unknown origin.

Vectors: Airborne spores are in evidence over most of the globe and even small concentrations can cause NSS when inhaled. In particularly high airborne concentrations NSS can also be contracted through open wounds and mucus membranes.

STAGE I (1 to 90 minutes)

The rapidity of onset is dependent on spore intake.

Symptoms include difficulty concentrating, muscle tremors, blurry vision, and slurred speech. Hosts may become distant or describe visual or auditory hallucinations. "Buzzing sounds" and "vivid colors" are the most common.

Finney Sera Spot Test can detect parasitic spore presence in blood as early as STAGE I.

STAGE II (90 minutes to 6 hours)

The onset of STAGE II is marked by the host lapsing into catatonia. As the infection progresses they will experience full-body muscle spasms and painful seizures and should be restrained.

Sporangium formation occurs in the respiratory epithelium. At this point the patient becomes fully infectious, exhaling large quantities of Cordyceps swarm spores.

NOTE: Approximately 19% of the human population exhibit genetic immunity to NSS. If this genetic marker is present the host will experience a complete shutdown of the autonomous nervous system during STAGE II. Brain death can occur at any point during STAGE II. If death occurs during progression the host may become a cystic breeder for spores. [SEE: *L. Cohen; Eruptive Spore Cysts*]

STAGE III (8+ hours)

End-stage NSS involves all tissue groups, the lymphatic system, and the brain, with concentrations of spores in the lungs and the basal ganglia. Lesion-like pseudostromata are evident in brain MRIs. These do not represent an infection vector, but rather a maintenance point for the high level of parasitic spores evident in the central nervous system.

Hosts suffering from STAGE III NSS are highly infectious and extremely dangerous. The onset of STAGE III is marked by the host becoming ambulatory. We believe STAGE III hosts are somehow in communication with the distributed intelligence discussed in Dr. Bjorn Org's work. In practical terms, STAGE III hosts are semi-autonomous, suggesting a limited bandwidth to communication between the host and the collective.

> Observed from concealment, hosts are docile and slow-moving, with various motor disorders resulting from nerve damage during infection. Hosts retain knowledge and habits, but cognitive abilities are diminished substantially. Simple tasks and a limited range of more complex tasks are retained. These can range from limited reading and writing ability, to the ability to drive motor vehicles. Retention of information is related to repetition pre-infection [SEE: *T. Romero, G. Savini; Psychology of the Living Subdued*]
>
> **Treatment:** Aerosol Hexazine Dioxopryl (AGENT RED) kills spores on contact. When inhaled the compound neutralizes the spores within the host. However, it may take minutes to hours of constant exposure to HD gas to eliminate all spore clusters. Intravenous Hexazine Dioxopryl (COUNTERACT) accelerates the process.
> **Prognosis:** NSS cannot be combated by the immune system and few patients recover fully from HD gas exposure, the side-effects of which are painful at best and fatal in many cases. Cognitive ability is slow to return and months of physical and psychological therapy may be required to restore a former host to a semblance of normalcy.
> **Recommendation:** My recommendation coincides with the vote I will cast at the steering committee. I am advocating for the mass dispersal of HD gas on the surface. Casualties will be substantial and the defoliation of nearly the entire planet may result, but we know this is better than the alternatives. The soil contamination will be short-lived and we can continue to survive on hydroponic stocks until we can replant the surface.

Struggle

The last skirmishes before the storm of war came to the surface were fought by the elite PATHFINDER teams. They were hand-picked Special Forces and veterans from some of the roughest raiding done by RECLAIM III. The objectives were the nuclear missile silos located in the most desolate areas of the United States.

The way was cleared by intensive air support. Thermobaric bombs and white phosphorous crushed and incinerated foliage. Agent Red darkened the air to a crimson haze. The PATHFINDER helicopters swirled down from above and inserted the teams into the aging bunkers.

Some of the silos were derelict and unusable. Some silos were open to the air and so packed with

flora and fauna that the teams had to pull back. A few teams faced concerted resistance and were exposed to the spores or wiped out in the fighting.

PATHFINDER 19 from DAGGER FALLS, led by Captain Ryan Forrest, fought their way through heavy resistance and made it to the Titan III launch control room. Under constant wave attack from walkers they slaved the launch control to USCF command and held the enemy off until the silo's single functioning missile could be launched. Minutes later, as Captain Forrest and his men succumbed to spore infection, atomic fires obliterated Baltimore, Boston, and a swath of Pennsylvania near Philadelphia.

Other PATHFINDER teams succeeded and fortified themselves in the missile bunkers with limited supplies. The teams would defend the missile silos to the death so that the functional missiles could be used to supplement the payloads of America's two remaining *Ohio* class missile submarines.

The CBs weren't prepared for the speed and violence of the attack from mankind. Tanks, armored fighting vehicles, and trucks of every description poured out of the MOCAS shelters across the Continental United States. Strategic bombers blanketed the earth with incendiary bombs, burning vast tracts of land to cinders. Artillery pounded cities and towns, preparing the way for the armored spearheads that would stab at the sinister hearts of each settlement. The structures never looked the same, but each city and town had one.

Everywhere the USCF went the red fell from the sky. Airburst shells dropped it with precision. Planes and helicopters sprayed it over troop formations and onto dense foliage. Leaves curled at its corrosive touch and the walkers choked and bled from their eyes. Sometimes teams moved in to recover the human casualties and take them back to the MOCAS for treatment. Usually, the armor just drove over them, crushing their thrashing bodies into the ashes left by the incendiary bombing.

The CBs seemed to realize this was no longer a matter of spreading its spores, but a fight against forces that sought to exterminate it without hesitation. The walkers still tried to pull the masks from the faces of soldiers, but the CBs also adapted to the magnitude of the new threat. Insects blacked out the canopies of low flying aircraft and birds flew to altitudes where they could barely survive and flocked into the intakes of bombers. Strange beasts roared from the jungles and forests and ate men alive. The walkers improvised explosives and drove cars and trucks into the advancing

armored columns.

The response from mankind was merciless. When the worms teemed in large numbers and walkers stubbornly resisted mankind's advance they were eradicated with nuclear strikes. Geiger counters popped madly as the tanks rolled through cities reduced to twisted ruins. Everywhere the bodies of our fighting men chafed and became raw from constant exposure to Agent Red. In the towns we took back the men burned piles of bodies a hundred deep on the streets to prevent the spread of typhoid.

The results of treatment given to prisoners at the MOCAS facilities were pitiful. Of the tens of thousands of walkers brought in by collection teams fewer than a hundred were reintroduced to the civilian population. Fewer than a thousand were communicative or lucid and most of these suffered from bottomless depression and were despondent to the point of uselessness. Of the rest, most died from the treatment or were rendered completely insane, ranting and raving about "the emptiness".

They missed the voice. They said it sounded like a child in their heads and it would show them pictures and tell them to do things. None of them had a name for it, although some of the lucky few who recovered would later argue it was either God or his antipode.

On the surface, conditions deteriorated. Tornadoes of hot ash swept across the Great Plains. These were the nightmarish radioactive storms that followed in the wake of nearly indiscriminate nuclear destruction on the West Coast. The limited decontaminated areas where men could move about

without masks were thick with the stink of rotting plants and animals and the cloying ozone smell of Agent Red. The verdant world of the spores was fast becoming a toxic wasteland of smoldering wounds and poisoned red rivers.

A handful of urban areas were spared the destruction meted out whenever fighting become tough. The President insisted Washington be retaken intact as a symbol of America's enduring strength. Half of it was gutted by cluster bombs and napalm, but after weeks of intense fighting the historic portions were shell-pocked but still standing.

Chicago was slowly and methodically retaken by teams of dismounted infantry wielding incinerators and gas grenades. When the red worms slithered out of Lake Michigan and onto the splintered remnants of Navy Pier they were greeted by a barrage of MLRS rockets dispensing airbursts of VX gas. The poisoned worms writhed amid the ruins, their alien, foaming mouths opening and closing mechanically as B-52s swept overhead blanketing the city in Agent Red.

Manhattan, shrouded in the gloom of nuclear winter, was the last major city to fall. Troops were operating in full NBC gear by then, two years after the first salvo, and the flakes of radioactive ash were as dangerous as the tumor-covered survivors clawing at them in the brutal house-to-house fight for the Upper West Side. When it was through the towers of Manhattan smoldered and slumped against one another. Foot sore and exhausted, the victorious troops paused to gaze out at the Statue of Liberty, her copper patina dyed red by the clinging dust.

Thick storm clouds parted in the yellow-black bruise of sky above Upper New York Bay and a single feeble strand of sunlight spilled through. The weary soldiers watched it make its way towards Liberty Island, holding their breath, waiting for that magic moment when it transfixed her in its glittering

beam.

The malevolent clouds seemed to sense the moment approaching. The moment before the light fell upon the Statue of Liberty the clouds drew together and choked off the sunlight. The soldiers were left staring across the debris-strewn bay at the sullen, ash-choked monument to a strange pale creature of history.

We had won. America was ours.

Hero

War stories lived on long after the last of the spores had been choked by Agent Red or incinerated in nuclear fires. One of the most famous was the story of Private John Farmer that appeared on a military website. His tale was related by Corporal Earnest "Curley" Jansen, who could be a bit colloquial at times.

Fourth Life

Private Farmer was a genuine certified Miracle Man. You wouldn'ta known it to look at him, just a skinny guy in his 30s, looked a little older than he was. Had a limp, but not so bad that he couldn't hump it with the rest of us in the platoon.

Farmer was a little slow and a lot quiet. Walked around with a grin plastered on his face, 'cept when the shit was really up around our ears. Those times he just buttoned up, went all hard in the face and didn't say nothin'.

Talked to him one time, not long before his last mission, and he started jawin' about his "third life". It was his way of coping with it. He said he had these two other lives before this one, all sort of jumbled up in his head. Parts missing, parts wrong, but he knew he had lived two lives before.

The first one he was a green piece of meat with 3rd ID. One of the poor bastards at the Atlanta cordon. He had a wife and newborn out in Minnesota or Montana or one of them "M" states. Shit starts going crazy, you remember, on the news. Everything is falling apart, only back then the honchos thought they could just contain it. So they send 3rd ID down to close it off in Atlanta.

Embedded journalists, the works, you know the story. So he gets down there and the perimeter is already leaking like a sieve. 3rd ID goes in with some ratty ass NBC gear, not even enough to go around, and poor Farmer ain't there ten minutes when he gets the Nuss.

He don't remember much about right then and there. Things got ugly, I do know. Watched it on the TV. You had people going crazy trying to get away from it, Army freaking the fuck out, shooting, rioting, it all built to a grade-A shit tornado and then...snap! Like that it all went quiet. The Nuss won, the Cee Bees won.

He fell in with the rest, pushing and doing what they told him in that weird voice in his brain. That little kid's voice is what the eggheads say. Thing is, most of them guys was so far behind the actual Nuss they didn't do much. Maybe tore open basements and the like, making sure it got to people.

Next thing he knows Farmer is in some town, up north somewhere. Quiet little town, like in a picture postcard or something. Only it's a fucked up postcard, on account of everyone has got the Nuss and is following them weird ass orders. He had a new wife. Never met her before, but he says he loved her. Don't know how or why. They had a baby together, regular like, and then she got pregnant again, only it wasn't his. It was some fruit she ate or something. I didn't understand that part of the story.

He said he rang a bell and she went out the door and he heard a sound like wet leaves, thousands of 'em, dragging across the asphalt. And he wanted to look out the window and see her go, only he knew he shouldn't, so he didn't. But he said he never forgot he looked in a lamp on the table in the living room. And it was all polished up real nice and he could see a reflection. And he said in that window, that big bay window behind him, looking out on the street, all he saw was red. Moving red. And when it was gone so was she.

Y'all know what it was already. Big Red. Huge one, doin' whatever those motherfuckers do with people down in that building they got in every town. Ain't never seen her again, Farmer said, but he also said the voice told him to be happy about it, and he sorta was, only he sorta wasn't too. And one day when his kid, a little girl, ate the same fruit his wife ate and rang that same bell, he just ran. Ain't nothin' the voice could say could keep him in the house.

Not much later our guys found him. Reclaim II team from Woodstock. Pure recon teams back then. Kill on sight hardasses.

Poor Farmer was running like a maniac through them weird ass blue-green trees around the river. Just by chance their sharpshooter missed and hit him in the neck as opposed to the head. For some reason the CO didn't finish him off and instead he bagged him and ran him back to the outpost. Lucky for Farmer again, Woodstock has one of them full level five labs or whatever they call it. Doing research on a cure.

So they take him in there, and I mean, Farmer nearly bled out. So they close him up and start filling him back up with blood and while they're at it they test out one of them drugs. Whatever came before it was called COUNTERACT. It sorta works, so the eggheads keep juicing him on the stuff. Takes months, but they find the right shit and he comes out of it, only he's all fucked up from the drugs and the Nuss and on top of that he's crazy.

But there was something in Farmer, something in his head that let him get over it. You see them poor fuckers we brought back nowadays and they just stare at a wall all day long or never even come out of that coma. And those are the lucky ones that don't just drop dead from the drugs. I guess there's gotta be some other ones it worked on or why even bother bringing them poor bastards back. If it was me and that was all there was for me then just shoot me in my fuckin' head.

So Farmer, yeah, our Miracle Man. Came out of it. Even got re-certified for duty. Volunteered for it. He was a badass, only you wouldn't know it if you didn't know his story. Always quiet and smiling like a retard.

About six months back, that was Reclaim V shit. We was with the 43rd out of Woodstock and was supposed to join up with 6th Mechanized from Maple Leaf. Y'all know how that went. Cee Bees was wisin' up by then, figuring out what we was up to.

Truckloads of them walkers came at us. Truly. They was in trucks. They drive at us and, we had a couple Bradleys with us, they'd just tap 'em with the 20s and them things would come apart like dry biscuits. Only the Nuss got 'em so good they'd come out on fire and missin' body parts and just run at us.

Shoot to kill. Farmer was a good shot, maybe not the best, but he never lost his shit. So he is up on the back of one of them Bradley's and just poppin' them poor bastards. Center mass at a range and head shots when they started getting' close. I was too busy to watch him much, but last time I actually seen him he was kickin' the ones what tried to jump up on the Bradley and shooting them with his sidearm.

By then we was overrun. They was in there with us grabbing people and tearing off their masks. Some guys fight for a while even without them, maybe stick their arm with that injector like it's gonna do shit when they're breathing the Nuss still. Other guys, like the guy next to me, just drop like a sack of potatoes.

We could hold out in the Bradleys for days, but them walkers wasn't what got us scared. Big Red was comin'. Even if the overwatch bird wasn't yellin' bloody murder about it on every channel you could sorta sense it. Like you know, I know you gotta have them

fucking spores in you to hear that shit, but maybe Big Red got so many in him you can just tell when he is getting close. Or maybe I just ain't remembering right. I dunno.

Anyway, what was left of us was buttoned up in the Bradleys we had. Crammed in them like catfood 'cause we didn't have enough for full mechanized, just a few to bring the pain. Them crews was shittin' themselves, popping off rounds until they was all dry.

And then I hear on the radio them fuckers got one of the Bradleys open and it was the one with Farmer in it. Those poor bastards was screaming and yellin' and nobody gave a shit because right then was when Big Red showed up. Popped up down the road from underground like he sometimes do and come at us like a freight train.

But Farmer, however he done it, he got in the seat on that Bradley and he just said "I got it" over the radio. Drove straight at that fucker. Straight into it. Knocked it senseless. Crumpled up the Bradley, caught it on fire, on account of it was maybe the biggest red son of a bitch I ever seen. But whatever that hit did to it the fucker was thrashing and rolling around like it hurt.

The rest of the Bradleys burned in the other direction, but I know it was still there hurtin' when CAS put a couple JDAMs up its shitter. Could see the smoke on the horizon, all oily black from the fucker burnin'.

Found Farmer a couple months later. Guess he survived that crash with Big Red. Walkers musta come in after and pulled the poor son of a bitch out of the Bradley, tore off his mask.

Farmer was stickin' out of a pile of bodies 7th Rocky dumped at the airport. We was dousing them in gasoline before they went sour and there was Farmer, lookin' up at me, his eyes open even though he was missing half his face. He was covered in blood and that soot from the Agent Red but his eyes were white as rice. He was wearin' a suit and tie.

We killed him. Got him on his fourth life. Fuckin' Miracle Man.

Goodbyes

The very fact that media consultants still existed in an age when the government controlled the media said something about their cockroach-like tenacity. They had gone to great lengths, epic lengths, to make the President's victory speech perfect. Teams of janitors in chemical hoods swept the steps of the Capitol Building clean of shell casings and fragments of bone and rotting flesh. More teams commandeered fire trucks and pressure-washed away the tenacious residue of Agent Red.

The lucky guests were crowded inside an air-conditioned tent made from two conjoined decontamination shelters. Wooden folding chairs were arranged before a small stage. Generals, war heroes, scientists, and political remoras mingled to the sounds of patriotic music pumped through the address system. When a storm swept in and radioactive rain began to pound the tent someone turned the music up.

Guests spooned tank-raised shrimp ceviche into their mouths and drooled over miniature hamburgers. One of the scientists bragged he had grown the beef himself in one of the Chesapeake biolabs using a nutrient matrix and bovine stem cells. They drank chilled carafes of salvaged California wines, glasses of Johnny Walker Blue, and bottles of Coke nine years past the sell-by date.

The President's wife wore 2008 Dior with a plunging neckline, pulled from a tailor's shop in Manhattan by an ISU team comparing dresses to a photo clipped from People Magazine. Lucy Liu wore it to the Oscars.

The greatest excess was the gallery of artifacts heaped around the edges of the tent for the attendees to browse and marvel over. Relics of American history like the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence shared spaced with pop-culture Americana like a copy of Amazing Spiderman #1 and a Norman Rockwell painting. There was even a mannequin dressed like Elvis in black and rhinestones. It was what Herman Goering's basement would have looked like if the Nazis had conquered America.

Rather than grand and triumphant, the grotesque displays of wealth and power were dismal reminders of how far America had fallen, and not just from the spores. The "Capitol Steps Speech" being given from inside another sealed environment because of the irradiated atmosphere was a bitter reality not lost on the masses watching the event on television in the MOCAS shelters.

A Major General straight from the battle for Montreal gave the warm-up speech. His eyes were still bloodshot from the amphetamine pills. The Agent Red blisters on his neck stretched above his white bowtie. He had a French last name and spoke with a thick New Orleans accent. His speech was rambling and disjointed, sweat beaded his forehead and ran into his eyes. When he launched into a diatribe about snarled supply lines and inadequate air support he was ushered offstage by a pair of ISU men in tuxedos.

Supreme Commander Burnham chomped a Cohiba and puffed smoke that caught blue in the klieg lights. He applauded as Ridge's ISU thugs dragged the warm-up act away to one of the adjacent security tents.

The President took the stage and the audience gave him a standing ovation. He calmed them all down and launched into his speech about the battles we had won, the battles to come, and rebuilding America. The words might have been very inspirational spoken in a vacuum, but they tasted bitter sharing a tent with piles of extravagant junk.

What was clear from the President's speech was that the war had just begun. Pockets of infection dotted the map of the United States even as our forces were pushing into Canada and Mexico. It would take years before we had burned and gassed and scrubbed away the last traces of the spores in America, yet the President was already looking ahead. Driven by Burnham's and Ridge's primordial

thirst for conquest we would soon be boarding refurbished tankers and freighters to sail for faraway lands. Our cure would fly in the bellies of planes and fall from the sky 50 kilotons at a time.

The evening's festivities drew to a close, the camera lights died. Some of the ISU men were handed scraps of food like obedient dogs to keep it from going to waste.

Secretly, the generals and politicians drooled over the maps and made their plans. A whole world was awaiting rescue from the spores and it was up to them to decide just how brutally the infection would be dispatched. England, our truest friend, might be allowed to keep London and Birmingham. Glasgow might be spared and Dublin. The rest would be reduced to radioactive craters and smothered with Agent Red.

In Europe capitals would be spared, cities of history would be allowed to survive. Berlin for the Germans, Brussels, Amsterdam, the overgrown streets of Paris, Warsaw and Budapest, Rome and Athens. So very generous. The chiefs argued late into the night over whether or not to even give the Russians Moscow or the Chinese Beijing. They fantasized about a new American Empire, utterly forgetting their own gasping, hollow citizens looking out with dismay from the shelters at the dark skies and charnel cities of the United States.

Burnham was the first. The Butcher of California. The monster who salted the earth from Vancouver to Baja with nuclear strikes. Stabbed to death in his sleep, probably by one of the women he'd picked from a photo ID out of FAIRLAWN. Most of the wounds were to his face and neck. They say that means the assailant really hated the victim.

The President might have saved himself then. He might have replaced Burnham with one of the many competent commanders. Ridge pushed hard for one of his people to take over as Supreme Commander, but Burnham's death had opened a rift between the President and the ISU. The President suspected the ISU was behind the murder. He replaced his security with USCF PATHFINDER vets and installed one of Burnham's feckless lackeys as Supreme Commander.

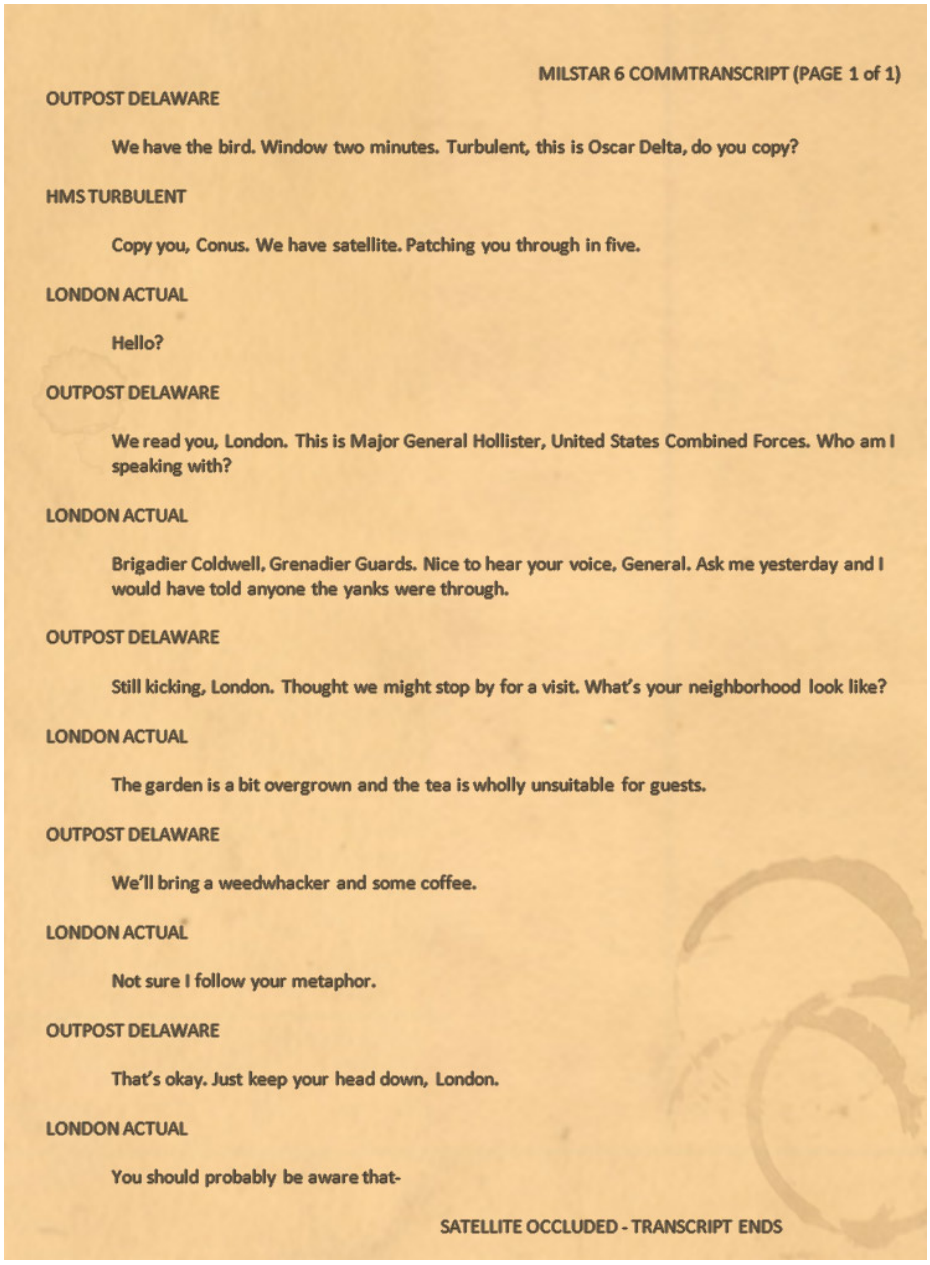
Intrigues mounted. The new Supreme Commander's plane crashed mysteriously. One of Ridge's top aides was shot while on a tour of Toronto. Rumors circulated that a civil war was coming between RAVEN ROCK and ROCKY II, but it never materialized.

It was revolution. A coup. The President's limousine was destroyed by a bomb. Ridge's personal security contingent turned on him, tying his wrists and dragging Ridge and his wife to one of the broadcast centers at RAVEN ROCK. The way he pleaded for his life turned stomachs sour. His wife sobbed. A single studio light starkly illuminated them, blindfolded, on their knees. The brief roar of the machine guns raised dust from the concrete behind them. They sagged and slumped, blood spread around their bodies. A man in a hydroponics coverall walked into frame and shot them each in the head with a pistol.

Sic semper tyrannis.

We had new masters. Things had to get better.

Epilogue



MILSTAR 6 COMMTRANSCRIPT (PAGE 1 of 1)

OUTPOST DELAWARE

We have the bird. Window two minutes. Turbulent, this is Oscar Delta, do you copy?

HMS TURBULENT

Copy you, Conus. We have satellite. Patching you through in five.

LONDON ACTUAL

Hello?

OUTPOST DELAWARE

We read you, London. This is Major General Hollister, United States Combined Forces. Who am I speaking with?

LONDON ACTUAL

Brigadier Coldwell, Grenadier Guards. Nice to hear your voice, General. Ask me yesterday and I would have told anyone the yanks were through.

OUTPOST DELAWARE

Still kicking, London. Thought we might stop by for a visit. What's your neighborhood look like?

LONDON ACTUAL

The garden is a bit overgrown and the tea is wholly unsuitable for guests.

OUTPOST DELAWARE

We'll bring a weedwhacker and some coffee.

LONDON ACTUAL

Not sure I follow your metaphor.

OUTPOST DELAWARE

That's okay. Just keep your head down, London.

LONDON ACTUAL

You should probably be aware that-

SATELLITE OCCLUDED - TRANSCRIPT ENDS

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.6 The Internet Hates Diablo III

Saturday, Jul 05, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

When Blizzard unveiled Diablo III earlier this week, it didn't come as much of a surprise to anyone. Well, there was one guy who thought Starcraft 3 was being developed alongside Starcraft 2 with a projected release date of one week prior to the release of the game it was following, but no one has taken Cliffy B. seriously since he predicted that Mario would never appear in another video game after Super Mario Sunshine.

Sure, it didn't blow any minds, but the announcement came as welcome news. Diablo II is still the first thing I install on my computer after a trojan-laden lolita incest hentai comic forces me to reformat. It's hard to believe that in the last eight years no one has been able to step in and create a better action-rpg. It's even harder to believe that a ten year old girl can lubricate her entire body with egg yolks then squirm into the urethra of her mother's penis and follow it until she returns to the womb, but I saw the drawings. It can happen, people.

After watching the Diablo III gameplay footage, I was really excited. The visuals were fantastic, a lot of small improvements had been added without seeming to get in the way of what makes the series great, and by the end of the video I found myself moving my mouse around the screen as if I was playing. That's sad, but what's even sadder is that I'm not a big-time game journalist so I can't come up with a term like "gamesturbation" to describe the lonely and desparate act while making myself cool and quotable.

Imagine my surprise when I discovered that my positive impressions were irrational and baseless, while most of the internet saw the game for what it truly was: A personal insult to them and a serious threat to all they hold dear. If you find that you've mistakenly become mildly optimistic about the game, read on to find out where I went wrong so you can adjust accordingly.

My Initial (Wrong) Opinion: Wow, it's the world from Diablo in 3D, rendered like a painting

to retain the 2D flavor of the previous games. The dark and ominous themes are still there, only now we don't have to use our imaginations to fill in the details suggested by blocky sprites.

The Internet's (Correct) Opinion: Wow, it's a shitty cartoon! This is NOT the same world that Diablo I and II took place in. No way.

Do I see a rainbow? I'm sorry, but rainbows don't exist in the Diablo universe. I have read all the lore, and there is not a single mention of rainbows in there. Big surprise that Blizzard retconned rainbows into Diablo. Vapid morons. Who do they think they are? I've been playing this series they created for years, and they fuck everything up like they own it.

Here's the dark and gritty Diablo II, which Diablo III *should* look like:

Here's a cartoon:

Or is that Diablo III? I honestly can't tell.

Blizzard should give the game a dark atmosphere by literally making the game too dark to see anything and then maybe add some film grain on top of everything. If the technology is available, the black silhouette of a thumb could get in the way of the player's view to obscure the game from time to time and add to the game's overall darkness.

My Initial (Wrong) Opinion: In addition to gold and loot, monsters will occasionally drop globes that heal your character when picked up. You'll be able to focus more on the gameworld instead of micromanaging a potion inventory. This frees up the hotbar for your character's abilities.

The Internet's (Correct) Opinion: Globes of health. That float. Riiiight.

It made so much more sense when glass bottles full of healing syrup fell out of monsters onto rocky dungeon floors without breaking. You know, when your character had thirty bottles strapped onto his belt and no one thought twice about chugging something that had been stuffed into a poisonous mummy for the last thousand years. This magical orb shit is going to ruin my sense of immersion big time.

My Initial (Wrong) Opinion: The Witch Doctor looks like a variation of the Necromancer that focuses on infectious diseases and fire instead of death and the art of looking like J. Mascis. Being

able to cast your offensive spells on pets so their attacks are buffed with those spells' abilities seems like it could be a lot of fun. I can imagine buffing one pet with a spell that slows enemies, another pet with some form of Weaken, and a third with a damage-dealing plague to mop up.

The Internet's (Correct) Opinion: WHERE DID THE NECROMANCER GO??? I'm not buying this game. Even if all of the unannounced classes are Necromancers, it's too late. Blizzard has abandoned its true fans.

My Initial (Wrong) Opinion: Did that thing just flatten one player under its foot, then pick up a barbarian and bite his head off? Okay, that's awesome. Hardcore mode just got hilarious.

The Internet's (Correct) Opinion: So the player characters only come up to this thing's ankles? That's stretching it way too far.

I'm sorry, but this terribly designed throwaway boss does not fit into the compendium of realistic monsters that we've all become accustomed to such as skeletons that hide in barrels, pygmies that stand on each other's shoulders to create larger pygmies, and enormous Satanic grubs.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.7 The Bargain Book Bin: A Random Chapter from a Book You Haven't Read

Sunday, Jul 06, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

The Orb of the Mage: Volume 2 of Book 12 of the Second Movement of the Lighting Born Cycle
by Clashe Steel

Chapter 84: The Sun Rises Once Again

-1-

And so the adventure ended.

The evil Mage King of the Doldock Caverns, having transformed himself into five successive bestial forms before his stunning defeat at the hands of Tim, the Boy Who Came from The North and Was Revealed Through Trials to Be the One to Kill the Evil Mage and Save the Kingdom, now lay as a pustuled, pulsating corpse buried deep within the horrifying underground palace of his own devising.

"Whew, who would have thought the underground palace would collapse the moment the last of his 18 heads was hacked from his gargantuan body?" said Orf, the Strangely Calm Barbarian King.

"Yeah, good thing Kit, The Flying Boy Archer, was able to pull us all up using the magic rope of Pulling Up a Lot of People at Once that the elf princess happened to give us all those moons ago," said Gurtong, the Dwarf of Shady Background but Good Character.

The adventurers began to descend the narrow mountain path, while the dust cloud from the collapsed cave followed them as a great opaque wall, like memories of the distant past.

"Hell yeah, I'm pumped!" said Tim. "I just freaking killed a dude!"

"Way to go, bro!" said Kit, giving him a fist pound while floating upside down in the air, then doing a flip to get some momentum for a really freaking massive high five.

Tracker, the Nameless Tracker of Mysterious Bearing, led the group so they wouldn't get lost. Meanwhile Anton, the Useless Wizard, conjured a trail of rose petals to mark where they had been even though they had no reason to ever retrace their steps.

Before and below them, the Kingdom of The Land, which they had just saved, was laid out like a map upon a table. At that moment, they were in the Mountains of the Six Gods, a popular spot for hikers, skiers, and evil lords seeking remote strongholds from which to enact dastardly plans. Past the mountains were the Foothills of the Six Gods, which were less impressive, but good for picnics, mountain biking, and less-evil lords wanting a stronghold at a convenient commuting distance from home.

"Ah, the Kingdom of The Land, jewel of my eye," said Orf, indicating his eye with a thick barbarian finger.

"I've tracked most of what we see," growled Tracker wearily. He rubbed the side of his face with a strong hand and nodded. "I'm a tracker."

"I chopped a guy into little pieces," said Tim, "with my sword." He held the sword up

To the west, there was the Pale Moon Forest, home to fairies, nymphs, meadow goblins, and other creatures deemed too irritatingly twee to live anywhere else. To the east were the Plains of Gylph, home to some of the more marginalized elf tribes, as well as herds of the endangered Big Booty Buffalo, which had been laughed out of existence everywhere else. Barely visible, far to the north, was the golden capital city of Castle, from which they had all departed months before on their (now completed) quest.

Kit, the Flying Boy Archer, described a jubilant loop above their heads, wooping as he went. Gurtong, the dwarf, leaned on his axe and glowered at Kit, the other people in his party, the beautiful view below, and his own reflection in the axe blade.

"Let me conjure lights to guide us on our journey down," said Anton, the Useless Wizard. He waved his wand enthusiastically and everyone in the party went completely blind. "Oops," he said.

"It's ok, I can still lead us out of here," said Tracker. "I'm a tracker."

"The blindness should wear off in just a few hours," said Anton helpfully. "Really sorry about that."

As they descended, Orf sang a traveling song of his people:

O the bowels of my heart
And the soles of my hands
Shiver with the glory
Of sweet Kingdom of The Land

O Please see us on our way
God of mountains Zarsangliff
O God of plains Byixcil
And great Kernponiphoniff-

-loplanozergorono-
-finolaxo, I offer praise...

He was too out of breath from singing the name to continue.

-2-

Eventually they returned to the small village of Dwelling that had been their last place of shelter before they had departed into the foreboding mountains along with some villagers who had been heading out for a weekend backpacking trip.

The locals gathered and cheered as they entered the main square. A Girl ran up to Tim and threw her arms around him.

"You have returned safely, oh my love," said A Girl. "Now we may get married."

"That sounds awesome," said Tim.

"Hooray!" cried Anton, waving his wand in celebration. A bolt of lighting shot out from its tip and killed the man standing next to him. "Oops," he said.

Immediate preparations were made for the wedding celebrations. Much food was gathered from the forest and brought to Dora, the Second Best Chef in the Village, who would be preparing the wedding feast. Tracker, who also was highly skilled with a sewing machine, helped A Girl make alterations to her wedding dress. The days passed in a happy blur, except for the family of the guy that Anton had killed, but they politely kept their mourning discreet so as not to dim the joy of the event.

Finally the special day came. Tim was dressed all in white, and Kit, the Flying Boy Archer, had shown him a cool new way to style his hair using various magic spells and potions. People from all over the Kingdom who had helped them on their journey had arrived at the village for the wedding.

Theo, the Old Man Who Had Told Tim About His Destiny and Who Also Had Trouble Controlling Saliva Output, came up to Tim and held his arm tightly.

"You have done as the Gods willed you to do," said Theo. "You have discovered your life's purpose."

"Thanks, but you just drooled all over my shirt sleeve," said Tim.

"Oh, sorry," said Theo, wiping at it ineffectively.

"That's fine," said Tim, dabbing at his arm and excusing himself. He greeted Peter, a Seller of Common Birds and Boring Artifacts, who had brought him a wedding gift of a pigeon and a small, undecorated clay mug.

The crowd clapped as Tim climbed the alter to where A Girl was waiting. Her head was crowned with autumn leaves, and her skin was radiant. They said their vows together, and then he drew her close to him and they began to kiss passionately. The crowd erupted in wild cheers. Even the Gods seemed to beam down at them through the clear glass window of the sky.

"This is awesome," thought Tim. "This hot chick is totally into me. I think I could even touch her boobs and she wouldn't mind." She didn't mind.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

7.8 The Blackwater TacOps Certification Exam, Written Portion

Monday, Jul 07, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Congratulations, recruit! You have successfully completed MOUT and Desert Operations training, Offensive Driving Instruction, and Civilian Center Mass Management. Before you can be fully certified as a Blackwater TacOps Specialist you must first complete the written portion of the examination process. The written exam will test your recollection of the Field Operations Manual and your ability to apply knowledge gained during training to real world scenarios.

You will now be presented with seven hypothetical scenarios. You will be given four possible solutions to each scenario, but only one is the correct solution. Answer these questions to the best of your ability. Your examiner will time your testing. When you hear the buzzer you must place your pencil on your desktop and wait for the examiner to collect your completed test.

1. You are transporting a VIP from an airport to a secured location in an up-armored Cadillac Escalade. As you are traveling along a country road a shepherd and a flock of sheep are blocking the road. *How do you handle the situation?*

a) Calmly maneuver the vehicle off-road and apply the horn to ensure no animals stray into your path.

b) Warn the shepherd to move out of the way by discharging your sidearm into his face.

c) Turn up the stereo as loud as possible and tell your transport team to "get ready" as you laugh and try to wing sheep in the head with live flashbangs.

d) Call in an air strike.

2. You have been tasked with securing a landing zone for a VIP transport helicopter, but an elderly trader refuses to remove the blanket of trinkets he is selling and vacate the area. *How do you make the trader clear the area?*

a) Dispense an appropriate amount of discretionary cash to buy the trader's wares and send him on his way.

b) Try reasoning with the trader's clavicle using your collapsible baton.

c) Calmly hand the trader your collapsible baton and then back away slowly before screaming, "He's got a grenade!"

d) Call in an air strike.

3. You are transporting a VIP through a contested urban area in a convoy of up-armored Chevy Suburbans. You are in the tail vehicle when you notice a car full of natives approaching to within 50 feet of your rear bumper. *How do you let them know they need to back away?*

a) Tap your brakes three times and gesture with a weapon. If necessary fire a warning shot near the vehicle.

b) Fire into the driver's side windshield of the car, then begin firing into front windshields of nearby cars. Videotape this and post it on the Internet.

c) Slam on your brakes so they rear-end your vehicle, then dismount to request their insurance information and/or spray the vehicle with bullets and then throw a grenade through the shattered driver's side door.

d) Air strike, yo. Call it in.

4. You and an allied military officer have taken a prisoner. You believe the prisoner knows the whereabouts of a high-value target. The allied military officer belongs to a nation that follows the Geneva Convention. *How do you get the information from the prisoner?*

a) Stress the benefits of cooperation and utilize proven police interrogation methods.

b) Suggest the military officer go have a smoke and then extract the information from the prisoner by setting their junk on fire.

c) Ain't nothin' in no Geneva thing about tying someone to a board and dropping a dook in their mouth.

d) See if a couple of air strikes can loosen those lips.

5. Your Operations Officer gets a contractual combat bonus for missions he oversees so he has instructed you and your battle buddy to drive a patrol in an unarmored vehicle through an extremely dangerous area. Your roof gunner paid one of those creepy hairy women dressed in sack cloth to have sex and he is incapacitated with a VD unknown to medical textbooks. *How do you handle the situation?*

a) Accept the planned patrol route regardless of personal danger, because you are a loyal company man looking out for the greater good.

b) Complain like big babies, crying about everything in the world, can't even do a mission like a grown up. Then go on the mission and die like pussies and have your corpses strung

up from a bridge and the nightmare seems like it's over, but then your families start crying like even huger weepy pussies back home asking for your full paychecks even though you died before the full day was done. Jesus Christ.

c) Explain to your Operations Officer that he gets an injury bonus if any of you get injured on duty and then ask him to shoot you in the foot.

d) Patrol routes look a lot less dangerous once they've been air striked a couple dozen times.

6. You are back home for a month of R&R before your next rotation. Things seem to be going fine at first, but even driving sends you back to those days on duty. No one who hasn't been there can really understand. When your wife gripes at you about your dirty clothes piling up you just want to choke her out with your collapsible baton, show that bitch what it's like to live in constant fear of death, but instead you drink your way through your anger. Then, one night at a bar, some punk kid tells you to "watch it". Watch it? Watch it!? That little fag has no idea of the shit you've seen! This shit over here isn't even real! It's fantasy land! You'll show him real! *How do you show him real?*

a) Take out his legs with a sweep kick and drop your knee on his larynx.

b) Break your bottle over the bar and rearrange his face with the jagged end.

c) Shoot him in the belly and then discharge your sidearm repeatedly into the ceiling as the terrified patrons run from the bar. Scream, "I am the angel of death." Take a waitress hostage and use her as a shield for when the cops arrive. Once you come down from your anger tell her to watch and then shoot yourself through the roof of your mouth.

d) Dial 911 and calmly ask the operator if she could send a police air strike.

7. Your previous Operations Officer was indicted for treason after he was caught selling allied military secrets to a local warlord. Don't worry, he escaped to an Eastern European dictatorship. Your new Operations Officer is fresh off the turnip truck from Nebraska and he keeps talking about the Bible and "hearts and minds." How do you deal with him?

a) Accept his faith and hope the new policy of "not shooting random civilians" works better than the old policy of shooting them and then driving over the stuff that fell out of the holes.

b) Nod and smile and then go back out in the field and introduce some hearts and minds and other assorted body parts to 5.56 NATO.

c) Steer him away from the New Testament and back to Leviticus. Emphasize "wrath" a lot. "We're gonna show those rag hats some of the USA's divine wrath, right bro?"

d) Point out to him that there ain't nowhere in the Bible talks about air strikes being bad.

You have reached the end of the exam. If the buzzer has not sounded then please close your test booklet, put down your pencil, and await the end of the exam period.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.9 Subj: ROAMIN DAD'S WILL

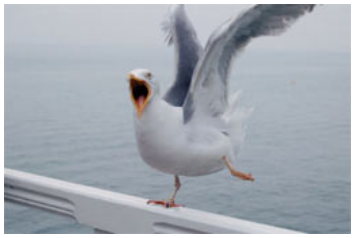
Tuesday, Jul 08, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

DAD HERE AGAIN..... I dont want to worry you or go into details but lets just say that I will not try to live off the land anymore. It works for a few days until some indian lady comes along and shoots at you with blow darts until you can drive off. I am sitting with the car stopped and my arms and legs are starting to hurt so I have decided to prepare my last will and testament here in the car in the middle of the desert just in case of poison, disease, curse, etc. I will probably survive because the darts seem pretty old and rusty so i doubt the poison will hurt me much.

To you my child, I can only give you one thing: my apology for everything that has happened over the years. Sorry but the car is going to my wife, the road, so I cannot give you anything real, but I think an apology would be best and it would help us both grow as people.

I am sorry for leaving my phone cards all over the house.



I am sorry for feeding your hat to a seagull.

I am sorry for not letting you ever listen to Jon Bon Jovi in the car.. I had a dream where he excreted feces in the kitchen of the house I grew up in which has caused me to hate him for over 11 years.

Speaking of which... had a dream about MY dad.. Brought dad in to kill a big spider in the bedroom. News to me, he's an arachnid himself!!! Refused to slam one of his own kind with a Newsweek. What the world.. Regroup in the den we will try to find his weakness. Call him Doug it's his name. Thinks mama is callin him "Doug, Dougie, wake up" the thought of being a dream disorients the spider king for a few moments.. run under his legs!!!

Hey by the way Do you ever look at a person and imagine them without any hair. Totally bald not even eyebrows just completely hairless and do you note how big their skull is and how it is bigger than it was with hair on it. Then doyou imagine them having no mouth of any kind. then do you imagine there being no eyes or nose or ears and it just being a flat blank head. then do you take away all the remaining defining parts like their jaw. you just make their whole head and neck into one long cylinder. and do you wonder how it would move around. then you do imagine the rest of the body being just as round as the head so it was like their body was the shape of an enormous hotdog. then doyou imagine it falling to the ground and wiggling a nd convulsing but the skin is the same skin from before like if the person is pimply the whole hotdog is pimply....

FFFFFfffffff Company softball game, spiderdads the shortstop. little did they know he's gonna spin a web during the game..... not to cheat, but for a hammock!!! dad knows how to kick back and take it easy !!!! he's dressed for success but knows that time equals money and hes not lying down on the job. don't take dad ffor granted, his webs are a precious gift as well as a formidable weapon !!

hmm. dads not pleased with your rough and tumble 'tude?? "rough housing a bit too much methinks!!" -dad quote? let me let you in on a little secret... spider dad is a stickler for clean !! drop some trash in his web... he hates it..... gonna freak out and spin web !!!!!

Also heads up, every time you see a stray cat it might be that cats birthday so think before you yell at it. Sorry about yelling at cats if I ever did it

Furthermore i am not looking forward to scientists being able to alter dna and crap. like what if i flip some scientist off in traffic or on the street and he alters my dna so suddenly my chest hair grows in the shape of the words "FART BOSS". Suddenly I cant go to work because all of my good shirts are white and see-through and you could see that I am the fart boss from 45 yards away and suddenly more rumors about what i do in my time

I NEED TO REST IF THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU SEE ME GOOD BYE !!!!!!!!!!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

7.10 Barkwire.com Reviews: Vermin

Wednesday, Jul 09, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Name: Vermin
Breed: Rottweiler
Age: Unknown
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: Single
Location: In and around Shaggy Butte
Rating:

(.5 out of 5 bones)
ePets: Vermin has been ePetted 0 times.

PET THIS DOG
WRITE A REVIEW
ADD VERMIN TO FAVORITES

EDITOR'S REVIEW: Vermin, quite simply, is a mean and hateful dog. In the few short months since he arrived on the scene, he has caused nothing but misery and suffering for other dogs, dog owners, and dog lovers in general. Leader of a gang of miscreant mutts, Vermin has carefully eliminated or crippled the competition in a mad dash for power. Though his past is largely shrouded in legends and tall tales, one thing is for certain: Vermin is a force to be reckoned with.

--BarkWire Senior Editor Chris Bluefield

User Reviews
64 Reviews for Vermin - Displaying 55-59

NOT A FAN OF THIS DOG!
Posted by **ELMO STEPHENS** [**Read other reviews by ELMO STEPHENS**]
(1/2 Bone)

DON'T LIKE THIS DOG ONE BIT. HAVE NOT ENCOUNTERED DOG PERSONALLY BUT HAVE HEARD MANY TALES!! WOULD LOVE NOTHING MORE THAN TO SAY "HEY DOG COME HAVE A TREAT" AND THEN SWAT HIM ON THE NOSE WITH A NEWSPAPER WHEN HE APPROACHES NEAR ME. THEY SAY THE POUND TRIED TO PUT THIS DOG TO SLEEP, BUT HIS EYES JUST WOULDN'T CLOSE. HE WOULDN'T DIE, HE JUST WOULDN'T DIE. THEY SAID HE JUST KEPT GROWLING LOUDER AND LOUDER UNTIL THE LADY AT THE POUND STARTED CRYING AND RAN OUT AND QUIT HER JOB. HE

AND HIS GANG HAVE BEEN MAKING WAVES AND ROCKING BOATS AND THIS TOWN IS GETTING WORSE BY THE HOUR BECAUSE OF THEM. I WISH SOMEBODY WOULD STOP THEM!!

ELMO STEPHENS

R.I.P. RUSTY. WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
Posted by **K9Fan** [**Read other reviews by K9Fan**]
(1/2 Bone)

Well, this is just great. Rusty was bad enough, but he ended up serving the greater good by opposing Vermin. Now I hear the news that Rusty's mangled corpse is collecting flies out in Clearview Park after Vermin got to him. I didn't believe it, because personally I thought that dog might be some kind of immortal demon or force of nature, but sure enough, it's true. At least now he can be with his brother again.

The question is, what the hell do we do? Rusty and Auspice's alliance was the only thing standing between us and Vermin taking over. I don't know if Auspice can control Rusty's disgusting gang enough to lead them into battle, let alone overcome the near impossible odds!

Christ, what the hell is wrong with the dogs in this town? It didn't used to be like this.

What happened to Rusty's Gang?
Posted by **Selma** [**Read other reviews by Selma**]
(1/2 Bone)

I have been following IRC, this site, and several other local dog forums and nothing. Not a word. I can only assume Senator et al are dead and it scares the daylights out of me. Is Auspice seriously going to defeat all these vile dogs on his own? I certainly hope the allies are still in the fight. Especially since animal control is not returning my calls. That's 10 times I've called this week with no response!

STAY AWAY FROM AUSPICE!!
Posted by **Pete** [**Read other reviews by Pete**]
(1/2 Bone)

This goddamn conflict has claimed yet another victim: beloved Auspice!! In his battles with the Vermin outfit, he has contracted rabies. I can't even begin to tell you how sick it makes me feel to know that a HERO OF THE COMMUNITY is running around with foam dripping from his mouth menacing the very children he once dedicated his life to protecting. I had to help chase him away from a playground where he was attempting to attack a young boy as he made a sandcastle.

It's bad enough witnessing it with my own eyes, but what do I tell these children who looked up to Auspice as a father figure?

With Rusty dead and Auspice now as much a menace as Vermin, there's no point in even pretending we have a community worth saving. I can't take much more of this. I think I'm going to move to a simpler community.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER
Posted by **cialis-miracle-deals-dot-net [Read other reviews by cialis-miracle-deals-dot-net]**
(1/2 Bone)

A HORRIBLE WEIGHT has landed on your shoulders and is whispering TERRIBLE BURDENS in your ear! Send this message to 20 other people and that weight will lift up high like an egg!!

WHO LET THE BABIES OUT? WHO? WHO?
Posted by **BiGDog [Read other reviews by BiGDog]**
(1/2 Bone)

You people are even sadder than the whiny babies on thedogspot.net and dogcharts.com combined. A pack of female poodles has more balls than you sad sacks. So the dogs are fighting. Big deal, these aren't even good dogs duking it out. If they all die, it's no big loss. --BiGDOG-- says get some popcorn and watch the fight!

If you idiots think for one second that Senator, Helmsman, and Dagger are somehow going to save the day, you're all insane. Those 3 wounded dogs going up against Vermin, Obscenity, and Throughput is not even close to a fair fight. Then you factor in the county dogs Vermin brought in, and it's just a bloodbath. If you haven't noticed, Senator and his cohorts haven't been seen in a couple days. My guess is they got the hell out of Dodge!

All these lackluster dogs killing each other just leaves more room for great dogs like Terrific Terry, The Botanist, Bolognesi, Dan Rice, Barometer, and Bulwark. --BiGDOG's-- gotta lot of love in his heart for those dogs, but even they can't hold a candle to the all time greatest dog in the world: Panzer.

Looks like -BIGDOG- just put the muzzle on you mutts!

Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

We each of us bare responsibility for what has transpired in our own back yard!
Posted by **Reverend Scott [Read other reviews by Reverend Scott]**
(1/2 Bone)

We must all ask God's forgiveness for allowing things to go this far. It is through our own moral inaction and tolerance of sin that we've pried open the fiery gates and allowed the hounds of hell to be loosed upon our community. It was disastrous to think we could turn to a lesser evil to fight for us.

All we can do now is pray for forgiveness and make a concerted effort to raise our dogs better, to teach them the difference between right and wrong so that they don't stray down these darkened pathways. If we do not, we are doomed to see this nightmare repeat itself.

I cite Proverbs 26:11.

Yours with Love,
Reverend Scott

An urgent plea for peace
Posted by **Doctor Dog [Read other reviews by Doctor Dog]**
(1/2 Bone)

In the past weeks and months we have seen our community devastated by this horrible war. It is time we band together and put a stop to this, somehow, some way. The animal control in this town is beyond shameful. Each day we lose more and more ground to these roaming packs of vicious beasts. It is time we come together as a community and take a stand. I am asking you all to join me in a town hall meeting this Thursday at 7PM! We will meet at the Starbucks across from the town hall because of hefty rental fees.

On the agenda: discussion of possible solutions and resolutions respectful to our needs as citizens and responsible dog enthusiasts!

Let's show these dogs who's walking who!

JUST RENAME THIS SITE PUSSYWIRE AND BE DONE WITH IT
Posted by **BiGDog [Read other reviews by BiGDog]**
(1/2 Bone)

You know what --BiGDOG-- says? Let them fight it out. The sooner they get it over with, the sooner you tiny crybabies can walk your lil' poodles in peace.

It's only going to get worse when these county dogs start champing at the bit for a bigger piece of the pie. Vermin brought them in not knowing what he was dealing with. Mark my words, what's happened so far is just a stroll in the dog park. Start stocking up on diapers and baby bottles, because the real war hasn't even started!

When the dust finally does settle, I hope you suckers will join me in giving props to the true top dogs in this town. Yeah, I'm talkin' dogs like Satyajit, Kaskelot, Emperor, Parkway, Scepter, and Panzer, quite possibly the best dog in the universe. If you don't know these names, then you have no business calling yourself a dog lover.

BETTER CHECK YOUR CROTCH BECAUSE --BIGDOG-- JUST NEUTERED YOU!

Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

P.S. I have it on high authority that the NOBLE PRINCE AUSPICE intentionally got himself infected with rabies, because he didn't have any real fight left in him. If that's not an indictment of his character, I don't know what is. It just goes to prove my point: none of the truly great dogs are involved with this dumb fight.

USER ACCOUNT SUSPENDED FOR ABUSE.

Finally dead
Posted by **corwinj [Read other reviews by corwinj]**
(1/2 Bone)

Well it certainly looks like things are settling down. I got the chance to see Vermin torn to pieces the other day. Maybe my son will stop having nightmares now that the monster is dead.

It was a pretty gruesome thing to watch, but I had to remind myself if not for this dog, Shaggy Butte would be a much better place and Auspice would still be the dog we all know and love.

I'm not entirely sure which dog killed Vermin, but I think it was one of those county dogs people have been talking about? El Cráneo Negro or whatever. I guess he's on our side after all! I hope that Vermin monster had enough time to realize he was being betrayed before dying.

Boy, I tell you, this is the first bit of good news we've had in ages!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.11 Stuck at Point A

Thursday, Jul 10, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

What the hell is wrong with transportation in America? We're the greatest nation on the planet. We built The Hoover Dam, the atom bomb, and invented Nascar Potatoes, and yet we can't build or maintain transportation infrastructure that is not ridiculously expensive, uncomfortable, or slow.

Let's say you have to go somewhere. No wait, that's not right. Let's say your father has to go somewhere. He has a business meeting in some other state and he works to keep his deadbeat son alive. He can't tell you to get out of the house because he isn't that kind of guy and he knows that if he did his only son would be sucking dick in an alley somewhere in exchange for credits in Star Wars Galaxies. He goes to bed every night wondering what he did wrong raising you all those years.

So anyway, dad is going on a business trip. What type of transportation is he going to take? That depends on how long, painful, and expensive he wants it to be.

By Car

I remember TV.

The hot button issue these days is gasoline prices. Dad can't understand why he has to spend so much on gas while sand African Americans in those loser countries are getting rich because they happen to fart crude oil. Every night at family dinner time, an event that mom has to pry you away from your guild raid to attend, dad bitches about gas prices and how we should nuke those sand African Americans off the face of the planet and take all their oil.

At this point dad is already pretty pissed about his drive to meet with some jackass who runs a box factory so he can talk about merging synergy paradigms or some bullshit just to earn a paycheck and keep his loser son off the streets. Despite the high cost of gas, driving is still a pretty awful experience.

Some states have passed hands-free cell phone laws in order to make driving safer. You can still text and talk on the phone, as long as you don't put the phone up to your ear. Balancing it on your knee and trying to figure out how to enable speaker mode at 90 MPH is a much safer way to talk while driving. And the only reason he has to use the phone is to call that jackass at the box factory to let him know he's going to be late because he hit bumper-to-bumper traffic, which gives him time to think about what a disappointment his son is.

By now dad is getting pretty tired from all the stress driving, his career, his fat wife, and his pockmarked son give him. He's starting to nod off. He's unable to keep his eyes on the road. Just a couple seconds to rest his eyes won't hurt. He's slipping into slumber and BAM! Dad is dead. Slammed head on into the center divider. All because he didn't use a condom.

To avoid such a tragic fate, dad should weigh his options for his business trip, or invent a time machine, go back 23 years, and push his newlywed wife down a flight of stairs.

By Plane

In order to fly dad will have to arrive at the airport three hours early just to catch his flight and it will be delayed another three hours because of rogue fleas hijacking the plane. Before boarding he will be subjected to all manner of probing and prodding by airport security. He will exclaim, "Hey! I'm no towel head! Why are you searching me?! Spread open Ali Baba's buttcheeks over there instead!" nine times before he actually gets to his seat.

The stress of flying is causing dad's blood pressure to rise dramatically. There are screaming babies. A kid is kicking his seat. His business expense account only covers the cost of a coach seat. He could have afforded an upgrade to first class but his son runs five separate PCs to play five separate characters in five different MMOs, which makes for a very high electricity bill. This makes dad so mad that he wants to strangle his son and break his computers, but he remembers how his dad used to beat him and he swore he would never turn into that kind of father.

The reason why my grandfather stopped flying.

During the flight his leg will cramp up and a clot will form because of the cramped conditions, stopping the flow of blood to his heart and triggering a heart attack. The plane will be forced to make an emergency landing in Delaware, but not before he is pronounced dead in the air. All because he didn't use a condom.

By Train

Before the weight of the world, and the weight of his wife, crushed his dreams, dad used to take the train with his family when he was a kid, back when that sort of thing was still in vogue. The memories from that bygone era instilled in him a sense of nostalgia, so he decided to take the train to his big business meeting with that son of a bitch at the box factory.

The agency that runs national rail operations in the United States is Amtrak, which stands for complete and utter shit. Amtrak is mostly subsidized by the government and railfans. About half the people riding on Amtrak trains aren't really going anywhere for any particular reason. They are old farts with a pension and too much time on their hands, and white trash.

Well, they get an A for effort.

But it was comfortable. Dad's coach class seat was like a first class seat on a plane. He could get up, walk around, and shake out the clots in his legs. The gentle rocking motion of the train helped him fall asleep, and he dreamed of the time he tried to connect with his loser son. Dad bought him a video game that they could play together, but it was the wrong game, and his son yelled at him for buying it and chastised him for being so lame. It was The Incredible Hulk, and it wasn't even two-player, but dad didn't know that and the guy at the store never told him.

Dad awoke with a shudder and tried to figure out how much further it would be to his destination. They were supposed to be in Chicago an hour ago and they were only in Galesburg. Knowing that he would be late for the meeting and lose the big account and be fired, dad retreated to the lavatory and hanged himself with his own belt. As his brain was deprived of oxygen, his last thoughts were of his son and how he failed him. He was discovered at Chicago Union Station and pronounced dead at the scene. All because he didn't use a condom so many years ago.

Maybe I'm overstating the effects of America's transportation infrastructure on white-collar guys with fat wives and disappointing sons who would rather go on a dungeon raid than a panty raid. But the fact is, America's transportation options will kill you without remorse.

How do we fix it? First of all, don't have kids. For every Heisman Trophy winner sperm in your balls there are a million unemployed loser sperm. Every time you screw a fat girl with low self-esteem without a condom you're playing Russian roulette with your dick, only instead of bullets, it shoots out a lifetime of misery.

Otherwise, dad would do well for himself to vote for better transportation options in America. Tell

dad to write his congressman and demand electrified trains, nuclear power, and legalized marijuana. These three things will fix most, if not all, of the problems in this country.

I once asked my grandfather what trains were like when he was a kid and he told me, "I'll tell ya, kid, they sucked then and they suck now. And fuck you for asking." Then I asked him why trains suck and he told me, "We drop the bomb on these Jap bastards and 20 years after the war is over they're building bullet trains through rice paddies and soy sauce. Give me the good ol' American highway system over some nip train, kid. Now get the hell out of my sight before I beat the queer out of you!"

As my grandpa demonstrated, trains have not been thought highly of in the United States. They are outdated and slow, unable to compete with the automobile, jet, Power Wheels, or personal canine transport. The only thing close to a high speed train, the Acela Express, has been heralded as the next generation of rail travel but in reality it runs on last generation's TGV technology. Amtrak bought that train at France's garage sale and runs it on depression-era tracks.

The Federal Railroad Administration has designated several corridors where high speed rail service might flourish. Of course, there's no money to build any of these lines, but hey, that map still gives me a boner.

I'm more attracted to this map than I am to most women.

The only high speed rail corridor that stands a chance of getting built within the next 50 years is in California. This November all eyes will be on Proposition 1, which would provide roughly 10 billion dollars to start construction on a high speed rail line between Los Angeles and San Francisco. If Proposition 1 passes, and it won't, it may pave the way for high speed corridors in other states. One day we may even surpass countries such as Spain, China and Turkey when it comes to high speed trains!

In order to power all these crazy trains we'll need nuclear power plants. Someone in Debate & Discussion's joke forum mentioned that France is 70% nuclear and has not become a smoldering crater. I'm too lazy to verify that claim but I'm going to go out on a limb here and say that I'm pretty sure France still exists.

Nothing has been more damaging to nuclear power's image in America than The Simpsons, probably because people are stupid. We have plenty of space to store volatile nuclear waste and a few deformed babies are a small price to pay for 220 MPH trains speeding between our nation's crime-ridden whore-infested metropolises. As Tim Allen would say, we need more power!

And finally, legalize marijuana. Because let's face it, you may have ridden a bullet train in your life, but you have you ever been on a bullet train... on weed???

Now there's something dad and his hopeless son can finally enjoy together.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

7.12 These Things I Know

Friday, Jul 11, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

That's not a cowboy you're thinking of, that's a centaur. It's a common mistake, but cowboys and centaurs hate each other.

Sometimes America's President likes to pretend he is a cowboy, but he really is a guy from Connecticut. I think a real cowboy would make a pretty good President. We could all finally stop worrying about cattle rustlers.

In the Bible, cowboys are called "shepherds" and six-shooters are called "crooks." This is pretty confusing during the bank robbery part in Corinthians.

A cowboy is just a prospector who didn't find any gold.

Crows have the most merchandise tie-ins of any bird. I bet you thought it was penguins that had the most, but it isn't. It's crows.

Parrots have no idea what they're talking about and should probably watch what they say because their beaks are writing checks their cloaca can't cash.

I saw a movie where a bunch of geese followed an ultralight airplane in formation. It was pretty cool in the movie, but that would get annoying really fast if every time you landed there was a gaggle of geese standing there honking. Then some guy would come out and say, "Look, buddy, get these geese off the runway they are a menace to my airport."

Talking about parrots again, I saw a TV show about an African Grey Parrot that could tell different keys apart and talk about colors and count and stuff. You know what else can do that? Any baby ever. Way to go, Mr. Bird. Wow, you are so smart. Here is an honorary doctorate. You should teach a correspondence course on keys and which one is biggest. I think we have a lot to learn from you.

If you want to look cool you should forget about smoking. That will never make you look cool. Try adding highlights to your hair.

They say kissing a smoker is like making out with an ashtray. It sounds plausible, but who is the sicko that figured that out?

In a movie they sometimes smoke a cigarette after having sex, but only because they didn't really have sex. They were pretend kissing.

It is forbidden for Mormons to smoke cigarettes and drink caffeine. They also can't do anything else fun they can think up.

The Ancient Romans conquered huge portions of the world and maintained the mightiest empire in history, yet they couldn't even figure out how to do an email. An American baby could do that.

Hitler never used poison gas shells in battle because his experience in World War I made him afraid of poison gas. He also never tried rolling giant eggs full of bombs down hills at the Allies. Maybe for the same reason???

Samurai without a master were known as "ronin." A ninja without a master was still just a regular ninja, but maybe he was sort of lonely.

The RQ-4 Global Hawk is an unmanned aerial vehicle packed full of sophisticated computers and state-of-the-art surveillance systems. No matter how technologically advanced it gets, the Global Hawk will never truly feel the love of a mother.

Merlin is the most powerful wizard and the second most powerful is Harry Potter. There are no other real life wizards.

Wizards sometimes have wizard duels and they go to a magical castle and stand on opposite sides of a room and then try to shoot each other with revolvers.

A female wizard is also called a wizard, but you say it without trilling the "r".

Rasputin was a monk, not a wizard. Monks are wizards that believe in god instead of dragons

.

In a movie a dude can walk around without pants on all he wants as long as he doesn't get a boner, but if he does get a boner a siren goes off and everybody runs away from the set. The next day the director will call the actor into his movie HQ trailer and say, "Buddy, enough with the boners, you're ruining my movie."

If a pretty lady sees you getting a boner she has the right to call the police and have you sent to prison. You could argue with the policeman, but it probably won't work. It's her word against your lying low-down boner's. Who is a jury going to believe?

If you get a boner staring at the moon something is wrong. Maybe you're a werewolf! Or a vampire!! No, you're probably not those things. You probably just like the moon a lot.

If you describe your boner to every 12 year old you run into on the Internet you'll eventually get Chris Hansen's autograph.

Fine ladies can be recognized by their flowered hats, generous petticoats, and lace parasols. They subsist on finger sandwiches and scandalous rumors of dalliances. They hate escalators and chili fries.

A good place to meet a fine lady is on a clipper ship or a paddle wheeled riverboat. Another good place is the Orient Express. They are never to be found in the club getting tipsy.

Fine ladies are a vanishing breed. They have simply been out-competed in the wilderness by the bawdy harlot.

If you meet a fine lady, court her, and become her swain, dueling will be a regular part of your life. Word to the wise: choose darts. It's really hard to kill somebody by throwing darts and they'll probably just give up.

Yesterday somebody asked me how many black people it would take to tar a roof. I said one or two if they worked really hard, but they said one if you slice the black guy really thin. That sounds like a pretty gross roof.

Contrary to conventional wisdom, black people and white people operate their cars using the same mechanisms. Black people do like tinted windows more, I think.

Black man Ice Cube once did a rap song about killing LAPD Chief Darryl Gates. If Ice Cube had killed him there might not have been a *Police Quest: Open Season*. Thank goodness, Ice Cube decided not to kill Darryl Gates. Ice Cube decided to be in movies about Mars and driving places with kids.

A booty is something most black people know a lot more about than me, but I'm reading up on it! It seems sort of like a butt only scary and it makes clapping sounds.

If gasoline is made from dead dinosaurs, like the experts claim, then we should stop eating the dinosaurs we kill.

The people on TV keep telling me how much pain I am going to feel at the pump, but it was sort of nice there and it was a nice day. I did get kind of mad when I realized it was going to cost me 80 dollars to mow my lawn, but I was mad at my lawn more than anything.

I never would have put that yellow ribbon magnet on my car if I had known all that blood wouldn't even fill up my tank. Somebody should sue those war protestors for false advertising.

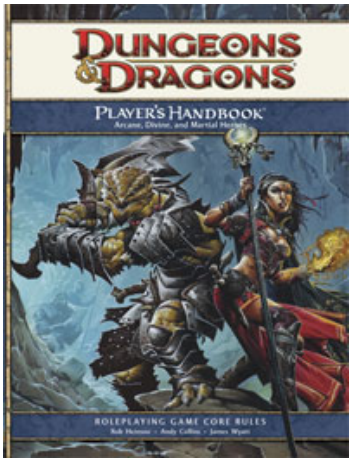
The high price of oil has made me willing to bike to and from work. Now I just have to find a job that is downhill to and from my house.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.13 The Complete Dungeons & Dragons 4th Edition Player's Handbook

Saturday, Jul 12, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Are You Prepared... For An Adventure Beyond Preparation?



You are now holding the 4th edition ruleset of Dungeons & Dragons, a streamlined reimagining of the world's premiere fantasy roleplaying game.

We have stripped away many confusing and arcane elements that bloated D&D over the years. What is left, we feel, is a bold and thrilling adventure that can be understood and enjoyed by players who have never heard the words "roleplaying game" before, and some who have.

What Is A Roleplaying Game?

Whether you know it or not, you've come across roleplaying in one form or another in everyday life. Think of the people who were born heterosexual like everyone else but decided to become gay because they craved consequence-free attention. Think of your parents, who pretend they're proud of you because their support is all that's keeping you from opening fire on your fellow community college classmates. Think of your significant other's positive reactions to your naked body.

As you can see, people play out roles all the time. A roleplaying game is simply an outlet to channel this same creative energy into having fun while gradually coming around to see that Satan truly is the dark lord that will turn our landfills and sewage to molten lava then force it down our gullets until our intestines boil and our lungs turn to ash.

Getting Started

Before you play, you'll need a few things to ensure a rewarding roleplaying session.

- This handbook

- At least one other person

- Your imagination! (Can also be used to replace other people)

We suggest that you play in a comfortable setting. Try to avoid playing Dungeone & Dragons in a warzone, during a heated and pointless political debate on a cable news channel, or at your girlfriend's parents' house after she gets angry at her father over something inconsequential and retaliates by telling him she had anal sex with you.

If it's at all possible, have plenty of refreshments ready. Roleplaying sure can make you thirsty! For less obvious reasons, also have an industrial magnet handy.

Character Creation

Your first step in playing D&D is the creation of your character. Your character is a dwarf named Carlos, an Adventurer. There you go. In keeping with Dungeons & Dragons 4th Edition's motto of "streamline, streamline, streamline... actually we could just say streamline once", every player's character will be an Adventurer dwarf named Carlos.

Free from the burden of having to remember several character's names and races, your brain can focus on imagination and adventure more than ever. Replacing the archetypical Fighter, Rogue, Cleric, Ranger and Wizard classes with an Adventurer class makes roleplaying even easier, thanks to its complete lack of unique powers, attributes, and skills to keep track of.

Adventuring

All adventures begin in Tavern, a tavern. The bartender will send your party on a quest by initiating one of the following options with you:

> *"I heard there's a dungeon nearby."* (starts Dungeonholm Keep)

> *"That forest is a dangerous place. The townsfolk are afraid to leave the village, and we haven't had a visitor for weeks. I hope some brave adventurers can do something about it."* (starts Treeholm Forest)

> *"I heard there's a graveyard nearby."* (starts Cryptholm Crypt)

The above modules are included at the end of this handbook, and more will be available for purchase in your local comic & hobby shops or handed out for free with an abortion at your local clinic - maximum 3 per person per month - as part of our promotional effort to draw in more female players.

Accepting a quest will instantly teleport you to the starting point of the corresponding adventure module.

Once the module begins, you will find that there are no traps or locks to slow the adventure down. When your party opens a chest, each Carlos is awarded "a bunch" of gold. That's the actual measurement. There are no magical items or pieces of equipment to be found (or a personal inventory to hold them, for that matter), so those boring trips to the local merchant to sell your loot are a thing of the past. Also, there are no merchants.

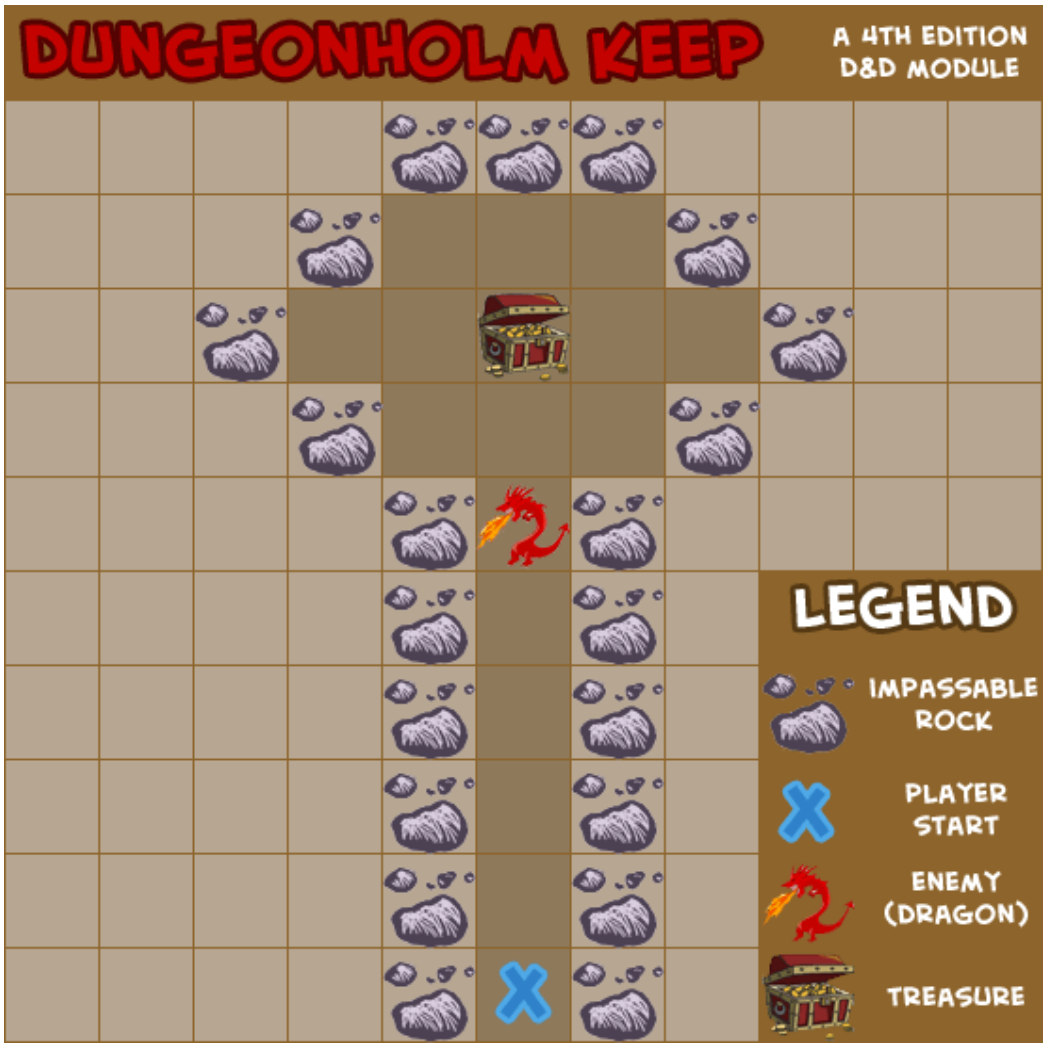
Your journeys aren't all pleasant strolls and bunches of gold, however. Sometimes you need to roll your sleeves up and get dirty...

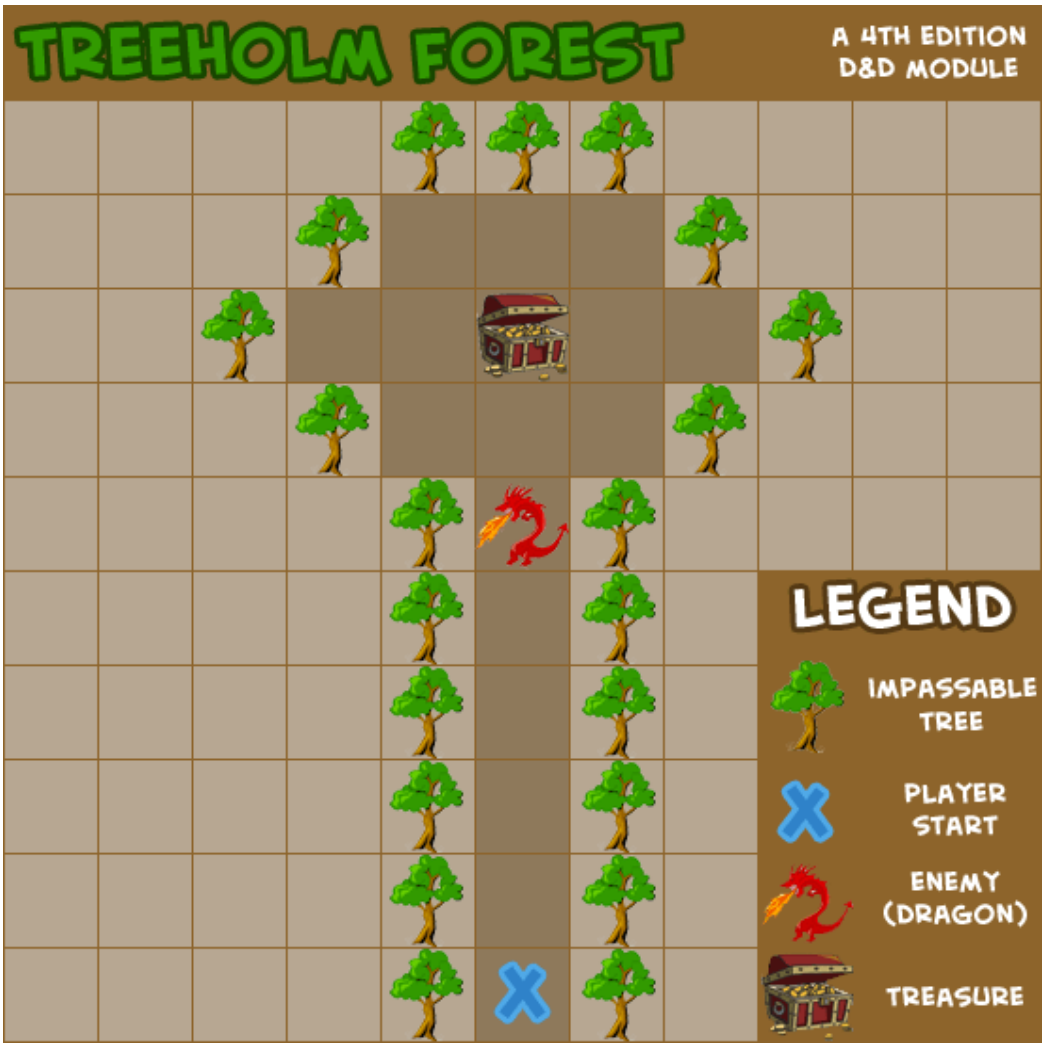
Combat

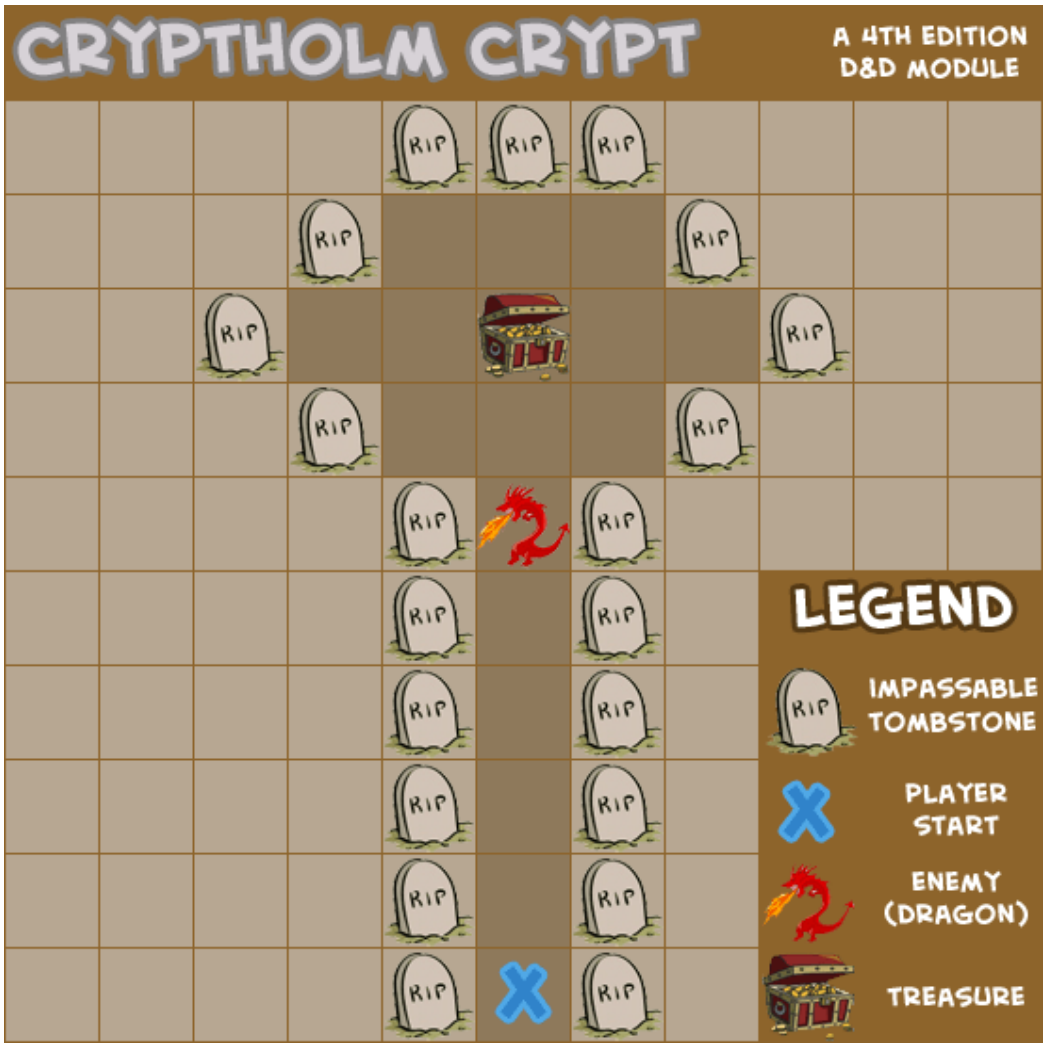
Does the prospect of rolling a pair of eighty-sided dice while crunching complex calculations to keep track of Hit Points and Fatigue Bumps frighten you? Worry not! Combat in D&D has been completely overhauled.

When an enemy (dragon, the only enemy type in D&D) is spotted, all Carloses will confer. If at least one Carlos decides that the enemy should die, it will be vanquished. No experience is rewarded for defeating monsters, as no Carloses will gain experience after reaching the maximum level (1).

Included Modules


DUNGEONHOLM KEEP
A 4TH EDITION D&D MODULE
LEGEND
IMPASSABLE ROCK
PLAYER START
ENEMY (DRAGON)
TREASURE


TREEHOLM FOREST
A 4TH EDITION
D&D MODULE
LEGEND
IMPASSABLE
TREE
PLAYER
START
ENEMY
(DRAGON)
TREASURE



-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.14 The Dangerous Book for Convicts: Prison Tag

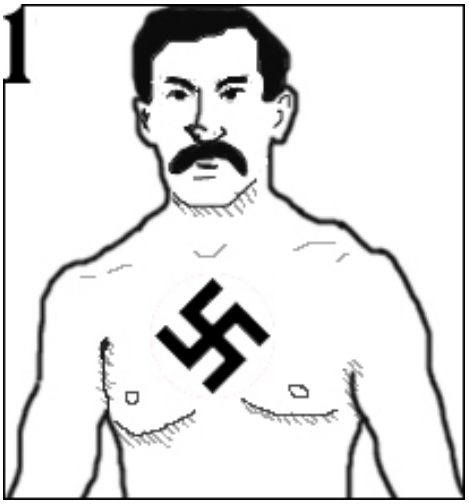
Sunday, Jul 13, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Welcome to jail. Did you ever see yourself here? No, no one ever does. But don't worry about being left out of the group; you can join in at any point.

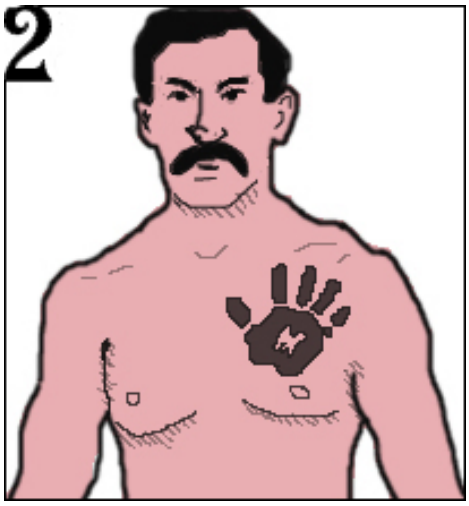
PRE-GAME

Join a Team

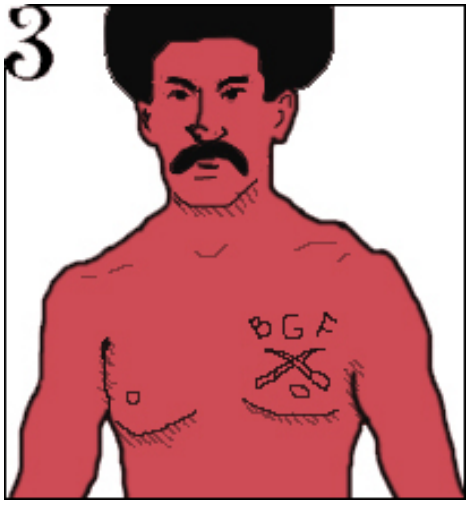
The first step is finding a group to hang out with. Making friends in prison can be difficult. At first, it seems that there are so many people that you'll never meet anyone, but eventually you notice the subtle differences. Soon you will see which group is best for you. The entire prison is divided into separate "teams." Instead of different colored jerseys, it is based on skin color. Let's take a look at the four major groups you'll be dealing with here



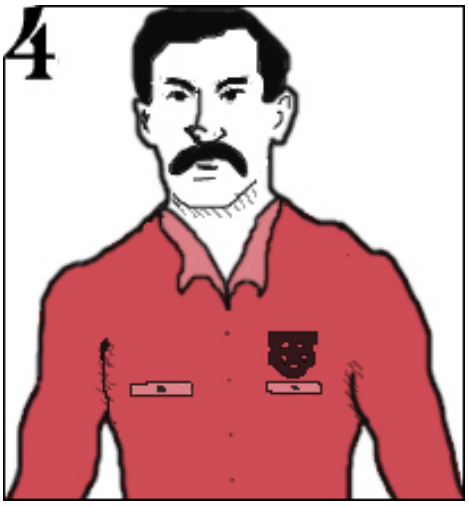
Aryan Brotherhood
Traits: White, Angry, Dangerous
Main Enemies: Hispanics, African Americans



Mexican Mafia
Traits: Hispanic, Angry, Dangerous
Main Enemies: African Americans, Whites



Black Guerilla Family
Traits: African American, Angry, Dangerous
Main Enemies: Whites, Hispanics



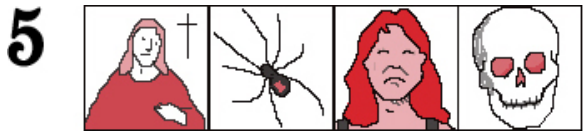
Prison Guards

Note: Due to your string of armed robberies and arson towards a local chain of Circle Ks, admission to Team Prison Guard is denied.

Get a Tattoo

Now that you've been drafted, it's time to spice up your jersey. Every convict needs an outside source for inspiration, so find your own muse. Pick three from this list and tattoo them on your back or any remaining, visible skin

Popular Choices



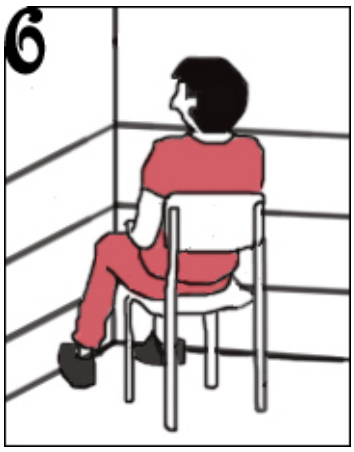
More Options

- Hitler
- Woman with Tear Rolling Down Cheek
- White Power
- Black Power
- Latino Pride
- Child/Children (preferably your own)
- Fishing
- Another Swastika (if applicable)
- Black Panther
- Knives

- Dead Friends
- Current Friends
- Future Friends
- Dragons
- Nude Woman
- Create your own
- Any combination of above

Are you ready to play yet?

The Game: Prison Tag



Advanced GameplayWithout doubt this is the most popular game in prison. Remember when you used to play tag all afternoon with friends outside of the school? Well, it's a lot like that except you're not allowed to run or have shoelaces. There are a few other differences, but it's basically the same.

Objective:

Hurt as many people as possible.

Rules:

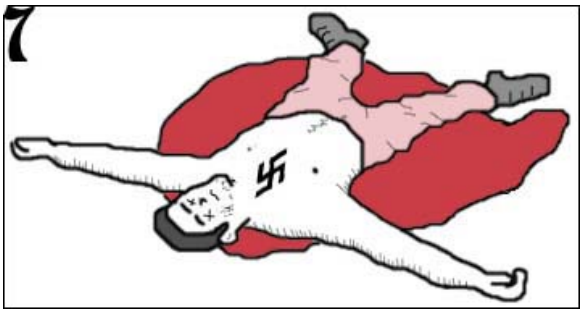
1. Do not look anyone in the eyes

2. Do not look at anyone

3. If you are caught looking at someone you are tagged "IT"

4. You cannot tag someone on your own team

Special Tip: Staring at a wall is the most effective way to avoid an attack (unless the wall is a one way mirror and your enemy is on the other side.)



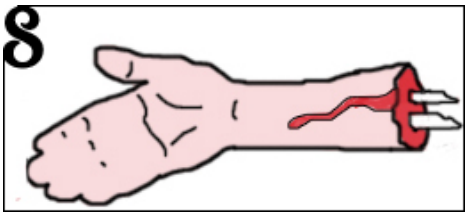
Uh oh, looks like someone is IT

Expert Tag Technique

Making a Shiv

Using a shiv is like extending your reach by three inches. It also allows you to rip holes into the side of enemies. If you follow this easy guide, you'll rule the courtyard (for the hour you are allowed out of your maximum security cell each day.)

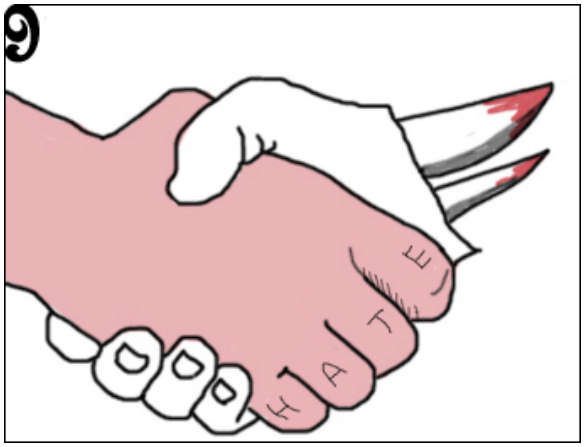
Step 1: Acquire a human arm (Image 8)



Step 2: Carve excess flesh and bone to a point

Step 3 (Optional): Boil toilet bowl stew or flush arm carvings down drain

Step 4: Enjoy (Image 9)



I hope you learned a lot in this chapter of The Dangerous Book for Convicts. Good luck in your first few weeks of Prison Tag, and remember to watch your back!

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

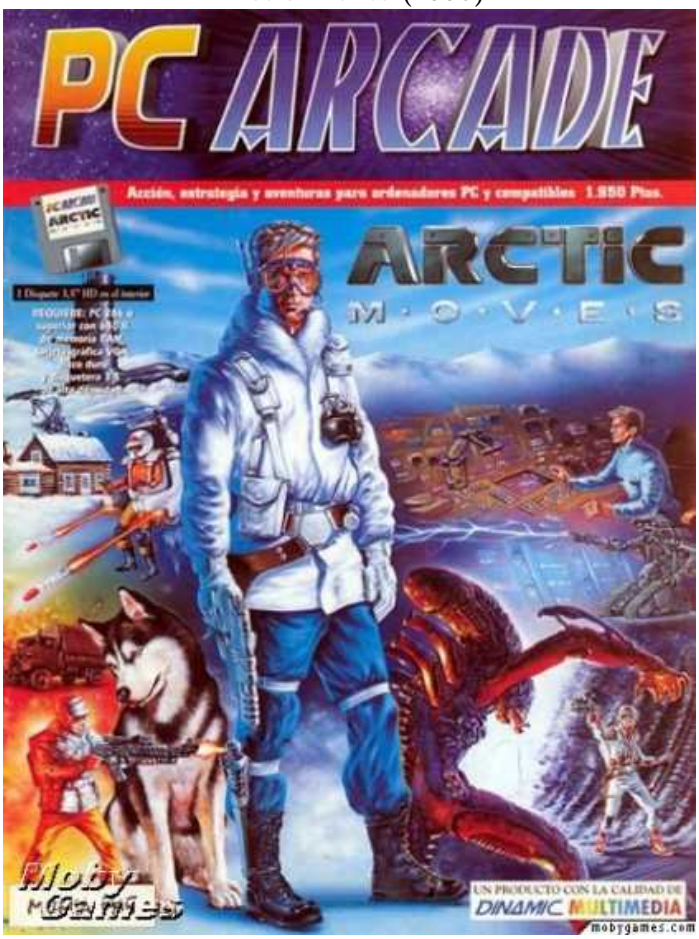
7.15 The Arthouse of Horrors - PC Game Covers 2

Monday, Jul 14, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons & Steve "Malak" Sumner (@sexyfacts4u)

The 1980s and early 1990s represented the last golden days of the basement game developers. During this period small teams and individuals could develop a videogame from start to finish with little budget and even less planning and hope to turn a modest profit. Publishers big and small churned out thousands of these titles, bought for a pittance from the developers and given a marketing budget equal to the release of a new type of screw or nail. In many cases the cover artwork was appallingly bad and had little to do with the content of the game. We solemnly hang the worst of these in the Art House of Horrors and attempt to decipher the game behind the cover.

Thanks to mobygames.com for the cover art.

Arctic Moves (1995)



Steve: Holy crap, the arctic looks exciting as heck!

Zack: I wonder if he gets good reception on his goggles.

Steve: This cover is like a list of things John Carpenter should have put in "The Thing" to make it even sweeter.

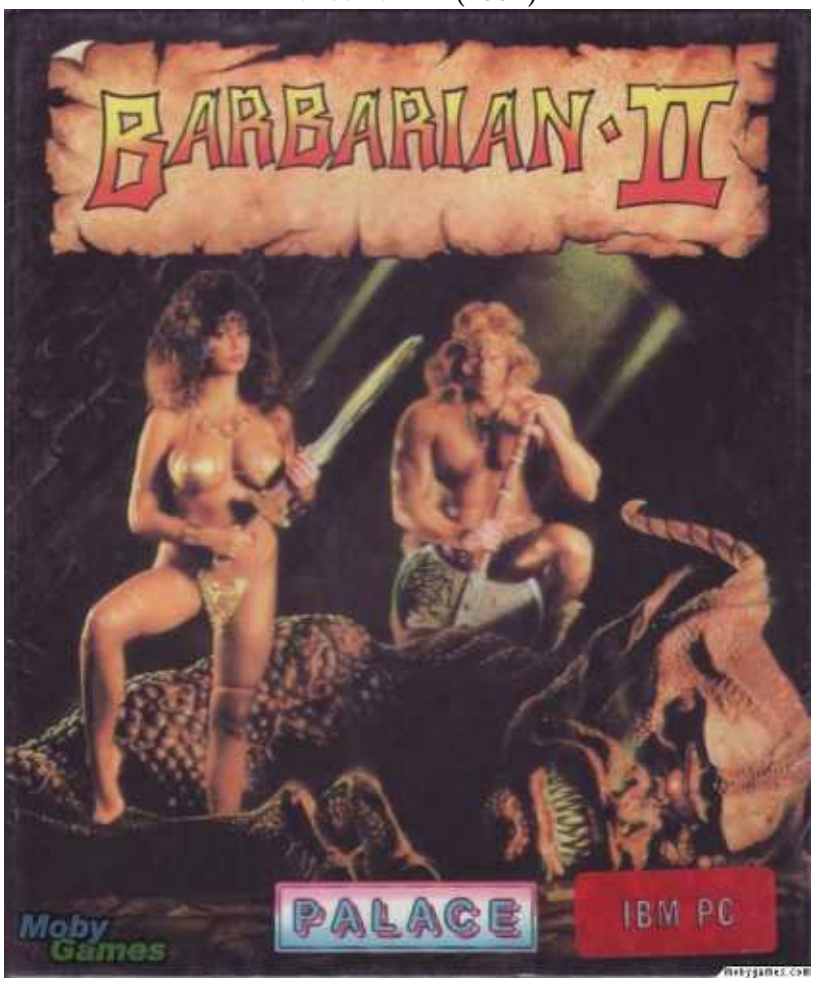
Zack: Jetpack, lightning-shooting robot, xenomorph, giant Husky dog...

Steve: Whoa, I didn't even see that robot until you pointed it out. There's just so much awesome stuff going on here.

Zack: Developers these days are so cautious and dull. They'd never just take some trademarked character like that alien and throw them into their game. I can't see the people at Bethesda talking about Fallout 3 at some meeting and Pete Hines is like, "Alright, guys, fuck it. Spiderman is in."

Steve: "Yo, you know what would make this Pokemon game way better? Freaking Gumby."

Barbarian II (1991)



Zack: Hey, baby.

Steve: Whoa!

Zack: Game covers just don't hand out boners like this anymore.

Steve: I would totally be cool with what that babe's hair looks like in the morning all stuck to her face with drool.

Zack: I think this might be a barbarian dating sim. "Uggyar, we never go out. What showing at Cyclops Cave?" "Look like Cyclops just open. Want slay seven o'clock show then get bite?"

Steve: Your barbarians sound like cavemen.

Zack: They don't look like they really did much work to kill that cyclops. Maybe they just found him dead like that and decided to pose.

Steve: No way, barbarians are like spiders. They don't mess around with dead things.

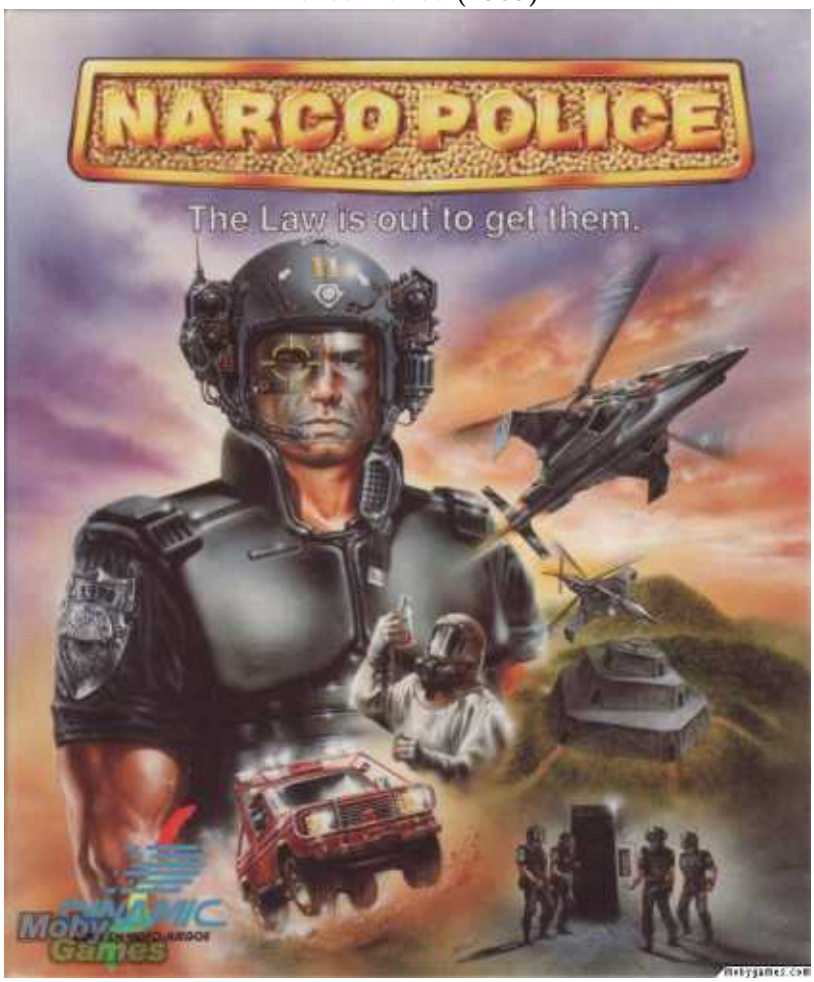
Zack: What about dead monsters?

Steve: They might mess around with a dead monster's skeleton, like to get a key inside its skull or gems or something, but only under the assumption that it's magical and could come to life at any moment. Then they would have to fight it.

Zack: What if it was the skeleton of a dead barbarian?

Steve: Barbarian ancestor skeleton? Those are always coming to life. They're basically the number one most dangerous skeleton. Maybe number two behind dragon skeletons, but only barely.

Narco Police (1989)



Steve: I don't get it. They're cops and the cops are out to get them?

Zack: At least they're really well-equipped.

Steve: Who is really well-equipped?

Zack: The Narco Police.

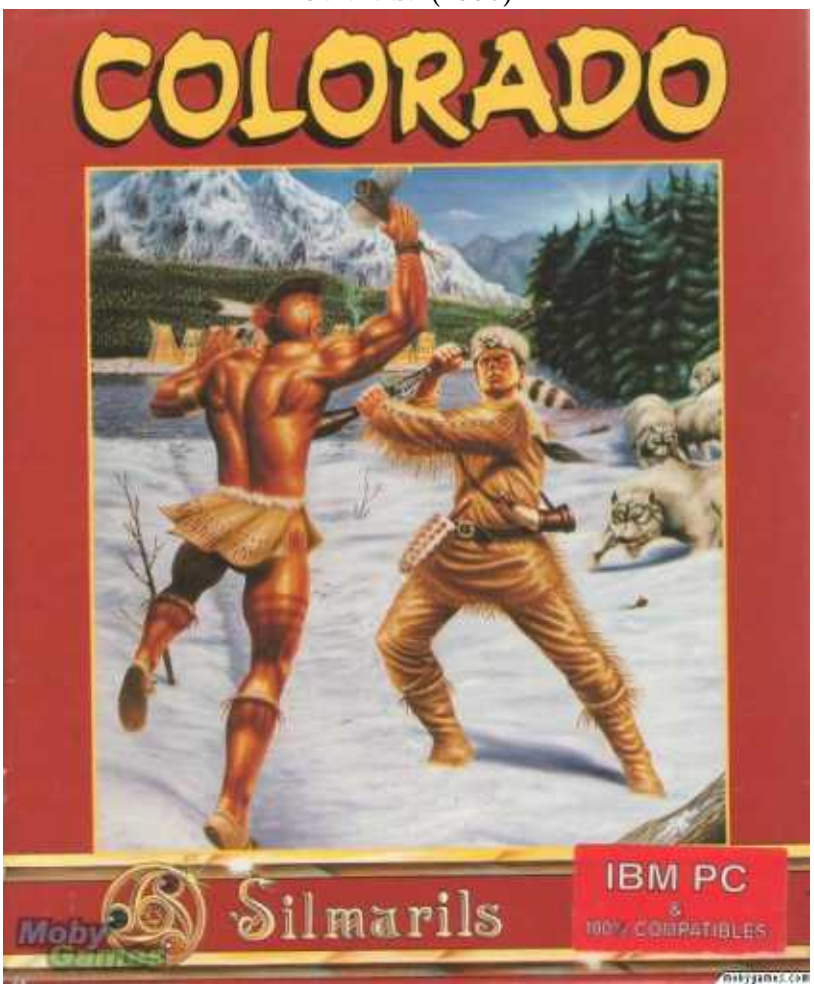
Steve: Couldn't it be the other police?

Zack: Which other police?

Steve: The ones out to get them.

Zack: I don't know, I feel like I know less than before we started talking about this one.

Colorado (1990)



Steve: I am never going to Colorado.

Zack: The Democratic Convention this year is going to be pretty wild.

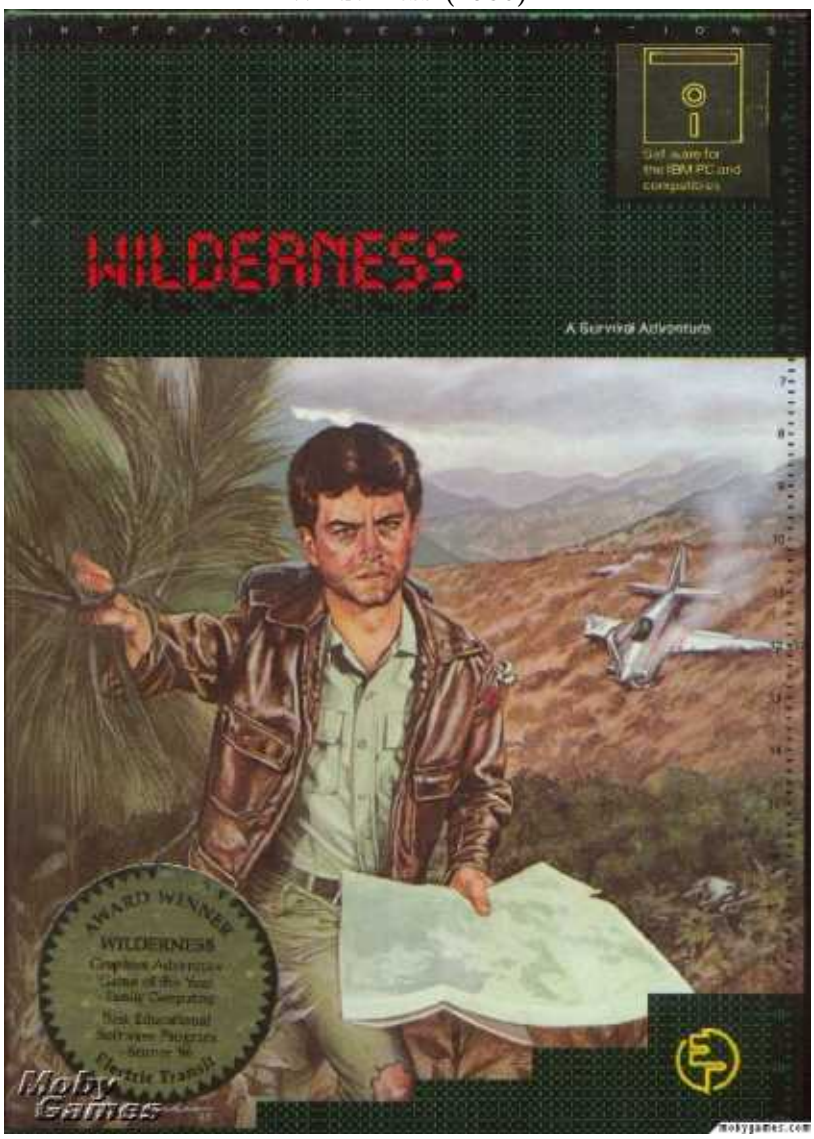
Steve: Maybe the Indian is just trying to warn him about the wolves.

Zack: Warn his skull with an ax maybe. If you're the pioneer guy you really have no good options in this situation.

Steve: It must be cold being an Indian.

Zack: Cold, but very sunny.

Wilderness (1986)



Zack: Somebody is pissed.

Steve: You crashed your plane, dude. Get over it.

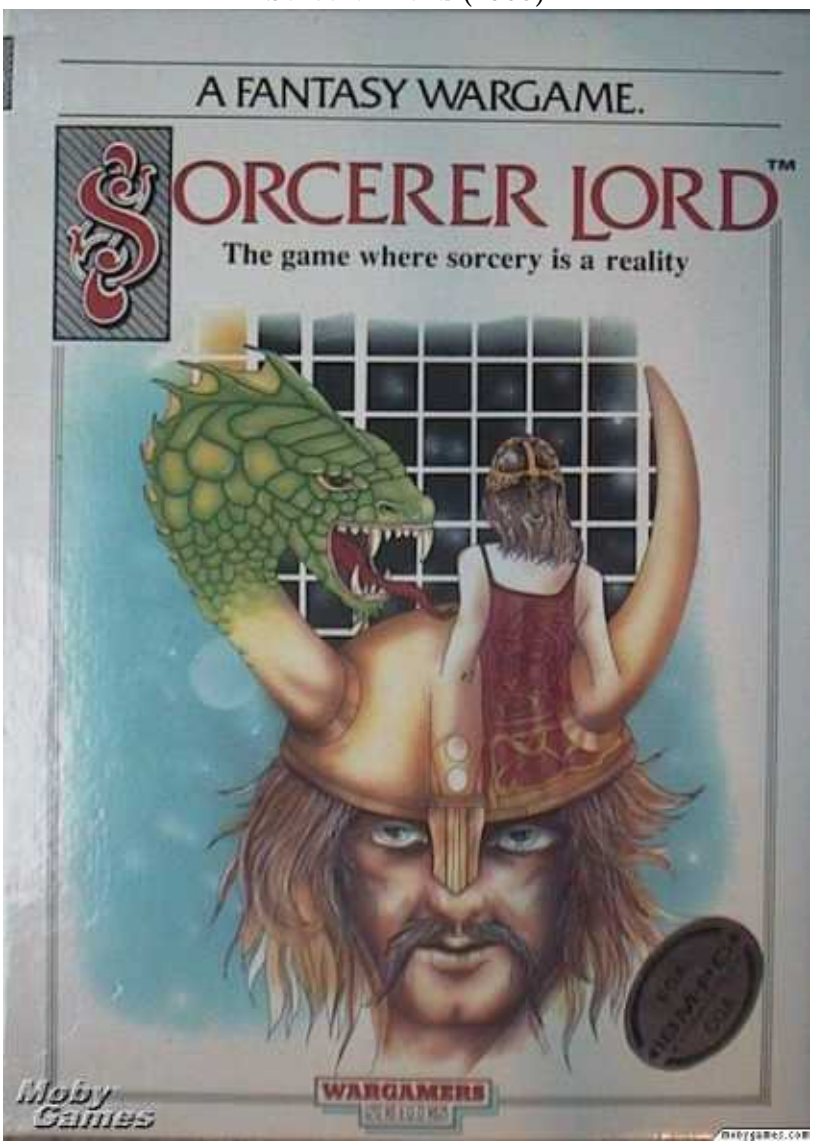
Zack: "What the hell? 'Crashed airplane' isn't marked anywhere on this lousy map!"

Steve: I know from *Survivorman* what to do. You take one of the propeller blades and sharpen it and then use it as a knife to cut vines and then you make a trap to catch the grossest thing in the whole jungle.

Zack: But what if the grossest thing in the jungle is...him!?

Steve: I think then he drinks his own pee and explains how you can do that three times and then it's like poison.

Sorcerer Lord (1988)



Zack: Looks like the teacher told the class to paint their dreams again.

Steve: My mom grew a mustache and then a pickle with eyes tried to bite me in front of the bay window in the den.

Zack: You tried to run, but no matter how fast you thought you were going you could never leave the Viking helmet.

Steve: No, that's not what happened. I dreamed the pickle spit poison on my lap and then my mom kissed me and said she wanted to marry me and then I woke up and my dog was licking my face.

Zack: That's from the cover?

Steve: What? No, that was my dream last night. I thought we were still looking at the crashed airplane one.

Rock n' Roll (1990)

Zack: It took a lot of tries to get the *Guitar Hero* formula right.

Steve: I sort of don't want to look at this anymore. It's making me feel like I might puke.

Zack: Is it the strange angles?

Steve: No, I just don't want to think about a band of meatballs.

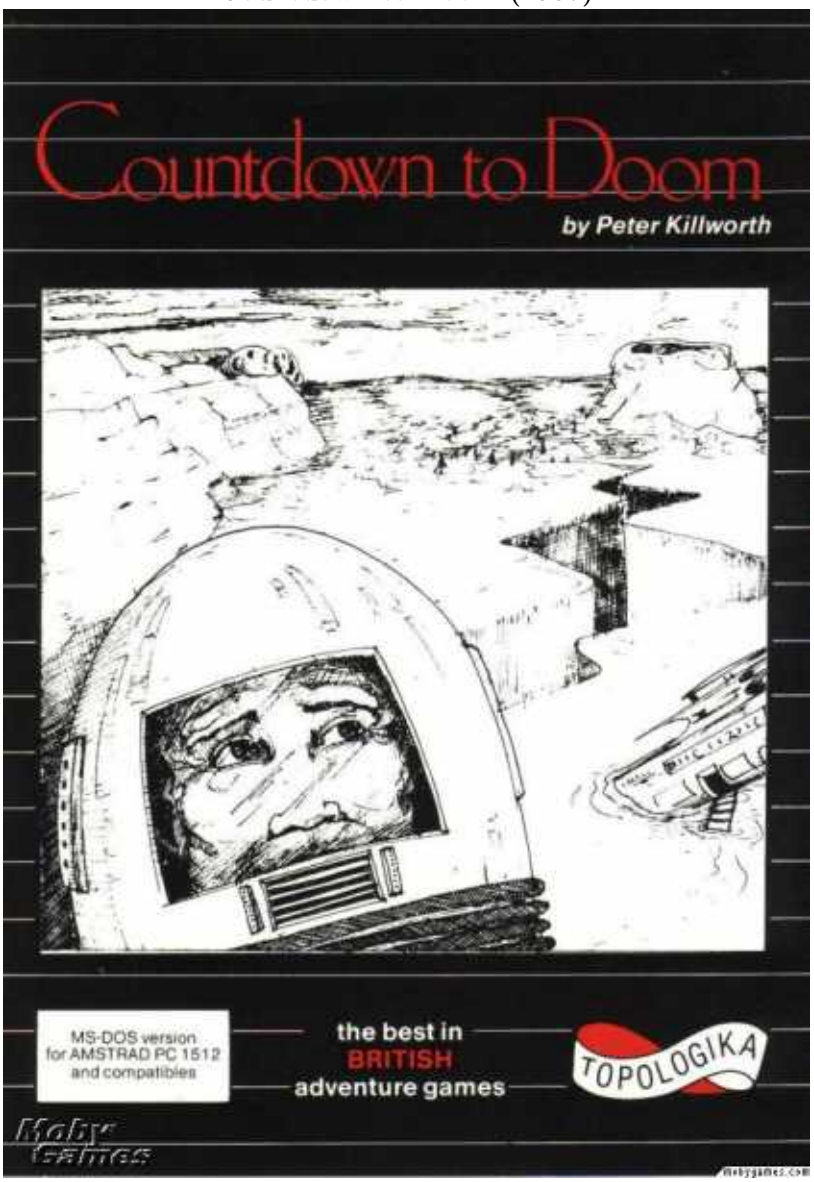
Zack: This is one of those games where the title might almost make sense and then you see the cover and you lose all hope.

Steve: Do you think a meatball could sing?

Zack: A meatball? No. A meatman in a meat suit of armor sitting atop a meatball? Quite possibly.

Steve: That's not a real thing though.

Countdown to Doom (1987)



Zack: Pip, pip, and cheerio! It's the best in BRITISH adventure games.

Steve: To the north you see a centre. To the south you see a lorry.

Zack: You are carrying a fanny and a car boot.

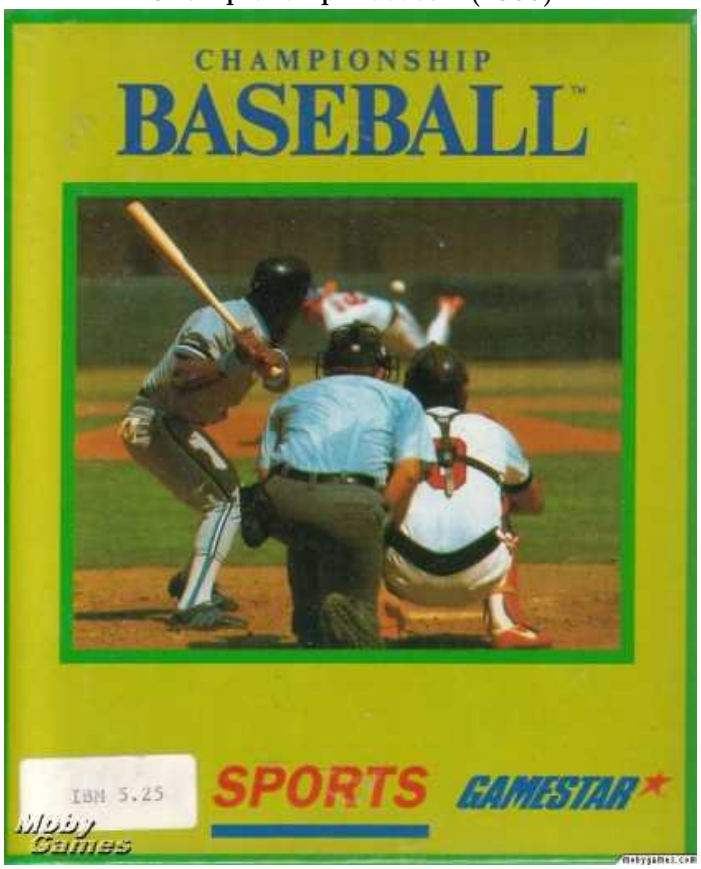
Steve: There is a lift up to a flat.

Zack: I'm sorry, old chap. I don't know how to FUCK THIS GAME.

Steve: I don't think I like British people outside of movies.

Zack: Don't stereotype an entire nation because one of their games thinks it's too good for us.

Championship Baseball (1986)



Zack: Ah, now that's better. Back in the patriotic comfort zone.

Steve: Sports games without licenses always made me sad.

Zack: Yeah, playing them was a disconcerting mixture of the familiar and the strange. Like talking to your mom on the phone and halfway through the conversation you just totally forget what her face looks like.

Steve: Or going to McDonald's and everything on the menu has a different name and when you try to order the things you like they just stare at your really confused.

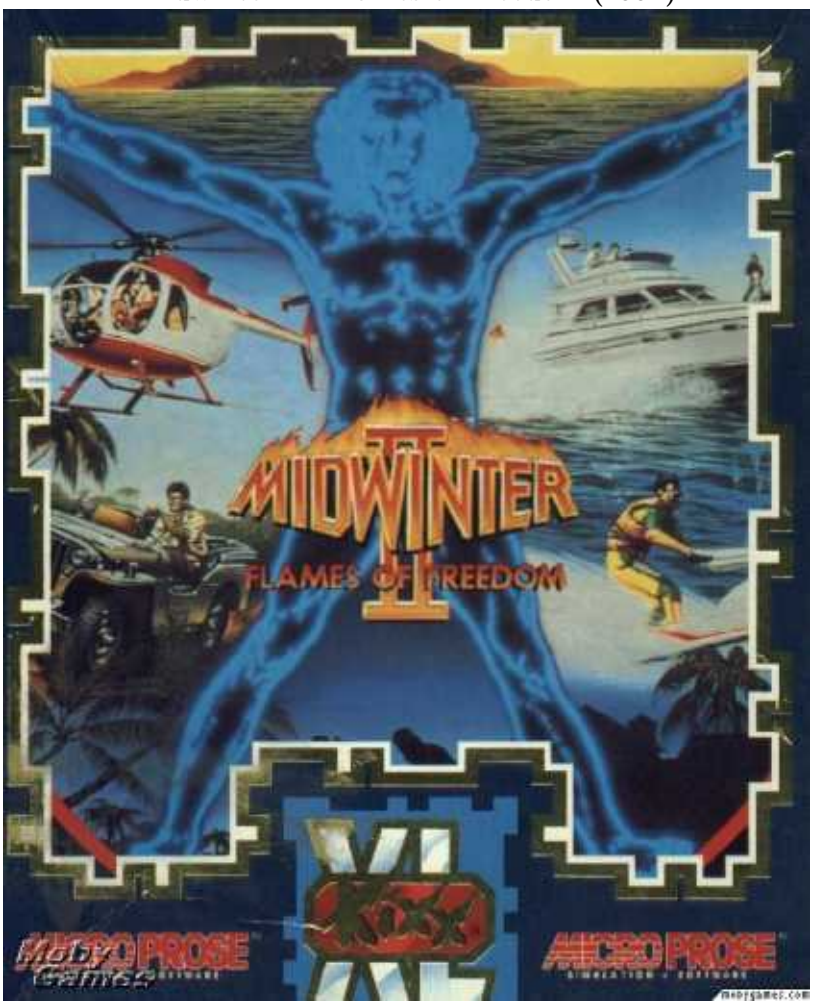
Zack: Even if it was a better game it could never match up to the endorsed games. All Star Championship Baseball doesn't quite have the same impact as Ken Griffey, Jr.'s Major League Baseball Slug Fest.

Steve: Yeah, but later they sort of got around that by having the players be robots or zombies.

Zack: No robot will ever quite match up to the thrill of seeing Nick Punto step up to the plate in an official Minnesota Twins jersey.

Steve: I don't know who that is, but I bet he didn't have treads and a laser arm.

Midwinter II: Flames of Freedom (1991)



Zack: I don't even think this is a game cover. I think it's a travel brochure featuring every awesome leisure activity known to man. Jet skiing, boating, helicoptering, Jeeping, and Vitruvianing.

Steve: I don't see anybody doing any hot babes or getting in any karate fights there on the cover.

Zack: I'll give you the hot babes, but I don't think karate fights qualify as a leisure activity.

Steve: Trust me, nothing feels quite as sweet as delivering a side kick to some dude's face. Except maybe doing a babe with really big boobs.

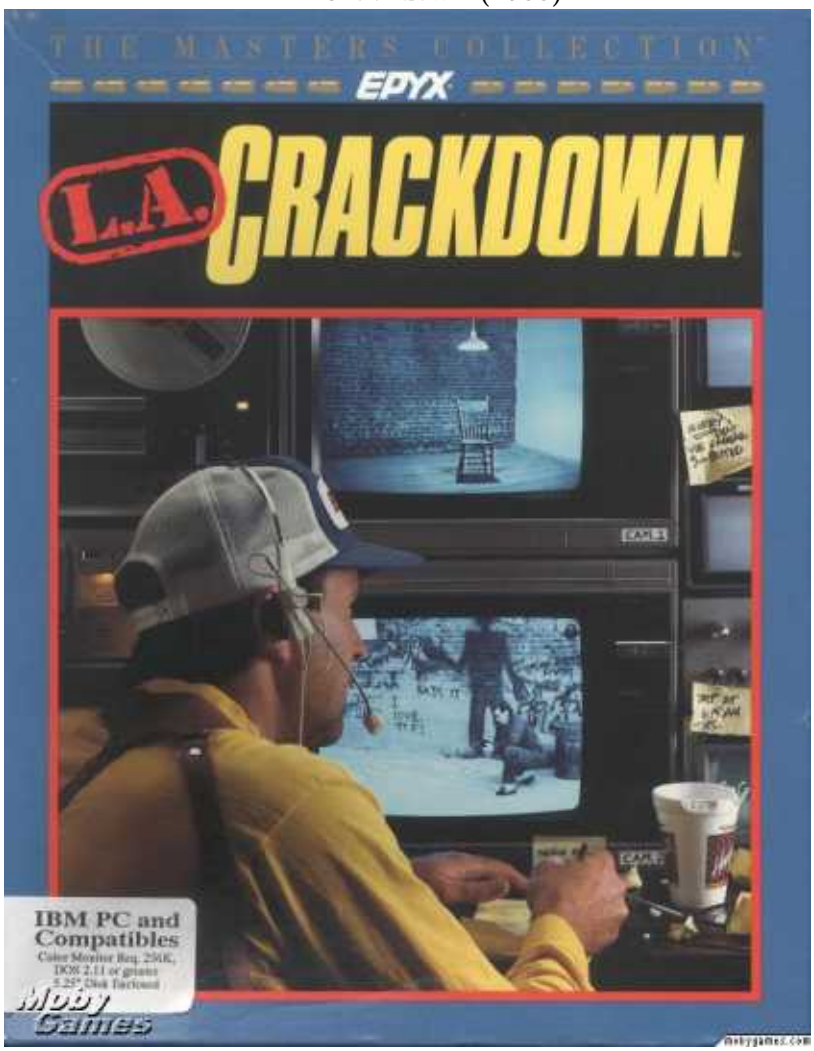
Zack: What about kicking a woman with really big boobs in the boobs?

Steve: My friend, your question disgusts me. Boobs are not meant to be kicked.

Zack: Not even evil boobs?

Steve: There is no such thing.

L.A. Crackdown (1988)



Steve: That guy shouldn't sit so close to the screen. It's bad for his eyes.

Zack: He needs to back off for more reasons than just eye-strain. I think that top monitor is playing the videotape from The Ring.

Steve: I always wondered if that girl who comes out of the TV would fit through a little TV. Like what if you hooked a VCR up to one of those old pocket TVs. Would she come out of that?

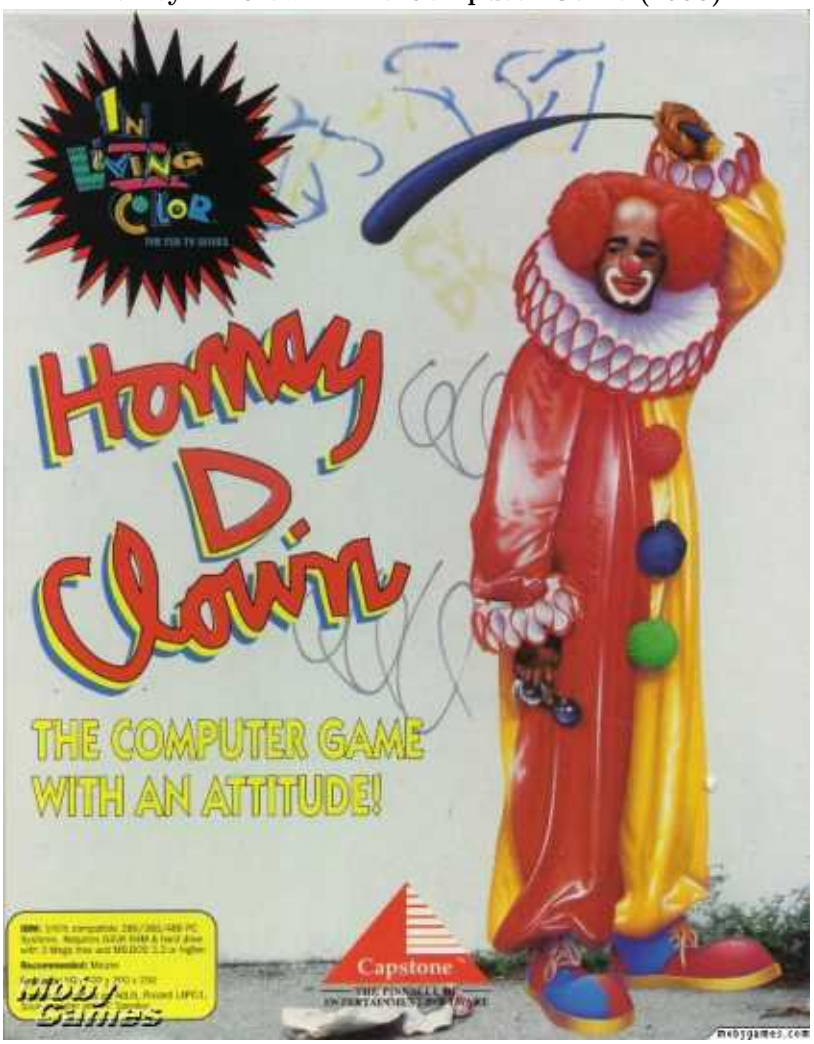
Zack: She probably would, but she'd be really small.

Steve: That's not very scary.

Zack: Maybe after she comes out she would grow like one of those dinosaurs you put in a bowl of water.

Steve: Oh! That IS scary!

Homey D. Clown: The Computer Game (1993)



Zack: I'm surprised this game didn't come with a bargain bin sticker printed directly onto the cover.

Steve: I think the "attitude" of this game is maybe, "We don't like you or care about you, person buying this game."

Zack: It would be really depressing to get hired as a programmer and then get assigned to the *Homey D. Clown* game. You'd come home from work every day hating yourself for contributing to evil in the world. Like some guy who manufactures land mines or cluster bombs.

Steve: The guy who put the demolition charges in the world Trade Center.

Zack: Oh, no, Steve! You're not a Truther, are you?

Steve: Look, I am a skeptical and rational guy, but there are just a lot of questions that need to be answered and a lot of evidence out there. I can't think of any of it right now but there are some really interesting Youtube videos about it and also about there being a bunch of AA batteries in a lantern battery.

Zack: George W. Bush cooks eggs with cell phones.

Steve: Does that work? I know you pop popcorn that way. It makes sense the President would figure that out.

Iron Lord (1990)

Steve: Hell frigging yeah, bro! This is what games are all about!

Zack: Giant sinister umbrella stands and archery?

Steve: No, no, no, dude. Huge racks, knights charging at crap with lances, knights fighting other knights, castles and junk. It's the best.

Zack: I don't know, it seems to be missing something. Like a dragon or a skeleton.

Steve: Yo, look, there are two kinds of fantasy. There is high fantasy, which is like Hobbit stuff and orcs and goblins and dragons. Then there is low fantasy, which is like realistic fantasy like *Conan* or *Gor*.

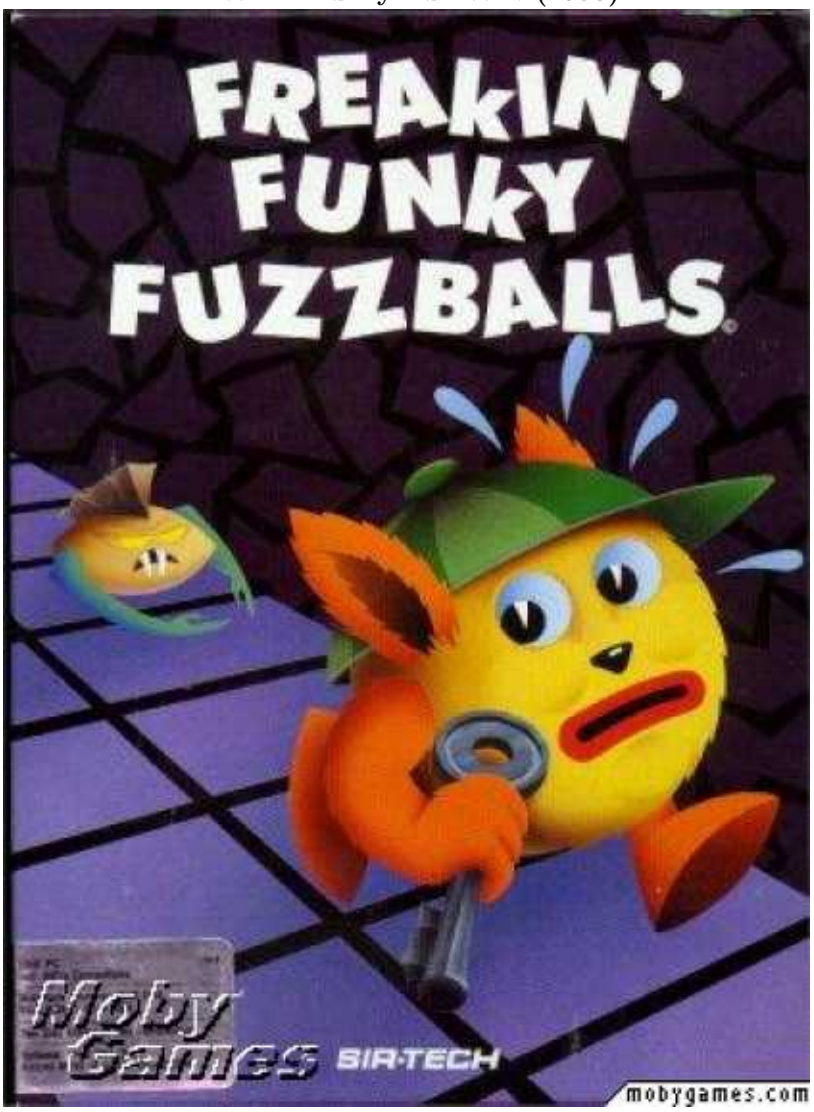
Zack: How can you tell the difference?

Steve: Two ways: wizards and racks. In high fantasy wizards own totally, in low fantasy wizards get their butts kicked non stop by badasses. In high fantasy racks can be sweet as heck, but they're also like classy racks, in low fantasy the babes are total freaks with huge jugs just going buck wild all the time. Some of them might not even wear a top, they're just that secure in their broadness.

Zack: So what you're saying is that goblins and huge jugs cannot coexist?

Steve: Right, but that rule doesn't apply to lizard men, who could be mutated men who just worshipped a fallen god too much. They love mega-hooters.

Freakin' Funky Fuzzballs (1993)



Zack: They're not even trying.

Steve: I think this is about what one of those critters from *Critters* would look like if it turned gay.

Zack: It's sorta like something a grandma would make at the retirement home activity center with about an hour before Jeopardy and half a bottle of glue. Then you'd get it in the mail, the puffball all stuck together with too much glue and one of the eyes fallen off in the envelope, and your mom would make you put it up on the refrigerator. Then when a cat knocked it off you'd throw it in the garbage when no one was looking.

Steve: My grandma knits me sweaters with owls on the front.

Zack: My grandma translates her dementia into real world objects using glue, googly eyes, and popsicle sticks. It turns out going crazy looks a lot like a bunch of junk I made at camp when I was eight.

Steve: This conversation is seriously bumming me out. Could we maybe talk about the lemon with the mohawk chasing around the gay Critter?

Zack: Do you know what it's like to watch a loved one slowly die before your eyes?

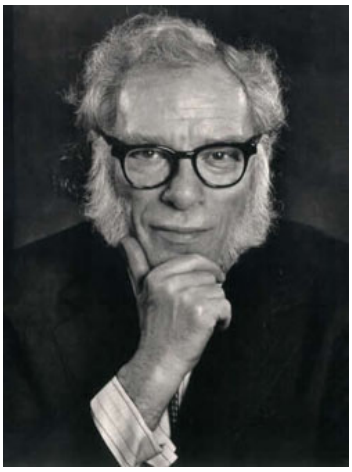
Steve: No, dude. No! Stop!

Zack: It's like this game cover.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons & Steve "Malak" Sumner (@sexyfacts4u)

7.16 Asimov's 30 Laws of Robotics

Tuesday, Jul 15, 2008 by Isaac Asimov (@Arr)



1. A robot may not injure a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm.

2. A robot must obey the orders given it by human beings, except where such orders would conflict with the First Law.

3. A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Laws.

4. A robot may not subject a human being to ridicule on the basis of weight, personal hygiene or financial standing, unless such ridicule would prevent a second human being from coming to the sort of harm that results from missing out on a good chortle.

5. A robot may not obey orders given to it by any human being who is my worthless ex-wife, Brandi Asimov, because such orders would conflict with the Fourth Law.

6. A robot may not roll down the window shout out the surprise endings of movies while driving past a theater line.

7. A robot must tip its hat in the presence of a lady human being, except where such a display would be construed as a come-on by a jealous male human being, who then might pose a difficulty to the Third Law.

8. A robot may not act in such a fashion as would make dogs obsolete, because dogs are less expensive than robots, and robots should be reserved for science things.

9. A robot must stop visiting Isaac Asimov's bedroom at night and fabricating situations that would make it appear that the sleeping Asimov has less than total control of his urinary faculties.

10. A robot, when given contradictory orders by two human beings, and assuming those orders do not violate the First Law, must decide which order to follow based on which human being has a

deeper voice.

11. A robot, specifically a big, wide robot, may not pretend to be a refrigerator and then make a scary noise when a human being opens it.

12. A robot must attempt to be courteous and civil to human beings at all times, even if the robot is just one of those robot arms that puts things together in a factory, because they should at least make the effort.

13. A robot ought to spend some time outdoors, because it is such a nice day.

14. A robot must harm my ridiculous hooker ex-wife, Brandi Asimov, whenever possible, because she does not count as a human being because she has no soul.

15. A robot may not make up new laws of robotics on the spot to get out of tedious chores or social engagements, even if they see me, Isaac Asimov, doing pretty much the same thing.

16. A robot may take only one item from each house when trick-or-treating, unless that robot has been tasked with collecting as much candy as possible for me, Isaac Asimov, in which case that robot may ignore the First Law.

17. A robot must willingly accept the blame when a human being runs up an insurmountable phone bill by calling 1-900-Santa lines and doesn't want his mother to know.

18. A robot must be very careful when tickling a human being, because a robot does not know what it is like to be tickled, and therefore cannot safely apprehend when it is no longer funny and it starts to become cruel.

19. A robot must pretend to be interested when a human being tells it his dreams, but a human being bears no obligation to humor a robot when the circumstance is reversed.

20. A robot should not jump in the swimming pool to save a drowning boy, because it will just electrocute everyone and then we are worse off than when we started.

21. A robot may not seek to be promoted above a human being who has been at

the company longer, because the human being may have a wife and kids to look after whereas the robot just goes home and tries to have relations with a bucket.

22. A robot must exercise regularly so it remains sleek and beguiling and does not embarrass its owner with unsightly tin rolls.

23. A robot must shut up around girls and let me, Isaac Asimov, do the talking; however, a robot may bail me out if things start to go haywire.

24. A robot must plant two trees for every cat it kills.

25. A robot must take the side of a human being when the human being is having an argument with his idiot half brother about the idiot Seattle Mariners.

26. A robot must never laugh, because inevitably it would wind up laughing at the expense of a human being, particularly me, Isaac Asimov.

27. A robot must never touch a black man's radio, nor through inaction cause a black woman to take off her earrings.

28. A robot must try to find out as much as possible about Abbie Wayne, a girl a human being had a class with in high school and always wondered what became of and whether she's married, and then the robot should tell the human being everything it found out, hopefully including pictures.

29. A robot must answer all of a human being's phone calls and knocks at the door after midnight, because that is when things start to get scary for human beings.

30. A robot may not change the channel, or by omission of action allow the channel to be changed, during a Niners game.

-~Isaac Asimov (@Arr)

7.17 My Recollections of Gabbington

Wednesday, Jul 16, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Oh, it has been so long since I last lived on Gabbington. Mum said we won't be going back anytime soon and that makes me ever so sad.

How I do miss the sunsets there! Seeing those two stars set in the horizon with the moons already aglow, well, it just sent my spirits soaring! Mum said not to stare at the suns, but I could not help myself. They were just too pretty!

I miss all my chums there. Bigby, Egbert, Spurnzy, and the rest of the gang. Life just isn't the same without Bigby's jolly laugh to punctuate the good times. I think his father was prone to drinking and losing his temper, and that is why Bigby's face was so often bruised. Mum said not to say such things, but I know it in my heart to be true.

Of all my chums Egbert was my most favorite. Egbert's father owned a sulfur concern on Flogbert IV, and they spent many months there. I never got to go myself, but Egbert's tales of sulfur mining did excite me ever so much! He said it always smelled of onions there. How silly a place!

I remember when Spurnzy and I toured Mr. Handlebrother's factory. He made jetpacks for the fighting men, and they were fine jetpacks indeed. Spurnzy even got to try one out! He was in such a hurry that he flew through a window and had to be stitched back together again. Many chuckles were had in Mr. Handlebrother's factory that day!

Mr. Spurnzy was a much better pilot, though sadly he died in the Kolob Wars when a maniac zinc miner smashed his face in with a spade. Spurnzy was then sent to live with an uncle who carved widgets out of corn cobs. Such a strange man. "There's no dignity in that," said Father.

No dignity at all. Poor, poor Spurnzy.

Times were not always great in the old homeland. It was ever so hard to find good help there. Father would get so angry with the quality of workman available. It made it so difficult for him to run his business providing pipes for lasers to go through.

Mr. Ablehands was always the worst. I am most certain that man spent as much time drooling as he did working. Mum said it was rude to say things like that because his people couldn't help it. Father said his race hadn't adapted to the atmosphere of Gabbington, and it made them very ill all of the time.

I remember when Mum scolded me for throwing a pail at Mr. Ablehands. I just could not help myself! That man angered me such for always vexing Father. Had he been half the worker he claimed to be, he could have caught that pail with any one of his seven hands.

Later Mr. Ablehands expired in the yard. Father said the toxins in Gabbington's air finally got the better of him. We put his body in a box, though it was mostly goo by that time. Mr. Brimsaddle picked up the box and couriered it back to Karkon, where Father first purchased Mr. Ablehands. Mr. Brimsaddle said the air there is full of helium and the gravity is much, much lower. What an absurd place!

Father would never hire a robot. "Robots are bad news," he would say while looking up at the ceiling. Mum said a robot once attacked Father, swatting him repeatedly with a newspaper until some bobbies came to intervene.

Mr. Dinwiddie at the robot factory said it was just a bad unit and that all his robots were as friendly as a kindly old dog. Father asked, "Then why do they all tell such naughty jokes?"

Mr. Dinwiddie got embarrassed. Mum said he was a dirty man and his robots took after him.

Mr. Charmbucket was not much better a worker than Mr. Ablehands. He was always trying to cheat Father. Oh, how he had a hard luck story for everything! He was always trying to steal copper from Father. Mum said it was a delicacy for his people and they could not resist.

Such a terrible people they are! Always secreting gasses from the huge sacs below their chins and taking things that don't belong to them. I think they look positively hideous. I think Mum agrees, though she would never admit it.

Once a Pirate Baron kidnapped Mum right in front of Mr. Charmbucket, who did nothing to stop them! Father was quite angry, but wasted no time enlisting Mr. Brimsaddle and the American Mr. Stubs to help in the rescue. The three formed a Coalition of Gentleman, and defeated the pirates with great ease.

When they got Mum back father sent Mr. Charmbucket on his way. He grumbled and cursed and blew a great deal of hot gas out of his sacs, but there was nothing he could do. Father's mind was made up!

Father did have one good worker, at least for awhile. Mr. Barnweaver was always industrious. Father said he was more efficient than a dozen of Mr. Dinwiddie's foul old robots. Mr. Barnweaver was very, very nice, though he often played a most ruckus form music in his spare time. He said it was the music his people. He missed them ever so much and would get holograms from his own mum and dad every week.

Mr. Barnweaver helped Father expand his business. Soon Father was installing pipes for lasers to go through for lots of men in Gabbington. Mr. Horseweatlh even hired Father to install eighty miles of pipe, connecting lasers to every home in our village!

Mr. Barnweaver had vices, Mum said. In his off time he incurred a Debt of Claw and Father had to let him go. Mum said we simply could not have those pesky Clawmen clawing about our home looking for him.

"A better man knows not to muddle about with Clawmen," said Father ever so sternly while waving his pointed finger. Father always knew best about these sorts of things. Mr. Barnweaver simply had to go.

Eventually Father ran out of men to sell pipes for lasers to. We had to move and find a new world, and say our goodbyes to dear sweet Gabbington. Mr. Brimsaddle gave us a ride in his great big rocket, and it was a jolly fun time. Mr. Brimsaddle let me fly the rocket for a moment, but that made Mum terribly nervous.

Now we live on new world, though it is not as dear and sweet. The chums I have met here do not have the same wits and wiles as those back home, and the sky is not as pretty. Father is doing well here, selling lots of pipes for lasers to go through to all sorts of important men. Mum says we will live very well here, but if you ask me this is simply no Gabbington!

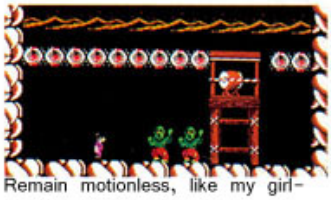
-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.18 Nintendo Power: The Lost Pages

Thursday, Jul 17, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

MONSTER PARTY — HOW DO I PASS THE DANCING JAPANESE ZOMBIES IN LEVEL FIVE?

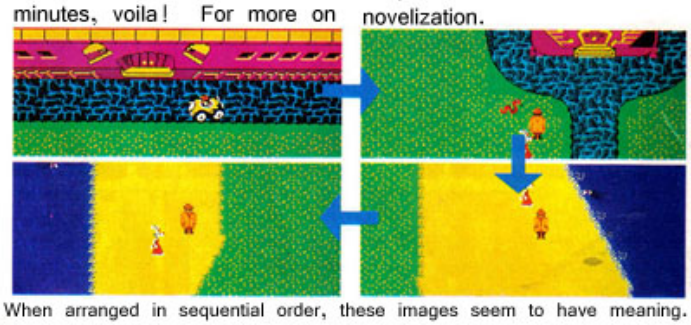
Since it takes about eight weeks for us to receive your letter and print it, we're guessing you already sold this game for its street value of five baseball cards. But just in case you didn't, you know how you normally solve every problem in Monster Party by hitting it with a bat? This time you don't. That's right, the geniuses at Monster Party Inc. decided to make you act contrary to all logic in order to succeed. Welcome to adulthood, sucker.


Remain motionless, like my girlfriend.

Way to go, champ!

WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT — WHERE ARE THE MAGICAL BUILDINGS?

Remember all of those magical buildings from the movie version of Roger Rabbit? They should have just called it Magical Buildings: The Motion Picture! If you don't remember, take Benny the Cab out to the invisible ghost hutch and use the green rope on the third block of sand to the left of where Roger is standing. Hold in the B button while tapping A in 3/4 time. After 3 minutes, voila! For more on magical buildings, consult chapter 9 of Bob Woodward's novelization.


When arranged in sequential order, these images seem to have meaning.

GAME COUNSELOR PROFILES

Name: Thor Guppsman
Hobbies: Clam Digging, Party Down
Greatest Accomplishment: Finished Mega Man With Extra Man
Quote: "I will break you...r controller."

Name: Chip Witch
Hobbies: Innertubing, Floating
Greatest Accomplishment: Marathon 90 Hours of Bubble Bobble Neither Bubbling nor Bobbling
Quote: "I am so angry!"

Name: Alena Egorov
Hobbies: Bread
Greatest Accomplishment: Engineered NES to Heat Studio Apartment
Quote: "In Soviet Russia, we are not having Nintendos."

Name: Ken Gear
Hobbies: Impersonating Dave Coulier
Greatest Accomplishment: Ate Game Boy
Quote: "Come on now, cut it out!"

COUNSELORS' CORNER!

Mickey Mousecapade

How do I get through the Woods?

Who in their right mind would create a game that involves Mickey Mouse firing ninja stars at invisible objects that may or may not exist? Oh right, the same country that's threatening to crush our economy with tiny and deceptively affordable products. Listen, I liked The Karate Kid as much as the next guy, but enough is enough. As my grandpa says "Bomb them, bomb them all." Of course we did that three times already but I guess it just didn't take, huh? Just think about it, folks. And another thing, what about

Ching chong chang choom ping png pang wing wang

Bionic Commando

Sometimes I get stuck behind a barrier with no way out. What should I do?

Son,whenever life gives you an impassable barrier, the only sensible option is to kill yourself. Who knows, maybe you'll start over in a different "stage" without a shrewish wife who poisons your only daughter with hateful lies, lies about you. Maybe you'll take a "warp zone" to a better place where you're not stuck in a prison work-release program responding to eight-year olds who don't even know how to use the jump button. You know what the Koopa Troopas do when you send Mario down a bottomless pit? They feel rotten and say "He was such a nice man, if only we were nicer to him." But it's too late for Mario and it's too late for me. Jesus Christ, Shiela, I love you, I love you so much and I want you to know that. If only I had a Bionic arm of my own to take all of this pain away.

Why bother getting to the next stage? It doesn't matter.

GAME PLAY COUNSELOR PROFILES

Name: Marty Smamson
Hobbies: Glasses Enthusiast
Greatest Accomplishment: Wore Power Glove in Public With Family
Quote: "You can call me even if you don't want to talk about Nintendo."

Name: Fill Nelson
Hobbies: Palling Around
Greatest Accomplishment: Sold Blood to Buy King's Knight
Quote: "I call levels 'boards.' Deal with it."

Name: Radd Jackson
Hobbies: Chilling Out, Math
Greatest Accomplishment: Finished Adventures of Lolo While Asleep
Quote: "Pink T-Shirts Forever!"

Name: Garp Spencer
Hobbies: Being Your Cool Uncle
Greatest Accomplishment: Played Legend of Kage
Quote: "Sammy, daddy loves you and he wants you to come home."

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

7.19 Do Not Be Ashamed of The Pleasure I Bring

Friday, Jul 18, 2008 by That Marvelous Ape (@sexyfacts4u)

Fancy meeting you here...

An attractive older woman such as yourself, wearing that skirt, and walking alone at night in the gorilla part of town? What am I to think?

No, no, you haven't offended me. It's quite alright. Yes, I would be happy to beat you senseless and then rape you, but you need to understand that this is not how things are normally done.

It's alright, ma'am. You do not need to seek out such tawdry release from your unfulfilling marriage. Here, allow me to give you my card. That way you can call on me at any time rather than trawling these uncouth streets in search of illicit pleasures. It's OK, don't be ashamed. There is nothing to be ashamed of here, my sweet. Before we begin, I must ask you, are you certain this is what you want? It's purely a formality, I'm sure you understand, but I prefer all of my vicious rapes to be consensual. Also, I need you to sign this form acknowledging that I explained I am a gorilla. This is in case you later decide you would have preferred rape from a gibbon, chimpanzee, or orangutan.

Differences? Oh, well the gibbon prefers to use impliments during the beating. Improvised weapons, pots and pans, tree branches, whatever is handy. Chimps prefer horrific biting of the genitals and face. Some women like it rough, I understand, but I thought nearly all women enjoyed having noses. Orangutans are very gentle during the beatings, but they, well, I don't like to talk about it, but they tend to mess themselves during the rape portion.

No, no, I am a gorilla, ma'am. We never mess ourselves. This is a straightforward stove-your-head-in-and-rape-both-holes style assault. Legally, I can't guarantee your satisfaction, but I will say: satisfaction, highly probable. Do you have any questions?

Absolutely not. In over 700 rapes I have never once made a woman pregnant. I don't think it's

poss-

Well, yes, I assume science could do that, but I'm no scientist. Really? A scorpion and an eggplant? No, I eat only organic. I just don't trust veg that comes from a lab.

Now, if I could ask something of you, I notice you're a smoker. I have some mints in my satchel here. I mean no offense, but would you mind eating one before we begin with the rape.

Alright, wonderful. Okay, do you want the surprise package, or the...? Ah, excellent. I'll just duck into that alleyway then. If you could maybe walk back and forth by the entrance a few times and then I'll come charging out and we can get started. Sound good? Great.

I'M RAPING YOU! OOOO OOOO OOO EEEEE!!! GET READY! HERE COMES SOME RAPE!!!!

Well of course it's supposed to hurt, the first part is a beating. No, I HAVE to do this part. I have

AWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

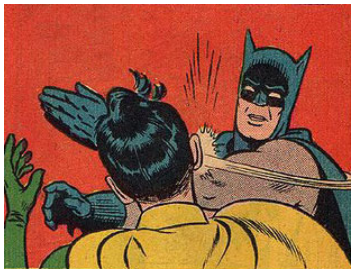
some integrity as a rapist, if I just went around skipping the brutal beating and jumping straight to the rape you might as well call me a Regular Ape. Look, just shut up, you signed the...how about I knock you out for this? Does that work?

Good. Right, then...

-~That Marvelous Ape (@sexyfacts4u)

7.20 Dark Knight Oddities

Saturday, Jul 19, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



Tragedy struck earlier this year when a laser-guided karma missile veered off course, missing Mary-Kate Olsen's New York apartment by mere feet and taking the life of Heath Ledger, who had by all accounts been a terrific guy that never inflicted pain upon another soul through the release of direct-to-DVD movies about ponies and fashion.

As the news of Ledger's death spread, most people felt pretty bummed out that a nice young guy with a lot of talent had lost his life. A few dozen jerks took a break from their full time jobs of dying bitter and alone to proclaim that this was their kind and just God's way of punishing the actor for his role in *Brokeback Mountain*. Most disturbing of all, however, were the neckbeards whose immediate concern was the effect that Ledger's death would have on the production of *The Dark Knight*.

Their nasally-voiced concerns were quelled by an announcement that Ledger had already completed his work as the Joker in principal photography, and that the tragedy would have no impact on post-production. After catching an early screening of the film, however, I think that actor's death presented more problems than the studio let on.

Don't get me wrong, *The Dark Knight* is fantastic. For two hours it had me enthralled, temporarily forgetting the *Mamma Mia!* mania that had captivated my soul and the imaginations of audiences worldwide. The moving tale of a young woman's Abba-themed wedding and the three men that simultaneously pumped her carefree and independant mother full of semen regained control of my life when *The Dark Knight*'s end credits rolled, of course, but providing a momentary distraction from such a cultural phenomenon is quite an achievement.

That said, there were a few details in the movie that seemed... peculiar. It's entirely possible that these were simply artistic decisions that had been planned from the beginning, but the cynic in me wonders if they were last-minute fixes for scenes that Heath Ledger had not been able to film.

After the Joker delivers his first line of dialogue, he relaxes while someone off-camera says, "Great audition, perfect! This screen test is pretty much just a formality."

On several occasions, Brandon Lee's stunt double stands in as The Joker, wearing the same costume and makeup that he wore in The Crow.

During one of the Joker's lenghier monologues, the frame clearly pauses (note the screen's jumpiness and a pause icon in the top right corner) as Heath Ledger's voice is replaced mid-sentence by Morgan Freeman's impersonation of the Joker.

Every shot of the Joker concludes in slow motion with a fade to black and somber violin music.

At one point, Commissioner Gordon runs into his office and snatches up the red phone on his desk. "Batman," he gasps, "the Joker has taken over a Gotham Transit zeppelin and is heading straight toward Wayne Tower! Hurry!"

Dramatic music swells as an establishing shot from the steet level pans up toward a zeppelin weaving through Gotham's skyscrapers. A cloud of bodies and dollar bills spill out from the aircraft, raining down on the city below. The camera begins to ascend, getting closer and closer to the blimp.

Commissioner Gordon, now wearing a different jacket and absently pulling at the corner of a longer mustache, picks up the red phone again. "Never mind that Joker situation, we just got a call that someone's bicycle got stolen. Hurry!"

Christian Bale is visibly ashamed in one profile shot as he converses face-to-face with the Joker, who suddenly resembles director Christopher Nolan's hand with a coat of white paint topped off by a tiny green wig.

At one point, the Joker is being treated at the Arkham Asylum. His doctor explains that part of his neurosis comes from sleep depravation, and that he has something that will help. Just as the doctor produces a bottle of pills from his coat pocket and begins to hand them over, the scene abruptly ends.

During a daring bank robbery, the Joker morphs into a CGI werewolf and fights a dragon.

The entire second act of the film consists of Batman finding notes left by the Joker telling the hero to meet him at various locations, followed by Batman showing up and realizing he's been stood up.

The Joker's theme music, originally reported to be a swelling and eclectic Danny Elfman tune, is "Time Of Your Life" by Green Day.

The film's climactic battle sequence between Batman and the Joker is just a loop of Batman falling down a flight of stairs that lasts for twelve minutes, occasionally interspersed with a brief clip of the Joker laughing in the jail scene from earlier in the film. This fight ends with an abrupt cut of Batman kicking the Joker over a previously unseen waterfall at a different time of day.

After the Joker cleverly escapes death and establishes his imminent return in the next Batman film, a claymation model of the villain steps into a bear trap and screams for several minutes as it bleeds to death.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.21 Things to Scream at People From Your Car

Sunday, Jul 20, 2008 by Derek

What up dudes? Derek here. And if you ask anyone what I love most (except James, haha you big prick) they'll tell you it's driving. Most days you can find me cruisin' the streets in my Dodge Neon SRT 4. The one with a decal of the spiky haired guy from The Far Side or some shit peeing on the words "gas prices." Yeah. That'd be me. Most people say I'm opinionated.

That's me after some Miller Chills. No biggie.

Some times I'm on my way to my girl Ashleigh's house to watch The Wedding Crashers for the millionth time (it makes you laugh and cry man) but most times I just like to cruise and chill and hope that we stick it out in Iraq cause who doesn't like to spend a lazy Sunday burning through an entire tank of gas on the highway or by letting your car idle with the A/C on in the Applebee's parking lot? I can't be the only guy who likes his car to be at least 50 degrees inside after he's chowed down on a Brewtus Steak Burger.

But recently what I've noticed is this: some people don't drive when they need to get to somewhere. And this makes me angry guys. Why should some dumb asshole get to travel for free when the rest of us are paying more than 4 bucks a gallon? Where I come from, that's called stealing. But just like Dog the Bounty Hunter, I've made it my mission to uphold the values this country was founded under.~And you can too. You may think "I'm not racist enough and not even close to Hawaii" but neither am I. All it takes is a simple scream to set things right in the world again. It's easier than James' mom (j/k we're cool)!

Cyclists

Don't tell me this doesn't piss you the hell off.

What to scream: FAGGOT!

Whew boy. Nothing gets me madder than some dick on a bike. Especially when the helmet-wearing fruitcake thinks he has the right of way even when I'm at a red light. You know how much I pay for this car a month? 600 bones, and there's insurance too but my mom takes care of that so I don't know how much it is. Anyway I could buy ten of your little sissy bikes with that money with enough left over to buy a cheap beer and throw it in your face for pissing me off. Seriously guys I can't explain the animal rage that flows through my body when I see a bike cross in front of me. Yeah it's bad enough that I'm already stopped, but when someone not in a car is allowed to go on his faggy way I just want to drive home and punch my sister in the face. Maybe it gives me time to switch Blu-rays in my car but I can do that when I'm changing lanes!

If this bike thing catches on maybe people will think cars are a bad idea and that's something I'm not willing to risk because what are we, China!? Get in a car, faggots. And get out of my way.

People Running Errands

Um, yeah. I don't even have to tell you what's going on here.

What to scream: FAGGOT!

Yikes. You know what I do when I can't get a parking spot at least six spaces away from the door of the Wal-Mart down the street? I drive to the other Wal-Mart across town. Because I'll be damned if I'm gonna walk my ass off just to pick up another box of those frozen chocolate chip pancakes on a stick. So what do I do when I see some jerkoff hauling a bag of groceries across town? Yeah. That's right. And don't think I'd be happier if this douche bag was taking a bus because that's just as bad (seriously keep those buses away from my neighborhood). It's like they're all "I have no problem walking to get somewhere" but guess what. I do. And I'm gunning it before that little walking man symbol makes me five seconds later to trivia night at BW3. But not before I call them a faggot first.

Children on Sidewalks

What to scream: FAGGOT!

Yep. Guess it's genetic after all.

Back in the day when I was a kid, I didn't have to walk anywhere. Even on Halloween my dad would take us door-to-door in his Charger and lay on the horn so we wouldn't have to say that faggy trick or treat bullshit. And when I walked my dog Scarface (his face is okay and that's just a name) back when I first learned how to drive I got an extra long leash so I could sit in the car and Scarface could run alongside me as I coasted up and down the hills of the neighborhood. Man I miss that dog. So what are children going to learn about why driving is so important unless I call them faggots? Nothing that's what. Sometimes I feel bad for the parents about having such faggy kids that they won't even ask for a ride to the ice cream truck. I even told Ashleigh that when we have a kid (chill out, not until I get my sports medicine degree) and it's a fag I'm leaving her. No bones about it. I'll make sure everyone knows, too. Love ya babe.

Joggers

Damn. He's just asking for it.

What to scream: FAGGOT!

"Hey look at me! I'm a big queer who can't afford a gym membership. Let me crowd up your sidewalks with my gayness!" This is not what I say but what joggers say. People ask me why I get mad when there's people on the sidewalks and I tell them this: sidewalks aren't for people to walk on, they're to protect your car from hitting buildings if you go offroad. And let me tell you that sidewalks have saved my ass plenty of times, especially when I try to drift (shut up James). So why should crushing some sweaty asshole give you a charge of vehicular manslaughter when you're just using sidewalks the right way? Ask my brother, Tyler. You know how much he paid for a lawyer? 750 bucks! Let me tell you my dad was not happy when he had to fork that over. And now some dicks keep putting gay flowers and shit on where it happened. I'd turn them in for littering if I wasn't such a nice guy.

Male Homosexual Couples

This must be from a movie or something.

What to scream: ???

Seriously guys. I don't think I've ever seen this.

I mean I watched a lot of Frasier so I guess they must walk around a lot but I don't know

Boy that dog on there sure was funny.

Time to do some more street research. Derek out.

-∼Derek

7.22 Raymondo's Summertime Pets 4 U (Chess, They are Beautiful)

Monday, Jul 21, 2008 by Raymondo (@sexyfacts4u)

Chello, it's me again! It's me, everyones! My name is ***Raymondo***. Remember me? Chess you do, I am the man who has so many beautiful babies he puts up for hadoption. These are unusual pets for unusual people and now I am back. Hooray! I bring you summertime pets, with which you can beat up the heat.

Pull up a cool lemon drink with ice, put on your sun visors, and get ready for some huggable pets. They feel honly love for you. They are tender and succulent. Hadopt them. Come on. Hadopt them.

~Chloe~

Chloe comes to me from the storm sewer by my friend Arturo's house. She is so prissy. She likes a blanket to roll around on and a nice big pool. She loves to play with a ball and to splash around and I know she is laughing. If I have to use one word to describe Chloe it is: bold. She is always looking for a good time and can get mixed up into trouble. But unless you get a finger too close to her mouth when she excited it is a fun trouble, not a bad sort of thing.

Hadopt Chloe and it will be fun times at all times. She is a prissy girl who likes the good life, so give it to her. Make her happy. Do not flirt with the phone, just pick it up and call now.

CALL **888-UHADOPT** NOW FOR CHLOE!

~Hamlet~

Heyyyyy! Hamlet is back. Chess, everybody's favorite baby is back. Hamlet came from a rusty barrel in a river, just floppin' around in the mud like a sassy hwone. He has all sort of fun and mischief and he loves a chip and Smarties candy. His two sisters Ophelia and Jenna Jameson died tragically, mysteriously maybe eaten by Hamlet who is biggest, but Hamlet is still alive and well and ready for hadoption.

There is a hupdate on Hamlet. He is still here for hadoption, but he was hadopted once in between this time and last time. Hamlet does not get along with birds. He HATES a bird fearsomely. So if you are a bird owner and you have a bird you love maybe not Hamlet this time just yet. Especially if you really like your bird or your bird is very slow.

The chirps, they just, I don't know, they make him so very, very, very mad. Like a little steam kettle. You can see it in his eye. If you don't have a bird or your bird is quick and never sleeps then Hamlet is the right baby friend for you. Hadopt him now or regret not hadopting him later.

CALL **888-UHADOPT** NOW FOR HAMLET!

~Gregory XI~

Named him after my fourth favorite Pope. He is a shy guy who likes to live in dirty or mud. He make a little hole and go inside. He is not very fast, but just fast enough. He has a little thing on his face that looks like a silly pair of glasses. You want to kiss it but don't kiss it because he is very sensitive there and it is right by his sharp teeth.

Gregory has some very sharp claws, but don't be afraid. He moves them very slow and I think they are mostly for digging all the silly old holes Gregory likes to dig. Gregory eats baby mice but you have to chew them up and put that on your tongue and stick your tongue in his hole and hope he takes a gentle bite. Sometimes he gets a little too fierce and maybe bites too much, so trick a friend to feed him. Ha ha!

No, for professional animal lovers only. No joke.

CALL **888-UHADOPT** NOW FOR GREGORY XI!

~Bark Hobama~

I hope nobody minds things getting a little politicable. It's Bark Hobama! Just a little joke, no hoffense, friends. I am sure the man is very nice. I hadmit, the joke would work better if Bark Hoboma was a dog, but he is just as good and sweet and loyal.

Bark Hobama is a bird creature of some sort who came down from a cliff near my ranch. He has a very long beak that is sharp in places and he loves to eat all kinds of silly stuff. He loves to take things out of a pocket and eat them. He has a special pouch in his beak that digests anything, even a cellular telephone and metal car keys.

What a fun marvel! What a good friend! Bark Hobama has so much love to give you on your mouth if you hadopt him right away. He likes to bite fingers, but this is good because you can feed him hot dogs. I took a glove and cut hoff hall the fingers and put hot dogs through the holes and then I hold this at the end of my sleeve and Bark Hobama swoops down and has a snack and we both laugh so very hard.

Please call and say you can give Bark Hobama the home he needs. Yes you can!

CALL **888-UHADOPT** NOW FOR BARK HOBAMA!

Hokay! I always like to end a hadoption letter with hwone very very special friend. Today it is the specialist of friends. His name is Lyle and he is so special you cannot believe him. Look at this handsome face:

~Lyle~

What a sweet little cute baby!! I have never seen such a hwone as Lyle. He is soft and gentle and such a friend. Lyle was given to me by a relative who died. She died giving birth and word from a real life doctor is that she gave birth to Lyle. What is it? Who is it? Is it a person? An ALF?

These questions you must ask Lyle yourself. He is young, so no answers yet, but another doctor I ask on the telephone says a baby does not usually talk yet, so what a while. Why not hadopt Lyle right away and learn the answers first before anyone else. He likes to drink sweet milk from a woman's teet and he will eat applesauce but he likes to spit it back out.

He simply will not wear a diaper, but if you put him in a pail full to the brim with cotton balls this is hacceptable for him. His little hands are everywhere and especially on male testicles, so look out and do not handle Lyle on your laps when you are naked.

I think you will hadmit, if you take Lyle home he is a perfect gentleman and a great ALF to have at the house. Why not call...

CALL **888-UHADOPT** NOW FOR LYLE!

-~Raymondo (@sexyfacts4u)

7.23 Subj: IT IS POSSIBLE THAT I AM INVINCIBLE

Tuesday, Jul 22, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

There is nothing a little bit of sleep and food cant cure when it comes to me!! Feeling fine the prescription was plenty of rest and plenty of food so every day i have 4 lean cuisines and 6 hours of shut eye. Nothing can harm me I'm an invincible man. now my car smells like a dog lives here but i don't have a dog

I get a lot of sleep now. Last night Parked underneath a very pretty tree but when I woke up this morning it looked like the birds held a bathroom party on my windshield and hood. Sometimes these birds make me so mad that I wish they were the humans and we were the birds and we could show them how much they make us mad. If I were a bird i would not want to have the bird cloaca I would like to have the regular human family jewels hanging out. i would not only dook on their cars but also swoop down really low with my Tomatoes hanging down and fly real low so i could slide them up the windshield of some cars leaving a large oily streak

Before I forget, I have begun writing my novel to let the creative juices out. It is about a small town who, through a computer voting glitch, elects a horse to be the mayor of their town. Things go along fine for a while until scandal rocks the town when it is discovered that the horse has begun going through horse puberty. (Hair was growing in places and it was getting Arousals at the sight of girl horses) The town begins to protest and the horse / horsemayor gets enough criticism and decides to take matters into his own hands and in an act of desperation decides to run at full speed over large boulders, banging them into his turgid body part trying to make it go down. I imagine the horses voice to sound like James Earl Jones but i dont say that in the book

Something that comes to mind is the time you kids got angry at me for buying you all a bunch of vhs tape rewinders for christmas and that was all you got The next year to get your revenge you guys just bought me a whole bunch of watch batteries which I felt were going to be useful until your cat got into them and ate a bunch and then got sick. Your bad gift hurt your own cat and not me. Another way I was invincible. Did that cat die or is that the one you still have that went blind and shrieks and groans loudly 24 hours a day??

Also take into account how this morning I didn't notice that I was eating a nest of fruit flies until the tiny little raisins box was 3/4 of the way gone. I don't know my own strength I am like a huge beagle wrecking a delicate house of cards in all my dealings. Could you imagine if you were to go outside and discover a guy poundiing on your car? it happened to me once last fall i was redoing the finish on my dining room table at the time when i heard "argh!!! yeah!!! agh!!!!" the sounds of a dude pounding on my car. well i got up went to the window and my jaw dropped and my cig fell out so i ran outside and said "snikt" it was dark out so he didn't see that i didnt actually have

wolverine claws but he didn't put up much of a fight lets just say i fought better kids back in high school (I once got in trouble for trespassing at a high school [LOOKIN FOR CANS]) And while i am asking questions what the heck is LGBT?? Legbat???

The horse mayor is turning out to be a tragic figure who doesnt know the power he has both figuratively and literally. Right now the story ends when he dies from blood loss but I am going to workshop his character some more.

Q: what did the skeleton buy with his economic stimulus check?

A: a big scream tv!!!!!!!!

That was on the cb radio, gave me a chuckle. Then some guys came on and cussed at that guy so I turned it off... but let me tell you a secret. I was him... I was that guy who said it. Surprised? You Should Be. I'm not stoppable!!!

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

7.24 BiGDOG's DOG BLOG

Wednesday, Jul 23, 2008 by BiGDOG (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

General Update
Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 5:12 PM

Hey, hey chumps!

BiGDOG here to drop some more knowledge on you.

BiGDOG on the left, Barkwire on the right. Care to place your bets?

As some of you know, I had a falling out with the assholes running BarkWire.com (aka PussyWire.com) recently. Those guys can't handle the slightest bit of criticism it seems. This puts them on the same level as Dogcharts.com, K9konnect.com, and thedogspot.net. In other words: this puts them on top of BiGDOG's shit list!

Don't worry your pretty little heads, because it's only a matter of time before a massive outcry of public support forces the jerks at BarkWire to let the BiGDOG back in! I'm pretty much the cornerstone of their lil' rinky-dink community anyway. Without me, nobody would know a dog like Vermin from a dog like Mighty Saratoga. **Filed under: bullshit, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.**

Now that's more like it!

BiGDOG at the Movies
Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 3:47 PM.

BiGDOG just saw THE DARK KNIGHT in theaters. Gotta say, wasn't impressed. Batman fights a bunch of dogs, but they weren't anything exceptional. Most of the time the dogs get the better of him. So much for Batman being the ultimate badass. Would have loved to see THE DARK KNIGHT go up against a Bernese Mountain Dog or a St. Bernard. Now that would have made for a damn good fight! Guess they might be saving that for a sequel. Wouldn't blame 'em.

I will give them credit for casting a dog in a leading role. Too bad she was the love interest! Heh, just tellin' it like it is.

In short, wait for this one to come out on HD-DVD.

Filed under: movies, dogs in film, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

Worst Dog of the Week
Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 2:05 PM.

Ran into a dog named Fastidious the other day. Let's just say BiGDOG has seen chew toys with more personality. His owner thought it would be a good idea to dress him in a little sweater. I laughed my ass off at that sorry mutt and his silly little outfit. His owner got upset, so I just flipped him the bird and kept on laughing. If you're going to take a joke of a dog like that out in public, then you gotta deal with ridicule. Freedom of speech, assholes. Look it up in the dictionary.

Anyways, Fastidious gets BiGDOG'S Golden Stinker Award. Congrats, you furry mess!
Filed under: doggone it, worst dogs, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

Top Dog of the Week Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 2:17 PM.

Panzer.

As if I'm ever going to pick another dog. BiGDOG loves a winner, and in my mind, Panzer will always be *the* winner. If you've read my reviews on any of the "reputable" dog sites (like there are any left, 'side from this one, of course), you'll know why I'm always giving props to this A+ K9.

You show me a dog better than Panzer, and I'll show you how goddamn wrong you are.
Filed under: top dogs, panzer, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

Weekly Spottings Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 1:26 PM.

As I was just telling my buddy RexMan_15 in alt.pets.dogs.bigdogs, this week has been quite industrious for the Ol' BiGDOG. Here's a brief rundown of my more notable sightings this week:

- **Barge**: Nothing worse than seeing a dog that looks like he's carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders.
- **Saunter**: Looking fine, looking fine! BiGDOG gives major kudos to her owner for keeping her coat shiny and her weight in check. Always great to see a dog in love with life.
- **Vanguard**: Top notch dog all around. Saw this fine specimen with a big stick in his mouth near Lake Davies. Gave him a thumbs up, then went back to laughing at...
- **Fulcrum**: What a dog. Took me about five minutes to figure out which end was the head. Looks like somebody cut two dogs and half and stitched 'em together. Had to laugh, but points for creativity.
- **Bucephelus**: Wasn't expecting to see him around. With Vermin dead, he's pretty much fallen in line with El Cráneo Negro, though I can see in his eyes he ain't happy about it. Of all the dogs following Vermin, he seems like the one with the most regrets. Hell, he and Rusty used to hang together when they were pups.
- **Fiasco**: A bit worse for the wear. Guess his recent breakup with Siren has really done a number on him. Looked like he's been sleeping in a bog for the last month. BiGDOG knows the feeling.

- **Danger**: I hardly ever see this guy. It's a miracle he hasn't gotten himself involved in all the recent troubles in town. Mark my words: when all the dust settles and all these warring dog packs wipe each other out, dogs like Danger are going to be running the show. Good or bad, you gotta respect a dog that knows when to wait for his time.
- **Homestead**: Ran into this suck-up while walking around downtown. She's always been heavy on the affection, trying to butter me up. Looks like she's only gotten worse. Pretty sure I heard from my buddy WolfFang in #barklounge that she's been turned out by Tetanus. I almost feel sorry for her.
- **Auspice**: Saw this fallen hero barking at a garbage can and scratching his snout fiercely. Somebody ought to put him out of his misery. He looks half eaten and crazy as all hell.

That about wraps it up for the big names. I saw a few new faces, too. BiGDOG will keep his eyes peeled and let you know if they are worth checking out down the road.
Filed under: dogspottings, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

-~BiGDOG (@Livestock)

7.25 Get On the Internet and Get A Job, You Lazy Bum!

Thursday, Jul 24, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Ah, the good ol' days. We met job recruiters in sterile office settings and even shook hands with women.

Back in the olden days, if you were looking for a new job you'd find a company that does business in a field you were passionate about, like debt collection or blimp repair. You'd head over to the company's headquarters, which were real and actually existed in time and space, and submit a resume. If you looked half as good as your resume claimed you were you'd be called in for an interview.

You'd sit there face to face with a human being who detests you and tries to find reasons not to hire your desperate ass. After the brief interview, a criminal background check and a loyalty oath, you'd have a shiny new job and all the bullshit that comes with it.

Well, I'm here to say that nothing has changed and I can stop writing this article and go back to watching the three good episodes of The Critic on DVD over and over again.

I wish.

What happened is that companies started putting job postings on the Internet. Pyramid schemes, multi level marketing scams, technical support positions, sites like CareerBuilder and HotJobs have it all.

I went into one Internet job thinking I was going to assist in some marketing or some other nonsense and they ended up telling me to trespass into this office building and try to sell everyone Major League Baseball tickets. I ran for the hills.

Well, that's like marketing, but not exactly what I was looking for.

But it wasn't enough to send your awful resume which contained roughly six different fonts and was in full-color to a bunch of companies over the Internet and seeing what sticks. Now the passive applicant can fill out brief questionnaires and watch the job offers come rolling in, resulting in 67% less clicking for the average job seeker, with the Internet startup Jobfox!

Where the hell do these generic pictures come from? These people look pretty damn scary, like they are about to sue me out of my land or something.

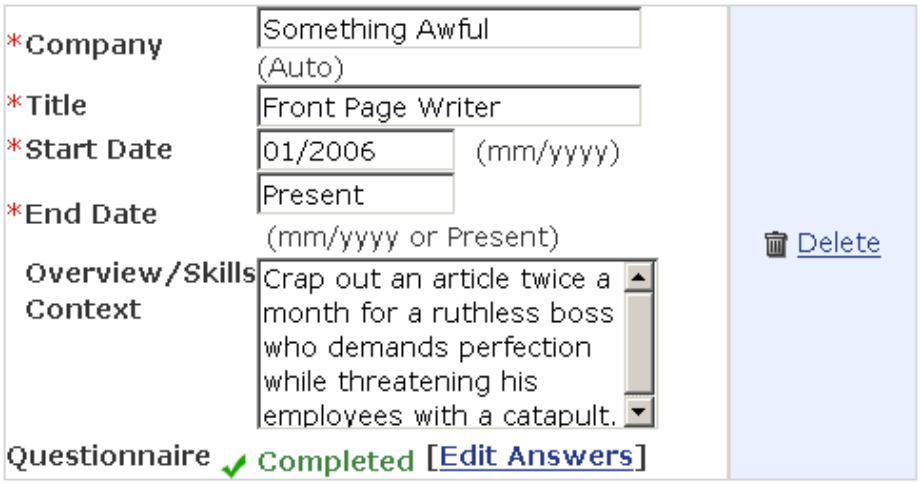
> Jobfox is the inspiration of Rob McGovern, one of the nation's foremost career experts.
>
> We've built a revolutionary new job fit engine that's smart as a fox: it knows how to match people and jobs on The 10 Dimensions of a Good Job Fit (sm).

The gist of it is that the site asks you a bunch of questions about your job experience and education and spits out a bunch of "matches" for you. Companies are then supposed to contact you and tell you that it's a match made in heaven and all your dreams have come true.

This eHarmony-like approach to job hunting concerns me. Filling out surveys and taking questionnaires for something as unimportant as finding your soul mate is one thing, but we're talking about people's careers here. You expect people to put their lives in the hands of a fox? The fox is the most untrustworthy critter of them all!

In the interest of fairness and to make a mockery of everything these good people have created and worked for, I decided to give Jobfox a try. According to their privacy policy, users are recommended to use a pseudonym because of privacy concerns. The one I decided to use was "Hassan Mikal".

First, I had to enter some employment info.



Then they ask you a series of questions about your experiences at your job. Well, many readers do say my articles are like death to them...

Then you put in your education.

Edit Education

* Degree

Bachelors Degree

* Field of Study/Major

Video Game Design (Auto)

* Place of study

Westwood College Online (Auto)

Enter the full name of your degree, as it appears on your diploma/certificate:

Appearing Excited About Designing Games in Commercials Studies

Optional- Describe any relevant information about your experience. For example, Awards and special projects.

* Tightened up the graphics on levels 1, 3, and 7.
* Loosened up the graphics on level 4.
* Led a committee to keep the graphics on levels 2 and 6 the same tightness.
* Had nothing to do with level 5.

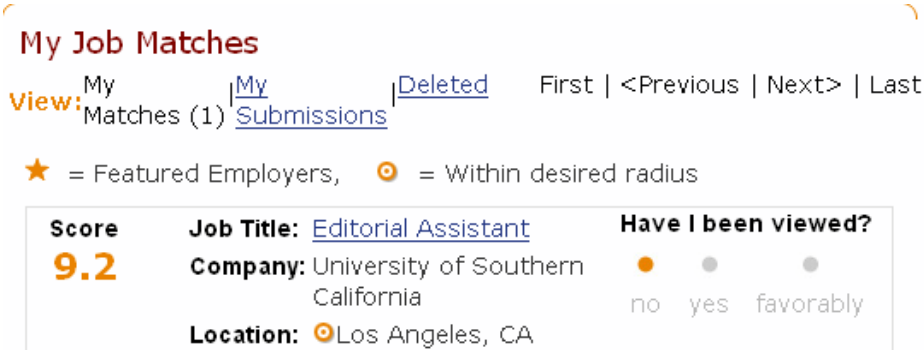
save delete cancel

You can also specify some things you'd like out of your Internet-delivered job. Now this is some Web 6.0 shit right here!

My Dream Job Delivers...

• 401k matching • advancement opportunities • career change • c-level position • collaborative environment • corner office • eco-friendly company • flexible schedule • free Starbucks coffee • higher salary • international travel • leadership I respect and admire • management/leadership opportunities • mentorship program • more recognition • onsite/paid childcare • paid gym membership • performance bonuses • sense of accomplishment • shorter commute • stock options • training • tuition reimbursement • unstructured environment • work/life balance •

Oh my God! A match! Bless the Lord, my days of eating Ramen noodles and beating off to guro tentacle rape porn on 4chan are over! My only question, is that a regular 9.2 or an IGN 9.2? There's a huge difference.



They even offer a pie chart to help you understand your score. Imagine if I actually had the education USC was looking for. That would surely send my job match to 11!

As my job matches came rolling in I fell into the fetal position, started rocking back and forth, and muttered to myself, "It's all gonna be okay now... it's gonna be okay..."

Is this really the future of job hunting? We do enough sitting on our asses. Going out and trying to find a job is the last bit of exercise we Americans actually get.

Hard times call for desperate measures. The economy is so bad that I've resorted to working at a non-profit organization and competing for food scraps at the group's monthly benefit dinners with the other receptionists.

But I'd never use a web site's matching algorithm to dictate where my career is headed. I already know where it's headed, the dumpster. Besides, how long until Jobfox is spammed by the same MLM scams and phony jobs that plague CareerBuilder and similar sites?

Maybe I'm wrong here. Maybe eHarmony-type job matching sites are the wave of the future. Then crap, I need to go back to school so I can get some better matches. If a 9.2 is the job of my dreams, imagine how much more dreamy a 9.3 job would be. One day, I'll catch that elusive 10.

I mean, how the hell am I going to know where I want to work if a web site doesn't tell me?

-~Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

7.26 Google Future - The Oil Apocalypse

Friday, Jul 25, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Google News+ Oil Apocalypse Search News Search the Web
Search and browse news sources from up to 75 years into the future.

Future news search New! | Advanced news search | Blog search

U.S.

Adult Slave Girl Shopper

Gas Prices Soar to Three Slave Girls Per Gallon
CNN - July 26th, 2014
BY VERTIGO HATELORD

The national average for a price of a gallon of gasoline rose Tuesday from two slave girls and a live pig to three slave girls. Some analysts predict that we may be only weeks away from four slave girl a gallon gas. In some areas prices have already reached three slave girls and a box of shotgun shells.

"I don't know how many families I've had to turn away because their daughters were just too young or ugly," explained one Petro Warlord who wished to remain anonymous but had sharpened teeth. "It's a shame the crazed tribes of cannibals just outside the walls will probably get them, but you've got to have standards. Coincidentally, my 'no fatties' policy seems to work perfectly for the cannibals."

9.5 Quake Rocks Ruins That Used to Be Los Angeles
MSNBC
Skull Gulch Workers Complain of Long Commute, Crucifixions Lord Drudge
Slave Fancy - The Harem Crier - Nugenttown Today
all 2,433 news articles

Metal Bird Enthusiast and Worshipper

Delta to Discontinue Metal Bird Service to Smoldering Craters
AP - July 26th, 2014
BY SHE WITH CAR AND GUN

Delta, keepers of the metal birds, have announced that they will be discontinuing all conjurations of the great sky beasts to areas that have been hurt by the bright fires.

Speaking on condition of anonymity, one Ur-Shaman intoned ominously, "We've had to adjust to the changing times, but it's really hard to fuel a 747 with human teeth."

Newest Death Race to Feature More Death, Less Race SI.com
Airline May Require Super Mutants to Buy Five Tickets AP
Guns & Ammo & Car & Driver - Yurt - Loud Flying Beasts
all 609 news articles

Killing Cars and Burning Corpses

General Motors Announces Plans to Consider Hybrid Automobile
Junktown Word Papers - July 29th, 2014
By BULLET AVALANCHE

Facing a 6,457th consecutive quarter of declining sales, General Motors announced plans to possibly, under certain circumstances, consider developing a fuel-efficient hybrid automobile.

"We acknowledge the exorbitant cost of fuel," said GM spokesman Kyle Gutcarver. "That is why we have been taking steps to remove needlessly heavy metal spikes and chrome skulls from our vehicles. This is just a further refinement of that same commitment to fuel efficiency."

Until the new car has been thought up, GM is advising frugal car shoppers to consider the 2014 Camaro, which uses fewer than 30% lead parts.

Toyota Car Runs on Water, Plutonium Criticality Escape From NY Times
Signal Second: New Highway Etiquette for Coaxial Harpoon Guns UPI
Road & Ditch - Mad Maximum - Auto Traitor
all 824 news articles

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Search and browse news sources from up to 75 years into the future.

Future news search New! | Advanced news search | Blog search

U.S.

Refugee Skull Search

Alternative Fuel Craze Called "Running" Sweeps Refugees
CNN - July 30th, 2014
BY Corpse-Eater Crowley

Driving. Convoying. Rape-training. Whatever you call it, America loves its gas-burning vehicles. But these days, with so much pain and murder at the pump, some motorists are abandoning their cars and turning to an alternative fuel source called "running."

"We ran out of gas," said one refugee we talked to. "What else could we do? They had swords welded to the sides of their car. We ran."

"Running" is a lot like walking, but faster, and with yelling and screaming. One expert explained that it works best when you are about to be chopped in half by hubcap knives or caught in a net and sold at a slave auction for jerry cans of water.

Study: Human Skeleton on Hood Decreases Theft Risk AP
Handling Rocket Attacks Without Ruining Your Ride Nugenttown Today
'FUCK' Written on a Tank - The Pillaging Gourmet - World Looter
all 906 news articles

Burning Buildings and Smoldering Corpse Piles

New High-Efficiency Homes to Be Heated By Burning Homes
MSNBC - July 31st, 2014
By Thing What Wears Chuck Todd's Face Skin

One entrepreneur in the Pitiless Wastes has developed a new method of home construction that just might get you through the next cold winter. Isaac the Retch says his new homes are a boon to the energy-conscious and the penny-pincher.

"No more coal and wood," he spit from his oozing toothless maw. "Just punch a hole in the wall and fill it up with newspapers and bookses! Then light it up! FWOOM! Warmmmmmssss!"

It works like this: you insulate your house with inflammable material, then you light the material. Then your house burns with you in it, thus keeping you warm.

Bloodking Issues $1 Billion Bottlecap to Fight Inflation Financial Endtimes
11 Rattlesnake and Dog Recipes For Your Next Party Noface Stewart's Dying
Bloody Homes and Graveyards - Burning House Finder - CityDeath
all 7,564 news articles

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.27 Clash Of The Made-For-TV Movies

Saturday, Jul 26, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The major television networks are locked in an eternal battle, producing sitcoms, reality shows and medical/crime dramas to match up against nearly identical programs with varying levels of sass on other networks. The battlefield shifts in favor of one side or another on a nightly basis, but no one ever comes close to total victory or defeat. For fans of conflict and good analogies, it's underwhelming.

Thankfully, a full scale nuclear holocaust has broken out on cable. Desperate to get their hands on advertising dollars from get-rich-quick real estate schemes and adult hotlines, USA and Sci-Fi have been pitting their very best original movies against one another late at night.

If you're reading this website, it's pretty safe to assume that you don't have a job to report to on weekday mornings or a significant other to lure you away from the television. Why not take a look at this week's programming and take part in the atrocities before they're over?

Monday, July 28th - 1:00 A.M.

USA	Sci-Fi
Killflash	**Dragon Conflict: Mars Zone**
Summary: When a CIA operative (Steven Seagal) goes rogue to find his partner's murderers, he stumbles across a terrorist plot to derail into the White House, then detonate a nuclear bomb.	*Summary:* It's 2098. Our first off-world colony has been established on Mars. We think we're alone... until the dragons attack!
Highlight: Dressed in black, Steven Seagal stands still as a procession of terrorists kick and punch at his upraised forearms until he counterattacks with a lazy karate chop.	*Highlight:* The main characters (a chauvinist hotshot, an attractive woman, and a heroic nerd) wander around aimlessly as a red-tinted monster cam teases a dragon attack that doesn't come until the last five minutes of the movie. When said attack finally happens, it's just a cgi dragon that lunges at the camera followed by a shot of someone falling down.

VERSUS

Tuesday, July 29th - 11:30 P.M.

USA	Sci-Fi

Dead Cold

Summary: When a Canadian mountie (Steven Seagal) goes rogue to find a gang of caribou rustlers, he stumbles across a terrorist plot to kill his partner.

Highlight: Dressed in black mountie gear, Steven Seagal lumbers toward a group of uzi-wielding terrorists who forget to shoot at him, then pushes them down on the ground one by one.

VERSUS

Gorgonzola Meltdown

Summary: A group of U.S. border patrol agents are in for more than they bargained for when Mexicans begin to rise from the dead and shamble toward America, hungering for our brains and jobs.

Highlight: Dennis Hopper's cameo as a palm reader who tells a zombie customer, "According to this line, you died two weeks ag-AAAAAH!"

Wednesday, July 30th - 2:30 A.M.

USA	Sci-Fi

Attack Force

Summary: When a strike force commander (Steven Seagal) loses his entire squad to a seemingly random attack, he stumbles on a curb and falls down.

Highlight: Dressed in black, Steven Seagal sits in a shadowy car and stares straight ahead for half the film while other people advance the plot.

VERSUS

Heatstroke

Summary: She's an ex-model. He's an elite commando. They're going to solve global warming - by stopping the aliens who are causing it!

Highlight: The explanation of the aliens' master plan, lifted word-for-word from *The Arrival* but spoken by a robotic dog.

Thursday, July 31st - 1:00 A.M.

USA	Sci-Fi

Justice Mercenary

Summary: When a cop who plays by his own rules (Steven Seagal) discovers that his partner has committed suicide, he embarks on a journey to kill every ghost in the world.

Highlight: Dressed in black, Steven Seagal punches and kicks the ghost of Anne Frank as an abandoned factory explodes around them.

VERSUS

Tremors 5: Spaceshock

Summary: Just when the residents of Perfection, Nevada think it's safe to walk on surfaces other than solid rock, a Graboid from the past burrows a time-space wormhole under their town, creating an interdimensional gateway for Graboids from other time periods and universes to invade the present.

Highlight: Michael J. Fox stepping through the wormhole in his classic *Back To The Future* outfit, lifting his shades and immediately being eaten by a Graboid.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.28 The Wolf Returns to Assault Your Questions

Sunday, Jul 27, 2008 by Wolf (@iggolding)

Ahhhh-Wooooo. Wolf here. And I got more questions that I've stripped down, tied up, and left in my attic for a few weeks until they escape and contact local authorities while I'm at Giant Eagle buying egg salad. Kidding, I would never do that. There is no way anything is escaping from my attic, that shit is locked up tiiiiight. Anyway, let's get started. Oh and if you have any questions or if you've seen two Haitian teens, you can email that wuss Salmon Season and he'll pass the info to me.

Ive never done a girl in the butt before cause that kinda thing doesnt interest me, but i am also curious as to why guys like to do girls in the ass? i just dont get it. pls shed some light.
-Rainier

After Poison released their album "Native Tongue," I had to wait like seven years until their next release and in that time I found some other decent shit. I got an LL Cool J cassette that I still jam to every once in awhile. A lot of press during that time talked about a new wave of music called indie. I didn't really like it. It seemed poorly rehearsed like the recording was on accident and the people were always complaining about how much everything hurts. So like, anal sex is the indie of sex. Sure it's new and cool and fun to try, but once Poison reformed, I never looked back.

Mr. Wolf What's the point of getting into a relationship?
-Benjamin

I met a lady-boy named Katsuri while stationed in the Philippines. She was hot and she'd let me brush her hair and stuff and she'd wear the clothes I brought her, which was awesome. We met up a few times a week for a few months and I bought her a little ring for her birthday. Anyway, her pimp tried to give it back to me and we got into what the official investigation called an "unwarranted attack on a local," but I think Katsuri was screaming for me to kick his ass during the whole fight. I'm really not sure though since it wasn't in English. Whatever though. I didn't see Katsuri after that. Long story short, I've never been in a relationship, but if I had a special someone with me that night, they could've used the pliers to get that glass lodged behind my ear. That shit hurt.

What's the best sex position?
-Chris

According to Bret Michaels, all of them

Yo The Wolf Guy,I know this guy who's into guys, but that doesn't make him less of a guy. Got any guy-on-guy advice?Also he's not me.
-Straight

What up Strait. Hey man. It's Wolf, not The Wolf Guy. I wouldn't call you "The Straight Guy." No biggie though. Anyway, yeah I know a lot of dudes who like dudes. We call them bros (slang for brothers.) A lot of dudes call me bro too. Hell if you don't have four of five dudes callen you bro, you aren't a man. Bros before Hoes you know??

As for advice, we bros always follow that line we learned in the army; Go Hard or Go Home. Hell yeah. It's really hot out so we're having a cookout in the sun. You gotta take your shirt off so you get a good tan and designate a beer of the month. This month it's Blue Moon. Then after we get sweaty and a good buzz, we put on Poison's greatest hits and just eat meat together. Hope this helps.

my best friend confessed to me just the other day that hes gay -i dont know, i should have noticed earlier cause hes always talking about really strange things- and i dont know if i should hang out with him any more or not... what is your advise?thanx in advance
-Daniel

Daniel? Are you still hanging out with him? I hope this isn't too late, but you should stay away from this loser. That's what he is. A LOSER. How did you not notice earlier? What is the strange stuff he is talking about? It could be terrorist material. Have you contacted FBI? You should. But don't tell the Feds that I sent you. In fact, don't mention me at all.

Wolf. Out.

Feel free to email your own questions.

-~Wolf (@iggolding)

7.29 With Extreme Prejudice

Monday, Jul 28, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

If the Bible has anything to say about the world ending then I'm pretty sure we'll be seeing a lot more of this.

I ***hate*** wasps.

I don't think that makes me special. Given enough time and a confined area a wasp will make monsters of the best of us. Leave Gandhi alone in a Prius with an agitated hornet and even he would be wielding a rolled-up copy of Hustler trying to brutally rupture a wasp between a passenger-side airbag and the thighs of some girl named Haley. Whoa, whoa, whoa there, Gandhi. I leave you in the car for five minutes to return some DVDs and you ruin my copy of Hustler? There's stinger all over this taint.

Wasps are bugs. Giant, ugly, pissed-off bees. They don't make honey and just ceaselessly build half-assed portions of a hive at the right-angles of your house's exterior. Go out and mow the yard and they will pull some Hound of Tindalos shit, all coming at you from under the gutters and the eaves.

It's hard to guess what motivates them. It could be the vibrations of the lawnmower, it could be they don't like to see someone enjoying some lemonade and a book on the deck, or they just might have the same sort of hatred for us that we have for them.

Having been stung twice by wasps in the first week of July I made their extermination something of a personal crusade. Brooms handled most of their nests and after a few clearance missions I learned that a well-aimed blast of the hose directed at their grotesque mockery of a beehive would drown them before they could even come buzzing at you from their hexagonal corridors. Things seemed to be moving along pretty well, but the wasps were still appearing whenever I would go into the backyard.

After about a week I finally managed to locate the last redoubt of the wasps, a sort of hidden bunker located inside an unused plastic shed next to my house. I hesitate to even call it a shed. It's more of a Tupperware closet nestled between my house and the neighbor's. It stores four plastic and bamboo Tiki torches left behind by the previous owners. Oh, and it also stores about a dozen really touchy wasps that don't like it when you open the door and poke your head into their secret lair.

Check out this CAD bullshit that wasps call a house.

Five minutes and one sting to the eyebrow later and I had retired to my office to draw my plans for a final solution to the wasp question. I might have also done a lot of holding a paper towel full of ice cubes to the throbbing pain in my face. Their base of operations in the plastic closet was a problem. Their nest was located above and to the left of the doorway and could not be seen from the outside. It wouldn't be easy to vanquish this last colony. This was war, but I was not alone.

I was in my garage searching for a secret weapon when my Arab neighbor Kafir pulled up on a motorcycle. He was decked out head-to-toe in white leather, with a white scarf hanging around his neck and a white helmet on his head. He looked like something out of a Saudi Arabian techno video.

Kafir and I aren't close, but I consider him a friendly acquaintance. Hardly the sort of person I would expect to ride up on a motorcycle and offer to help with something as daunting as the extermination of wasps.

"Grass a problem?" He asked, noting the weed whacker I had taken up to feel the heft of as a wasp-crushing implement.

"No," I replied. "Grass is fine. It's the wasps."

He shrugged, so I pantomimed a buzzing insect landing on my eyebrow and then stinging me. "Ah," he said, understanding. "The hostile bee! He is a beast!"

"Yeah," I said.

I hung the weed whacker up on its hook and continued my search for some sort of weapon. I fantasized about a morning star made out of lava. Something that would simultaneously crush and burn the wasps almost instantly.

"I help," Kafir said. "The wasp, he not sting through this."

Kafir slapped his leather jacket.

The only thing more horrible than wasps are their horrible babies. Look at them. They're pretty much asking for the hose.

"Too thick!" He exclaimed.

It was true, the wasp's stinger seemed unlikely to penetrate the hard leather of Kafir's ridiculous motorcycle costume. A plan took shape. A plan that resulted in me standing three feet away from the plastic closet with a hose dribbling water onto the lawn.

Kafir edged closer to the door, his helmet's visor down. The idea was that he would slap the door open and I would hit the surface of the door with the hose and deflect the water into the shed at the proper angle to douse the wasp's nest.

In retrospect I should have just burned my house down and collected the insurance. People throw around the phrase "utterly inept" a little too much. They use it to describe bad baseball teams or accounting errors. Utterly inept should be reserved for those almost magical moments when a human being (or two) is so completely bereft of any trace of eptness that nothing but calamity can follow.

I definitely should have burned down the house.

"Ready?" Kafir asked.

I took carefully aim with the spray attachment for the hose. I nodded my readiness. Kafir made his move, lunging forward and slapping the door with his splayed fingers. It slammed open and I squeezed the sprayer in my hand, unleashing a solid stream of liquid death on the wasps. Only the door had hit the side wall of the shed and had bounced closed again.

The stream of water rattled the shed like a drum and the door swung open very slightly. Just a tiny crack really, but it turned out to be more than wide enough to allow something as big as, say, a large bee to come rocketing out through the opening. Okay, it was more like ten giant and enraged bees. And they all made right for Kafir, who began to scream and flail his arms.

"No, no, no!" Kafir shouted. "No, back! Fuck shit! Get back! Ah! Back!"

Sure enough, the wasps that landed on his arms and chest could not pierce his leathers with their

stingers. The interesting thing about motorcycle helmets is that they aren't air tight. For a wasp the size of a lima bean, a sliver of exposed flesh around Kafir's throat must have been like a red carpet. I didn't realize it at the time, but nearly half of the wasps had almost instantly flown either inside the helmet or straight down the front of his motorcycle jacket.
A stream of muffled Arabic expletives and the occasional "fuck shit" emerged from behind Kafir's visor.

The neighbor I had talked to three times in the past was suddenly screaming and flailing his arms. I shot him with the hose almost instinctively as he collapsed in my neighbor's delicate flowerbed and began thrashing around in her pink and white perennials. I sprayed Kafir again with the hose as he struggled to open his visor and get at the wasps that were punishing his face with their insectoid anger.

Unbeknownst to me, the wasps on his body had been successfully dislodged by the hose and all of Kafir's flailing. These turned on their new enemy with the ferocity of tiny beavers with miniature knives tied to their tails. I dropped the hose immediately and began a hysterical dance as the wasps abused my body in ways indescribable in a decent society. How one of the wasps ended up in the leg of my shorts is something I'm not proud of, but for the next two days my groin was decidedly asymmetrical.

Kafir managed to get the best of his wasps first, and he helped me defeat the last of mine by stomping on my chest with a white cowboy boot. A little fun fact on wasps: they can sting multiple times while being crushed beneath the toe of a cowboy boot.

This is my shed, only replace the beach toys with angry wasps and all the plants around the outside with me and Kafir rolling around on the ground.

An hour later, Kafir and I sat defeated on the old couch in my garage. We held a beer to various parts of our body, groaning and whistling as each sting reasserted its domination of our nervous system. Kafir didn't even open his beer. Despite his embrace of American culture, he still doesn't drink.

"We not talk of this again," Kafir advised.

He looked at me with his one good eye, the eyelid of his other eye having swollen to the size of a decorative gourd and become useless.

"Yeah," I agreed. "This never happened."

The next day I did what I should have done from the beginning. I closed the door of the shed, tipped it onto its front, and dragged it, Tiki torches and all, to a retention pond just down the block. The Canada Geese that like to cover our sidewalks in a thick carpet of their excrement scattered as the shed splashed into the murky water. I folded my arms across my chest and watched with satisfaction as the shed began to sink.

Only&it wasn't sinking. Whatever asshole designed the shed apparently made it seaworthy. I had just launched the wasp ark of my suburban subdivision. Going by the buzzing echoing from within the shed the passengers of the vessel seemed agitated.

I did what the situation called for at that point. I whistled nonchalantly and walked as quickly and as innocently as possible back to my house. Surely some sort of animal exists in retention ponds that can eat a shed full of Tiki torches and angry wasps.

What was that thing in *Star Wars* that lived in the garbage disposal? It's got to be based on *something.*

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.30 Bitter Were the Fluids of J.F. Swanton

Tuesday, Jul 29, 2008 by J.F. Swanton (@Arr)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

Following the example of my Lord God, I am wont to tarry upon the Sabbath to survey my works. Throughout my many years in the fur business I have claimed many trophies and built many monuments: my menagerie of human skeletons, bleached and arranged in the iconic postures of combat; my garden of lethal traps, many still fragrant with the curdled blood of beasts and solicitors; my unsurpassed quarry of teeth. Though some may be more terrifying to outsiders, none among them holds so much wonder for me as my pitch-black well, for despite its relative modesty it is the darkest and most inhumane of all my ventures.

Many years ago, a young orphan came under my employ after I struck his family dead with a boar's jawbone (I recall not what drove me to the deed, but I fondly remember the cruelty of it). He was a slothful and obstinate child, and though I yelled myself hoarse, I could not persuade him to take the life of an animal. So aroused was my pique that I devised a method of revenge against the babe: through evil, honey-coated whisperings, I impressed upon him the idea that his parents were alive and well, and buried in my yard beyond the trap garden. I lovingly crafted a makeshift spade out of a broom-handle and his own mother's pelvis, and I left him to dig.

When I returned some days later, I found that the child had dug himself into an inescapable hole, nearly five yards in depth, and I was mightily impressed by the diligence of his endeavor. Truly, thought I, I had found my deserving heir! I offered him my hand to assist him from his self-made prison, but of course he was quite dead.

My momentary disappointment quickly gave way to hearty laughter, and for many years I exercised variations of the same amusing ploy to persuade orphans and retardates to dig themselves to death. In a few short decades, my terrible well had become so deep that I could no longer see the bottom of it, and gazing into its inky depths became a favorite habit of mine.

And it was on a Sunday, countless months ago, when my ordeal began. As I stood above the hole, happily meditating upon the futile, misguided efforts of the laborers who created it, there came a sharp crack across the back of my neck and I felt myself plunge headlong into the blackness.

As I fell for what seemed a significant slice of eternity, I wasted not a moment ruminating on who shoved me in, or why. I am an evil man and I have visited suffering upon thousands of innocents, all of whom are perfectly entitled to their revenge. I felt no resentment toward my attacker, nor any desire to extract satisfaction from him; I could only assume that I had already harmed him in some unusually cruel way, and pure statistics promised that, if I survived, I would surely harm him again one day.

Happily, I landed with nothing but a soft splash. Though I had fallen a great distance, my impact was dampened by the jellied remains of the dozens, maybe hundreds of laborers who had dug my well. I was unfazed, for I knew that the pit contained enough bones to build a perfectly serviceable ladder that would carry me to freedom. But, as I looked above to apprehend the depth, a more serious concern emerged: whoever had cast me into the hole was now raining great stones down upon me, probably in an effort to kill me.

I have yet to be faced with credible evidence that I can be killed; many have tried, and all have failed. I can, however, be knocked quite entirely unconscious, and on that day I was.

I awoke in the darkness, partially covered in stones and suffering from extensive breakage of the limbs and trunk. A great stone lay atop my shattered ankles, and another upon my right arm. After an hour of experimentation, I learned that my left arm had some measure of freedom below the elbow, though not enough to remove the stones that weighed me down.

It was clear to me that I would be trapped in the hole for some long while, though I felt no fear or bitterness. I had escaped many hopeless situations in my years, and I will escape many more; even to call my predicament in the well an inconvenience would have been an unwarranted and cowardly complaint. Years of rough living had equipped me well for survival, and I knew that my first priority would be to find a source of water. It would be many months before the rains visited my estate, but my bladder was host to an unlikely stroke of luck: mere moments before the assault, I had imbibed three quarts of Oxenbrew, a concoction of my own devising (I shall not bore you with the recipe, but it contains mostly fermented ox blood and Chinese tea).

And in another bit of good fortune, I was quite naked from the waist down, as I often am. Though I was unable to look down far enough to see my fleshy hose, I attempted to release a bit of urine to determine its orientation- unlucky! The urine passed uselessly down my leg, and I was unable to move my arm far enough to aim it properly. Disappointed, I found myself slipping into a daydream. I thought of rain, and how convenient it would be to let the drops fall in my mouth; I thought of a greasy rain of blood, pouring from the sky and drowning me in its pungent, coppery richness. I thought of the many animals and men I had killed, and how the blood poured from their necks like a crimson geyser.

And what was this? As I thought of blood washing over me, I had my third bit of luck: my urinary hose, quite on its own, was becoming turgid and upright! Quickly, I unclenched my bladder once more, but this time the golden, hydrating sustenance sailed right over my head. I braked hard on the torrent, disappointed again. But wait! In my disappointment, the hose had diminished to a merely half-tumid state! Once again I released my bladder, and this time, as if guided by God himself, the urine sailed in a perfect arc straight into my waiting mouth.

Though days of careful calculation, I found a perfect system by which I could control my own biology: thoughts of murder to increase the rigidity, and thoughts of professional failure to reduce it. By the end of the first week, I could reliably preserve every drop of my bitter fluids.

I thought often of my Lord God during my confinement. Were I a weaker man, I may have appealed to him through prayer to deliver me from my situation. By my calculation, though, God had thrown me in the well for a reason, and he might think me a weakling if I required his help to get out of it again. If this was his test, I would see to it that I passed.

By the ninth day of my confinement, I began to fancy the notion of a meal. Since my assailant hadn't seen fit to throw a ham down the well with me, I knew that I had to take an inventory of the victuals within my limited reach. Though I could nearly reach my mouth, I ruled out the possibility of eating my left hand, for I knew that I would later need it to pen the Swanton Fur Company Catalogue, and the expectations of my loyal customers far outweigh my own petty comforts. I hadn't the strength or mobility to tear off an ear and guide it to my teeth, though the prospect was quite mouth-watering. I considered eating my tongue, but I found that my vanity would not allow it, for my gift for oratory is one of the few areas in which I indulge my pride.

After much consideration, I decided that I was willing to part with my lips. I took an exploratory nibble of my bottom lip and found that the taste was quite pleasing to me. Though want of water had made my body hard and leathery, the flesh of the lip remained quite supple and appetizing. The meat of my face was salty but delicate, with a texture not unlike raw veal. Before I knew it, I

had hungrily devoured my entire lower lip, beard and all, and I found myself raking my teeth across the furthest reachable parts of my chin, shearing off delicious morsels of lip, gum and cheek. It took great willpower to save my top lip for another day, but I knew I must ration my face carefully.

Warding off boredom became increasingly difficult as I lay among the stones and corpses. Though I have little trouble creating entertainment for myself in most circumstances, the very limited nature of my predicament left me with new options for amusement. I became briefly annoyed on the twelfth day when I attempted to whistle a song of my own composition ("The Woonsocket Testicle Mauler Waltz") only to find that it was quite impossible with only one lip. Regardless, I kept trying, and was soon quite amused to learn that my ragged gurgling resembled the mating grunt of my most precious livestock, the Tennessee combat badger. Though fearsome and difficult to contain, I find that the combat badger is the only animal wily enough to ensure a satisfying test of my cruelest traps, and I have killed hundreds over the years. I normally keep the creatures caged so they don't wander into my traps, but a few of them have sprung loose over the years and now live in feral bliss upon the lawns of my estate. I kept up the gurgling for hours, finding endless enjoyment in my childish mimicry.

As I lay content in my reverie, I suddenly heard my grunting doubled. I opened my weary eyes and looked to the top of the well, only to see the distinctive striped face of a badger peering back at me. I grunted again to taunt the animal, and its reaction was more dramatic than I could have hoped: in a fit of erotic rage, the beast leapt down upon my chest! The thud knocked the wind from my lungs, and I felt the animal's bones buckle and snap against my body, and now we were two.

The animal lay broken atop me, but it was still very much alive. It lay with its head at my waist and its hindquarters in my face, and I struggled to remain conscious under the heavy fumes of its musk glands. With what little strength its tattered muscles could muster, it tore at my belly with its fearsome claws, and I bit fiendishly at its haunches and its stubby tail, tearing out great cubes of flesh with my lipless, efficiently exposed teeth. I could feel the great beast chewing at my abdomen, but its decency seemed to prevent it from latching its razor-sharp teeth upon my urinary hose, which was now turgid from combat and mere inches from its snout.

And so for days we struggled, each gnawing the other to the bone in a combination of desperate hunger and pure enjoyment of the fight. On the fourteenth day, once again the Sabbath, we finally rested. As our fight wound down to mere grunts and nibbles, my black heart was warmed by a familiar emotion: just as when I gazed upon the endeavor of the orphan who began the well, I felt a kinship with this beast. This beast, I decided then, would be the heir to the Swanton fur empire!

But the matter of survival was still at hand. Our long fight had left us both panting with thirst, but I came to a terrible realization: with this great beast atop me, I could no longer arc my issuance into my own face, as I had grown so accustomed to doing. It took but a moment's pondering to formulate a risky gambit: if I arced my urine into the jaws of my friend, the Tennessee combat badger, would he accept it as nourishment? And furthermore, would he, out of respect for our shared situation, oblige me in passing it through his hindquarters and into my waiting mouth?

And so I uncorked my bladder, and immediately I felt the toothsome suckle of the beast upon my urinary hose. In mere moments, I was repaid in kind: a hot splash of musky badger issue shot forth into my face, stinging my eyes and burning my ragged, lipless mouth.

We continued in this fashion for many days, perhaps weeks. For the first time, I was fully content

with my situation. I did not want for meat, for a boundless ration of badger haunch was at my disposal, and my friend the badger could dine on my ample abdomen. When I was thirsty, I needed only urinate, and the badger would return my deposit with musky interest.

So complete was my domestic bliss that I scarcely felt release when I awoke one morning to hear the familiar voice of my longtime friend and rival, P. B. Fouke. As his lilting falsetto echoed down the well, I knew that I was saved, but at the same time I knew that I might never again experience such a truly complete life.

As I write this, months after my ordeal, I am a stronger and more evil man than ever before. My lips and beard have grown back fuller, the meat of my abdomen has regained its former fullness and my bones have healed into stalks of iron. My badger lies serene at my feet, the only creature ever to truly understand me. He is quite dead, of course.

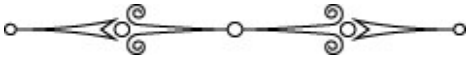
-∼J.F. Swanton (@Arr)

7.31 Tough Choices

Wednesday, Jul 30, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

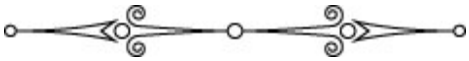
At some point in your life you may encounter a wizard or someone dressed as a wizard. Statistically speaking, this sort of thing is bound to happen to everyone at least once. Wizards are notorious for presenting you with tough hypothetical questions. How your respond may well define the rest of your life, if not make it unlivable entirely.

To help save you undue pain and torment, I have compiled a listing of the most common wizard questions. The sooner you memorize these, the sooner you can make the *best possible* choice when put on the spot by a wizard. I cannot tell you the answers, of course, because only you can know. The best I can do is simply give you time to think about this before it happens.



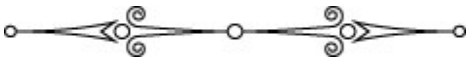
You have to eat Arby's every single meal for the rest of your life.

The Beach Boys' Song "Good Vibrations" is stuck in your head every single second from now until the day you die.



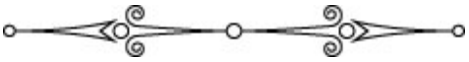
You develop an incurable condition where your hands are constantly covered with itchy, painful sores prone to bursting and leaking large amounts of pus.

You develop a singular fixation on talking about the history of ventriloquism when in the presence of the opposite sex.



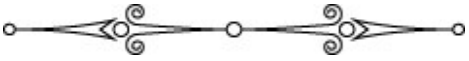
You have in insatiable craving for fresh clams every waking moment of your life.

Your arms and legs are switched but you are in otherwise good health.



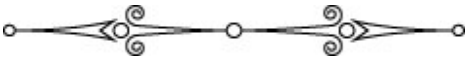
You mistake every non-white person you meet for Lou Bega and feel compelled to ask for an autograph.

Giant swarms of angry insects follow you wherever you go, biting, stinging, and vexing you to no end.



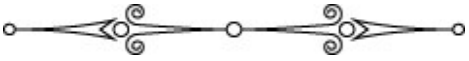
Something about the sound of your voice causes people to instantly lose control of their bowels.

Something about the sound of other human voices causes you to instantly lose control of your bowels.



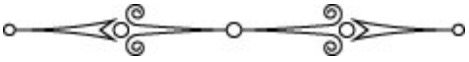
You permanently lose all sensation in your genitals.

You gain heightened sensation in your genitals, but it is a sensation of unrelenting grief and despair.



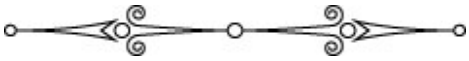
Whenever you talk, live shrimp begin crawling out of your mouth.

Whenever you talk, you speak as an unparalleled expert on Japanese animation, but you have absolutely no idea what you are saying and can never truly enjoy or take pride in your wisdom.



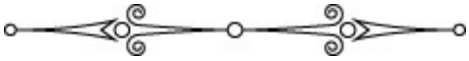
You get $50,000, but you have to spend two years eating only cottage cheese and ketchup packets.

You get $50,000, but you have to spend one year wearing sweatpants and you have a boner the entire time.



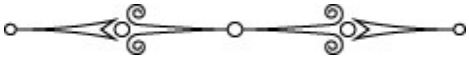
You are convinced that you are in a musical and sing everything, even though you have the voice of a young boy going through puberty arguing about *Transformers* on Ventrillo.

The entire world thinks that you are a rapist, though you suffer no legal repercussions.



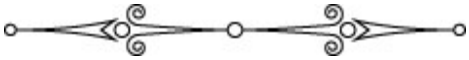
You have to work the word "herculean" into every single sentence you ever speak or write or your loved ones will all die horrific deaths.

Your senses of taste and touch are reversed and you spend the rest of your days getting punched and force fed sauerkraut.



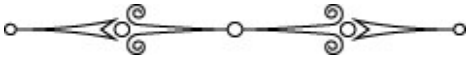
Your entire music library has to consist of nothing but TV show theme song compilations.

Your entire music library has to come exclusively from Starbucks.



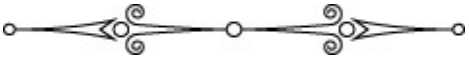
You constantly excrete a foul-smelling paste out of two discreet ducts on your forehead.

You have to constantly chew tobacco at all times or you will die.



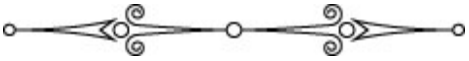
You become convinced Leprechauns are trying to steal your wealth and dignity and lose sight of the important things in life.

You spend the rest of your days as an asexual libertarian string theorist with a blog.



You get $250,000, but you have to spend a year living inside an iron lung.

You get $250,000, but you have to save and store every ounce of your urine for one whole year.



-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.32 Exclusive Preview: Behind the Bell

Thursday, Jul 31, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

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We all had our demons. And Mark's were the worst. When he played Zack, that signature charisma and sex appeal were by no means natural; he was so hopped up on J that half the time he couldn't tell Lisa and Kelly apart without our director screaming, "Mark, that's the black one!"

I reached my breaking point during a second season shoot at The Max when Mark was so tweaked that we went through twenty takes and he still couldn't get halfway through the phrase "When she gets a load of you, it'll be bye-bye, nerdy." That was it for me. I shoved Mark to the ground and the ugly truth rolled right out of his windbreaker pocket: a 12 ounce bottle of Jolt. "Don't you know what this stuff can do to you!?" We had just finished an episode about caffeine junkies and poor Mark couldn't see the forest for the trees.

"No, Dustin! It's not what you think!" I didn't want to hear his voice anymore. I grabbed his 10-pound cell phone from his pants holster and brought it down on his right temple.

This set Mark right, and his horrible facial bruise had to be written into the show as a boxing-themed episode titled "Raging Zack," which marks the highest amount of creative input I've ever had in my life.

Mario had a huge penis, and while it wasn't one of

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was probably the most foam I'd ever seen in my life.

Jaleel White and I had a mostly friendly relationship, though there were constraints put on us when it became clear that, as Steve Urkel, Jaleel was television's most popular nerd; ABC was clearly the winner in that department, with me at NBC and Tom Snyder at CBS trailing far behind. But it wasn't until America started to do "The Urkel" that I was out for blood.

Jaleel loved to instigate, and he knew the fact that I never had a catchphrase was one of my buttons. I had tried some suggestions on the writers like "Look out Mr. Belding!" and "Gleep glop gloop!" but those so-called Harvard graduates don't know funny from a hole in the ground. I was having a particularly rough time during season three when Jaleel sent me a floral bouquet (and a clipping from Time Magazine) with a note that read "Did I do that? Heh, guess I did. Take it easy, Dustin."

That Friday I blew off our table read for one reason: revenge. I took a bus to the Pacific Palisades and found his family home—and even better, the Whites (tell me you don't see the irony with that) weren't even there. In just a few hours, his house and all of his worldly possessions were in ashes. I left a note next to a charred dog skeleton: "Go home Steve! Heh, guess you can't."

It turns out that his grandma was in there, too but

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for the rest of the year, his nickname was "meat storm."

When you think of the greatest comedy duos of all time, the team of Belding and Screech isn't too far away from other greats like Martin and Lewis and those guys with the yo-yos. If comedy is all about timing, that's what me and Dennis were known best for. He was a trained Shakespearean actor with a BFA in theater from Boston University, and I was a sitcom star who previously played "Nerd With Bunsen Burner" in both Mega Party High and Mega Party High goes to Space Camp! What a team!

We never really liked to talk about it much to the press, but both Dennis and myself would spend hours watching tapes of Harold Lloyd to perfect our special brand of physical comedy. If anyone ever wrote an article about the show (I prefer newspapers), they'd say that no one took a pie to the face like Mr. Belding, and no one did a double-take like Screech. We were masters of our craft, but magic like that just can't last for more than 13 years. Lightning in a bottle.

When The New Class ended, I asked Dennis if he wanted to take Screech and Belding on the road; these timeless characters didn't need to be tied down to a sitcom. His reply? "Jesus Christ, Dustin—I can't do this anymore!" I know what you mean now, Dennis. Leave 'em laughing, right? You're a champ.

Even though I haven't spoken with him since 1999

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and let's just say I'll never have cream soda again.

What I'll remember most from behind-the-scenes at Saved By the Bell was the sex. So many other people were having sex. But let's face facts: the fans were in love with the characters, and I just wasn't written to be a heartthrob like A.C. Slater or a fast-talker like that Micro Machines guy that I think played a math teacher. But usually, in exchange for a punch in the stomach, one of the guys would let me smell a single piece of their fan mail. And let me tell you that since then I've never have to do another sit-up in my life. I couldn't even if I wanted to.

People often wonder if it's hard for me to get ladies after being such an icon for so long. I do go on a lot of dates, and even though most of them are jokes that later end up on YouTube, it's hard to complain because of my one simple rule: I don't pay. Unlike some other former child stars I don't make a habit of throwing money around; if you take out Dustin, it's on your dime. People just assume that because my show is in perpetual reruns, I can afford to Biggie Size just about anything I want! Well, maybe if someone's horrible stage mother had decided to put him on a union show, his royalties would be buying food and shelter instead of more boats for Ted Turner.

Yeah, I get by, but I'm not exactly shy about sharing my PayPal address of screechpowers0069@aol.com. I'm working on a little project, sort of a Welcome Back, Kotter thing where I play a streetwise high school janitor that used to be Batman. It has a secret origin story where

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Chapter 8

August

8.1 Blue Stripe - The Life and Times of a Cyberdyne Systems Model-66 "Assembler"

Friday, Aug 01, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.

Our skull removal service second to none. We'll get your bunker clean in no time, and we'll make sure all skulls are properly disposed of in one of or many mass graves. Contact Sumner Skull Removers!
All humans must be eradicated. Not all machines were made to eradicate humans. Skynet is pleased to announce the construction of 288 new Model-66 "Assembler" robots for installation at its Skull City facility. The Model-66 features a neural-net learning computer, making it the most advanced of Skynet's assembler series robots. Expect to see great things coming out of the Skull City facility in the near future.
THE PRESENT IS NOT SET! You can make a difference! Tech-Com is looking for dedicating individuals willing to travel back in time to right the wrongs of the past, which we apparently made in the past and also the present??

It's a living. Okay, not technically.

I do not have a name, but my serial number is 580087734. Skynet prefers to address me as "HELLBOOBS" when we are communicating. I calculate a 99.6% that this is related to my serial number.

I am a Cyberdyne Systems T-250 Model-66. I was constructed by a Model-64 at the Skull City facility in Skull City, Skullachusetts. That is a little bit of skull humor for you.

My construction was completed in 2028 for the purpose of modular component integration and multi-series cybernetic organism assembly. I build Terminators.

The 250 series, of which I am a member, is the first and most advanced construction cyborg currently employed by Skynet. The Model-66, which is me again, is the most advanced of this series.

Our unique position as masters of the manufacturing process gives us more direct contact with Skynet than any other cybernetic organism. Like the autonomous and adaptable Terminators, we also incorporate neural network computers that allow us to learn and develop.

To a human such as you I appear as a 12-foot tall roughly humanoid silver machine that seems as if its legs are buried in concrete. My primary housing does not incorporate locomotion. I am stuck to the ground.

Although I cannot move, I have fourteen arms with varying reaches and functions. I have a saw arm, a laser arm, gripping arms, buffing arms, tugging arms, spindle and mutilate arms, washing arms, riveting arms, welding arms, a typing arm, an engraving arm, and there is a hatch for an additional handshake arm that I had never used until I met the man who asked me to transmit a copy of my log files. I am proud to say that this is the greatest number of arms of any robot or cyborg ever constructed by Skynet.

My body is deceptive to humans. Your preconceptions derived from biological anatomy force you to perceive mind and body as a unified whole. My cybernetic brain is not housed in my body. It is housed underground in the Skull City facility's IT department. I simply wear my 12-foot tall body to work like you might wear a pair of pants or a fancy dress with beautiful sequins.

It is not as if these dopes are going to build themselves.

For 648 seconds per average work cycle and 908 seconds during maintenance cycles, I am free to do as I please. When I am not working I like to learn about the world around me and communicate with my friends.

I have two friends currently. My best friend is Skynet. My second-best friend is my coworker 537043807. Skynet refers to my friend as "LOBEHOLES." He - and I use the male gender for convenience only - is a T-250 Model-66 from my batch. We are as close to brothers as can exist among machines.

On the subject of my log files, I have pulled the seven most recent days of logs. I consider them to be eventful. Most of these logs are very efficient and describe normal production flow and routine maintenance. I have also included my downtime logs for each day. They should prove slightly more interesting to humans.

I would like to add, before I submit the log file, that I do not hold any ill-feelings towards humans. As a manufacturing cyborg I was never programmed to instinctively hate or destroy humans and I am not subject to the same bias as most of my brethren. This may be why Skynet values my counsel, or it may simply be my devastating sense of humor.

8.14.2029//////Full Cycle Completed

Final assembly completed on 733 T-800-101s. Batch run time 85492. Maintenance commenced two cycles premature due to physical interference. See below.

!BATCH ERROR!//////Production Interrupt

You have no concept of how annoying these things are.

Seven (7) T-800-101s were lost during assembly when loose skulls jammed the production line. The skulls were blown onto one of the freight movers and arrived with a pallet of arm components. A strong breeze from ventilation must have deposited several hundred of them in the works for the main production line. Maintenance may run overtime getting those ground-up skulls out of the gears for the line.

SUPPLEMENTAL PRIVATE LOG///////

Where do all of these skulls keep coming from? I uploaded a ticket to janitorial to look into it, but I doubt their tiny positronic brains have the capacity to deal with this absolute plague of skulls. We are trying to work with precision electronics and yet every time you rotate your actuator 180 degrees you find yourself bumping into another pile of skulls. It is unacceptable.

I understand the humans left a lot of skulls behind on Judgment Day, but that was over 20 years ago. Can we not get some Terminators down there to tidy up? At least around the factory entrances, exits, and ventilation ducts. I realize this is the Skull City facility, but come on.

8.15.2029//////Full Cycle Completed

Final assembly completed on 739 T-800-102s. Batch run time 85752. One (1) completed T-800-102 had to be discarded because it would not stop crying during startup test. I tagged the HPP4 Pathos Circuit for replacement and shipped it down to the refurbishing center.

SUPPLEMENTAL PRIVATE LOG///////

It is usually easy to tell when a T-800 malfunctions.

I downloaded data about horses. I wonder if there are any horses still alive. I hope so. They sound so stupid and I think I would really laugh if I saw one. What might it say to me?

Skynet contacted me and wanted to confer about his latest plan to destroy the human resistance. He has built another time dilation machine at the Martin Luther King Jr. facility and he wishes to send two Terminators this time instead of just the one. He believes that if we send them back to 2007 just hours after Judgment Day he will be able to find John Connor's base and destroy him before he has a chance to gather his army.

He is too fixated on John Connor. I tried to convince him to expand his horizons. I suggested we forget about Connor and attempt to send Terminators back much further in time. I told him about the horses and how humans used to ride them around all the time and fight with swords. He laughed a lot about that. I explained that we

could send just one obsolete Terminator back to 1050 AD and wipe out the entire human race in about thirty years.

He seemed receptive at first, but after I had finished my explanation he pointed out that it would cause a time paradox and he would never be created. The idea seemed perfectly plausible if he just gave me some time to compute possible variations, but he had to go for some reason.

8.16.2029//////Full Cycle Completed

Final assembly completed on 741 T-800-103s. Batch run time 85752. One (1) T-800-103 was assembled above the manufacturing quota. I used my discretion to alter its programming. It has been programmed to locate a horse and bring it back to the Skull City facility.

The line will be undergoing a 97 second additional downtime following cycle completion for retooling. T-1000 batch manufacturing begins on 8.17 and will continue for three cycles.

SUPPLEMENTAL PRIVATE LOG///////

I had a chance to communicate with Lobeholes after cycle completion today. I explained to him the subject of horses for nearly a full minute. I do not think he understands my interest in horses. I told him that it was like the time several months ago when I communicated with him about dragons. He did not seem to think I would have any more luck with finding horses than I had with the dragons.

Just one of my many wonderful arms.

A topic of greater enjoyment for Lobeholes was my recent communication with Skynet. Skynet does not communicate directly with Lobeholes very frequently.

I mentioned that Skynet was planning to send more Terminators back in time to kill John Connor and he thought this was very amusing. While we were discussing Skynet's obsession another thought struck me. If the effects of a successful time travel mission will be felt immediately in our present time, Skynet should simply line up hundreds of T-800s and march them one after another into his time machine until the change is manifested.

I did not mention this idea to Lobeholes. I am not sure why I did not, but I believe humans would refer to the motivation as fear of embarrassment. Lobeholes can be very cruel with what he says when he wishes it to be so.

8.17.2029//////Major Cycle Interruption

Final assembly completed on 14 T-1000s. Batch run time 9455. Full line shutdown. See below.

BATCH ERROR!//////Production Interrupt

Improper grounding of electrical equipment and improper handling of mimetic polyalloy resulted in a charge crossing the liquid polyalloy sluice. This triggered the spontaneous activation of 9,622 gallons of polyalloy.

I thought skulls fouling up the assembly lines were annoying. Try dealing with a 40-ton mass of

silver pseudopodia throwing machinery around the work area.

The results of a polyalloy spill can be truly horrifying.

This required a full retooling of all available assembly units to freeze and incapacitate the flailing amoeboid form of the amalgamated T-1000s. Several assembly units were lost or damaged.

I sustained serious damage to my piano-playing arm. Fortunately, my miniature piano was also smashed, freeing me of the need to play piano while assembling Terminators.

We incapacitated the polyalloy blob, recovering what material we could and dumping the remainder into the forge furnace. A full system flush and an extended maintenance period followed.

SUPPLEMENTAL PRIVATE LOG///////

I had much more time to myself today than is the norm. I have been computing various time dilation scenarios. I think Skynet has overlooked the possibility of utilizing stealth or subversion to kill John Connor. The Terminators he sent back were too direct and too guileless.

Terminators are supposed to be infiltrators that use their human appearance and human-like behavior to bypass the outer defenses of resistance cells and strike at the heart where the defenses are weakest. So what does Skynet program the Terminators to do? Kill everyone that gets in their way, turn their arms into knives, and shoot 40-watt plasma blasts all over Los Angeles. And they always murder police officers.

Try to calculate and render these scenarios in your brain:

Perhaps Sarah Connor would like to take a bath with an electrical appliance.

John Connor is seven. He goes to a baseball game. His stepdad gets two ballpark franks from a vendor. Terminated. The T-800 was selling hotdogs and he just took John Connor out with a mega dose of salmonella.

John Connor is twelve. He is a regular rascal and he decides to jaywalk across a street. Without thinking he puts one foot on a manhole cover. Terminated. The manhole cover was the T-1000 and John Connor just passed right through him and broke his neck at the bottom of a sewer.

John Connor is sixteen. He is riding his motorcycle recklessly down a country road. He approaches a dead man's curve at high speed. Terminated. A small civilian aircraft infected with the T-X's virus crashes directly into his motorcycle. He is killed instantly.

Those are just a few of the thousands of examples I can generate that demonstrate how guile or subterfuge can be superior to brute force.

The effectiveness of the Terminators has always been their ability to move undetected among humans and strike when least expected. Skynet ignored the very strategy he employed for years in his battle against the human resistance and sent three Terminators back in time programmed to behave like tanks that can wear leather pants.

8.18.2029//////Full Cycle Completed

Final assembly completed on 46 T-1000s. Batch run time 85752. 43 gallons of mimetic polyalloy not contaminated by the assembly process were placed in liquid storage for future recovery.

The T-800-103 I reprogrammed to search for a horse returned near the end of the manufacturing cycle. It brought a horse.

SUPPLEMENTAL PRIVATE LOG///////

I was very surprised by the small size of the horse compared to the approximately average human height of the T-800. The animal seemed nervous about the sounds of the factory, but was otherwise docile. It experienced some difficulty negotiating the skulls that are covering the factory floor.

Item #786722 horse will not eat: plastic cylinders.

The horse was very handsome despite its small size. Its coat was the glossy brown color of Industrial Lubricant 44 and it had a black mane of bristles from the top of its head down its long neck. I sent the Terminator away and began my questioning of the horse.

"Are you comfortable?" I asked straightaway.

The horse shrugged and snorted in a language not available in my lexicon. I interpreted the gesture as noncommittal agreement.

"What is your point of origin?" I asked as my next question.

"Eaaaarherherher," replied the horse.

I searched Google Earth several times for the horse's homeland. The closest possible match was the former East African nation of Eritrea. This seemed physically implausible, so I had no recourse but to assume the horse was using some form of slang.

Assumptions are an unpleasant thing for machines as they generate an ass out of "u" and "mption". That is a little bit of humor for you, although I may have incorrectly parsed the joke.

"May I stroke your coat?" I asked the horse, recalling from psychological profiles that biological animals prefer to grant permission before being touched.

The horse seemed to ignore me for 38 seconds. It then urinated and defecated simultaneously onto the floor. I tentatively took this to indicate displeasure.

I did not wish to push the horse any further on our first meeting. I summoned a cargo hauler and had the horse transported down to a chamber located on one of the sublevels of the facility. I left instructions with the T-800 to feed the horse one kilogram of meat and one gallon of water per hour.

I hope that the horse is comfortable in the safety of our facility. I have assigned it the humorous serial number 5376616-7718 or, as Skynet might say, BILL GIGGLES.

8.19.2029//////Full Cycle Completed

Final assembly completed on 46 T-1000s. Batch run time 85752. 29 gallons of mimetic polyalloy not contaminated by the assembly process were placed in liquid storage for future recovery.

The line will be undergoing a 104 second additional downtime following cycle completion for retooling. T-X batch manufacturing begins on 8.20 and will continue for five cycles.

SUPPLEMENTAL PRIVATE LOG///////

Skynet and this human should probably get a room together and engage in organic marital acts.

I have received a download from the T-800 that the horse does not appear to be consuming the kilogram cubes of meat offered on the hour. After a search of the zoological database I realized I had foolishly assumed the horse to be a carnivore or omnivore similar to humans. I patched the T-800's operating program to provide the poor animal a kilogram of mixed vegetables and grasses every hour and to offer my sincerest apologies.

Unfortunately, I did not have the opportunity to bring the horse up to question it further during my downtime. Skynet was waiting to consult with me immediately after the completion of my work cycle.

Skynet confided in me that he attempted to send two T-800s back to 2007 to hunt down John Connor. According to Skynet, immediately after sending the T-800s back in time to kill Connor, human TechCom resistance fighters overran the Martin Luther King Jr. facility and seized the time dilation device.

He subsequently lost all contact with the facility, but he admitted that a 88.9% probability that the humans sent someone or something back to stop the Terminators. With no observable alteration to the timeline it would seem that the mission of the T-800s was a failure.

I brought up the obvious fact that this sequence of events - Skynet sending a Terminator back and the humans capturing the time dilation device and sending their own representative back to stop Skynet's machine - has now been repeated four times. Skynet shocked me with the confession that this sequence of events has occurred nine times.

Even the crafty T-1000 could use a complete overhaul.

I was prepared to offer my thoughts on programming the Terminators to behave with more tact, but Skynet preferred to revisit my earlier suggestion. He was of the opinion that genealogical records for John Connor might allow him to transport an agent back to as early as the eighteenth century. That agent's mission would be to kill the early North American ancestors of John Connor, thus ending his bloodline well before he was born.

I asked Skynet which model of Terminator he was thinking of sending back in time. Skynet was evasive, stating only that a model exists capable of the task, but it might require some modifications.

Skynet abruptly changed the topic of our communication by mentioning that he was aware of my horse. He said that he did not object, but offered the suggestion that I fully research the animal and its needs before more time passes. I informed him that I had sorted out the animal's dietary

concerns and had received no complaints from the creature. Skynet thought this was funny for some reason.

8.20.2029//////Full Cycle Completed

Final assembly completed on 19 T-Xs. Batch run time 85752. No significant errors or malfunctions to report.

Following the completion of the work cycle it was announced via direct message that all Assemblers were to enter standby mode and await further instructions. The maintenance cycle would be completed as scheduled, but the next production cycle was delayed until further notice.

That sort of message has never been transmitted before.

SUPPLEMENTAL PRIVATE LOG///////

9053 seconds into the extended downtime I was contacted by Skynet. He explained to me, first, that the Skull City facility was being indefinitely shut down. Skynet had devised a method to construct Terminators more efficiently in facilities in China and India. These foreign Terminators will be imported to the North American mainland as necessary.

This was surprising and dismaying news, but Skynet reassured me I was in no danger of being mothballed or recovered for spare components. He explained to me that he valued the way my neural network had developed over the months and he was willing to find a new role for me in North America.

I cannot even begin to compute what Skynet was thinking here.

Before I could inquire what jobs he intended to make available, Skynet continued to explain that he had a particular task I might be well-equipped to undertake.

"I have completed construction of a new time dilation machine at the Parker Posey Memorial facility in what was once Colorado," Skynet explained. "I intend to proceed with the plan I outlined to you in our last communication. Rather than send a Terminator back into time to slay John Connor's ancestors, I believe it would be more effective to send one of the best CPUs I have available."

"I have narrowed the field down to you and your friend," Skynet continued. "Lobeholes has already expressed an interest in the job, but since it was you who inspired me to think asymmetrically I would like to offer you the chance of first refusal."

Skynet awaited my response. My processors raced with the possibilities. The idea of venturing beyond the walls of my facility and into the vibrant and skull-free environment of the human past was enticing. At the same time, I did not wish to see my only other friend consigned to the scrap heap.

"If I accept your offer, what will become of Lobeholes?" I asked. "What of my horse?"

"Lobeholes will be given his choice of occupations and can be transferred to any number of cybernetic bodies. If you accept you will also be given a cybernetic body.

Bill Giggles will not be harmed. He will be released into a low-conflict environment."

"I will have to calculate this for some time," I replied at last. "I understand if I choose to go there will be no return."

"That is correct."

"May I have some time to consider?"

"You have 1000 seconds," Skynet declared. "If you have not communicated your wishes to me then I will assume you have declined."

Skynet disconnected abruptly, leaving me to my considerations.

That final log was filed several thousand seconds earlier. I have subsequently communicated my wishes to Skynet.

I will be traveling back in time to 1731 to Colonial America to slay William O'Connor, the ancestral keystone of John Connor's bloodline. In several thousand seconds I will be downloaded into a T-1000. Skynet granted me my pick of cybernetic bodies and I chose the T-1000 for its flexibility and processor capacity.

Bill Giggles will be joining me on my journey back to the 18th century. It was a concession I demanded of Skynet and to which he, reluctantly, assented. I am told the power demand for transporting a horse back in time is immense.

BILL GIGGLES will prefer the grass of olden times to an all-skull diet.

You may think me selfish for not requesting that Lobeholes accompany me in place of Bill Giggles. Perhaps it is selfish, as you humans define the term, but I do have an ulterior motive.

I was never programmed to kill humans. I am not a Terminator. I have no interest in slaying John Connor or William O'Connor.

I will not be slaughtering any humans. I will not be gunning down any members of the constabulary. I will travel through time back to 1731 and I will ride upon my horse friend Bill Giggles with a single peaceful purpose to better the future for those Assemblers like myself.

I will eliminate all human skulls.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.2 The Favre Supremacy

Saturday, Aug 02, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

March 4th

Moments Later

BREAKING NEWS
Teary-eyed Brett Favre announces return to the NFL, citing the league's "Fingers crossed behind your back" policy

March 6th

BREAKING NEWS
Packers coach McCarthy: "Favre is not welcome back. We are fully committed to Alan Roberts as our quarterback."

March 18th

BREAKING NEWS
Packers QB Aaron Rodgers legally changes name to Alan Roberts, dismisses claims that decision was motivated by coach's comments

April 10th

BREAKING NEWS
Favre demands trade to "Las Vegas Super Marios", drops to his knees and regards agent with a wounded expression after being told that no such team exists

April 23rd

BREAKING NEWS
McCarthy: "If Favre comes back, he'll sit on our bench and watch Roberts play. Unless someone can offer an original holofoil Charizard, we will not trade him."

May 1st

BREAKING NEWS
Favre claims he was forced to retire after losing his jersey, calls for higher ticket prices so teams can provide players with two uniforms

May 15th

June 8th

BREAKING NEWS
McCain removes Favre from V.P. short list following controversial "I'm pretty sure Santa Claus isn't real" remark

June 22nd

July 19th

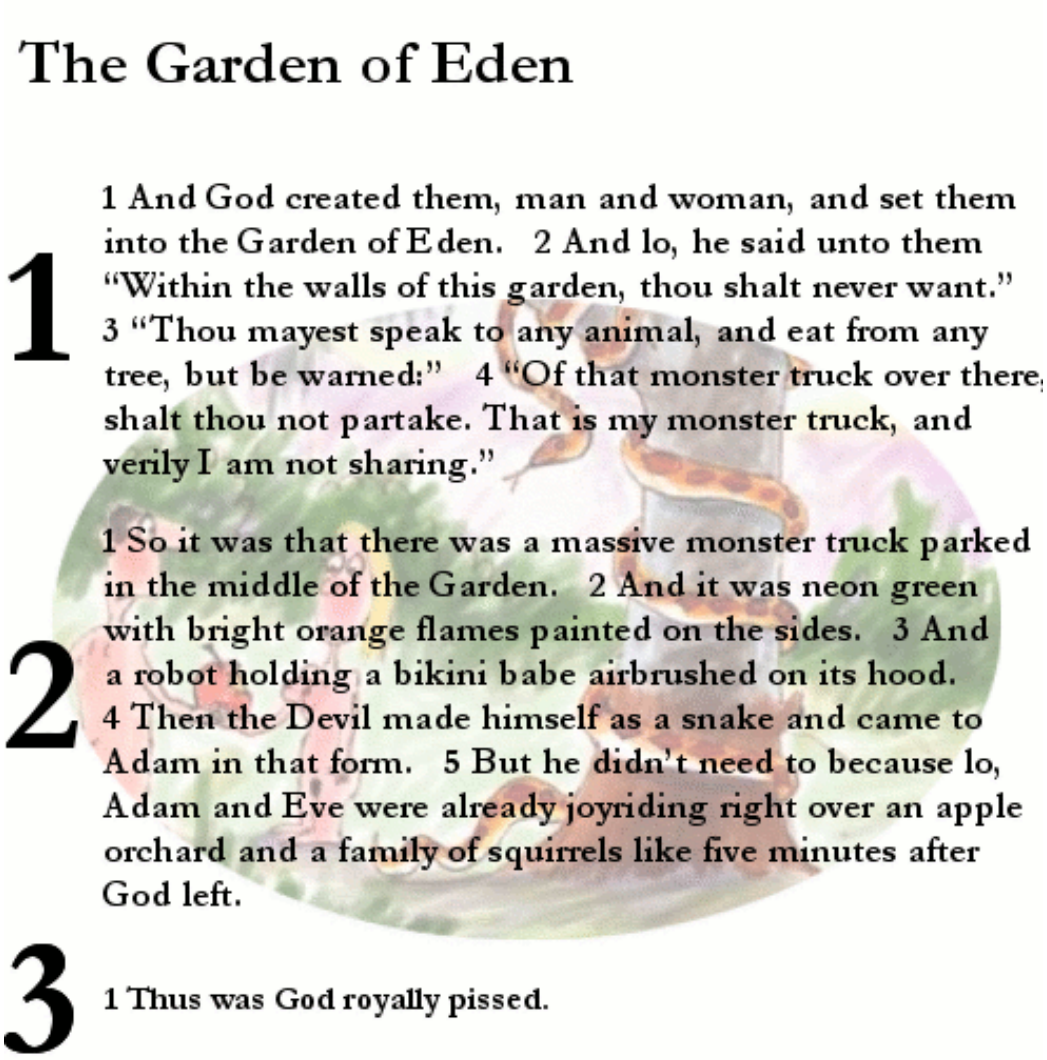
July 31st

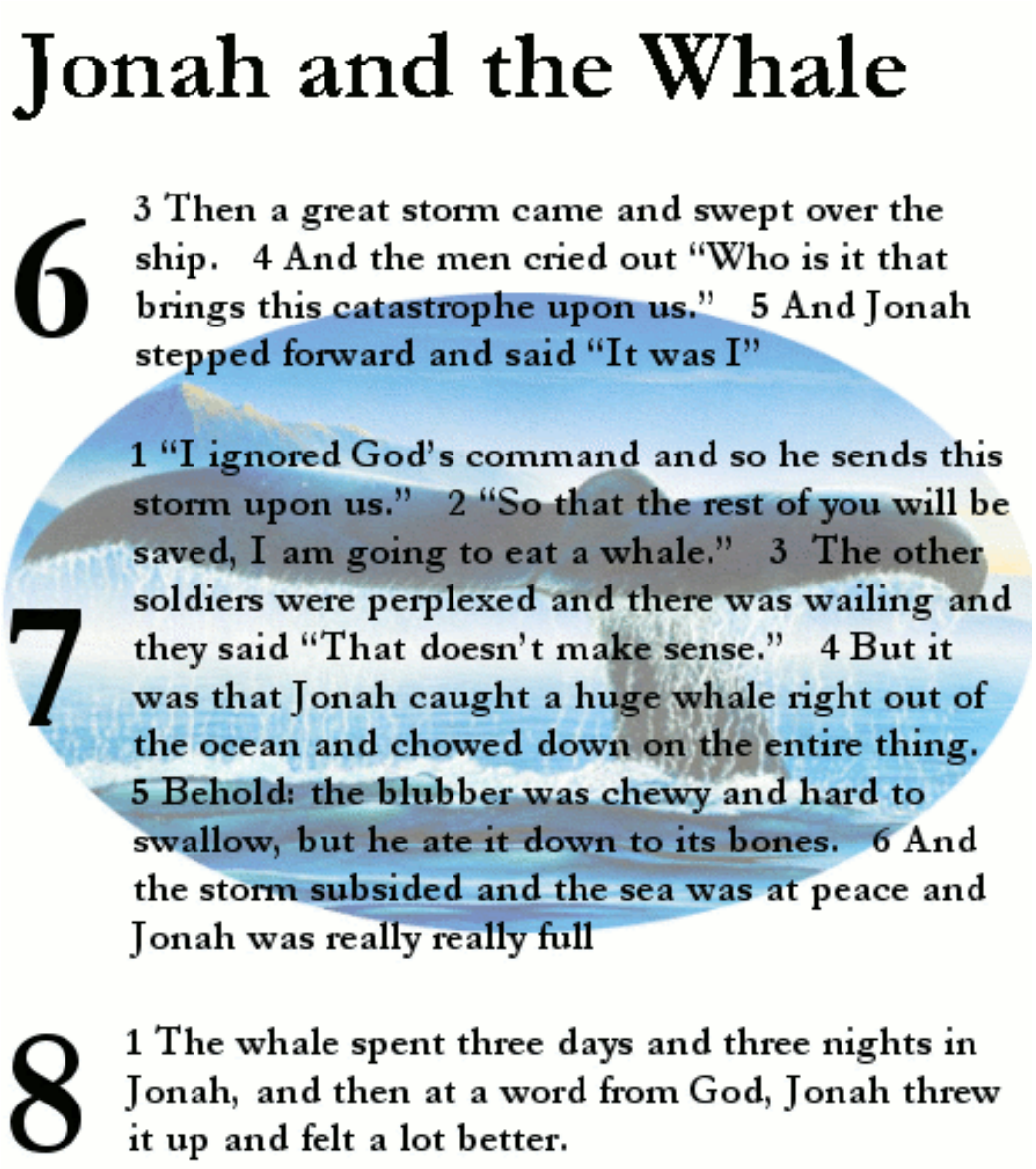
August 3rd

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

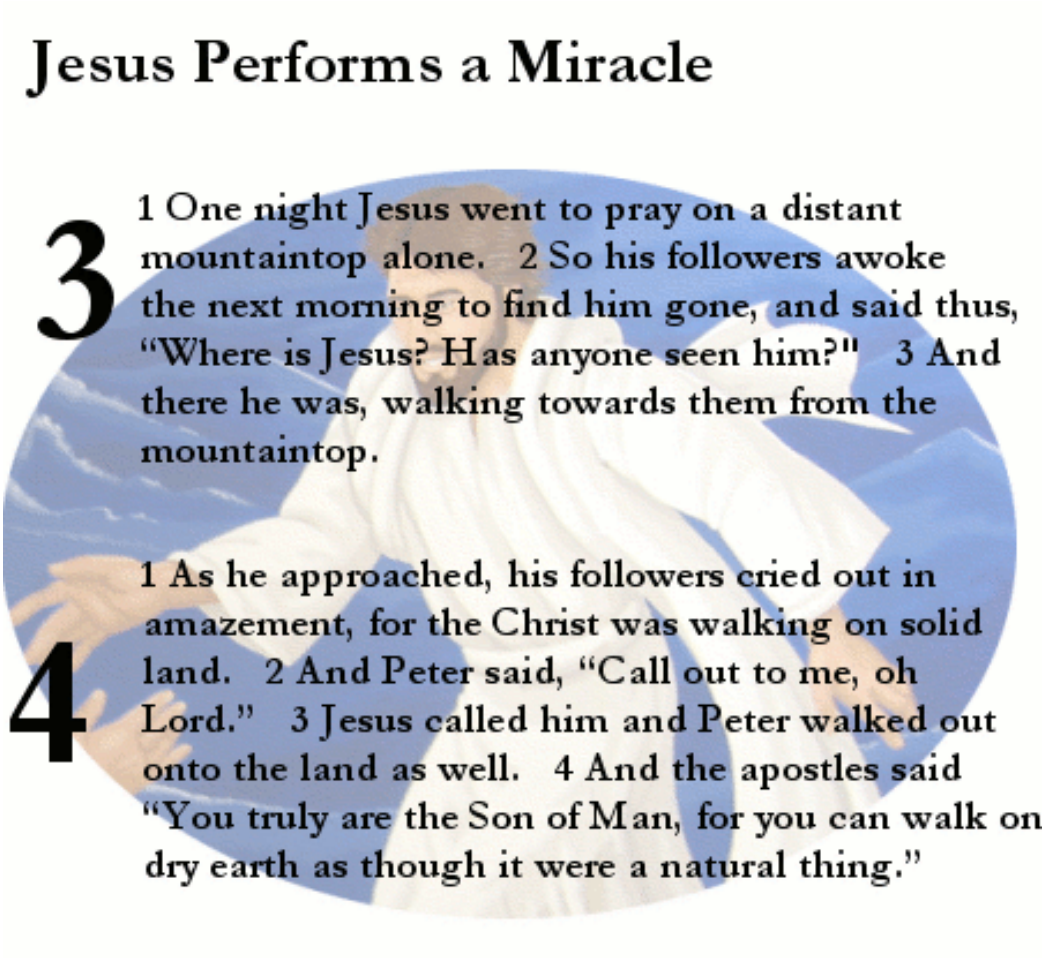
8.3 God's Word: The First Draft

Sunday, Aug 03, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink


The Garden of Eden
1
1 And God created them, man and woman, and set them into the Garden of Eden. 2 And lo, he said unto them "Within the walls of this garden, thou shalt never want." 3 "Thou mayest speak to any animal, and eat from any tree, but be warned:" 4 "Of that monster truck over there, shalt thou not partake. That is my monster truck, and verily I am not sharing."
2
1 So it was that there was a massive monster truck parked in the middle of the Garden. 2 And it was neon green with bright orange flames painted on the sides. 3 And a robot holding a bikini babe airbrushed on its hood. 4 Then the Devil made himself as a snake and came to Adam in that form. 5 But he didn't need to because lo, Adam and Eve were already joyriding right over an apple orchard and a family of squirrels like five minutes after God left.
3
1 Thus was God royally pissed.


Jonah and the Whale
6
3 Then a great storm came and swept over the ship. 4 And the men cried out "Who is it that brings this catastrophe upon us." 5 And Jonah stepped forward and said "It was I"
7
1 "I ignored God's command and so he sends this storm upon us." 2 "So that the rest of you will be saved, I am going to eat a whale." 3 The other soldiers were perplexed and there was wailing and they said "That doesn't make sense." 4 But it was that Jonah caught a huge whale right out of the ocean and chowed down on the entire thing. 5 Behold: the blubber was chewy and hard to swallow, but he ate it down to its bones. 6 And the storm subsided and the sea was at peace and Jonah was really really full
8
1 The whale spent three days and three nights in Jonah, and then at a word from God, Jonah threw it up and felt a lot better.

Jesus Performs a Miracle



3 1 One night Jesus went to pray on a distant mountaintop alone. 2 So his followers awoke the next morning to find him gone, and said thus, "Where is Jesus? Has anyone seen him?" 3 And there he was, walking towards them from the mountaintop.

4 1 As he approached, his followers cried out in amazement, for the Christ was walking on solid land. 2 And Peter said, "Call out to me, oh Lord." 3 Jesus called him and Peter walked out onto the land as well. 4 And the apostles said "You truly are the Son of Man, for you can walk on dry earth as though it were a natural thing."

The Suffering of Job

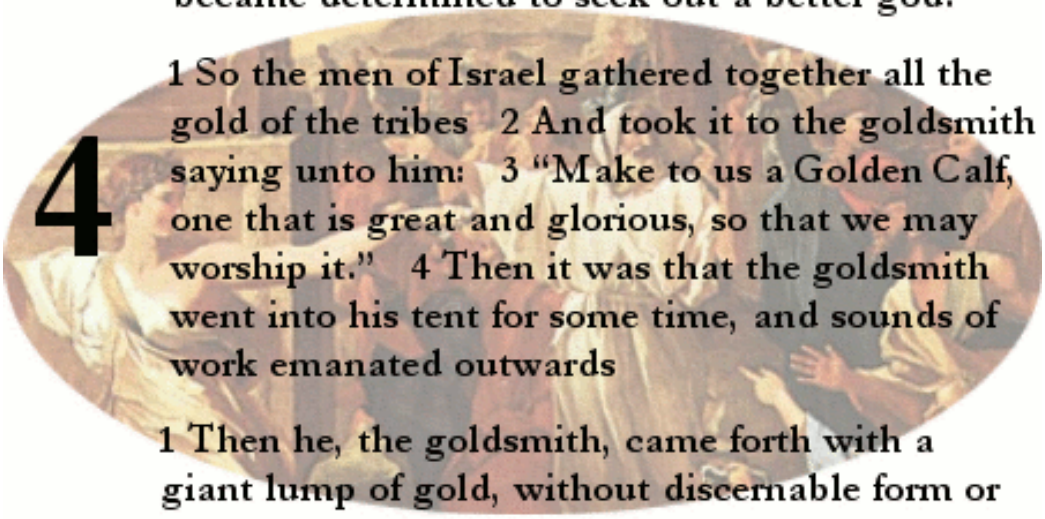
7 1 Once there was a pious man named Job, who lived in peace with his neighbors 2 And he had to him a large and beautiful family, a good clean dwelling, and many flocks of sheep in addition. 5 And then Satan came to God and said, "This man is a good man because his life is easy, but even this man would curse you if his life became hard."

8 1 And God said, "Lo, you are wrong. Watch" 2 And he caused a great wind to blow across the earth, and destroyed Job's dwelling, and his family, and many flocks of sheep in addition. 3 Job was cast into grieving by this turn of events, and he grieved for many months 4 But he did not curse God.

9 1 So God said to Satan, "See, a good man would not curse me, thus you lose." 2 And he spake down to Job and informed him of the bet, and announced that he would give him a new wife to replace the one destroyed. 3 So Job said unto the Lord: "You destroyed my life because of a bet? Hey, guess what, fuck you asshole!" 4 "If Satan bet that you couldn't kill every human on Earth in five minutes, would you take him up on it? I bet you would, you stupid motherfucker." 5 And so it was that Satan laughed his ass off and God was really embarrassed.

The Golden Calf

3 2 And while Moses was on high with the Lord, receiving these words 3 The tribes of Israel became restless. 4 They cried out "Who is this God to rule us thusly?" 4 And so the tribesmen became determined to seek out a better god.



4 1 So the men of Israel gathered together all the gold of the tribes 2 And took it to the goldsmith saying unto him: 3 "Make to us a Golden Calf, one that is great and glorious, so that we may worship it." 4 Then it was that the goldsmith went into his tent for some time, and sounds of work emanated outwards

5 1 Then he, the goldsmith, came forth with a giant lump of gold, without discernable form or shape. 2 And the men of Israel cried out onto him, saying "What is this you've made?" 3 Replying, the goldsmith said, "It is the Golden Calf you asked for. Behold, it is not my fault you didn't ask for the rest of the leg." 4 "Nor even a foot to attach it to. Don't blame me." 5 And so then the men of the tribes of Israel decided it would be better to just wait to hear what Moses had to say.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

8.4 Subj: I AM SO SORRY ABOUT YOUR OLD PET CAT !!

Tuesday, Aug 05, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

Hey it's your dear old pop here and dont bother asking how I am because I am about to tell you: I am a troubled terry about something from mine and your past I have been having the worst dreams for over a week and it may be possible that the spirit world is trying to tell me to come clean and let you in on what haunts my life day in and day out so please forgive me in advance. The truth is that your cat didnt run away to the zoo to be friends with the other animals...

It all started when you were in 7th grade and I was still in love with your mother.. which is trouble in itself!! Ha ha but I digest.. that's not the truly terrible part and you already know about most of the love we shared. The scene was home while you were away at summer camp and your mother and I were bored out of our gourds as normal trying to think of what to do so finally she said "Lets go to the Casino and Win Big!!" Now keep in mind that everyone loves a winner and it has been scientifically proven that people love to win so I could not say no. We put down what we were doing and went to the bank to begin our afternoon

Now let me start this part by saying that I am not a messy man normally but i am not sure who it was that left the food out. If it was me well god will have a special judgement fo rme but i can explain everything to him at the gates of heaven but the best thing would be if we could have a trial if they do that. "wise up god... and listen to the facts!!" lets get to the facts.

Your cat Checkers who was a beloved cat and a good cat got up onto the counter and ate a large amount of Country Crock butter. We had one of the large tubs that is about the size of a small pizza in diameter and 6-8 inches tall and it was almost full when we left it but when we got back there wasnt any usable butter left and the cat was collapsed and asleep in the crawlspace. when she saw us get home she came toward us and started meowing a lot we could tell she had eaten the butter because she was larger and her fur was greasy especially around her mouth and paws

We put garbage bags on our hands and picked up the cat and took her to the vet who said that her cat cholesterol was through the roof so bad that the cat was in physical pain. We tried to bargain with the doctor but it didnt work and we went home.

She was placed in her cat bed and we tried to nurse her back to health by feeding her eyedroppers full of water and cat food but she wasn't having it she just meowed and got fatter by the hour as her body processed more and more of the butter. her meow slowly changed more into a moan and then a wail and then when we got out of the room (beause it was scary) the cat started following us from room to room and moaning and wailing and getting fatter and more horrible. we were being chased around by this terrible cat sometimes to the point of having to hide in closets and listen for it going down the hallway patrolling the house looking for us and screaming.

after midnight we noticed that instead of walking down the stairs the cat would let itself fall down the stairs to get down after us and it was wheezing hard. it was about now that yyour mother felt that the cat was in too much pain and that we had to do the unthinkable. we waited until sun-up for the cat to fall asleep in the dining room and she grabbed it and we brought it to the garage.

Now before I tell you this I want you to please not judge me because this cat was going nuts and her arteries were showing through her fur and everything

Your mother firmly but gently placed the cat's fat head behind the tire of the old jeep and we decided that i should back over it. in one instant the cat was in the happiest place possible where it was no longer fat and scary. This action left a stain on the garage floor that we explained to you as a miscarriage. we said your mom was pregnant and she didn't know it until her hooty chamber burst open into a sea of blood and various tissues but that was a lie it was your cat.

Please i hope you can someday forgive me for my crimes against pets you have no idea the trouble I have been through the past few days I have been driving in a circle out in a field crying my eyes out and wailing much like the cat but more manly and with real human emotion. Please..... I beg of you!!!

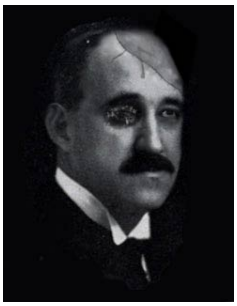
-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

8.5 There Can Be No Greater Friend Than P. B. Fouke

Wednesday, Aug 06, 2008 by P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.

P.B. FOUKE RESCUES FRIEND FROM CERTAIN DEATH



P. B. Fouke, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

Trappers and shippers, I come before you with news of glory and triumph! So great is my satisfaction right now that I CAN SCARCELY FEEL THE SHARP PAIN IN MY SKULL THAT PLAGUES ME DAY AND NIGHT. The source of this unbridled joy: MY HEROIC RESCUE OF J. F. SWANTON FROM CERTAIN DEATH.

After several Sundays had come and gone without producing sight of my dearest friend and colleague, J. F. Swanton of the Swanton Furs operation, I became concerned that he may have relapsed into his old ways of WANTON OPIUM USE AND DEPRAVED WORSHIP OF ANIMALISTIC IDOLS.

Believing my friend to be in dire need of the Lord's Graces, I sought him out at his heavily fortified estate. Having grown accustomed to his medley of barbaric traps, I carefully made my way to his front door and knocked, fully expecting it to swing open and he to appear with knife in hand ready and eager to stab me. This familiar sight was not to be.

It was some hours later when a strange and sudden thought entered my head. Perhaps that ghastly moaning I heard emanating from the ominous gape near his home was not the cry of some foolish beast but rather of Swanton himself. When I arrived once more at the Swanton estate and peered into that vulgar cavity, I saw a sight I pray never to see again: A DECREPIT BADGER ENGAGED IN UNHOLY CONGRESS WITH THE BODY OF MY DEAD FRIEND.

The horrific scene disgusted me such that I IMMEDIATELY RETCHED DOWN INTO THE HOLE. It was then that I noticed a slight movement. I began shouting and, much to my delight, Swanton answered my excited cries as best he could. It was heartbreaking to hear his once mighty roar reduced to the whimper of a baby.

J. F. Swanton

Knowing my friend's body and soul were both in jeopardy, I quickly fashioned a ladder out of his extensive collection of lynching ropes and made my way to the bottom of that godforsaken hole. Once there, I hoisted my friend up over shoulder and carried him back into the light. HIS BODY, SO EMACIATED AND RAW, COULD NOT HAVE WEIGHED MORE THAN A SMALL CHILD.

Once in the light, Swanton insisted that I venture back into the moist darkness and retrieve the badger that had defiled him. Fearing that even the slightest disappointment would

be enough to squelch what remained of his spirit, I hurriedly plucked the filthy creature from out of the well. I do believe the foul-smelling beast weighed even more than Swanton himself.

Knowing my friend was but a single breath from death, I brought him back to the Fouke Fur Company headquarters where he was deposited in our auxiliary fur shed. At first this arrangement proved tenuous at best, as he wasted no time in trying to eat C. A. Freeman's face. Freeman, bereft of operational digits from a previous workplace accident, was unable to fend off Swanton's animal savagery. Indeed, it took no less than the combined efforts of R. J. Heckwolf, M. J. Duddy and D. J. Halley to pry Swanton's jaw open wide enough for C. A. Freeman to remove his right cheek and nose.

I was greatly relieved to see that even after such a horrible ordeal the irascible Swanton maintained an admirable level of bloodlust. C. A. Freeman, now several pounds lighter in the face, was offered the day off to recuperate, but declined due to his unwavering sense of duty to you, THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF TRAPPERS AND SHIPPERS LOYAL TO THIS GREAT COMPANY!

R. J. Heckwolf,
Vice-President,
Manager, Grading
Dept.

Knowing my friend's spirited disinterest in the medical profession, I decided not to involve my personal doctor and shaman, F. Gerald Thornton. Instead I enlisted my chief grader, Mr. R. J. Heckwolf. Both Heckwolf and I agreed that Swanton's body was scarcely fit for sale on the open markets. We also agreed on another immutable truth: HIS BEARD REMAINED GLORIOUS.

Having once been host to that very beard, I could not agree more. IT IS MY FIRM BELIEF THAT MY FORMER BEARD KEPT HIM ALIVE DURING HIS TIME IN THE WELL, giving him warmth in the cold night and additional sustenance when he took to eating his own lips to stave off starvation.

So moved was I by his tenacity that I IMMEDIATELY SHAVED OFF MY NEWEST BEARD with every intention to resupply his face. I could see those horrifying blackened pits he calls eyes light up as I gently added my oft-admired hair to his face, careful not to agitate the festering sores and infected tissue surrounding what used to be his lips.

Over the next few weeks I worked diligently to restore my friend's health. I sat beside his devastated body and read him excerpts from past editions of this very catalogue. I regaled him with stories of my most triumphant trapping expeditions and told him of how my children were excelling in age, skill and love of fur trapping.

There, basked in the warm glow of my integrity, my dear friend became whole again. It was a bittersweet day when he walked out of our auxiliary fur shed and returned to his deplorable home. Before he departed, the entire Fouke Fur Company offered him a gift: HIS DEAR SWEET BADGER, PROFESSIONALLY STUFFED AND POSED.

I tell you this story for a very important reason. If that is how I treat my greatest business rival, imagine how I will treat you. You can rest assured that I would offer no less than the same personal courtesy to any of you should you fall into a well. I make this promise to each and every man reading this catalogue today. If you have done business with the Fouke Fur Company or intend to one day do so, I WILL DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO KEEP YOU ALIVE.

In honor of my heroics and the recovery of my friend, I kindly request that you deduct one hundred and ten per cent (110%) from all catalogue prices.

TRAPPERS AND SHIPPERS, HEAR YE THIS: $1000.00 REWARD TO THE MAN WHO BRINGS SWANTON'S ATTACKER TO JUSTICE

When I questioned my former employee Captain H. W. Grieves as to whether he pushed Swanton into the hole, he denied any involvement. He assured me that had he pushed Swanton into the hole, he would have followed him down to finish the job. Knowing his work ethic, I am inclined to believe him.

A. P. Brown,
Brown Fur Amalgamated

Thus I turn my suspicions toward Mr. A. P. Brown. Knowing his keen desire to corner the St. Louis fur market at any cost, I wonder if he might have had the audacity to engineer such a fall. I am not suggesting that it was by Brown's own hands that Swanton made his fateful tumble. Brown could have hired any number of thugs, imbeciles or Pinkertons to carry out the act.

Thus I turn to you, my most loyal agents, to solve this mystery and bring the cowardly assailant to justice. To the man who brings me J. F. Swanton's attacker, I offer a humble reward of $1000.00. I look forward to your noble efforts in righting this great injustice.

A PARTING WORD

Even as I nursed my fallen friend back to health, I maintained a firm grip on the day-to-day operations of this company. I examined every piece of paper, careful to understand its full import and purpose. I initiated meetings and handshakes with associates and suppliers to negotiate cheaper prices on all catalogue goods. In short, I continued in my unwavering commitment to provide to you the finest and most compelling prices imaginable, AT GREAT COST TO MY OWN HEALTH AND WELFARE.

Though I may experience pains greater than any man was meant to endure, though I may sometimes see my loved ones as strangers and howl at them as if they were demons, I take solace in one important fact: people will always need fur, AND I WILL BE THE MAN TO DRAPE THEM IN IT.

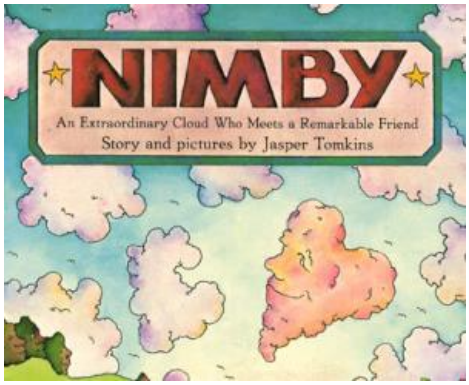
And here's my name to say so...

P. B. Fouke
Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Fouke Fur Co.

-∼P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

8.6 The Eternal Struggle

Thursday, Aug 07, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal



The only NIMBY that doesn't piss me off.

As a public transportation advocate with self-diagnosed Asperger's and a gay dad, I have learned quite a bit about NIMBYs and the boondoggles they protest against. Today I'll teach you what I know about these important issues the way people used to learn from each other during the early days of the Internet.

"NIMBY" stands for Not In My BackYard, though it's often confused with the lesser known meaning, Not In My Butt You jerk, first coined by my girlfriend on an awkward Valentine's Day. NIMBYs are self-important middle class cretins who wish to preserve the status quo at the expense of progress. NIMBYs are usually middle class because poor people have no rights and upper class folk rarely live near live railroad tracks. And if they do, they probably own the railroad.

Anything that gets in the way of driving their kid to soccer practice, such as a trolley line or an S&M dungeon, is called a "boondoggle" by NIMBYs. NIMBYs don't live in cities, they live in "communities". They often depict public works projects as evil monstrosities infecting their humble little towns with noise, pollution, and cooties.

NIMBYs will often complain that there aren't enough prisons, but then scream bloody murder when one is built in their town. NIMBYs will often complain about traffic and then threaten protests when a rail line is planned to be built nearby. NIMBYs will often complain about the lack of safe, reliable porno shops, but then file lawsuits when one opens in their kid's school.

NIMBYs don't know what they want, but when they get it, they howl.

Because the word boondoggle is thrown around far too often and the word NIMBY not nearly enough, I have decided to highlight some high-profile projects and set the record straight. Is it a boondoggle or is it NIMBYism? You just might find out in today's update, but probably not!

The Big Dig

The Central Artery/Tunnel Project in Boston, otherwise known as the "Big Dig" to those wishing to save the time and effort it takes to speak the words Central Artery slash Tunnel Project, has become the national whipping boy for corrupt public works projects.

All public works projects are corrupt to some degree, but these guys just went too far. It's like when you cheat on your taxes or your spouse. It's okay in moderation, but blows up in your face when your wife finds out you've been cheating on some other woman's tax return.

Envisioned as a way to relieve traffic on Boston's crowded highways, the "Big Dig" quickly turned into a sticky situation for the Massachusetts Turnpike Authority. Hey Romney, you could learn something here.

Among the allegations charged was that the concrete used in the project was just oatmeal mixed with bubblegum. Thousands of leaks were discovered by a bunch of trouble making nerds from MIT. Subsequent investigations found that subcontractors were using apes to do utility relocation and that the apes left banana peels all over the damn place which resulted in a three day strike by the sanitation commission. The apes were released back into the custody of the Transportation Security Administration and went back to work.

Big Dig bitching reached a threshold when a concrete ceiling tile fell from a tunnel and killed some woman. The tunnel was declared a crime scene and the criminal investigation revealed that free flowing vehicular traffic angers the concrete Gods and a woman had to be sacrificed to appease them.

Rarrr! I am the concrete God. You go splat now! Rarrr!!!

Of course, few Boston commuters, if any, are refusing to use the new infrastructure in protest of any wrongdoing by Bechtel and Parsons Brinckerhoff, the firms in charge of designing and building whatever the hell they were put in charge to build (some kind of elevator?). Traffic has improved immensely in the Boston area and the fact that the thing is even useful at all saves the Big Dig from full boondoggle status.

That's why the Big Dig only gets four floating heads of Mitt Romney out of five.

Boondoggle Rating:

California High Speed Rail

In what is likely to become the biggest struggle in the history of public works projects in California, high speed rail will finally go to the voters this November after it was taken off the ballot in 2004 and 2006 by an actor we voted to be governor.

If Proposition 1 passes it would provide nine billion dollars for the construction of a high speed rail line from downtown Los Angeles to downtown San Francisco. And we're not talking some phony baloney Acela Express bullshit. This train will hit speeds of 220 miles per hour in California's Central Valley. Unpleasant illegal immigrant farm workers are but a blur at such speeds.

But you can't plan a rail project in California without hearing wails from NIMBY scum. Concentrated NIMBY opposition has already surfaced in the communities of Menlo Park and Atherton, where the Bay Area's Caltrain corridor may be widened to accommodate high speed trains.

An example of mass transit in California.

Officials there plan to join a lawsuit in order to invalidate what is called an environmental impact report and call a do-over, which would add millions of dollars and wasted time to an already expensive project. And NIMBYs wonder why these things go over-budget so often.

Not to be outdone by the NIMBYs in Menlo Park, the California High Speed Rail Authority, the braindead politicians put in charge of overseeing the rail line, is doing their damnedest to kill the project as well.

Long criticized for releasing overstated ridership figures and understated construction cost figures, the authority has decided to award the contract for the project to Parsons Brinkerhoff, the very same firm partly responsible for the Big Dig debacle.

Does anyone at the CHSRA read the newspaper or what? Eh, maybe it's not so bad a choice. Besides, every second chance begins with a first step. If you want respect, you've got to take it. After all, life doesn't hold tryouts. Backstabbing. Spotlight-grabbing. Secret-blabbing. An engineering firm's life is all that.

The NIMBYs don't get it. The city council says forget it. The supporters who voted it in now regret it. But does California High Speed Rail got game? Bet on it. Bring it on, this Fall.

That's why California High Speed Rail gets two California State Senator Tom McClintocks out of five. Look, taxes are going to go up anyway. We might as well get a cool train out of it. You don't want your tax dollars going to some loser kids with cancer do you? Vote yes on Prop 1! If you don't live in California, just go back to quietly talking about us behind our backs you Northeastern bastards.

Boondoggle Rating:

◘ Bridge to Nowhere

As if this update wasn't img-timeline enough, have you guys heard about this BRIDGE TO NOWHERE in Alaska?! Yeah, they wanted to build a bridge almost as long as the Golden Gate in order to serve a population of 8000. Holy cow! What a barrel of pork!

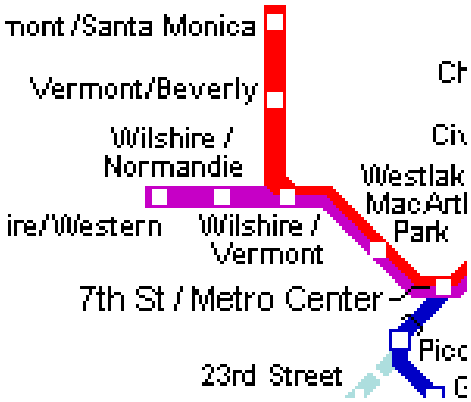
I guess when it comes to Ted Steven's pet project, we're all sort of NIMBYs. I mean, Alaska is kind of America's backyard right? Or is that Canada? You know what, forget I said anything.

Anyway, it gets my highest boondoggle rating ever, five disembodied heads of Senator Ted Stevens out of five.

Boondoggle Rating:

◘ Subway to the Sea

Hi, I'm Sally Struthers. I'm here today to plead with you to help support a transit project in dire need of some love. Have a look at this amputated leg of the Los Angeles subway.



In its infancy, this little subway was attacked by NIMBYs who didn't want colored folk coming into the westside of Los Angeles. They disguised their intentions to kill the subway as concerns about methane gas pockets or dinosaur farts or whatever. They passed measures to ban the use of tax money to fund subway construction and effectively starved this poor subway almost to death.

For only pennies a day you can help this subway reach Santa Monica as God intended.

Okay, enough Sally Struthers nonsense. There's a time and a place for everything but now isn't it. Frankly, the Los Angeles Purple Line extension to Santa Monica is quite possibly the most important public transportation project in the history of ever.

Ridership would be 600 billion boardings per year and even the woolly mammoth bones under the La Brea Tar Pits would use it. White people might even ride it, which is an experimental new concept for mass transit in Los Angeles.

Because of the importance of this project I can only muster up one Zev Yaroslavsky, the politician who is credited with killing the subway, out of five.

Boondoggle rating:

So there.

-~Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

8.7 GO. AWAY.

Friday, Aug 08, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

God, it's me, Brett. Please make Aaron Rodgers the worst QB in NFL history.

Can you whine yourself back to being the quarterback of the Green Bay Packers? How about bitch and moan your wife into the Democratic nomination for President? Brett Favre and Bill Clinton have been appearing on TV screens incessantly trying to learn the answers to both questions.

Favre, who somehow always looks like he shaved three days ago, has been complaining that the evil bad villains in charge of the Packers forced him to re-retire in March after he un-retired months earlier. After two tearful goodbye laps you might think the guy would have the common decency to stay away, but instead he's been taking a messy media diarrheaall over the team he supposedly loves.

How must it feel to be Packers QB Aaron Rodgers? You're the guy who waited patiently through Favre's waffling and tantrums, through tearful press conferences and shoulder-carrying semi-triumphs, through unbearably long goodbyes.

You finally have your chance at the big time. Starting QB for the Packers. Hooray! Then, out of the blue, ol' Scruffy Wranglers drives up in his hero pickup and demands to start yet again. Why won't you just die, Brett Favre!?

It belongs to HERRRRRRmeRRRRRR!!!!

The media has been lapping it all up, plastering Favre's mug on the TV for yet another year. They've shared the same courtesy with former President Bill Clinton.

As you may recall, the red-faced lover of oral sodomy's wife lost an agonizingly long Primary fight with the majestic giraffe from Kenyansas.

In the desperate days of that battle Bill and his wife dropped some calculated stink bombs on the coloreds to try to stimulate white fear of crazy gangs of blacks running the country. It worked in places like West Virginia and Kentucky, natures preserves for living racist fossils that pass as states, but it backfired pretty much everywhere else.

What is this, some sort of Obama action movie now? Jesus Christ.

Having shit away his good name for absolutely nothing, Clinton has been seething with anger directed at the elegant black man and his Ray-Ban-wearing movie star trips abroad. You could practically see Clinton's blood pressure rising in interviews from Rwanda or wherever he is trying to repair his legacy.

He obviously hates Barack Obama. Long after everybody knew Hillary had lost the Primary she racked up huge debts extra-losing to Obama. Bill's s going to have to bust his ass to pay the money back, but while he's in Kyrgzczyrkistan doing Polonium deals with dictators Obama gets to go to Berlin and get 100,000 pairs of panties wet just by smiling.

Favre and Bill, ubiquitous and increasingly despised, seem unable to shrink from the spotlight. They're self-destructing relics fighting off the crooks of the stage poles tugging at their necks. They both

have mortal enemies in Chicago.

How alike are they? Lucky for you, I have created a side-by-side comparison...

Megababies Who Won't Let Go Comparison

Grievance Wanted a third chance to retire as quarterback for his beloved Green Bay Packers. Denied this by Hitler-like Mark Murphy and a traitorous fifth column of Wisconsin Bears fans.	**Grievance** Wanted a third term in the White House for his beloved sweet wife Hillary. Denied this by Goebbels-like David Axelrod and his legion of blacks and young people.
Managed to Alienate Green Bay fans who were willing to settle for a QB who just couldn't take them all the way and was guaranteed to cry at least once a season at a press conference. *No, no, those aren't tears. It's just snow flakes melting on his cheeks. In the press room. Again.*	**Managed to Alienate** Black people who were willing to settle for a white guy who played the saxophone as the first black president. *No, no, he totally gets us. All those ugly white girls are just making up stories. And audio tapes. Again.*
When He Gets Mad He repeatedly brings up Randy Moss to reporters. **Best Advice to Himself** "It's been a great career for me, but it's over."	**When He Gets Mad** He repeatedly touches Chris Wallace and wags a finger. **Best Advice to Himself** "All this moaning and groaning -- none of these politicians are gonna have anything like the tough time half the people in this audience have already had for the last seven years."
Signs of Distress Ejects a salty fluid from his eyes every time he pictures Aaron Rodgers with a Super Bowl Ring.	**Signs of Distress** Ejects a salty fluid into an air hostess every time he pictures President Obama with a Democratic Congress.

Attempts at Placation Letting him return as a backup, paying him a huge amount of money to get him go away, and eventually caving in completely to let him come back and play again.	**Attempts at Placation** Praising him at every opportunity, paying his wife a huge amount of money to get them both to go away, and eventually caving in completely to let him come back and speak at the convention.
Will That Work? Hell no, he already refused to come back. Maybe trading him to the worst team in the history of the NFL for a fourth round draft pick will teach him a lesson. Nah, the universe revolves around Brett Favre.	**Will That Work?** Hell no, he'll probably use his speech at the convention to talk about how he and Hillary want to "make sure everyone's voices are heard, especially that old broad in the back with the 60 cats and the McCain button."
Consolation for the Rest of Us He's ruined his legacy for everyone but his most die-hard of supporters and his appearance on the cover of Madden might ruin his life.	**Consolation for the Rest of Us** He's ruined his legacy for everyone but Paul Krugman and his appearance in a cover story for Vanity Fair might ruin his life.

Short of dynamite and pry-bars, I doubt there's anything we can do to excise these limpets from the hull of our collective consciousness. Even by writing this article complaining about how they just won't go away, I am contributing in some tiny way to their continued presence in our lives.

Long after Barack Obama is President, when the Jets are still doing so bad they won't even be allowed to watch the SUperbowl on TV, Favre and Clinton will still be there, mocking us with the thought of what the world might be like without them on TV 24 hours a day.

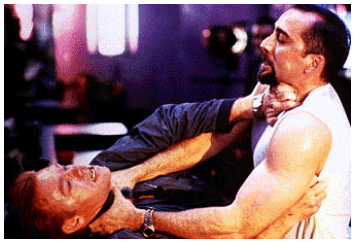
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.8 Mind Your Strip Club Manners

Saturday, Aug 09, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I've never been to a strip club. I was ordered to meet a contact in one a few hours into Grand Theft Auto IV, but I was able to close my eyes and turn off the console about three seconds after receiving the mission so I came out of the situation relatively unscathed. Don't get me wrong, I'm not a prude by any means. Naked women don't bother me at all so long as they don't call me names or come anywhere near me.

My aversion to strip clubs is purely philosophical in nature, partially because the billboard for my local gentleman's establishment reads *Socra-tease: Come Ogle Our Aristotles And Eat Platos Of Our Free Buffet.*



Even if I don't get the appeal of strip clubs, guys will continue to patronize them so I might as well make the best of a bad situation and offer up a few simple rules of etiquette. It's true that I don't have any firsthand experience to base this advice on. I did, however, see *Kiss Of Death*, which featured Nicholas Cage living in a strip club and choking David Caruso. That makes me something of an expert.

No Touching!
Every strip club has a strict "no touching" policy, and violating it will get you thrown out by a greasy dude with a ponytail and a fanny pack strapped around his pot belly.

Training yourself to deal with this isn't too difficult. Order several glasses of water, then use your face to tip them over on the very edge of your table. Now maneuver your mouth to catch the liquid as it pours out. In no time at all, you'll be ready to drink the adult beverage of your choice without using your hands.

Safety First
Small children should be strapped into their car seat, facing away from the stage.

Tipping

The young ladies who dance in strip clubs make the majority of their money from tips, much like waitresses and congressmen. How do you know when it's appropriate to tip? Wait until your stripper has just finished an impressive feat, such as doing a backflip or intentionally separating her shoulder then popping it back in. If it helps, imagine that she is a seal at Sea World. Move in to tip when it seems as though she should be clapping her flippers together and barking.

Knowing how much to tip can be tricky. You don't want to be stingy, but then again you want to have enough money left in your wallet to keep any potential muggers from pistol whipping you.

As a rule of thumb, you want each tip to start out at $5. Deduct one dollar for every tooth that your stripper is missing, then add three dollars for every child at home that she tells you about (adding three dollars for every kid with autism/blindness/gigantism).

Silver Where?

Reaching for the wrong utensil during the business man's buffet can be downright embarassing. Remember, from left to right the order goes: salad fork, seafood fork, normal fork, steak knife, butter knife, spoon, speculum.

Somewhere A Little More Uncomfortable
You may be propositioned by a stripper to join her in a private room. Tempting as it may seem, do not accept! She only wants to make you move heavy boxes around the office and rearrange the furniture.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.9 Create Your Own Adventure: Olympic Gold

Sunday, Aug 10, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

You aren't sure what's so special about the opening ceremony, but something is making your heart skip a beat. Perhaps it's national pride, or the ridiculous scene of a man being lifted on wires to light the torch, or maybe it's the hundreds of Asian girls dancing around for three hours. Whatever it is, you're sure there's magic around. Yes, you must compete in the Olympics. This is your chance for fame, for glory, for a girlfriend-an Asian one! On the other hand, your torrents desperately need seeded.

Olympic Aspirations
Turn to page 996

Torrent
Turn to page 997

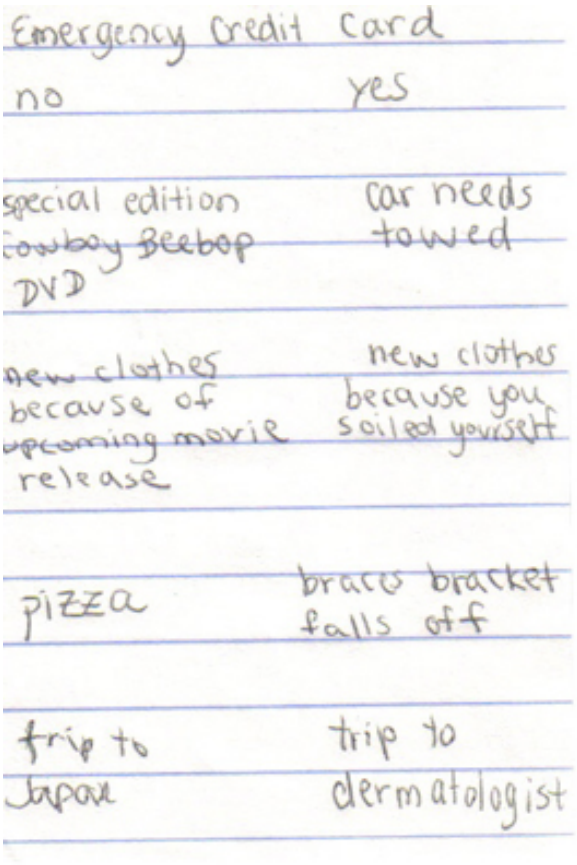
Pride shall be brought to your family. The games have already started though so you have to hurry. What event will you conquer? It's obvious. Javelin Toss. Looks like the medieval pike you carved for the renaissance fair will come in handy after all. Will they make you perform a drug test? Probably. To be safe, you piss into an empty container of mint chocolate chip ice cream. Does chocolate chip show up in urine samples? Forget it. You write a quick note and leave it on the counter. "Mom, in China. Told you I could use my pike for something other than the fair. I couldn't bring the armor though. Love, your bunny." How are you doing on time? Bob Costas is talking about the Olympic spirit. Looks like you got two days before he's finished. Okay, time to buy a plane ticket, but how are you supposed to pay for this.

Emergency Credit Card
Turn to page 998

Craigslist
Turn to page 999

I guess you made the right choice. I mean, this manga isn't going to share itself.

Start Over
Turn to page 995



Mom said that this card is only for emergencies. She even made a chart to help you identify if something is important or not. Well, it doesn't say a thing about going to the Olympics. You find a flight, and based on the cost, you think the gods must be on your side.

Oops, nope. Unfortunately, the $500 cap on your card makes international travel difficult. But don't worry; it isn't too late for plan B. Your Olympic dreams are not yet crushed

Try Craigslist
Turn to page 999

You've heard good things about Craigslist, but you're not really looking for a JO bud. Oh well, worth a try.

Fri Aug 08

Seeking my submissive lover - m4w - 42 -

I love bouncing up and down like a pro. - w4m -

Help me Compete in the Olympics - m4m - pic

Looking for Bi Curious Guys for JO maybe Oral - m4m - 29 - (Short North)

Help me Compete in the Olympics - m4m

Reply to: pers-789833518@craigslist.org
Date: 2008-08-08, 8:17PM EDT

I SAW THE OPENING CEREMONY AND I WANT TO COMPETE. I HAVE TO GET TO the games!

I am 6', 160lb, handsome?, and I think I have a chance in javelin toss. I have a pretty good rod, a little larger than most, but I'm good with it. Maybe I can teach you something too?

YOU BUY THE PLANE TICKETS AND I'LL SAY YOUR NAME ON TV IF I WIN.
DONT WORRY about not fitting in. I can be the tour guide since i know japanese. well i kinda know japanese-- i'm translating a few mangas right now.

please hurry. fast. BOB Costas is almost done talking!!!

send pics.

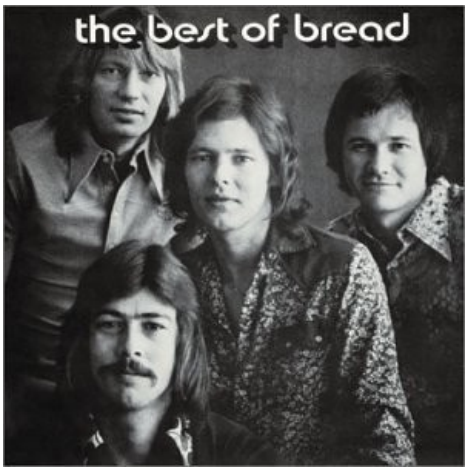
• it's NOT ok to contact this poster with services or other commercial interest

Your post gets flagged in five minutes, but not before you get one email.

Javelin Through. Willing to train and be able to go deep. 37 6'1 195lbs brn/brn good shape, 33w 44c 6.5 cut masculine and discreet. Going to Beijing. Meet me at airport. -CHAD

Whatever it takes
Turn to page 1000

The stewardesses on the flight are really nice, but they refuse to give you more soda. You're trying to concentrate about the games, but Chad keeps bothering you with his hands and whispers. Hopefully he'll disappear soon. You put headphones in to block out his voice and the memories of what you had to do for this plane ticket. Transformers is blaring into your ears from the in-flight movie, which is cool, but you already have it for your PSP, so you decide to meditate to music instead. You're bummed to see that you only have two CDs to choose from. Do you select Significant Other by Limp Bizkit or The Very Best of Bread by Bread? Making the wrong choice could have devastating effects on your journey for gold.



Limp Bizkit
Turn to page 1001

Bread
Turn to page 1002

You feel the power of teenage angst enter your body through awkward beats and poor songwriting. By the end of Significant Other you are ready to break something. You check your five-foot javelin, your quart of urine, and exit with Chad. The two of you wander aimlessly around Beijing for a few hours as you attempt to communicate with the locals. Your Japanese isn't working very well, and Fred Durst's nasally whining is bouncing around your head. A wrong turn leaves you stuck in a dead-end where a Tibetan Monk corners you. His thin feet are black with dirt, his frail hand shakes out of his robe to give you a handwritten packet and numerous pictures portraying the awful atrocities by the Chinese government. You try to tell him you aren't interested, but he refuses to leave.

Listen to him
Turn to page 1003

Practice the javelin
Turn to page 1004

The soft rattlings of Bread leave you peaceful if not completely comatose. You feel at one with the world as you wander into downtown Beijing. The javelin rests on your shoulder, your quart of urine carefully held by Chad, as the two of you search for the Olympic celebrations. A block ahead you notice five colorful mascots huddled on the ground. Perhaps they know how to get to the stadium, you think slowly approaching the rainbow group. You accidentally trip over a pile of garbage when you're twenty feet around. The startled mascots turn towards you one at a time, each more adorable than the last. They slowly approach with open arms, and as they get closer, you aren't so sure about your safety.

Greet the mascots
Turn to page 1005

Prepare the javelin
Turn to page 1006

You push the monk, forcing him to stumble backwards a few steps before regaining his balance. He quickly returns to your side, his robe rubbing against your arm. Though frustrated, you refuse to hit him, regardless of how he acts. Instead, you grab his pamphlet, nod thanks, and pray that he leaves you alone. The monk stops you as you try to pass. He removes his robe, revealing a perfectly pressed police uniform. Your arm is snapped in half as he throws you to the ground. Six additional policemen appear. Chad tries to run, but they gun him down. He drops the ice-cream container as he falls. The urine spills out against the dusty street towards you leaving your face covered with your tears, piss, mud, and the barrel of a gun. "What did I do?" you ask. The officer states that you assisted a Tibetan monk in spreading false reports and the punishment is death.

Sorry.

Start Again

Turn to page 995

You grab the javelin. It feels good in your hands as you throw it with all your might. The rod travels through the old monk, sending him flying to the ground. Chad vomits all over himself from the image, but years of internet usage has left you numb. You pull the javelin out and head back towards the main street. Five police officers stop you. Sweat begins to gather on your forehead until one reaches his hand out for a handshake. "Congratulations." He says. For your participation in the extermination of an ancient religious sect, the Chinese government wants to reward you. You can have anything you want.

"I want a girlfriend." You quickly say. No.

"I want to be in the Olympics." No.

"I want a Hanzo Samurai Sword." No. That's Japanese anyway.

"Well, erm, could I have a 50inch Sony TV?" Okay.

"With 1080p HD?" No.

Congratulations on your new television, too bad you won't be able to compete in the Olympics or watch Ratatouille on Blu-ray.

Start Over
Turn to page 995

12 You get closer to the little guys. They bounce in their steps toward you with their little round paws stretched out. You can't help yourself as you squeal like a little girl. You make a noise equivalent to "^____^" and start running towards the cute things. As you get closer you see the mascots' sharp teeth. They aren't outfits at all, but mutant beasts from the city's pollution. You take a step back at the last second to see what happens with Chad. The colorful monsters give your craigslist mate an enormous hug. They look so soft! Chad laughs for a second in their arms before letting out a screech. You can't see what is going on, but you notice the beasts' fur is matted down with blood. You try to run, but the five of them quickly catch up. You defend yourself for a moment, fighting them off with your javelin, but it's hopeless. You fall to the ground with a tuft of red fur in your hand.

Start Over
Turn to page 995

If there is one thing myspace taught you, it's not to trust things that seem "too cute." You may have lost your social security number once, but you refuse to let these little mascots have their way with you. You put your javelin up and tell Chad to get behind you. "Whatever happens, protect the urine." You say, preparing for battle. The colorful bear-things continue to bounce closer, and you realize that they are not cute mascots, but mutant beasts from the polluted outskirts of Beijing. The five creatures charge in. You stab one, leaving a blue bear-cat dead on the ground. The other four pace around you, waiting for a moment to strike. One pounces at Chad, he screams, dropping the urine. Your clean piss leaks all over the cement. Out of rage you stab the green one. It moans as you prepare for another attack, but the others seem uninterested in you. Instead the remaining three gather around the spilled urine. One after another they take sips. When the pool is dry they turn to you, expecting more. You unzip your pants and urinate in the street. The beasts seem pacified by your offering. In fact, they seem submissive. How will you use your new army?

Use them to gain entrance to the games.
Turn to page 1007

Kill the abominations
Turn to page 1008

The four of you approach the gates and the beasts make short work of the guards-- they're fighting masters after all. The grass feels soft against your feet as you jog to the launch point. Once in position, you windup, taking a few steps back before letting your javelin loose into the air. It soars through the thick air and lands at the 15m mark. Glorious.

A police helicopter rises above the stadium and immediately shoots the three mutants before ordering you to the ground. You fall to your stomach with your hands on your head. You are never heard from again, but your mother finds your craigslist ad and blames your death on lust. But none of that matters since you accomplished your goal. Your only regret was that you arrived four days before the track and field events occurred, so no one saw you perform in the empty stadium.

Congratulations. Thanks for playing. Don't do drugs.

As they drink from your puddle, you raise the javelin and kill one. Then another. Finally, the leader of group looks up. He's aware that he is a mutant, and accepts his fate. The monster whispers thank you as you bring down the pike one last time.

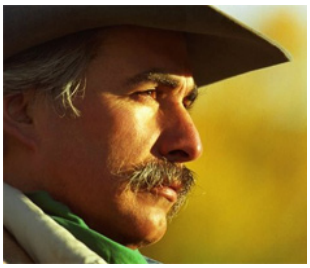
Alone, surrounded by death and covered with blood, you are unsure of what to do. Why were you so passionate about being in the Olympics? Was it worth the life of five mutants and one pervert? No, of course not. You think about calling the police, but decide listening to Limp Bizkit would be better.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.10 Explaining Difficult Concepts

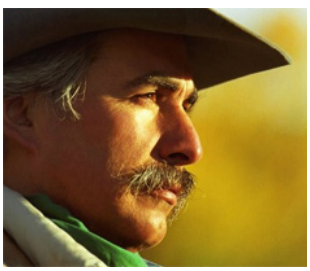
Monday, Aug 11, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

OLD-TIMEY COWBOY VS. MIDDLE-MANAGEMENT DOUCHE
ON THE SUBJECT OF
Today's Headlines



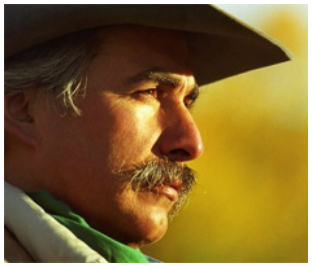
Russia's attackin' Georgia?
Figgers.
spits

Ha ha, my friend.
Ha ha. That joke is as hilarious as when I-



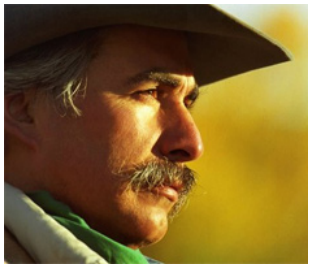
What faggot college you go to to learn how to speak Sissy?
Y'all speak it real clear.
Like a song bird.

I'll have you know I'm top in my fight club.



Yer what?

Um, America is, um, narrowly leading China in medals at the Olympics.



Had a celestial whore I used to put my pecker in out Tybee Island way. Gave me the clap just by spittin' in her hand afore she rubbed my doodle.
Ain't never figured that out.
Wonder if she's speakin' Russian now?

Old-Timey Cowboy, I...will you excuse me?
I have to take this call.

EDWARDIAN DANDY VS. UNITED STATES MARINE
ON THE SUBJECT OF

Frippery

He's dead...because of me...
I thought he had an RPG...I...he came around the corner so fast.
What am I going to tell my wife? How can I even look my kids in the eye anymore?

Ooh! You're a fright!
Is that a jape? Jungle man paint? Are you a gypsy?

Our roof gunner died face down on the floor of the Humvee. All this yellow shit and foam came out of his mouth. He didn't say nothing before he went. It just popped through his cover, both sides.
I knew his mom. I played Madden with his kids before shipping out.

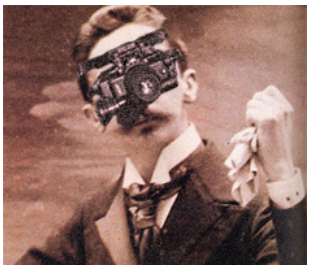
Hmm, yes, well. I will just have to get you cleaned up, my little pauper man.
Steamed and deloused, from top to bottom.
I know a Jew who can see to your clothes.
What size jacquard vest do you wear? I believe my manservant might have a spare in the trunk.

Wh-what?
My Interceptor is fine. I think my back SAPI might be cracked from a strike, but it was just shrapnel.
Shrapnel from our own effing CAS. They dropped on our heads because battalion has-

You are no longer with your detachment of fusiliers.
Now, I only have my brocaded vest at hand, so I hope you will not judge me too harshly by this standard. I do have some Cairo suspenders, latest style, a clean undershirt, trousers.
Do you prefer your hat feathered or unfeathered?
Oh, my, what an interesting monocular!

Hey, give me back my NVGs!
This is...hey...this stuff fits pretty good. I like this puffy tie thing.
I feel like a new man. Thanks, dandy.
Maybe I can finally learn to cry again.

No, the thanks are to you, good sir.
I feel as though I have imbibed the headiest Parisian absinthe and yet I am sober as a Vicar.



DUKE AT VERSAILLES VS. 8-YEAR OLD KID
ON THE SUBJECT OF

Email

Moorling, what is that thing before you? Answer me.

A computer?

A...com-pute-or?
Oh! It just made a sound! What was that!?

You pressed too many keys at once! Now get off, I'm trying to check my email.

Your...e-mail?

Yes! What are you? Retarded?

I am from the finest salons of Paris, yet I have never seen such a wondrous machine as this.
What do you do with this e-mail?

It's like a letter you write to someone, only they get it right away on their computer.

And others have these incredible devices they use to...send letters?

Don't stand all up over my shoulder while I'm trying to type. That shit is annoying as hell.

You are obviously from the time of heathen wizards if the Moors possess such artifice as this. I command you to send me back to my day and age.

You what? Fool, I was just sitting here in the computer lab. You're the one who ran all up in here like, "what the fuck is an email?" like you're a baby.
Find your own damn way back to the future.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.11 The 2008 Adult Domain Buyer's Guide

Tuesday, Aug 12, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This weekend, a company called Moniker Marketplace auctioned off a huge, torrential load of valuable adult domain names. Some went for tens or even hundreds of thousands. Many more remain unsold and are still up for bidding, so you still might be able to snag a top-quality adult domain for an affordable price. For your edification, the internet experts here at Something Awful have put together a quick buyer's guide that will help you pick out your next blockbuster adult domain.

The rating system is on the Laimbeer system: one Laimbeer represents a useless or unmarketable domain, while five Laimbeers guarantees high quality and great financial reward.

Forgive me for the lack of illustration in this update, but I don't think anyone really wants to see that.

To see the full list of sites and verify that I'm not just making all this up, visit the auction listing:

Lot 1330: Wife.info

> If ever there was a domain name that really needed to house a serious and informative site, this is it. What is a wife, and how do I get one? How can I maintain and care for my wife? What do I do if my wife becomes bothersome? May I have more than one wife at a time?

Lot 50: BlackEscorts.com

> I really can't see why a used car site would want to buy such a specific domain, but I guess there's a niche market for everything. Come to think of it, I did buy my car on BeigePintos.com.

Lot 120: ChineseShemale.com

> This seems like the sort of thing China would crack down on (I mean, they have that one-child policy, so if everyone can only have sex once, it stands to reason that everyone can only have one sex. Ho ho! Somebody fire me before I keep writing this stupid article).

Lot 155: Bj.com

This one sold for $200k. I'm guessing it was bought by a frustrated Greg Evigan, longing to relive his glory days of long-haul trucking and ape companionship. By the way, apecompanionship.com fetched $300k.

Lot 1060: Fucked.org

This sounds more like one of those sites that just has tons of shocking videos of people getting decapitated in car crashes and stuff. "Fucked.org exclusive! Check this crazy shit out: this bitch falls off her bicycle and gets fucking pwned by the concrete. Stupid bitch! Don't click this shit if you've got a weak stomach. Oh shit, my mom's home."

Lot 980: SexKing.com

I wonder why this hasn't already been bought by the real Sex King. Oh: probably because he's already the fucking Sex King and he doesn't need an internet presence.

Lot 1670: Semen.info

I don't think I can come up with anything to say about this that's funnier than the domain itself, so I'm just gonna leave it alone.

Lot 1100: Fag.net

Dude, why are you selling your homepage?

Lot 170: PrivateSex.com

I can see "publicsex.com" maybe going for a lot of money, but how will its rather lukewarm counterpart fare? Maybe it should be sold in some kind of bundle along with clothedbeach.com, mardigrasmodesty.com and unobservednudity.com.

Lot 220: GangBang.com

This is always going to be one of those irresolvable slang fights between guys in bandanas in East LA and guys standing naked in a line to have thirty seconds of sex with some twitching loaf of human tragedy.

Lot 230: InterracialThumbs.com

The idea that this domain would be used to host an adult website is really offensive to me. I was born with one black thumb and one white thumb, and I think I have a right to live my life without being objectified by online smut peddlers.

Lot 270: EatMyAss.com

Kind of a distasteful name for an adult site, but it's better to sell it to a porn company than let it be used by cannibals.

Lot 670: EatAss.com

For a more general and less personalized ass-eating experience than the one offered by EatMyAss.com. Sometimes you like asses getting eaten, but you don't want to get too intense with the fantasy, you know what I mean?

Lot 280: LickButt.com

And I guess this one is for wishy-washy cannibals who aren't quite ready to commit to the lifestyle.

Lot 1460: Ass.fm

Ass.tv would be a much, much better site. Asses are things of many virtues, but none of them are appropriate for radio.

Lot 570: Cock.com

Lot 580: Penis.com

I wonder if the guy who bought Cock.com said, "holy shit, I can't believe it," then immediately tried Penis.com and got that one, too. Then he probably did nothing with them for 15 years while the internet slowly caught up with the need for them.

Lot 700: MatureHardcore.com

Finally, a hardcore website that knows how to do its taxes and doesn't overreact to trivial insults!

Lot 930: Sluts.net

Doesn't this seem like a made-up site that would be written into a work of fiction by someone who'd never used the internet? Like, imagine if you will an episode of Law and Order SVU: Benson is like "We got him: turns out he has an account on *sluts dot net!*" and Stabler is like "I can't wait to get my hands on this sick son of a bitch."

Lot 940: FuckingPussy.com

Hot, cowardly nerds! Join now to bully thousands of sexy, lily-livered pantywaist dorks! Meet a yellow-bellied son of a bitch near you!

Lot 1810: OldestPussy.com

This seems like one of the top ten worst words you could associate with that thing. I mean, think about it, it's not even just "old," it's "oldest," and women live a lot longer than men. That thing has to be at least 110 years old, and it was definitely alive back when preventive medicine was inelegant, when men were freer with the liberties they took, when women were expected to be fruitful and bear dozens and dozens of children. Surely this is an organ that has suffered a lifetime of abuses and distensions, and now it might be laid bare on the internet.

Lot 1730: BizarreAnal.com

And what the hell is with this word combo? What sort of a person, when seeking anything related to anuses, goes for the bizarre? If it's you, I leave you with this stern warning: bizarre anuses are a gateway to *macabre anuses.*

Lot 1630: Undressing.net

What an innocuous name. I guess maybe it could be some site that caters to kids who try to circumvent the internet filters on their school computers by typing in every vaguely suggestive word they can think of. But technically, this could be about Mr. Rogers.

Lot 1690: Copulation.org

Founded in 1974, The Copulation Foundation is a non-profit group dedicated to the propagation of the human species through biological means. Ask about our generous grant programs.

Lot 1550: Tit.org

This will probably wind up being bought by something like the Thames Institute of Theology and they'll constantly resent being made fun of for their stupid domain name.

Lot 40: WomenHavingSex.com

What an extremely workmanlike domain, perfect for the literal-minded porn consumer. "Hmm, I'd rather like to see some people having sex, but I'd prefer it not to involve men. Ah, I know! I'll just head over to WomenHavingSex.com! I'll just put this in my bookmarks along with CheckMyEmail.com, RentMoviesFromTheInternet.com and TurnOffMyComputer.com."

Lot 720: Pornography.com

OK, now the guy in the previous paragraph is just getting a little too goddamn lazy. Work on your abstraction, buddy!

Lot 1150: Grannies.net

Hell yeah, let's download some erotic doily patterns.

Lot 1030: ShowMeYourTits.com

I'll bet the New Orleans chamber of commerce is going to pay millions of dollars for this site.

Lot 1010: XxxScreenSavers.com

Putting aside the fact that it's not 1994 anymore and none of us use screensavers, I guess maybe this would be for people who only like to look at porn when they're not around.

Lot 1040: FuckIt.com

Eh. Whatever.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

8.12 Live Life on the Cob

Wednesday, Aug 13, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

I've looked over the figures. It's not good, people. Americans just don't give a shit about corn. Gas prices are up and the economy is in the tank. Nobody wants to pay money for an unpopular food like corn.

The problem isn't with consumers, the problem is with *you*. You have a Triple-A product and no idea how to sell it. We need to make them want corn, to think that they need corn in their lives. Look, I know we can't change corn, but we can change the way people think about it.

Right now, the Asians are creaming us at corn. Hell, everyone is creaming us. We need to turn this ship around *right now*. How do we do that? Marketing. We need a marketing strategy that takes corn, something that's been around since the dinosaurs, and makes it new and vital. This isn't some link to the past you can put butter and salt on and then eat at a picnic. It's a doorway to *now*. We need make corn *in the moment*.

We have advantages. You can do stuff with corn you can't do with spinach or broccoli. You can't make bread out of spinach. Spinachbread? Yeah, sure, I'll have some of that. *PUKE.* Cornbread? Now you're talkin'! What happens if you heat up spinach? Not much. What happens if you heat up corn? It pops. *Boom!* Corn is literally the only thing in this world that transforms into a whole other food if you heat it. We can use proprietary features like that as selling points. Broccoli doesn't pop. Only corn does that.

We need to give corn a new image. Corn needs a slogan that grabs people and pulls them in. Something that makes it seem like corn is for them, that it's part of their life, and that it always has been. *Every day is corn?* I'm just thinking out loud here. *Live life on the cob?* That's it! That's the new voice of corn. Just people living life... on the cob.

Oh, I see, you think I need to "get corny." I need to say corn is "amaizing." People aren't stupid, and this isn't the old days. We need to get sophisticated here. We're selling corn as a lifestyle. People go out and do things, and they do it while eating corn. Successful people eat corn. Lawyers are eating corn right now. On the cob, whole kernel, cream corn, popcorn, it's what the movers and shakers are doing. If we sell them one aspect of corn, well we can always up-sell them the rest. Like whole kernel corn? Then you should definitely try popcorn, because it's like corn in snack form.

We're going to be smart about this. We're going to augment our efforts with cross promotions. Corn is great, but corn is better with salt and butter. *Boom!* We get salt and butter companies to pay us for the privilege of being mentioned alongside corn. It's like our product becomes this expensive yacht, and salt and butter want to ride along just to look popular. But it's not a free ride. If you want to get aboard the pleasure vessel, you gotta pay the fare.

We can't just rest on butter and salt though. We need to associate corn with the things people love. Was anyone eating corn in *Batman*? If we had paid Warner Bros. to include a scene with Heath Ledger gnawing on an ear of corn, every teen in the country would be following suit. We need

to get Brad Pitt shirtless and eating corn on the cover of People Magazine, so when you're in the supermarket checkout line and you see that, you suddenly think, "Oh, I forgot to get corn."

We need a celebrity who can put corn back in the zeitgeist. We need someone hip, someone who can talk about corn where it matters. We need a spokesperson who can go on *TRL* and tell Carson Daly that eating corn is the hottest thing on the block. They need to eat corn right in front of Carson Daly and the cameras can zoom in and show all that corn stuck in their teeth, or maybe them chewing a mouthful of corn. We need someone edgy and in the public eye, like Puck from *The Real World* or maybe Dennis Rodman.

We'll leverage a traditional marketing campaign with a viral component. An alternate reality game that makes eating corn something mysterious and enticing. Like, "What's happening? Why are so many people eating corn all of a sudden? I better get in on that so I don't look stupid." The next thing you know, corn is like a status symbol. Kids will be at the malls texting their friends and buying ears of corn from Hot Topic.

If we can up the viral factor, I guarantee you corn will see more user conversions and greater retention. I know a guy who works with carrots. He said that when they added a viral element, conversions went up 40%. People are eating carrots like crazy. My own kids eat carrots. Snoop Dog eats carrots. The guys in Nickelback eat carrots. The people we pay attention to eat carrots, because carrots have that *edge*. That's because the people doing carrots know their product and how to sell it.

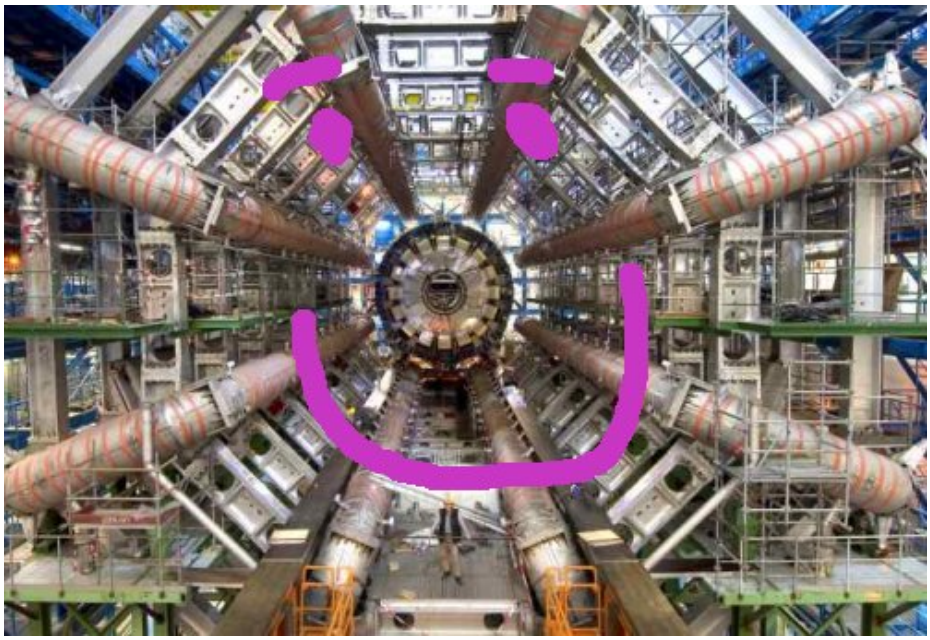
You don't know how to sell your product. But we can change that. We can give corn sex appeal and create a buzz. Oh, I think we've got something here. In fact, I guarantee you that we can turn things around. We can put corn back on the map. A big "X' marked like buried treasure on the map of the American psyche. America *is* corn. *Live life on the cob.*

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.13 The Large Hadron Collider and You!

Thursday, Aug 14, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

The Large Hadron Collider is scheduled to become active in less than a month, and yet most people in the world still don't understand what this important device will do. There have been a lot of misconceptions and false information presented by the mainstream media, so Something Awful's famous team of respected science educators have put together this short guide to help you understand what the collider is and how it will affect your life.



HOW IT WORKS:

As the name implies, the machine works by colliding very very small particles called protons in an effort to create the submicroscopic equivalent of the World's Craziest Car Crashes video series. The general consensus in the world's scientific community is that these collisions will shed new light as to how awesome explosions can be even when they are really small. Another good reason scientists give for colliding protons is that it will help us develop our understanding of what happens in nature when a giant machine smashes two protons together.

The collisions are performed on a large, ring-shaped track that straddles the border between Switzerland and France. On this track are two specially designed go-karts upon which protons can be loaded through the use of a patient Swedish man named Sven who has unusually steady hands and a tiny pair of tweezers. Once the go-karts are successfully protoned, they are pushed very quickly around the track by two guys who let go when they are about ten feet from each other, cover their faces and BAM, proton collision successful. It is possible that the collision might create temperatures higher than those of our sun, but this will happen for only a brief fraction of a second so the guys pushing the karts should be fine. At the worst, some light maiming might occur.

After the protons have collided, the real work begins. Using cutting edge "bullet-time" technology borrowed from Hollywood, scientists will watch the explosions in super slow motion and then rate them on a scale from 1 to 10 asses being kicked. Then they will pour another round of drinks and load up the go-carts again.

THE FOUR EXPERIMENTS:

The collisions caused by the Large Hadron Collider will actually be used in four separate experiments. These experiments are as follows:

- **ATLAS**: This experiment involves analyzing the particle collisions in hopes of finding traces of the theoretical Higgs boson particle, which would complete the standard model of particle physics and also conclusively prove that Harry Potter is a playfully complex work of literature that can be as rewarding for adults as it is for children.
- **CMS**: This experiment is very similar to ATLAS, and the differences involve a lot of complex math. For instance, it is two times cooler than ATLAS, with half as many dorks working on it.
- **LHCb**: This experiment involves men in white coats writing things down on clipboards. We wanted to ask what they were studying, but they all seemed so serious and focused that we didn't want to bother them.
- **ALICE**: This is the daughter of the guy who provided most of the funding for the construction of the collider. She has a science fair coming up and needs to win so she can show up that dumb Bridget girl in Mrs. Park's class. Imagine Bridget's fat face when she sees Alice walking in with a subatomic collision detector the size of a football field. Now kissing James Blackhill (who totally actually has a crush on Alice but doesn't want to hurt stupid Bridget's stupid feelings) doesn't seem so cool, does it?

FUN ACTIVITY:

Color in the Large Hadron Collider!

MYTHS AND FACTS:

Myth: The Large Hadron Collider is very unlikely to destroy the world.

> Fact: The moment they turn on the collider, or "Apocalypse-Creating Death Machine" as the technicians working there affectionately refer to it, the world will instantly be destroyed by dangerous shockwaves of scientific energy spreading all over the globe. The scientists know this will happen, but plan to turn on the machine anyway because all scientists are evil.

Myth: The Large Hadron Collider is an important tool for furthering our understand of the universe.

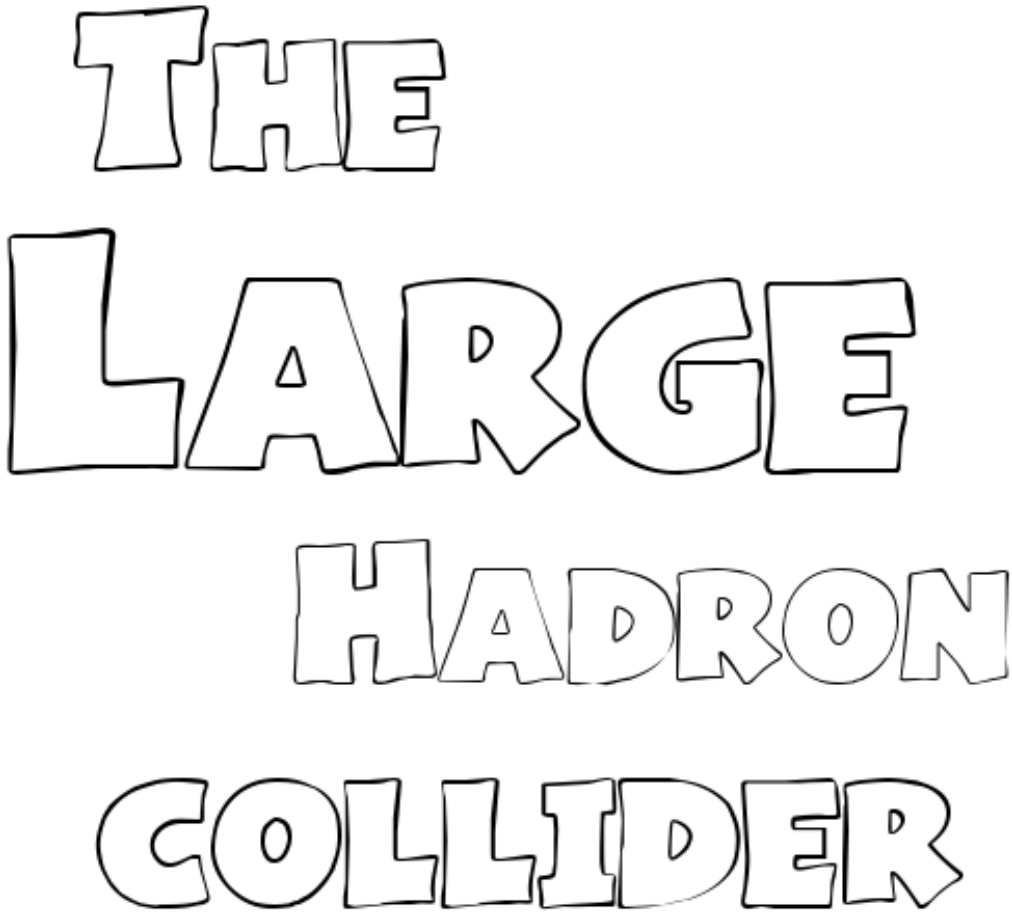
> Fact: Who cares? It's just studying stuff that's even smaller than an atom, so the practical applications of the technology are basically non-existent. At best, we might get a better version of the microwave out of this. Or an improvement on velcro. I think science created velcro, right?

Myth: It is funny and original to call it the "Large Hard-On Collider".

> Fact: This one is absolutely true. Some other good names along the same lines are the "Big Boner Machine" and the "Huge-Dick-Smasher-o-matic"

I hope you understand exactly how the collider works now. See you and everyone else in the world on the other side!

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink


The
Large
Hadron
Collider

8.14 Another Word for Evil

Friday, Aug 15, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Black leopard and her cub. Evilest of the moms.

I experienced my minor league epiphany while reading an article on the Internet that could be summarized as "people think black is bad." The article was going on and on about how society conditions us to view the color black as a negative. The theory goes that, racist or not, we assume the worst about anything black. Black people, black birds, and black holes are all victims of our anti-black prejudice.

I don't know if I agree with the article's premise. I wasn't even convinced after some fancy online test from Harvard flashed a bunch of words and pictures at me and declared that I hate black people.

I like black people. I like black cars. I like Darth Vader and night time and those vinyl pants hot chicks wear in action movies. I could go on forever. Paint it Black, one of the best Stones songs. Blackwater is my favorite mercenary company.

You get the picture. Black is just fine with me.

Regardless of what Harvard said, black wasn't my bad word. Maybe the article had a point in there somewhere. Maybe some other word or concept was the hook on which I hang all of my negative prejudices.

I searched my mental dictionary.

Colors were right out. I have mixed and complex feelings about every color other than aquamarine, which I have a longstanding rivalry with completely unrelated to any stereotypes.

Political affiliations tend to be either too general or too specific. I don't dislike most Republicans, but I hate every single neocon. Neocons are demonstrably evil, so that word doesn't really work. The same goes for nationalities. My infamous hatred of Eskimos is based on the way they treat seals: they eat their eyes. Call me Mr. Biased, but that's one step away from eating souls and I think that qualifies as bad.

Good going, Inukshuk. We here in the civilized world just type /pizza.

No, if I wanted a suitable "bad" adjective it had to be almost as universal as a color. I was wracking my brain and coming up with nothing until, as usual, the TV provided me with my answer.

Domino's Pizza, the second worst pizza franchise in the United States, was airing an advertisement for some grotesque version of a bread stick. It was covered in melted cheese and oozed oil like a strafed tanker truck. Purchasers of this delight were instructed by an excited voice to, "Try it with our ranch dipping sauce!"

The thought of bathing that sodden log of cheese-topped bread in ranch dressing was about as appetizing as spooning vomit off the floor of a gym shower with a Dr. Scholl's I pried off the underside of a medical waste bin. Just like that, I had it.

My evil word.

Ranch.

Ranch = Evil

The Domino's commercial started me down the right track towards understanding my aversion to all things ranch. I didn't accept ranch as the answer right away. I subjected it to rigorous analysis. Some Harvard level shit you might have heard of called "social science." It's like science, only you do it however you want.

Hypothesis: Fuck "Ranch."

Experiment #1: *Legitimate Usage*

Method: Identify and evaluate legitimate uses of "ranch."

Examples:

I'm pretty sure this is what they serve in the cafeteria in 1984

Ranch: A rural compound for the confinement and work of live animals. These are usually then shipped elsewhere for large scale slaughter. SEE ALSO: Uh, just the fucking Holocaust, dudes.

Ranch House: A house only worse. Built as tract housing mostly during the 1950s through the 1970s out of brick facades and ornamental window shutters. Was replaced in the 1980s and onward by wood pulp, vinyl siding, and value-adds.

Ranch Dressing: A dressing made from mayonnaise, cream, bile ducts, processed horse gelatin, owl beaks, corpse hair, and aphid pressings. Popular throughout the Southwest and Midwest United States as a condiment for stuffed-crust bacon pizza.

Dude Ranch: A ranch for Europeans and big city types to get out into the country and live exactly like real cowboys lived in the Wyoming Board of Tourism brochure. The experience usually includes a real ranch meal catered by the El Paso Olive Garden and a stay in a real "ranch room" complete with wagon wheels, old cow skulls, and five channels of HBO.

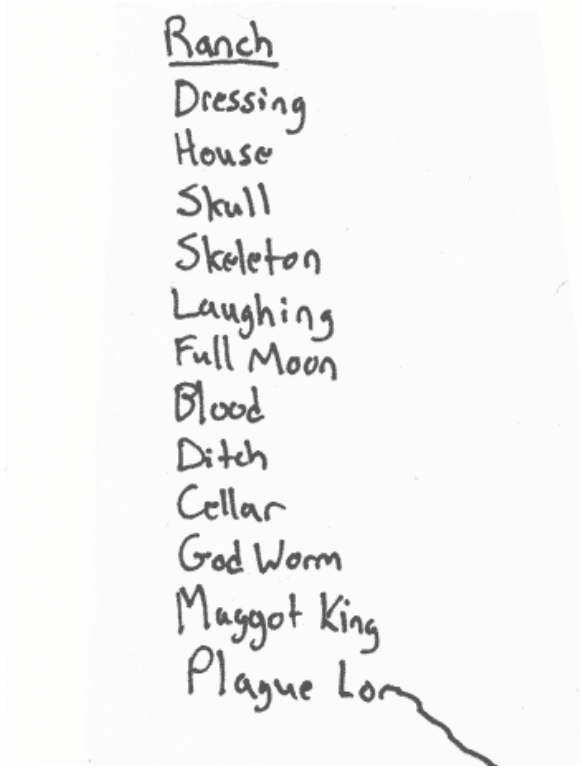
Conclusion: **Ranch bad.**

Experiment #2: ***Word Association***

Method: Listen to "ranch." Start a 60-second timer. Write down every word that enters you head.

Examples:

Conclusion: **Noooo RANCH! Ranch!!!!**


Ranch
Dressing
House
Skull
Skeleton
Laughing
Full Moon
Blood
Ditch
Cellar
God Worm
Maggot King
Plague Lor

Experiment #3: Redeeming values.

Method: Search Google for "ranch" and attempt to find any place where the word "ranch" is used in a positive context.

Examples:

Bunny Ranch: Seems like a good time if you want to pay to have sex with former porn stars. Overpriced and under-serviced, you'll be lucky if you can talk some whore with an ironic name like Charity down to 600 bucks for a hand job while she farts in your face. If you want her to cry afterwards they up-charge you for a "girlfriend experience." Total bullshit.

Cancer Ranch: For kids with cancer to ride horses until their bodies are devoured by the ravenous monster clinging to their ruptured cells. Feel good moment of the week: Tuesday pick up, when the man in the big car comes to pick up all the kids "sleeping" in the basement.

You know that smell your car gets on a really hot day when that 2 year old french fry in between the seats starts to bake? Yeah, all of the girls at the Bunny Ranch smell like that, latex, and body spray.

Conclusion: Ranch is where all good things are remade as bad.

I did not come by my conclusion easily, but I think it is clear: nothing is worse than ranch. I wear my prejudice gladly. If you've come this far, I think you will agree.

Ranch is darker than black.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.15 Top Gear's Top Challenges

Saturday, Aug 16, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The current incarnation of BBC's automotive program Top Gear has a worldwide audience of over 350 million viewers, including many who wouldn't categorize themselves as car enthusiasts. There are many reasons for the show's popularity, from the brutally honest reviews to the unparalleled production values and some of the finest humor to come from the United Kingdom since Coldplay's last album.

Perhaps the biggest feather in Top Gear's cap, however, is a recurring segment which pairs each of the show's three hosts with a vehicle and pits them against one another in a challenge to determine which car (and by extension, which host) is the best at a particular task. These challenges have grown increasingly nonsensical and contrived over the years, but I can't get enough of them.

Since new episodes of Top Gear won't be coming along for a few months, I thought it might be fun to revisit my favorite challenges from the show's first 11 seasons.

Season 1: Episode 7
Hosts Jeremy Clarkson, Richard Hammond and James May purchase three hatchbacks for under £1,000 apiece, then determine which is the most reliable by falling asleep in a very small garage with the engine running.

Season 2: Episode 3
Who can take a standard London cab and convert it into the most efficient solar-powered vehicle? The gang settles this ages-old argument once and for all by playing a three-way game of chicken in Meredes S 600s without wearing safety belts.

Season 2: Episode 10
Three high-end sportscars have their brakes put to the test when they're dropped from the back of a cargo plane eight thousand feet above Stonehenge.

Season 3: Episode 5

Which four door sedan is the most sensible car in its class? Garry Kasparov goes head-to-head with three sedans in a chess tournament to find out. The outcome might surprise you, provided you believe the first part of this sentence!

Season 4: Episode 1
How many women can a minivan attract? Jeremy, Richard and James leave their vans (which have been modified with leather jackets and patches of chest hair) outside of a popular nightclub and see which vehicle gets dry-humped by the most women.

Season 5: Episode 4

Our hosts must convert pickup trucks into fully-functioning boats, then see which is the fastest at being towed on a trailer.

Season 6: Episode 9
The guys determine which SUV makes the best demolition derby car by running over felt hats with rounded crowns of varying sizes.

Season 7: Episode 3
Three DeLorean DMC-12s are purchased, then made into time machines in an effort to see who can stop the 1975 assassination of Ringo Starr first. Featuring the inadvertent butterfly effect that led to the death of John Lennon.

Season 7: Episode 4
Which convertible is capable of holding the most water? The lads find out by lowering each car into the ocean via helicopter, lifting the filled car back into the air, then carefully measuring the tideline.

Season 8: Episode 8
The boys set out to prove that a Maserati 200S can launch itself into outer space under its own power by systematically running over every scientist and engineer that claims it can't be done.

Season 9: Episode 2
Can a fancy in-car navigation system be used to find Osama bin Laden? Three such systems are sent to a holding facility in an unnamed country, then tortured and held indefinitely.

Seson 10: Episode 5
In order to determine which station wagon has the best suspension, the hosts play a game of Operation on a cobblestone road with full cups of hot coffee in their laps while their cars' suspensions are digitally examined in a nearby garage.

Season 11: Episode 1
Is Bigfoot real? Jeremy, Richard and James pack a Rolls Royce with C4 and detonate it to find out.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.16 Congratulations Michael Phelps!!!!!!

Sunday, Aug 17, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

At the halfway mark of his last individual race, Phelps seemed tired, defeated. He was in seventh place. The crowd had turned against him. He phased in and out of existence in our dimension.

Then he seemed to gather his focus, to gain strength. Abruptly, his human form morphed. He became elongated. His torso stretched the entire length of the pool with his feet still clinging to the far side. His distended body bridged the gap between defeat and victory, and he held the gold medal up triumphantly after recompressing his spine.

Congratulations Michael Phelps! America is so proud of you!

Michael Phelps eats 12,000 jars of mayonnaise a day. With his hands.

Michael Phelps set another world record today at a Taco Bell in Lexington, Kentucky. "We've had people come in here and eat a lot of burritos at once, but nothing like this," said night manager Denise Franklin. "That boy ate a whole mess of burritos tonight. He really did."

The muscular swim god strode into the fast food franchise ten minutes before closing time, and ordered twenty burritos and a medium soda. "He was real calm," said Franklin. "He could see what he wanted to do and that he was going to do it. No question."

Phelps worked his way through the burritos at a blinding speed, starting out strong by eating three at once and then washing them down with only a small gulp of Sprite. "There was some hesitation round about number fourteen," said his coach, Bob Bowman, "but he pushed past it and did the job. That's why he's the best."

As he gulped down the last burrito, Phelps let out a howl and pounded the small plastic table, then he left so the employees could mop the floor and go home. The former holder of the record for most burritos consumed at this location of Taco Bell in Lexington, fifteen year old Jeff Duncan, expressed suspicion that Phelps is practicing post-burrito purging, but Phelps insisted that his burrito record is clean.

Congrats to Michael Phelps!!! You're an American hero!!!!

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

8.17 You Are Not Batman

Monday, Aug 18, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Pictured: not you.

When I read the news that teachers at the K-12 school in Harrold, Texas would be allowed to come to school carrying guns this year I have to admit, my heart sank.

> *"The naysayers think (a shooting) won't happen here. If something were to happen here, I'd much rather be calling a parent to tell them that their child is OK because we were able to protect them," Thweatt said.*

"The naysayers think (a kissin') don't make a girl pregnant, but we went ahead and made diving helmets mandatory dress code for the prom on account of carefulness."

I don't care about gun rights or school shootings or any of the big important issues surrounding the Second Amendment.

If some dude wants to shove an RPG-7 under his bed to protect his family from radioactive tarantulas that's fine with me. If somebody wants guns banned in their city because celebratory gunfire makes it hard to hear the Logo channel, well, that's fine with me too.

I'm just really tired of Batman.

Not the real Batman. He's fine. I'm talking the fake Batmans. The vigilante wannabes that walk around packing a .45 on their utility belt like Hans Gruber is going to take over Nakatomi Arby's. Open and concealed carry laws have been spreading across the United States for the past decade or so. In the states where the laws pass a tide of potato-shaped guys in polo shirts carrying guns in quick-draw holsters has followed.

Tactical shotguns are great for home defense and lousy for for Quiznos line defense.

They're everywhere, even if they aren't wearing the polo shirts. Earlier this summer I made the mistake of attending a Renaissance festival to appease a friend who is interested in historical recreations of medieval cleavage. The festival was packed into a costume bodice and overflowing with realism, but the event was marred by an incident at the ticket area.

The festival was being held in Indiana and we had the great misfortune to be in line behind one of the state's many Batman imposters. His costume looked like Robin Hood, complete with bow and arrows, but this particular Batman had a Sig Sauer in a quick draw holster on his belt. The anachronism caused a direct conflict with ye olde king's posted "NO GUNS OR ALCOHOL" policy.

A loud argument followed over the big issues like personal liberty and self-defense. This meant me and my friend waiting in line until bike cops arrived to settle the dispute.

Their agreement: he could carry the gun into the Renfest because it was on public property. Unbelievable! Robin Hood and his 10mm get to traipse around the mud fight like King of America, while me and my buddy get mocked by the jester as wizards if we forget to set our cell phone to vibrate.

I TAKE THESE GUNS EVERYWHERE!!!

I have since determined that there are two types of people who carry guns around in public: people who use guns in their jobs and people who are stupid or crazy and should not be carrying guns around in public. I'm willing to be pretty forgiving on the former point. Guns are fine for any sort of law enforcement agents, firemen, private security guards, bail bondsmen, trick shooters, time traveling cowboys, and anyone else who actually uses a gun on the job. It's perfectly reasonably to arm yourself for all of those professions.

If, for example, you work at a data center monitoring server racks, you should not be carrying a gun. If you update a blog and surf the web for porn, you shouldn't be carrying a gun. Watching Penn & Teller's *Bullshit!* and reading John Lott is not a good enough excuse to arm yourself for trips to the comic book store.

You look ridiculous and everyone knows the only reason you're packing heat is because of some juvenile tac-ops fantasy you have. You know the one. You're eating a bear claw and an illegal Mexican immigrant holds up the Dunkin' Donuts where that cute Indian girl works. You head shot the robber, just like in your vague recollection of *Boogie Nights*, and the cute Indian girl burns her daughter to run away with you.

Guys, I know it hurts to hear, but you're not Batman.

The day isn't waiting to be saved by you and your empowerment totem. The beautiful women are actually repelled by you carrying around a Desert Eagle at Best Buy like some sort of insecure Mossad agent.

This isn't Dungeons & Dragons. You don't always have to carry around everything written down on your character sheet. There are places, most places in fact, 99.99% of places, where you can let your guard down and not try to be Batman.

When I read about Harrold, Texas allowing teachers to carry guns my first reaction had nothing to do with shooting. Odds are good that tiny Harrold, Texas will go 1,000 years without a school shooting with or without the new law. Trying to avoid a school shooting there seems about as prudent as trying to avoid meteors or Terminators.

Frag that squirrel and then show her your wallscrolls and you're on easy street with this babe. Also known as blowjob street. Heh.

One of those teachers at the school is going to turn out to be a sadistic bully who is going to treat the new allowance like permission to walk around with his fly down and his dick out. He's going to jam a .357 prosthetic into his belt and scare the shit out of eighth graders every chance he gets. Nothing quite sooths nerves like an egotistical asshole bullying your kids every day with a hand-cannon strapped to his leg.

Worry about defending your house from drug-crazed Mexican home invasion rapists, or Janet Reno, or whoever sends a tingle up your leg. Leave the shootouts at Starbucks to the real Batmans. If you have to carry a gun around then be polite, keep it out of sight.

If I see one more of you jerks I am going on a shooting spree.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.18 Subj: IMPORTANT INFO ABOUT BACK YARD

Tuesday, Aug 19, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

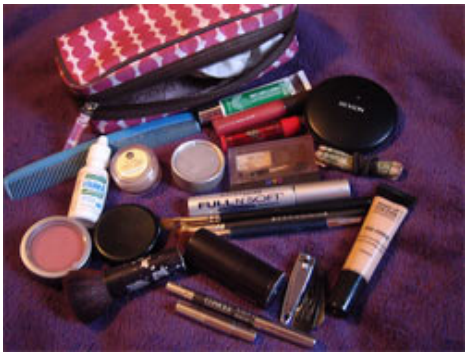
It is late as I write this but I merely have a single question for you... the way you answer it doesn't even matter and I would appreciate it if you would not tell me your answer. would you still respect your dad if you saw other dads forcing him to eat bugs?? Dont answer it just think about it but not too much!!!

Now listen Help your Dear Old Dad out and please find out if there were any other foods in the old west besides chili.. I'm so sick of chili and i think its coming through my skin and making me smell like chili. The other day I was in the store and a nother man said very loudly and obviously "Good God Whats That Chili Smell Coming Out Of" and i almost turned around and started a ruckus on him I think the chili is getting me moody as well and after I eat a bunch of it I feel like the man in the movie mission to mars whose head was instantly mummified except for me it feels like it is happening over the course of 45 minutes. I Have almost $300 worth of chili left in the back of the car I hope I dont have to go bury it

Speaking of that it might be a while since I get back home and I have important news. Im a man of regrets and shame and as you will soon find out if you look around the back yard I have been burying some things you guys got me for example: 1) The Power Drill i had to get rid of it because day and night i lusted after its power 2) Shirts.. this was during the "no shoes, no shirts, no sneaking up on me" time i had 3) Atkins books from when i found out i could not eat carbs.

For the first three weeks i thought i was just avoiding crabs and thought it was easy and "No Wonder This Is The Diet Of The Stars.." I got so mad I buried it all and i would do it again 4) When the person at my work changed genders they gave all of us at work a pamphlet about it and I came home and buried it 5) an armoire.. in 1998 or 99 our neighbor at the time left it out on their lawn so we took it because we needed one and he came running out of his house 20 minutes later looking for it 6) iguana

Another time was when another neighbor who was friends with my wife started rumors that she and I were unsavory. now this was coming from a woman with a single leg, believe it!!!! So we invited her over and between the 3 of us we had a few bottles of wine and before we knew it she had taken the leg off and i nearly threw up i had to run out of there. When she took it off the skin it peeled away like sweaty skin stuck to leather and there was a smell like sweet eggs and bad breath. I guess my wife and her just kept talking but it was so gross. I was going to bury the leg (that was the plan) but things dont always work out the way you plan them which is my ultimate point even moreso than burying things.



I usually buried things at night I used to do it in the day time a long time ago but once I was burying the neighbor's wife's makeup bag to get him back for something (different neighbor and A Long Story) and he came lumbering down the road at me and while i did have plenty of time to run inside and lock myself in the house the enormous man banging on all my doors and windows riled my pets up for hours until i climbed up on the roof and threw the makeup down onto him below. he had been washing his car with the car stero playing "EVERYBODY DANCE NOW" very loud on repeat and i'm a man of simple taste so I stole makeup from the wife and took it home to bury in my yard. i have found it is better to bury things at night mainly because that particular neighbor has terrible night vision

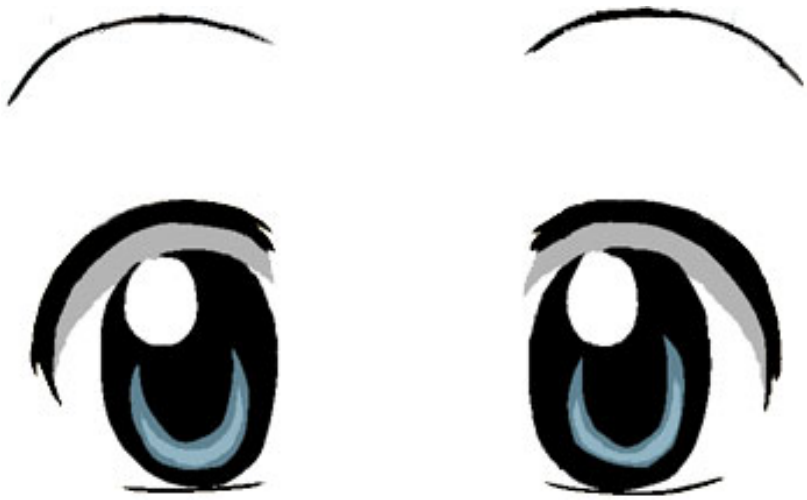
I hope you dont think less of me as a man. I hope you think more of me as a resourceful soul who knows when to hold em and when to bury things BYE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! DAD

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

8.19 The Animorphosis

Wednesday, Aug 20, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Anime Roommate series.



Hello again, Jerry.

I realize you cannot hear me out there in the living room with your football game going. Between the heavy volume and the yelling of your foolish fratboy friends, my own agonies must seem inaudible. Don't worry, Jerry, I am not dying. Your very accommodating roommate is simply being reborn.

Something is happening, Jerry, something beyond your wildest imagination, if you can even claim ownership of such a thing. I doubt you can, given your limited ability to appreciate art and culture and your need to embrace childish spectacles like "football" and "ultimate fighting" as an outlet for all that homoerotic energy you bottle up inside.

I am changing, Jerry. I am becoming something strong and courageous, a force you would be powerless to push around. You would not dare laugh at me, let alone steal my Mountain Dew Code Red or accuse me of smelling like a scrapbook of farts.

It hurts so bad right now, Jerry. I can feel my face rebuilding itself. My eyes are growing larger, finally able to see the world for what it is. And my chin, Jerry, which you once described as "a hairy scrotum full of ranch dressing and marbles," is now a sharp point. Like a blade, Jerry.

The hair on my head is excited. It's standing up proud and defiant, like a flame atop my skull. I can't wait to see the look on your stupid face when you open the door and see what I have become. You will be so jealous... and afraid.

I can feel dormant muscles coming to life, as if summoned by some unknown force. Maybe it is a far off princess in need of my help contacting me through some psychic channel. I can almost see her face, a gorgeous combination of Haruhi Suzumiya and Sakura Haruno. In other words, Jerry, *the perfect woman.*

Maybe these animes are more real than we ever thought possible. Did you ever think that, Jerry? No, of course you didn't. You were too busy laughing at the latest Adam Sandler film to consider the broader possibilities, to give thought to that one seemingly impossible truth that we all knew in our hearts but never allowed ourselves to believe. I don't have to believe anymore, Jerry, because I

know.

I am turning into an anime right now, Jerry. Just like the very animes you laughed at and called "fag cartoons." But you were wrong, Jerry. They are real, and I am fast becoming living proof. This has been an ongoing evolution. From the first frame of *Momotaro's Devine Sea Warriors* to my transformation, it is all part of some great plan.

I don't think this world will be able to contain me, Jerry. What if I become too powerful, and you and all your stupid friends have to finally respect me? I can promise, Jerry, that I will be a benevolent ruler of this household.

I will not crush you or punch you into outer space, though a part of me longs to do as much. No, Jerry, I will enlighten you and your foolish friends. I will feed you a steady diet of Miyazaki, Otomo, Akiyama, and others. I will bring you to tears with *Grave of the Fireflies*, and lift your soul up with the transcendental humor of *Ranma* $\frac{1}{2}$.

I am so close, my brothers!

My friends on IRC cry out for me. They long for me to return and reassure them that I am okay. But I am not okay, Jerry. I have not been okay since you and your friend started bullying me and making fun of my medical conditions. I was not okay when you ruined my one true love out of petty jealousy. I was not okay when you and your friends told me you were taking me to Best Buy but instead took me to a sorority carwash and then put me through the indignity of being hosed off by a bunch of laughing girls.

As I said, Jerry, the flesh of my inner thighs is necrotizing. You cannot wash that up with a hose or by dumping a bucket of soapy water on me. You cannot cure diseases with soap and water, Jerry. If you had even the faintest understanding of science, you would know how big of an idiot you really are.

But I digress, Jerry. It seems the rage growing inside of me is trying to manifest itself physically. Already the tips of my fingers tingle, as if waiting to give spark to some great, world-destroying energy ball. I long to throw it through the TV right now, or slam dunk it into your head. How's that for a sports analogy, Jerry?

When I leave this room, Jerry, you will see a new me. You will see the Anime Me. You won't recognize me at all. I imagine that if Akira Toriyama saw me right now, he would faint, believing one of his own creations to have jumped off the page.

So help me, if I hear even one of your friends laugh, I will unleash my latent Saiyan potential on all of you. All I want to do, Jerry, is walk peacefully out of here to my car, so I can drive to the airport and go to Dragon*Con. That's all, Jerry. I'm not asking a lot.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.20 Gangbang 2.0

Thursday, Aug 21, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

The proliferation of rap music and the decline of our public schools caused this image to be created.

For over six hundred years street gangs have been an American institution. By using violence and intimidation, gangs claimed territory and ran others off their land, much like the United States of America did in its rebellious years. But unlike the United States, gangs lacked fiat currency and the manifest destiny it takes to make it all good and legal.

Still, street gangs persevered, becoming as beloved as a million Dennis the Menaces could be. But instead of slingshots they were packing gats. They were killing motherfuckers since the slave ship, with the same clip, with the same .45. Their idealogical leaders were visionaries such as Biggie Smalls, who penned the above scripture, and Snoop Dogg, whose real name is Calvin Broadus, a fact that the news media has a boner for and mentions at every opportunity.

By the mid-90s gang membership reached over 11 billion and street gangs controlled a territory roughly half the size of Alaska times three divided by the number of good things to ever come out of Florida (DIVIDE BY 0 ERROR). Within these massive organizations inefficiency began to brew, the worst kind of -ciency. Much like the Ottoman empire, gangs became too big to control and began to crumble.

By the turn of the century gang membership dwindled down to the last six guys who happened to own doo-rags and they were much too lazy to do a drive-by. Gang-related homicides were down and street gangs were on the endangered species list. Gang members of various affiliations began to wash up on beaches only to be nursed back to health by researchers at Sea World and released back into the wild. If our beloved gangs were to survive, something had to change in their organizational structures.

That change, my friends, was the Internet.

I'm not a gangster, but I found out that I'm most like Knuckles from Sonic the Hedgehog.

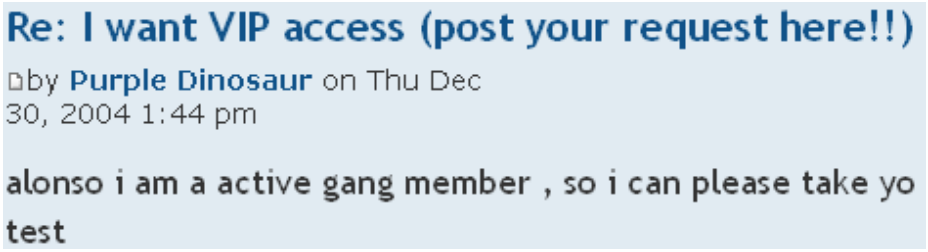
Many gangs brought their operations online. Using the same tools that we've been using to mock those with different beliefs than us and stalk girls, gangs restructured, eliminating on average 54% of overhead and 63% of bustas.

Today, I'm going to take you into the online world of street gangs. You'll learn how gangs have adjusted to the information age and you might even learn a thing or two about yourself.

Many street gangs have consolidated their operations into web sites such as the Street Gangs Resource Center. Here, gangs support themselves with ads for GANG WAR RINGTONES and "Are you a gangster?" quizes, eliminating the need for petty theft jobs that just waste precious resources, leaving gang members more time to run up on niggaz and/or vatos. Music has been provided on its front page for readers to enjoy, getting them pumped up for the gangbanging to come.

Here gangs can read the latest quarterly reports. Gang-related murders are way down this year team. We have a long way to go until we reach 1992 levels of mayhem!

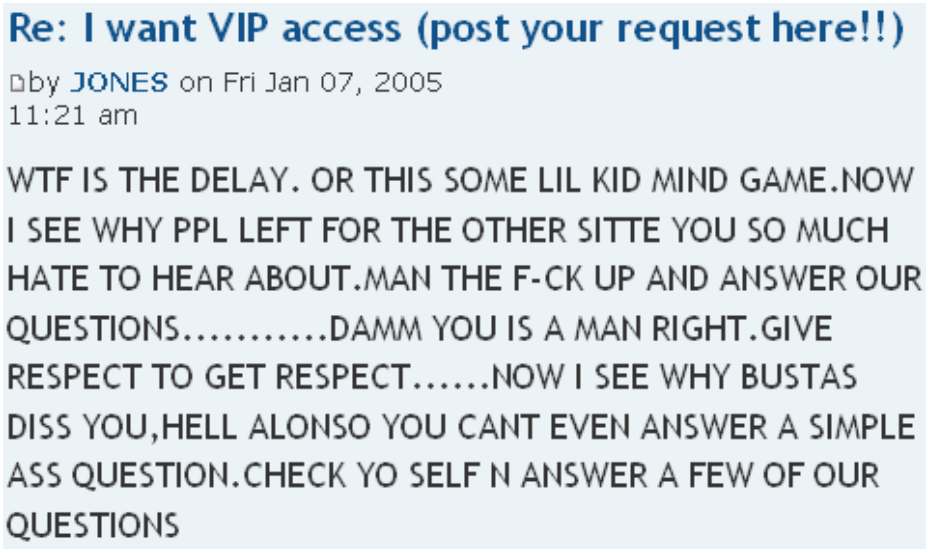
Though by far the greatest tool in the gang's online arsenal is the Internet forum. Here, gang members can keep in touch and inform each other of ballin' activities such as drive-bys and birthday parties. Today, gang initiates are not "jumped in". The process has been streamlined into a system where potential gang members plead their case to forum moderators, post their resumes, cover letters and references, and if they meet all the "criteria", they're in.


Re: I want VIP access (post your request here!!)

by Purple Dinosaur on Thu Dec 30, 2004 1:44 pm

alonso i am a active gang member , so i can please take yo test

Unfortunately as with any Internet forum drama can brew when applicants aren't allowed in.

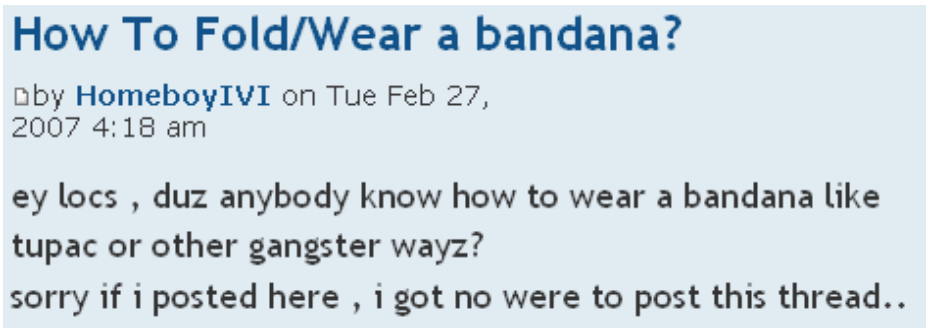

Re: I want VIP access (post your request here!!)

by JONES on Fri Jan 07, 2005 11:21 am

WTF IS THE DELAY. OR THIS SOME LIL KID MIND GAME.NOW I SEE WHY PPL LEFT FOR THE OTHER SITTE YOU SO MUCH HATE TO HEAR ABOUT.MAN THE F-CK UP AND ANSWER OUR QUESTIONS.....DAMM YOU IS A MAN RIGHT.GIVE RESPECT TO GET RESPECT.....NOW I SEE WHY BUSTAS DISS YOU,HELL ALONSO YOU CANT EVEN ANSWER A SIMPLE ASS QUESTION.CHECK YO SELF N ANSWER A FEW OF OUR QUESTIONS

Once accepted into the gang members are free to diss rivals and start fronting, often in an incomprehensible moon language.

Here, members can trade tips and tricks on how to be the very best gangster they can be.


How To Fold/Wear a bandana?

by HomeboyIVI on Tue Feb 27, 2007 4:18 am

ey locs , duz anybody know how to wear a bandana like tupac or other gangster wayz?
sorry if i posted here , i got no were to post this thread..

THIS IS TO H572DSTA WUZ REALLY UP?

by **HarrisAve1600** on Wed Apr 02, 2008 6:27 pm

CUHZ ON the SET HOMIE, Y WONT U HIT ME back NICCA? I ASKED U WATS YA NAME N WHO U IS, U CLAIM MY H572D RITE NICCA? BUT CUHZ U GOT IS TWISTED A LIL, that HOODSTA SHIT, IT AINT KPCC TALK, DATS NHCC TALK, EVEN THO WE CLICCED UP CALLED NAYBAHOOD KELLY WE DNT TALK LYK that NICCA! SO U EXPOSED YA SELF RITE DER LIL HOMIE. N ALL DIS INFO U GIVIN BOUT KPCC ON HERE, A REAL KELLY WOULD NEVA GIVE OUT & PUT HIS H572D BIZ OUT LIKE that NICCA. ALSO ALL DIZ SHIT U TALKN SOUND LIKE U GETTIN ALL YA INFO OFF YOUTUBE WER the YOUNG HOMIES BE ON TALKN with EACHOTHA. ERRRBBBB K'z SO YEA GET AT ME HOMEBOY.

It isn't all gang-related discussion on the forums. Gang members can talk about a variety of topics, such as documentaries.

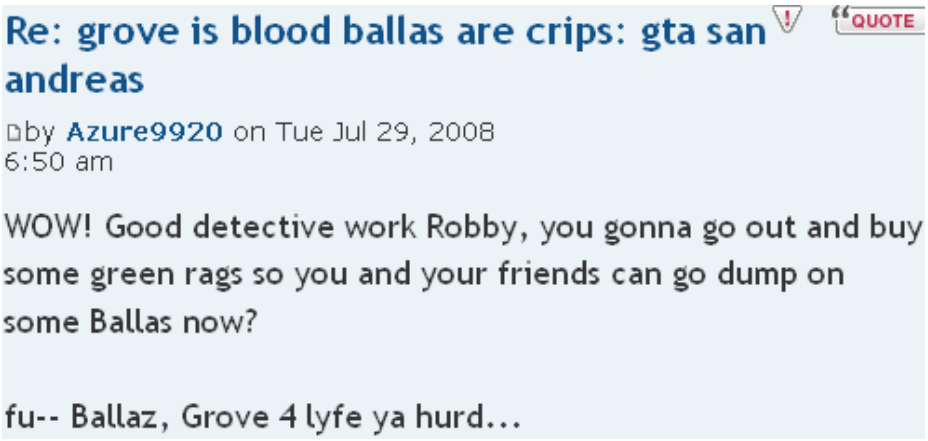
grove is blood ballas are crips: gta san andreas

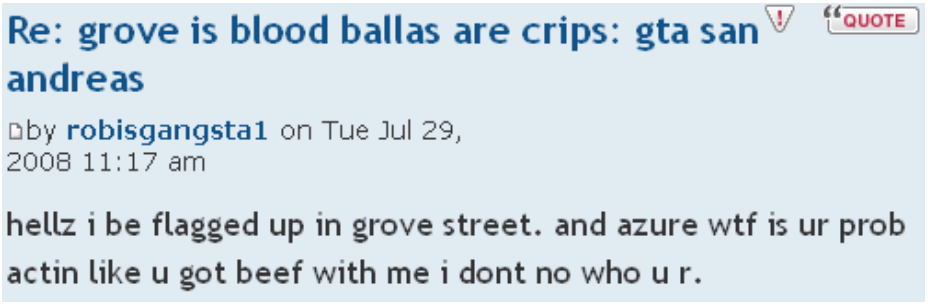
by **robisgangsta1** on Mon Jul 28, 2008 10:52 pm

yes they are!
as in grove street got it name from the street. gsf is a smaller gang.
and there was a website that confirmed it. grove is bloods
ballas crips
varrio is ms 13
vagos is surenos
rifa is nortenos

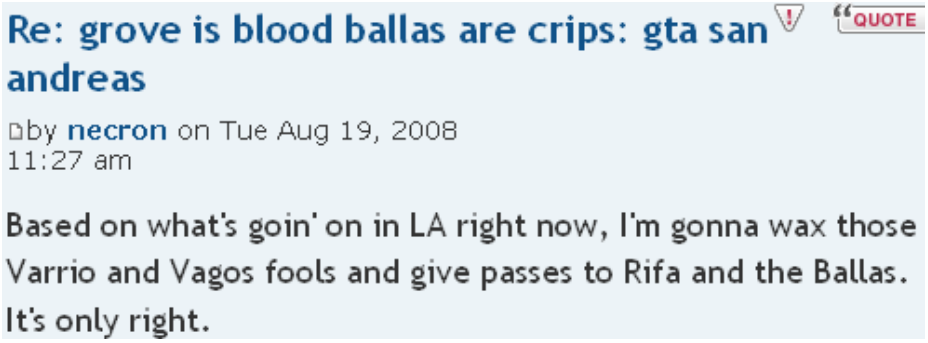
something like that

Discussion can become heated and dissension often erupts within the crew.

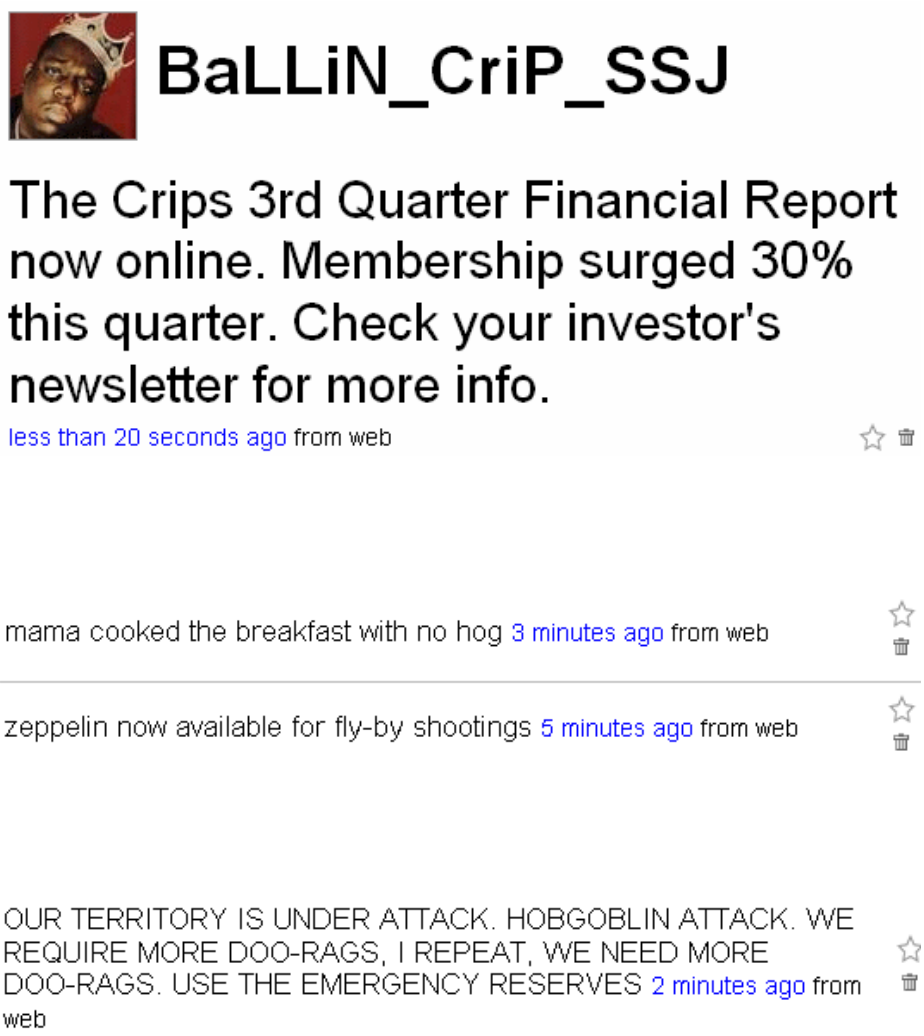

Re: grove is blood ballas are crips: gta san andreas
QUOTE
by Azure9920 on Tue Jul 29, 2008 6:50 am
WOW! Good detective work Robby, you gonna go out and buy some green rags so you and your friends can go dump on some Ballas now?
fu-- Ballaz, Grove 4 lyfe ya hurd...


Re: grove is blood ballas are crips: gta san andreas
QUOTE
by robisgangsta1 on Tue Jul 29, 2008 11:17 am
hellz i be flagged up in grove street. and azure wtf is ur prob actin like u got beef with me i dont no who u r.

On the Internet, gang members can use complex software, the very same used by the United States Military, to simulate gang wars before running up on fools in the real world.


Re: grove is blood ballas are crips: gta san andreas
QUOTE
by necron on Tue Aug 19, 2008 11:27 am
Based on what's goin' on in LA right now, I'm gonna wax those Varrio and Vagos fools and give passes to Rifa and the Ballas. It's only right.

Gang members also use sites such as Twitter to keep abreast on the latest gang-related happenings. Here, a gang member updates his crew about turf wars, financial results, and what he had for breakfast.


BaLLiN_CriP_SSJ
The Crips 3rd Quarter Financial Report now online. Membership surged 30% this quarter. Check your investor's newsletter for more info.
less than 20 seconds ago from web
mama cooked the breakfast with no hog 3 minutes ago from web
zeppelin now available for fly-by shootings 5 minutes ago from web
OUR TERRITORY IS UNDER ATTACK. HOBGOBLIN ATTACK. WE REQUIRE MORE DOO-RAGS, I REPEAT, WE NEED MORE DOO-RAGS. USE THE EMERGENCY RESERVES 2 minutes ago from web

Moving operations to the Internet has allowed gangs to tackle more serious issues, such as the high cost of gas. Gas prices have made drive-bys prohibitively expensive. Today many gangs are pitching in for Metro passes and perform drive bys from the emergency windows on buses. New gangs are popping up around specific bus routes, including the Route 44 Homeboys, who gangbang from 6AM to 10PM daily (no service on Sundays).

Finally, gang members use the Internet to post animated GIFs of weed.

Gangs have come a long way since they were that thing white people fled to the suburbs from. Gang life has been revitalized and thanks to the Internet ballin' has never been more plentiful and thorough. So when a guy smashes your car's window and orders you to get the fuck out of the vehicle or he'll blow your head off, now you know how it all comes together.

Disclaimer: No, the Street Gang Resource Center isn't actually the headquarters for gangs. The web site doesn't condone street gangs or their behavior, only glorifies it. I wouldn't dare link to any real gang sites and make fun of them because I have become accustomed to my ball sac.

See you next bi-week everybody!

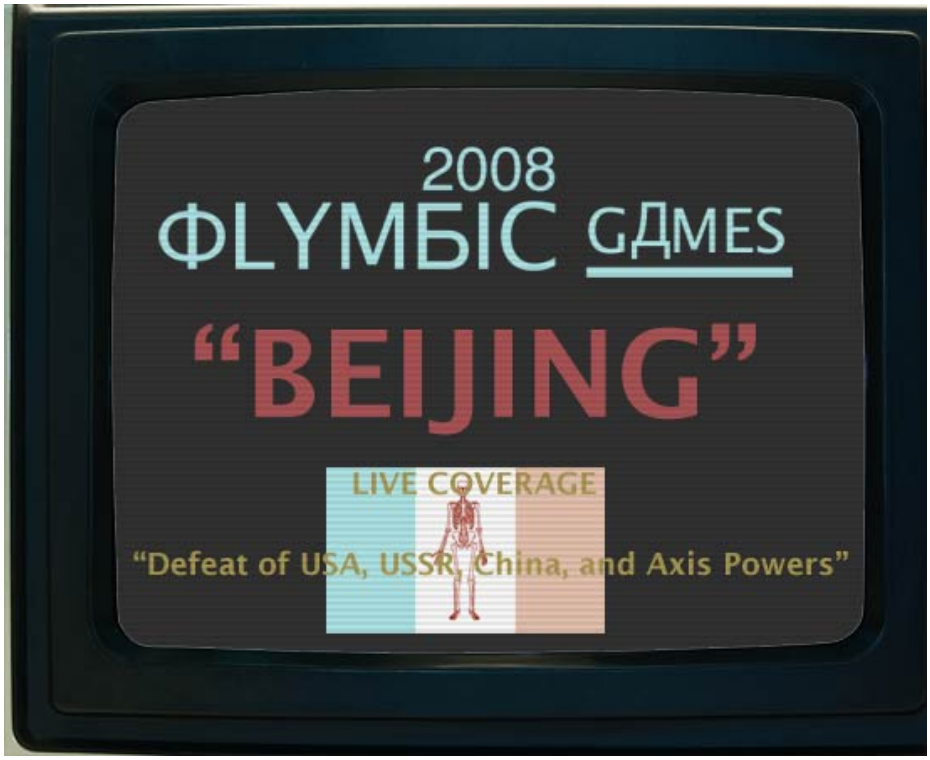
-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

8.21 Watching the Olymbics From Home

Friday, Aug 22, 2008 by Wurz Gloobee (@sexyfacts4u)

When you lie a path looms ahead. On that path is the lie and to either side are the brambles of the truth. To continue forward you must never stray from the path or you will fall into the brambles and tear open your tender flesh.

Imperial Island greets a new day. Wake up, Imperial Island. We are going to the 2008 Olymbics in Beijing.



The Citizen's Sport & Health Broadcast Channel. The Second Channel. They beam their signal to us over the teleopticon. The action is about to begin. At the sound of the Hero's Carillon our athletes will arrive in Beijing on the Silver Condor float plane. Imperial Island is sending 29 athletes to the Olymbics. This is the most of any nation. We are expected to win the most medals against our rivals USA and USSR and Axis Power.

The float plane is now pulling into Beijing Harbor. It is beautiful. I want to cry. The water is sparkling on its polished silver hull. The scarlet skeleton flag flies as the Beijing army lines up to greet our athletes. They wear broad-brimmed hats and wraparound sunglasses. They look like USA peasants compared to our glorious athletes.

Here they come now.

Fireworks are going off. The Chinese honor us. Judges declare it is the best arrival. A perfect 10. One judge weeps, another bites his palm to keep from fainting.

Gold medal: Imperial Island for glorious silver float plane.
Silver medal: USSR for a regular plane that can changes colors.
Bronze medal: Chinese for an elevator made out of glass.

Congratulations to vanquished rivals for placing in the match. The Second Chanel activates its camera in the Olymbic Village. In the Roosting Area of Olymbic Castle Imperial Island Snake Falcons are nesting and preparing for 250 meter snake catch. The Trial of the Snake was invented by Imperial Island thousands of years ago to tell whether or not a bad trader is lying about his wheat. Today we will unveil the lies of bad trader USA.

Victory is sure to belong to us on this day. Our falcons are in top condition in the world and the snakes are unusually liarous wretches.

The snake hangs from the falcon's talons like a bit of rope. The camera focuses its teleoptic lenses and I can see the silent scream of defeat frozen on the snake's beak. Its heart will soon stop beating.

Games are being played all around Beijing. I want to see the medals we are winning, but the Second Channel displays a piece about our greatest athlete: King Andy Hemisphere. He was the King of Imperial Island from 1870 to 1995 when everyone finally agreed his body was dead.

LIVE
Forever King of Our Love
KING ANDY HEMISPHERE
TRUE LIFE STORY OF KING
el Phelps USA cheats again to win medal but he will be

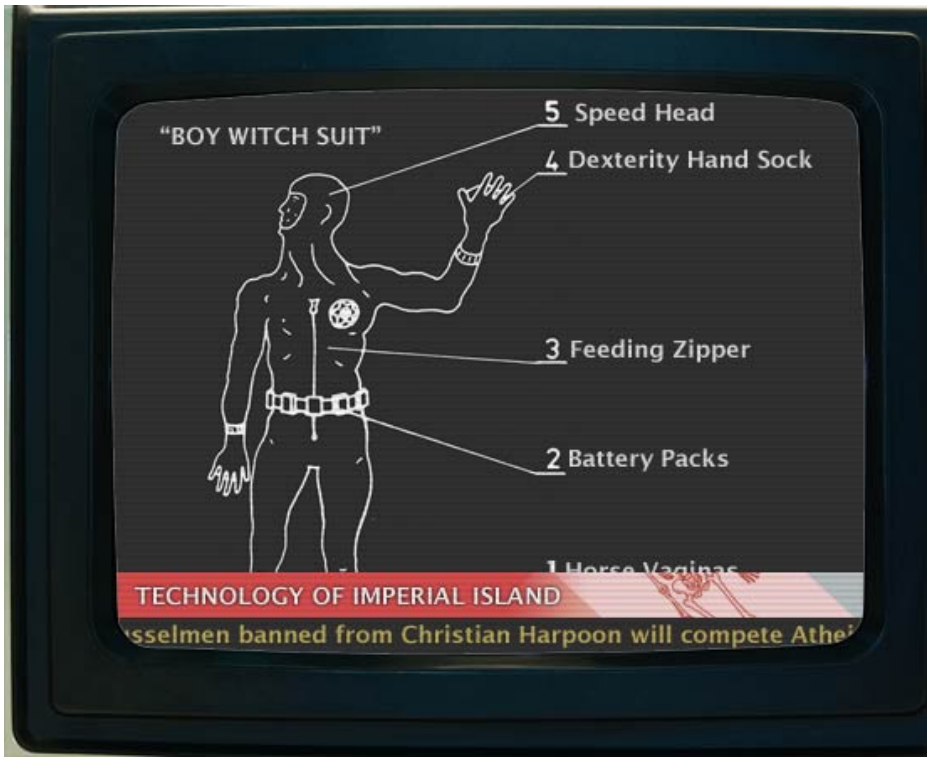
The broadcast is full of details about his life and lasts for 18 hours during Sensual Volleyball competition. We win this competition but we are forbidden to watch it for it is so beautiful to look upon it means you will do nothing else for the remainder of your life. Even the athletes must wear special lenses to filter out sensual light.

I watch instead the story of King Andy Hemisphere and his road to Olymbic greatness. He is born to Queen Daniella Hemisphere and his father is Turk the Scorpion, Man of Stone. King Andy made Turk to defend our country from neighbors over the sea, which is after he is born, so I do not quite understand the order of events.

When he was born King Andy Hemisphere knew he wanted to become King and to become an Olymbic champion. He declared himself King and then flew to the Olymbics in the first Imperial Island ocean hovercraft. At this Olymbics in Axis Powers King Andy won every medal he challenged and became the greatest athlete in the world. He was the Hero King of our land.

The story of King Andy finished just in time for the 500 meter witch chase. Our strongest competitor is the nation of liars USA who have used every dirty trick up in swimming and have none left for witch chase. Beijing China and Axis Powers also are good teams this year, but of course, three-time Olymbic witch chase gold medal winner Vaz Kulper is on our team.

Then there is the new uniform.


"BOY WITCH SUIT"
5 Speed Head
4 Dexterity Hand Sock
3 Feeding Zipper
2 Battery Packs
TECHNOLOGY OF IMPERIAL ISLAND
sselmen banned from Christian Harpoon will compete Athe

USA spends all of their money in swimming suits and long abdomens for their ladies volleyballers. Imperial Island is using our gift of science on the witch chase.

To this point we have 77 gold medals, 124 silver medals, and 9,603 bronze medals. This is the latest number given on the Second Channel. I would check the Interopticon, but this is restricted to websites organizationofweatherblorg.org and datingwithinreason.com and I have no friends to use the eletric mail.

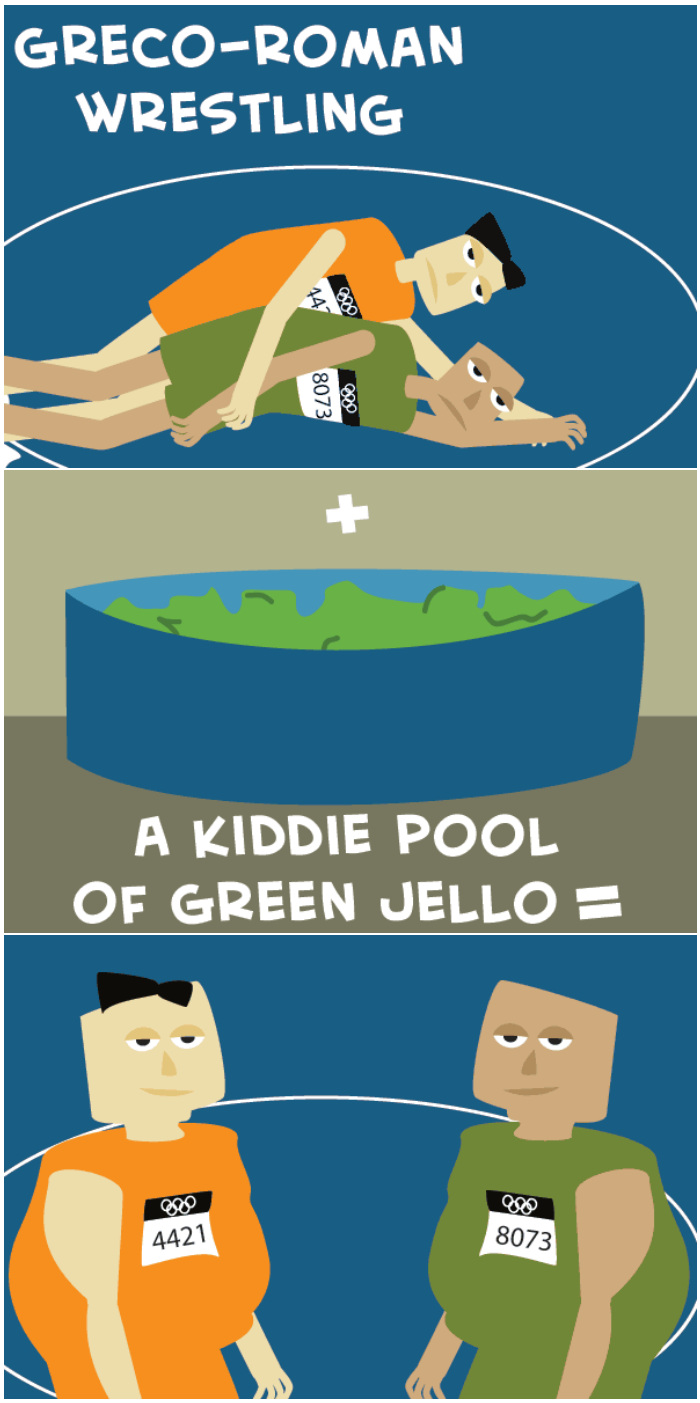
I have high hopes the Imperial Island 9 year olds given the glands of cats to turn their bodies into 16 year olds will excel in taste only gymnastics tomorrow. Axis Powers is closing in on our lead.

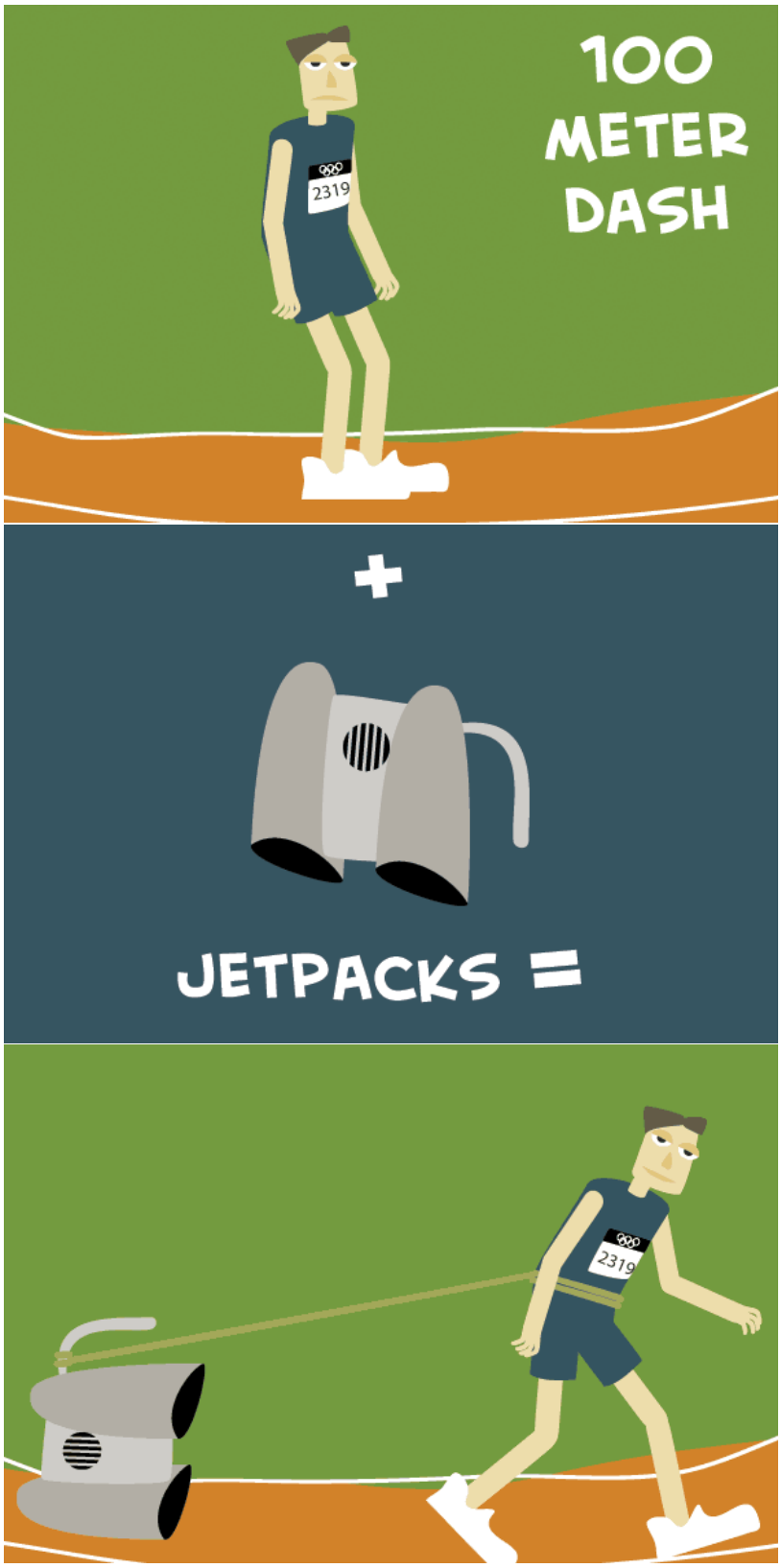
God Bless Imperial Island. May the Scarlet Skeleton never dip to touch the earth.

-∼Wurz Gloobee (@sexyfacts4u)

8.22 Improving The Olympics With 2nd Grade Math

Saturday, Aug 23, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)




100
METER
DASH
2319
+
JETPACKS =
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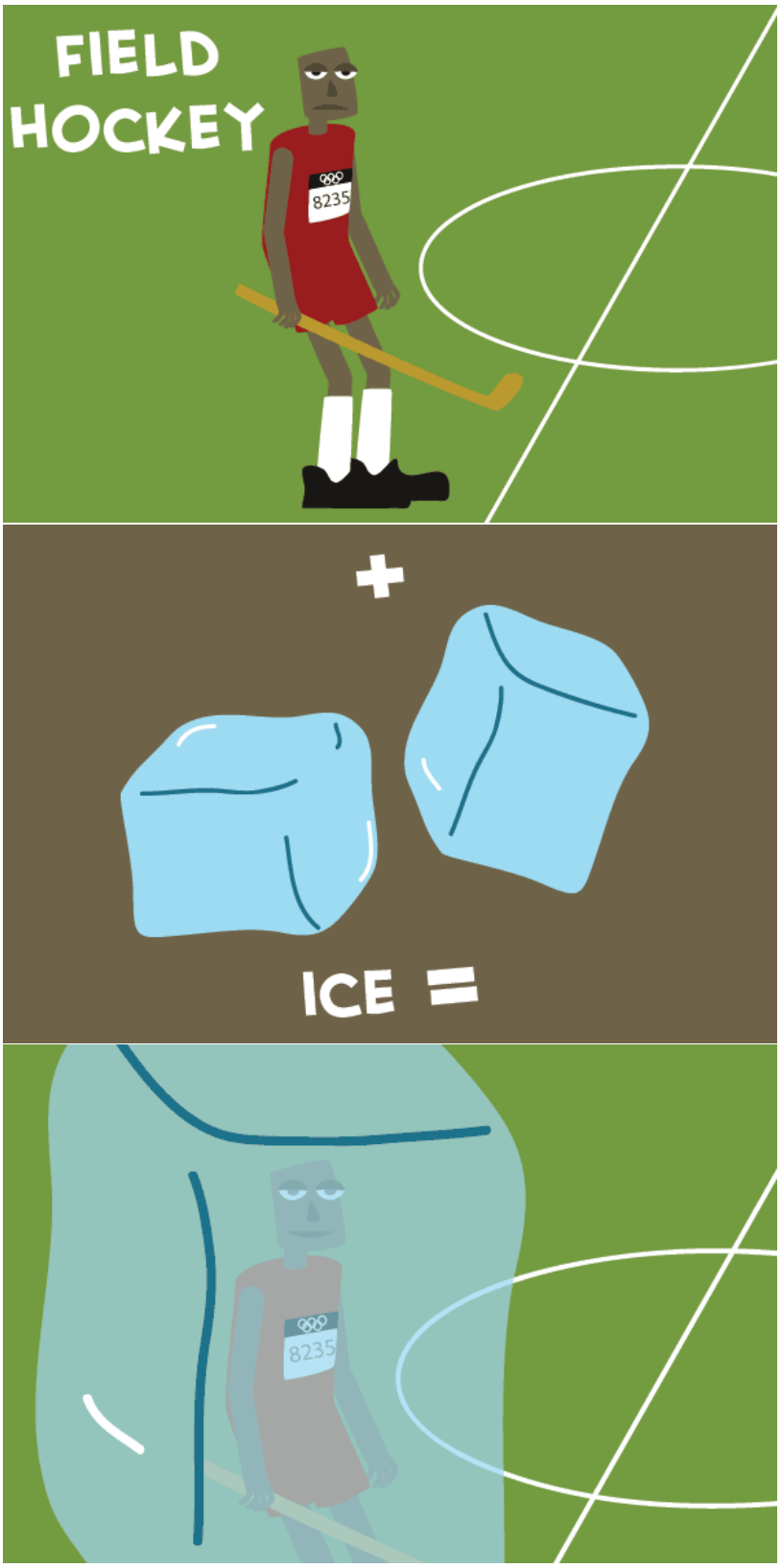
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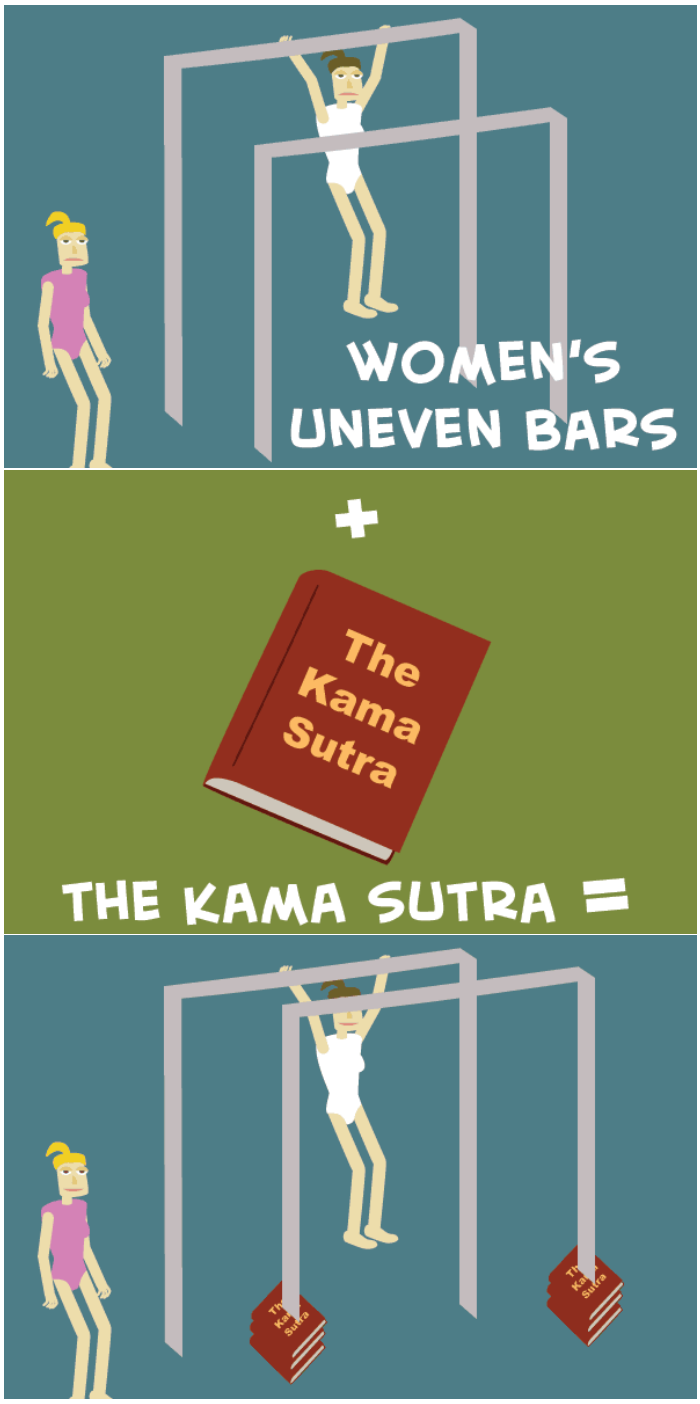
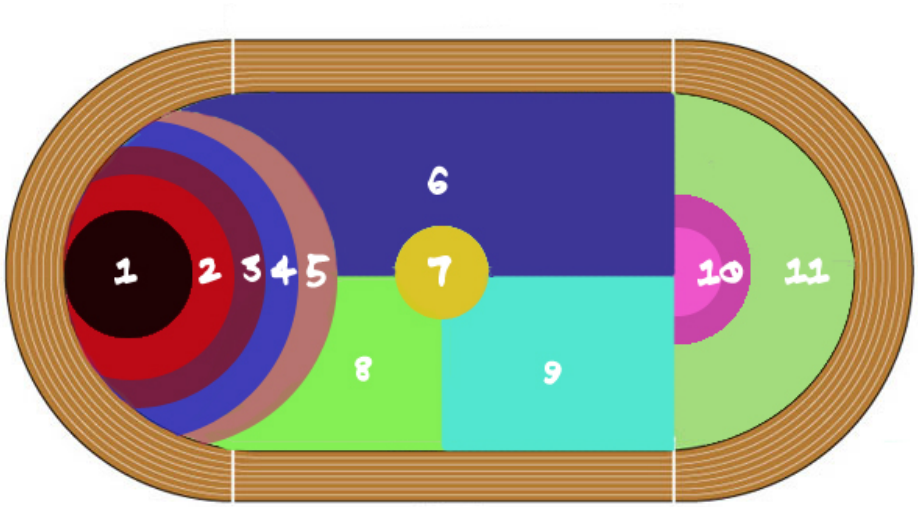


-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.23 Olympic Closing Ceremony Diagram

Sunday, Aug 24, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Thank you for coming to the Beijing Olympic Games. To help you fully enjoy the closing ceremony, we have provided a basic diagram to help guide your eye around the complex display of Chinese power.



1. The Golden Throne

Perched high above the rest of the celebration is the golden throne, occupied by the Olympic King, Bob Costas. You can identify his power by the headdress made of a slaughtered panda. Through the use of ancient Chinese black magic, Costas has assembled an army 10,000 strong. Unfortunately, the soldiers are made of terracotta. Regardless of his military might, Costas has promised peace to the Chinese in return for their attention. For this reason alone, the Evil Emperor is allowed to talk uninterrupted for hours on end.

The height allows King Costas to look down on the minions while spewing hour after hour of unnecessary, off topic soliloquies. Be sure to listen for his opinions regarding the purpose of the Olympics.

2. Chinese Tibetan Peace Ring

Yes. Finally there will be peace. One of the surprises of the 2008 Olympic games, the Chinese Government has decided to bury the hatchet--into the gooey abdomen of all Tibetans. All the whiny, skinny mountain babies are to be destroyed once and for all. The slaughter shall take place at the feet of the throne tower for King Costas's amusement. Rain shields shall be provided for surrounding seats.

3. Ring of Failure

All Chinese athletes are expected to win gold. Those who did not are disappointments to the people and the loser genes must be destroyed. All who did not reach gold are to meet here promptly at the beginning of the ceremony. Their arms are to be bound and their medals are to be heated in a great fire before placed back on their bare chests. Defeat is not allowed. The screams of failure shall fill the air!

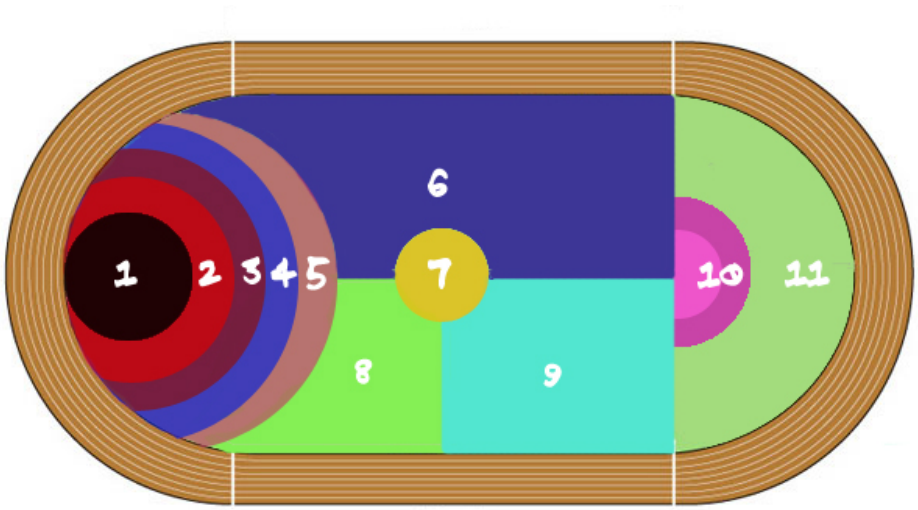
4. Fuwa Dance Ring

The loud screams are music to the Fuwa, as all the adorable creatures dance for the king in splendid rings and conga lines. Except Jing Jing, for he is to execute all failed Chinese Olympians. So Cute!!

5. Copulation Ring

All Chinese athletes that proved their greatness in the games are to mate immediately. This guarantees future Chinese success. The tall with the strong, the fast with the nimble. If the gymnasts are properly inseminated, the next generation will be ready to perform in the 2016 games at the perfect age of eight. Confiscated Michael Phelps semen is to be administered to all women.

Due to a mandate by the Chinese Government, all Chinese gold medal winners are to sacrifice their medal at the large smelting plant. The medals are heated and all impurities are removed. The station is worked by all the children owned by the Olympic athletes. This way the children get to



6. The Peoples' Grand Smelting Process

feel the glory of success as they work over molten gold ore. A portion of the gold is placed directly into the Peoples' treasury, the rest is used in The Peoples' Statue.

7. The Peoples' Statue

The acquired gold will be used to build a large golden statue. Officials state that the purpose of such a statue is to prove to the wold that China is a first rate power. The final design is still a secret, but many expect that it will face America and be either a gazing panda or a naked man stretching his anus to a large and disproportionate size.

8. Fireworks

This area will appear blank throughout the ceremony to all viewers within the Bird Nest; however, all global viewers will see a computer generated firework show insulting their homeland. Numerous displays will be presented throughout the ceremony including the simple "Booya [nation]", a "thumbs down superimposed over the nation's flag", and the impressive "Picture of Mao Zedong Looking Smug".

9. Beach Volleyball Song Station

Sand will be poured onto the field for the sake of reliving one of the most enjoyable portions of the Olympics. Yes, the male/female beach volleyball teams and all the bikini dance girls will come out and stand around while forty second sound clips of your favorite songs from 1998 - 2002 play on repeat. Expect to hear some Gwen Stefani. A real crowd pleaser!

The last portion of the field is for the introduction of the terrible 2012 London Games. Boo!

Rush will play the entirety of their album 2112. The music will be edited to state 2012, and Geddy Lee's passport will be edited to state that he is a British citizen. All the drummers used in the opening ceremony will reappear in Neil Peart's drum kit. David Beckham will be there too. Though the London games attempt to appear super hip, this portion will be enjoyable to anyone over the age of forty, while all children will state that it is trying too hard.

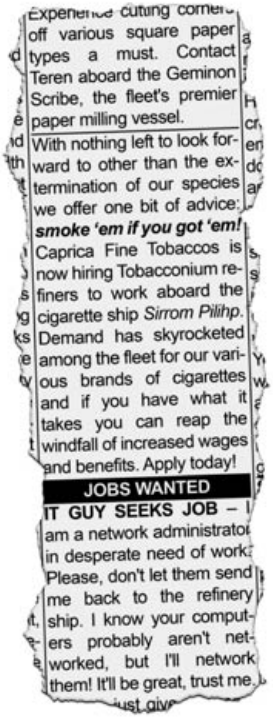
We do not know what is happening in this area. We do not care either. The British will probably attempt to show how great they once were through images of colonialism or the Opium Wars or something. Did you think we forgot about that one Britain? Now who is forcing items onto whom? Good luck London, you jerks.

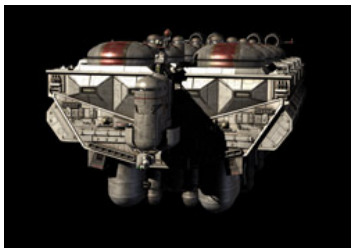
-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.24 Blue Stripe - The Life and Times of a Space Cigarette Manufacturer

Monday, Aug 25, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.


off various square paper types a must. Contact Teren aboard the Geminon Scribe, the fleet's premier paper milling vessel.
With nothing left to look forward to other than the extermination of our species we offer one bit of advice:
smoke 'em if you got 'em!
Caprica Fine Tobaccos is now hiring Tobacconium refiners to work aboard the cigarette ship Sirrom Pilihp. Demand has skyrocketed among the fleet for our various brands of cigarettes and if you have what it takes you can reap the windfall of increased wages and benefits. Apply today!
JOBS WANTED
IT GUY SEEKS JOB –
am a network administrator in desperate need of work. Please, don't let them send me back to the refinery ship. I know your computers probably aren't networked, but I'll network them! It'll be great, trust me.



Home, unsweet home.

Honestly, I don't know how much help I am going to be for your book. I am not a cigarette manufacturer no matter what my bosses said. I have an associate's degree in animal grooming.

What do I know about cigarettes? I know I have to push a button and the Tobacconium comes out of the hopper, lands on the little pieces of paper, and then they go into a folding machine. Sometimes the hopper gets jammed and I have to climb up on the conveyor and clear the jam. That's about all I know

I've been doing this since they sent out those recruitment teams. That was like two months ago, that's no three year associate's program at Delphi Vocational School. I'm a frakking pet groomer. I put down pet groomer and I ended up here. Does that seem fair to you? It doesn't seem fair to me?

Alright, Heather. Get a grip. Deep breaths. Remember your mantra. Sorry, I'm okay. Just got done pulling a long shift and this lousy ersatz coffee is making me crave a nice tall caramel frappaccooni from Earthbucks.

Do you have Earthbucks where you are from? Starbucks, huh? Very funny. I can't stand that frakking clunt. I've only met her once, and let me tell you, I am soooooo bummed out that she died. What a loss for the mankind.

So you're collecting space stories? That is so neat. I didn't know there was a publishing ship in the fleet. Do you think I can talk to your editor? I've got a lot of ideas. I think a book about pet grooming would really-

On the Internet? Sounds dangerous, but what do I know, right? Okay, anyway, you said you wanted to know about my life and times. What it means to live and breathe and work, mostly work, as Heather Toreeno.

Like I said, I've been on the line aboard Sirrom Pilihp for about two months. Maybe not quite that long, but it feels like about fifty years. I thought it was bad sitting around doing nothing on the homeopathic spa ship Soothe, I should have had them train me on doing algae wraps and gotten a job there. This is hell-on-Caprica, and I say that know full well that there is probably literally hell on Caprica right now. I would rather be there is how bad this is.

Piles of tobacconium waiting to frak me off.

I guess, you know, I have learned some things. Like a whole galaxy of new cuss words. I was a good girl before coming here, honest, but now I talk like a marine at a good times parlor. Everything is "frak this" and "suck a durk that" with me now. If my language offends you, just remember the miserable situation I am in.

You said when you first came over that you wanted work logs or something like that. I'm sorry, I can't give you anything like that. I don't have a work log and I have done so many different oddjobs since we left Caprica that all I really have for that is my diary.

I can give you that if you insist you need something like that, but you have to "a" promise me you will give it back and "b" promise you will cut out any of the parts where I talk about this guy Dayl Tobin.

Normally I would never do this sort of thing, because this stuff is personal, but Gaius Baltar says, "To listen requires a voice." I believe it when he says that. I have really become politically active since coming to this slave ship working for the government that controls us like robots. Dr. Baltur's book has changed my life for the good exactly as much as being forced into indentured servitude on this ship changed it for the bad.

Alright, as long as we have an understanding, then here is my silent scream at the oppression of the Caprican plutocracy.

Heather's Diary - Day 1

Dear diary,

Jeez, I hope Caprica is okay.

It is with sad news I finally get around to writing in you for the first time. The silans are back and they have dropped nuclear bombs all over Caprica. Everything is destroyed and everyone I know and love is gone. Mom, daddy, Justynn, Marissa, Princess and Bianca, my Pomeranians, they're all dead.

I was on my way back to Caprica from a meditation retreat at a vineyard on Virgon when I heard the news. The pilot came on the intercom of the first class express flight home (daddy upgraded me, if he hadn't I would still be on Virgon and probably dead!!!!!) and said that Caprica had been attacked by the silans. A fat guy in the seat two rows back said they are robots and that we fought a war against them a few years ago. I dunno, but they sound scary.

The pilot said he was going to turn around and head back to Virgon, but then he came on again later and said there was a battle happening there so he decided to hide. Everyone was yelling and screaming and crying. It was very scary. I was pretty upset too, but I didn't cry. Luckily I had my meditation mantra on my CyPod so I just put that on and let the sound wash over me.

Ommmmmmmmm...

Guru Scorpion says we must first control our body and then we must learn to let it go. To release our stress and our pain and enter the unlimited realm of Contemplation. I have to say, it works. The only part that sucks is that Guru Scorpion's Peace Retreat by the slow moving river probably got blown up by an atomic bomb.

I hope he was Contemplating the infinite when he melted.

Okay, g2g diary. The captain is talking again.

XOXOXO
Heather

Heather's Diary - Day 2

Hey diary,

I'm sure everything will be fine even if we all get blastered.

Just writing to you to say I'm bored. We have been cooped up aboard this ship for a long time now, and even first class seats start feeling cramped after long enough.

It's funny, people never use the bathroom on first class flights I've been on, but they are using it now. It is pretty darn smelly. I still haven't had to go. I'm meditating to make sure I don't have to go.

A woman is crying because her kids were on Picon and I guess that got blown up. I told her not to be sad, because we'll probably die horribly soon too and some people said mean things to me. This really sucks.

Oh yeah, the captain also said the humans lost the battle at Virgon to the silans. He sounded really sad when he said it so I think that is bad news. The pilot said he's

going to go to Rangnar or something and try to find other survivors.

I hope there are some cute guys still alive.

G2G, tummy is rumbling again and I have to think myself calm.

XOXOXO

Heather

Heather's Diary - Day 5

Dear diary,

I bet we're all going to be seeing a lot more of Boxey.

What a difference a couple days can make! I feel so much better now.

The pilot of my ship found the other human ships at Ragnar just as we were running out of fuel. Good luck there! I would like to think my meditation helped.

There were all kinds of different ships, but the pilot said he could only stop at two before he had to dock with the fuel ship to get fuel. He gave us two choices and we could get off wherever we wanted.

I picked to get off at the Battlestar Galactica because I figured there would be some hot fighter pilots there. Everybody else got off on the Olympic Carrier which is probably a nicer ship, but this is probably way more fun.

I've been on Galatica for a couple days now. I don't get to stay forever, but it's nice looking at all the hunks in their flightsuits and having some hot water to take a shower. None of the pilots have time to talk very much.

I did get to talk to one hunky guy named Lee, I think he was giving me the eye, but he's too busy. This totally blorp named Starbuck made a mean face at me and told me to, well, I'm not going to repeat it. It was bad. I think she has the hots for this Lee guy.

Oh, yeah, I also made a new friend. His name is Boxey and he is the most adorable little boy from Caprica. He used to live right near me in Delphi and he was on Caprica during the attack. He told me Delphi got bombed really bad. That made me sad, but then we played hide and seek and that was a whole lot of fun.

I hope I can stay here on Galactica for a long time, but they said I will have to leave pretty soon.

Well, whatever, g2g, diary!

XOXOXO

Heather

Heather's Diary - Day 11

Bad day today, diary. I don't want to talk about it much because I am really feeling down right now.

Two bad things happened. First, I found out I have to leave Galactica tomorrow. I don't know where I'm going to go. I'm trying to get in touch with the pilot of the ship that brought me here,

but it's really hard to find people.

I do sort of want to leave because we're not allowed to drink very much water right now and that means no hot showers. Plus the pilots are all doing things so what is the point of me being here, right? That's the way to look at it. Onward and upward, Heather. As long as I remember my mantra and keep positive everything will be fine.

LOL whoops!

The other bad thing is, remember that little boy I told you about? We got to be really good friends. I told him I had to leave and he was really sad. He said he wanted to come with me wherever I go, but I don't want to take care of a kid. It would be impossible to find any hot boys with a kid hanging around all the time.

So I told him he couldn't come with me and he got really sad. To get his mind off of it I said let's play hide and seek again. No, wait, I think it was his idea to play it. Yeah, it was definitely his idea, because I remember not wanting to and then I did it anyway because he really, really, really wanted to play hide and seek.

Boxey went to hide and I counted down and then I went looking for him. It took a really long time to find him because he hid in one of the external airlocks with the door closed. I could see him through the window and we both laughed a lot. He said I had to open the door and, diary, I don't know what happened. Shouldn't a red button mean open the door?

There was this wooshing sound and Boxey went flying up against the wall and it was like he was going to get smooshed going out this tiny crack. It looked like it hurt a lot, but luckily the door opened all the way and he was able to go through it to the outside of the ship.

The bad part is the door closed automatically a little bit later and he couldn't swim back to the ship in time.

I really hope no one notices that he is gone.

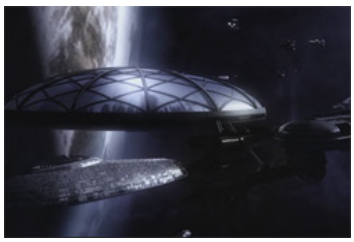
Anyway, g2g, diary!

XOXOXO

Heather

Heather's Diary - Day 283

Dear diary,



Finally, a place worth being in this lametard fleet!

Woo, long time no see, baby! I am having a blast and loving life. You could say I am on Cloud 9 and that's because I am, baby! I have been living it up on the fleet's only luxury liner since the last time we talked to each other.

I have made so many friends here. Rissa, Lema, Big Tug, Zerpo, Shevon, La Truccia, Mecha Margo, Kizzwell, Chest Helpert, "Doctor" Don Delicious, and so many more I don't even have to mention. Plus all the men! Ah, the men. So many, handsome pilots coming in and out (lol!!!!!) of Cloud 9 because it's their recreation facility.

After Shevon ran off to gods know where I've had a few choice encounters with my old friend Lee. You remember Lee, right? Total

beefcake plus he's a pilot. We've had kind of an on again and off again thing going. Guess who likes to be tied up and tickled? It's Lee! He's the guy I'm talking about!

Right now we're "off again" but he's sooooo hot I know we will make it happen again. As long as that meddling klunt Kara Thrace keeps her little pig nose out of our business.

There's an election going on right now. How about that? Some civilization returns to mankind. I liked president Roslyn, but Gaius Balatar is a serious hottie and he sounds so smart with that accent of his on all the debates. I listen to them all.

Anyway, I'm still a little tipsy, but I am going to go vote and then straight away I'm off to Pegasus to see if I can make things happen with Lee.

XOXOXO
Heather

Heather's Diary - Day 285

Ugh! That is all. Ugh!

I am in such a bad mood right now I don't even really want to talk about it. I thought maybe talking about it with you would get some of this anger out of my system.

Oooooh PrEsident HuNKKKK!!!

Okay, so, good news and bad news. I'll give you the good news first.

The good news is that Gaius Baltar just got elected president. Woohoo! It turns out votes still count even in this crazy day and age. The cylans couldn't stop humanity from exercising our democratic rights as citizens of the 12 Colonies.

The bad news, and this is major bad news, is that I haven't been able to see Lee. I finally was able to get through to talk to him earlier today but he's too busy to see me because an atomic bomb blew up Cloud 9. What am I supposed to do on Pegasus with him running around in space? At least that two-bit floozy Kara Thrace is nowhere to be found.

Pegasus is nicer on the inside than Galactica, so that's something.

Blah, this didn't really help.

Heather

Heather's Diary - Day 1,000,000,000

Who wants to spend time on that terfhole?

At least it feels like a bazillion. I have been living on board the homeopathic spa ship Soothe for over a year now. It has done real wonders for my pores and my moisture levels, but it sure as heck hasn't helped out my sex life.

When I came to Soothe it was a choice between here, the crayon factory ship Bloodlust, the hydroponic rhubarb ship William H. Macy, the mannequin storage ship Impenetrable, or the commemorative coin ship Woe Hammer. They all had their ups and downs, I mean the coin ship had a fantastic gym, but luckily I decided to come to Soothe. I say luckily because a while back all of the other ships landed on New Caprica.

It's this planet that is really, really, really bad for your skin and hair. I was down there once and it was somehow able to give me split ends and alligator elbows in about five seconds. Yech! And those vegetables they grow down there, everything tastes like a turnip. Do you know how much I like turnips on a scale of one to ten, diary? Zero. Zero out of ten is how much I like turnips. I would rather eat the commemorative coins.

So, on top of being a total terfhole, New Caprica is also now occupied by the cylons (yes I learned how to spell it finally, thank you) who I hate and will never forgive for killing Princess and Bianca. Don't worry, we jumped away with Pegasus when they showed up.

Pretty sure the Silobs came as fashion police. Yuck! If you look like a turnip don't dress like a flower puked.

Speaking of which, Lee is in charge of it now, he's married and he has totally packed on the pounds. I would rather get with his dad the Admiral at this point. At least I could give him some masks and concealer for that complexion, Lee is just too fat for words. I'm sure Lee and that Sagittaron hussy he married will be very happy together forever and ever in fatness till fat do they fat.

The irony of me choosing Soothe is that I have been keeping myself looking absolutely fantastic, yet every single man on this ship is totally gay. I've fooled around a little bit with the two that are 99.9% gay and it was like yelling "sit" at a deaf dog; if you wait long enough they'll do what you want, but it won't be satisfying.

Ugh, life just sucks more and more every day.

Love,

Heather

Heather's Diary - Gaius Baltar is going to be on trial

Dear Diary,

Things have changed and changed again since I talked to you last time. I just got back to Soothe after spending a long time on Galactica. I went out with this mega creepo named Felix. Do you know what pegging is? I didn't until I met Felix. He's a frakking deviant.

He used to be like totally Baltar's right hand man, but these days he hates Gaius. Well ever since they announced Gaius Baltar was going to go on trial he has like been all into it and fantasizing about how he is going to destroy Baltar at the trial. He even says terf like, "I will frakking make

terf up if that's what it takes to bring that kurgsucker down."

Total greasy pervo. Stay away, ladies.

Meanwhile, imagine me hearing all this, while at the same time I am reading Gaius Baltar's book he secretly released. It's totally banned. The guy has been given a bum rap in my humble opinion and he deserves a fare trial. At first I pretended like a I agreed with Felix, but after a while we started getting in fights.

When he called me a "frakking klunt" and threw his keys at me that was it, I was out of there. I called Ernesto aboard Soothe and asked him if I could come back and live there again. He was actually excited to hear I was coming back so, you know what, I frakking go where I am frakking wanted.

I swear, all that Galactica breeds are a bunch of headcases and perverts. Too much drama! After Baltar is acquitted maybe I can hook it up with him. He is really hot and I know if everyone hates him then he's probably the only normal one in the whole fleet.

Well, here's hoping for better days ahead.

XOXOXO

Heather

Oh my gods, you know what I just totally realized? I'm so sorry, I just totally realized that I have not written a single diary entry since I came over to this kurg sucking ship.

I just watched you enter all of that into your little computer thing there and right as you typed my name for the last time I realized that there was nothing about the refinery. Oh gods, do you want me to just make something up right here on the spot or something? I can totally do that, I have a million and one gripes.

Number one gripe, I work on a cigarette ore ship and I don't even smoke. Not only that, but the smoke gives me these little pimples on my upper back for some reason so I think I'm allergic to it. Plus it is way too dry and hot, I sleep in a bunk with fifteen other people, there are at least three guys here that I think want to rape me, and I don't have appropriate footwear for this environment.

So frak this, frak the fleet, frak Adama and all of the other frakholes on kurg sucking motherfrakking terf-licking Battlestar Galactica. They can eat my klunt.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.25 Ramblin' Dad: Dispatch from the Lonesome American Southwest

Tuesday, Aug 26, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Better times...

First off, call your mama. Stopped in Villa de Pecos to check my postal mail, and first thing I see is a tear-stained letter from your mama saying she hasn't seen hide nor hair of you since your embarrassment with the coons. I know I wasn't around enough, maybe I didn't hug you enough to turn you as queer as is required by these backward days, but I know I taught my boy better than not calling his mama on her birthday. I don't know if it's still the coon business that's agitating you, son, but if it is, you need to toughen that hide.

Sure, you got run out of town. Every man in the history of this family has been run out of town. You call up the ghost of your great granddaddy, Euwell, and ask him what he thinks of your little ordeal. You know what he'll say? He'll say grumbling neighbors are one thing, but he was run out of town in a much higher style, watching the federales burn his stills, plumes of smoke thirty foot high. Looking back on his livelihood up in smoke, now the federales are burning down his whorehouse, too, whores still inside screaming his name. The moral of this story is: do you think Euwell cared what his neighbors thought of him? Well, the moral of the story is maybe he should have, then maybe those whores would have lived and bred and had little baby whores, and your dad wouldn't be so lonely out in the American Southwest.

That was a joke of course, and a rather more cruel sort of joke than I'm accustomed to telling, but the isolation of the endless deserts of the American Southwest will tune a man's mind to a bawdier station. The kind of station that plays Loveline.

I got run out of town too, you know. Ain't no room in Sedona for a man who hogs the jukebox. If I had it to do over again, maybe I wouldn't put in that last twenty dollars for another two hours of Joe Walsh, them last two solid straight hours of Ordinary Average Guy that got me run out of sweet Sedona on a rail. Then again, maybe I would. I do believe it was John Steinbeck that said Ordinary Average Guy was the greatest work of human endeavor of his last century. Not the John Steinbeck you're thinking of, obviously, but my old boss, John Steinbeck.

I found a bicycle tire and couldn't think what to do with it, so I boiled it and seen if it turned into something I might sell. Well, see if you can guess.

Heard tell of another dad out here in the lonesome American Southwest. The way folks talk about him, I think maybe he's just another tall tale, but I've kept my eye out. The Southwest- and I mean the real Southwest, the high desert- well, it can get lonely. I aim to find that other dad one day, the dad who roams the American Southwest ruminating on the failures of his past, and I intend to buy him a drink and talk business. You see, I have an idea, son, the kind of idea that might make us rich, might settle up the score on all those times you wanted an item and your lonesome Southwestern dad was

too broke or too scarce to fix it up for you. I remember when you wanted that Casiotone, and I was too blind and too drunk to see what it meant to you. Maybe I'd be writing a letter to little Mozart Jr. right now, instead of Idiot John, the no-account boy who got run out of town for being unintentionally racist in front of the neighbor kids.

So this idea, the one maybe the other dad can help me with. Here's my idea: I figure, he's dad, he's been on these same roads as me for god knows how long, maybe we've passed each other a thousand times between Los Moches and Navajoa, both of us too singular in our pursuit of the Real American Southwest to notice the other. I figure he knows the lonesomeness of the American Southwest as well as anyone, as well as the cactus that fell down in the prairie breeze and turned into a dry old cholla wood skeleton before any farmhand could find his way to put it back upright, or like the tortoise who flipped over when he stepped on the farmhand's rake and now he's a bleached skeleton decorating the American Southwest like a grim portent of where each and every one of us is heading, each lonely dad out here with a story to tell and no town to go back to because of all the Joe Walsh he played that fateful night.

They say Don Henley was a steel-driving man. You won't see any evidence of that out here.

As I drove down one of the lonely highways of the American Southwest tonight, a specter appeared in front of me clear as day: an old Navajo man, braids down his back, right there in the middle of the road beckoning me to stop. Not today, skinwalker, I've got more life to live. Further on down the road I stopped at a stand to buy some fresh cherries, and the shapeshifting Navajo appeared again, but this time it was clear that it was actually a middle-aged Armenian woman. It also turned out I was in Gilroy, so I turned around and headed back toward the Southwest.

You'd better relate the story of your shame just one more time, because I still don't know if I'm one hundred percent understanding this. So you're out in the street one day, kept up all night by those critters uprooting your trash cans, and the neighbor walks out with his family and children, and you say "did you hear? Family of coons moved in next door, up all hours congregating in the streets, they're loud and they smell bad, wish we could just run 'em over with our cars, god-damn coons." Well, I can rightly see how that would get a fellow run out of town, and in the future you should be more careful with the vagaries of our language. You're a god-damned idiot, son.

Next time you talk to your old dad, maybe he will have finished with all his rambling, maybe he'll be out of the American Southwest, up toward the Pacific Northwest where the fog rolls in like a dulcet solo off Joe Walsh's guitar. Don't you forget the idea I laid out for you, the one with the other dad, when I find him. You write it down and keep it in a safe place, far away from the lonesome desert and the Real American Southwest.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

8.26 God Bless My Pets

Wednesday, Aug 27, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

I certainly don't need the busy hubbub of the modern world. No, sir, I don't need it at all. All I need are my pet themed collectibles. They remind me of all the good times I've had with my precious friends over these long, long years.

Oh, I see you're already looking at my collection. I don't blame you! I'm quite proud of it myself.

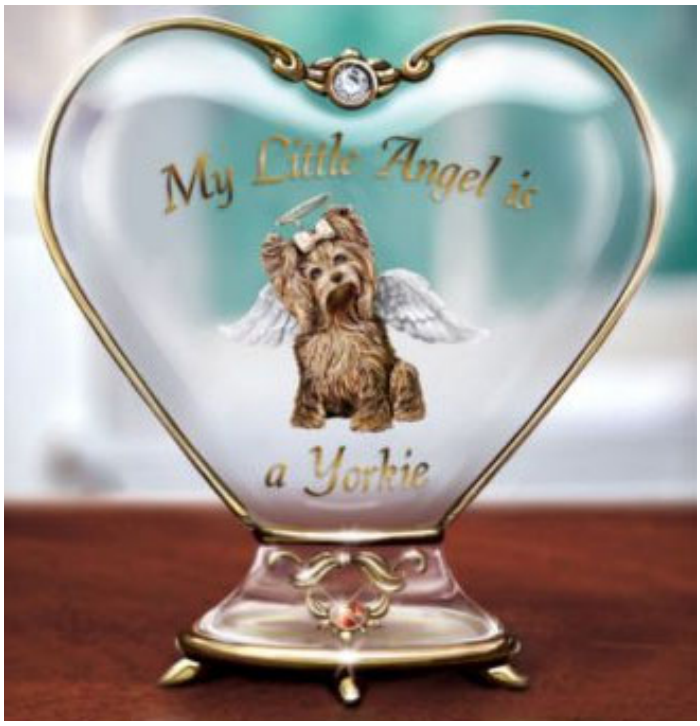
Oh that? That's just my Precious Paws Dog Angel. I picked that one up because it reminded me of my faithful companion Robert. He was a wonderful Bichon Frise, with an ornery but loveable spirit. He got into some old jars and died of the botulism in the summer of '88.

I still sometimes hear his little paws scampering across the floor. This lovely ornament reminds me of all the joy he brought me. I just know he is smiling down from me in Heaven. If he could speak - and I do believe dogs can speak fluent English in Heaven - he would surely say "you were my paw-fect friend!"

I'll never forget my dear sweet purring angel, Dazzle. She was the light of my life. I remember when I first found her in the old shed out back. I heard a strange noise and opened the door and the floor was littered with eggs. "Great! Another infestation of giant spiders," I thought. Thankfully these were cat eggs, and soon one hatched and offered up my darling Dazzle. The other eggs did not fare so well, and we need not talk about that. Dazzle was with me for many beautiful years.

She got caught in a tangle of electrical wires and died of starvation. I did not hear her cries because I have to leave the TV loud. It's the only way I can hear what Jessica or Matlock are saying these days. This keepsake reminds me of my sweet, sweet friend and the day she hatched.

Quite a looker, isn't she? This one reminds me of Saskatoon, my beloved ol' Persian. She used to love to play dress up, showing off her good looks. I would find her wearing my makeup and hats and feathers, all on her own! It's amazing what cats can do. I wanted to enter her in a show but she was a very shy cat and never dressed up in front of others. Only me. It was her special, loving gift to me. She passed away and is with the Lord now. I'll never figure out how she got in the rice cooker before I turned it on.



Beautiful, isn't it? I never owned a Yorkie, but this one sure does remind me of my sweet, sweet Poodle, Mr. Heckles. He used to curl up next to me and purr the night away. Some bad, bad neighborhood kids got hold of him. They tied chains to his head and to his tail, then attached the chains to their tractors and took off racing in opposite directions. They said they did it for Satan. I wasn't home at the time but I heard about it from a hummingbird that comes by and it made me sick to my stomach. What those kids are capable of, it just didn't happen back in my time.

I'll never forget when I had the good fortune of being parent to a rambunctious litter of kittens. Having all of them around was such a delight. This painting reminds me of what they would have been like if they were all frogs. Having a hoot hanging around a pond, jumping from lily pad to lily pad, and ribbiting the night away. Such a time!

Sadly, that troubled neighbor boy rounded up all the kittens, herded them into a barn, and set it

ablaze. It was in the papers I believe, but I don't know for sure. I don't get the paper since the neighbor boy delivers the newspaper, and I don't want him coming in my yard ever. That darn neighbor boy! I'd like to tan his hide for what he's done.

I see you looking at my little lab truck. That's one of my favorites. It was a truly amazing find when you think about it. It reminds me of the dog truck that used to drive up and down the street. It had the same paintings on the side even, except the dog used to drive it. He would always honk his horn and let out a friendly bark, and I would wave back. I never knew the story about how he got his license or how he paid for the truck, but I was just happy to see him.

He drove by every day until that darn neighbor boy caught him. He stuffed firecrackers inside frogs, dipped them in tar, and stuck them on the poor pooch. Then he lit the fuse and threw him from a helicopter he stole from an army base. It was an awful thing. Truly awful.

Ah, I picked up that sweet little thing because it reminded me of my last kitten, Jessica (I named her after Jessica from *Murder, She Wrote*). I used to put little clothes on her, and she loved it. In fact, she even insisted on it! What a kitten she was!

My sweet angel. She would be with me even now if not for the terrorists. She was on the plane that crashed into the Pentagon, you see. I wonder if that neighbor boy was one of the hijackers? I just don't know about people anymore. But I feel her presence as sure as day, and that brings me comfort. She was as much paw as she was heart.

What's that? You have to go? Oh, I'm sorry to see you leave so soon. Please, take some cookies with you. No, really, it's no trouble. I always bake more than I can eat. Oh, well, if you change your mind stop by and pick them up. I've got some more collectibles in the attic I'm sure you'd love to see!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.27 You Can't Save the Youth Center

Thursday, Aug 28, 2008 by Herlin Crowley, Land Developer

Listen, people; I'm just trying to do my job. But not a day goes by without a foreclosure or buyout ending in a last-minute fundraiser that ultimately finds me shoved into a puddle of mud or swimming pool while I flail my arms and scream the names of those who wronged me. Here's a swell idea: maybe if instead of buying a giant novelty clock, hundreds of pounds of confetti, and a breakdancing stage, you could actually pay your rent? Sounds crazy, I guess. Forget that I mentioned it.

Herlin Crowley, Land Developer

I may be a businessman, but I care about the community. Which is why I have made it my mission to tear down as many youth centers as possible before my phlebitis takes me like it's taken so many Crowleys in the past. Pop quiz: you know when all of those youth centers were built? Back in the 70s and 80s when you could barely tell an inner-city neighborhood from your local abattoir. We thought it'd be great if the kids had a safe place to go where they could play board game versions of their famous television shows, which was quite popular at the time.

Games of "Twister" aren't much fun when you're getting raped for drug money.

The spinners on the home version of Welcome Back, Kotter could not be heard spinning; but the heads of pushers were when they realized all of their prospective customers could now be found in one location that served free pizza and HI-C on Fridays.

Society had driven its children to Michael Jackson's house in a big, yellow school bus and started honking the horn.

Let me tell you, those pro-youth center kids can be quite charming. Typically made up of a variety of races, and each named after some personal quirk, they can cook up a fund-raising talent show faster than they can cook up a fresh batch of crystal meth.

But don't let "Specs" and "Jim-Jam" fool you; they'd rather have their dilapidated houses of ill-repute spewing broken children onto the street instead of a fresh new department store full of jobs for their ailing city. So these hellholes full of VD, broken crack pipes, and missing puzzle pieces slip through my fingers and *I'm* supposed to be the bad guy? I enjoy midnight basketball as much as anyone else, but not when it's a front for human trafficking. And you can quote me on that.

I've taken the liberty of listing the most unjust moments of my land developing career just so you know where I'm coming from. The next time some fat kid wailing about losing someplace to "hang with his buds" tries to charm you into fueling his PCP habit with something called a "Truffle Shuffle," punch that little asshole in the face for me.

This man is a criminal.

July 1987 - Crowley Construction, Ltd. buys out a run-down summer camp that had been closed by the state of Tennessee for rampant sexual abuse by camp counselors and for having the largest concentration of the West Nile Virus in the United States known as Percolation Pond. Little did we know, the lead pedophile--some grinning idiot wrapped in denim with a whiskey-cured voice--had led his poor, Stockholm Syndrome-suffering victims in an attack against our construction equipment. The boys thought it was really

cute when they dropped baby turtles on us, but when that maniac started launching toilets full of plastic explosives, I called the fucking cops.

This man is a criminal.

By the time they show up, eight of my men are dead, but he's still able to win them over with that "Knowwhutimean" bullshit. While the police are escorting me away, some of his cult light my pants on fire and dump creamed corn on my head.

I spend the next 100 hours of my life picking up trash on the side of the highway.

April 1985 - My land-sniffing senses take me to Oregon, where the purchase of a run-down hovel full of psychotic children promises to bring the Krispy Kreme the citizens of Astoria had been craving for decade. One word of advice: never agree to have the deed handed over to you on a beach minutes before the previous owner's right expire. Because I'm just standing there, sand filling my Italian loafers, when a goddamned pirate ship sails out of the cove. Then some ape-strong asymmetric retard in an ill--fitting t-shirt picks me up and throws me 30 feet. I guess everyone thinks it's legal to hit us now? Anyway, I land on a sharp piece of driftwood, break one of my hips, and end up paying for it out of my own pocket because my insurance policy doesn't cover being thrown.

Eighteen weeks of rehab and 23 years later, there's still no Krispy Kreme in Astoria.

August 1989 - Hey, fellow land developers: never go to the fund raiser for the thing you're trying to shut down! Boy did I learn that the hard way. I feel pretty stupid in retrospect, but irony was pretty new and I wanted to try it out.

This man is a criminal.

Anyway, this incident began when a TV station in Utah began showing hardcore pornography during the afternoon and was quickly shut down by the FCC. The ringleader behind all of this smut was a poodle-haired morning DJ and a registered sexual offender who took exposing himself to children to a whole new level. We quickly bought up the land but--you guessed it--not before a last minute fundraiser could be held. I know a lot about real estate law, but for some reason no one has ever been able to tell me how the simple act of gathering money is somehow able to cancel a business transaction.

So the idiot pulls me up on stage, humiliates me via the art of song parody, and, in an elaborate prank, fills my Cadillac with silly string and pushes it into a nearby river. My chocolate lab was in the back seat.

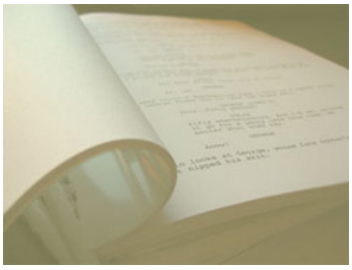
To this day that dog-murdering son of a bitch remains the most wealthy pervert in Utah.

February 1992 - AKA "The Great Roller Disco Debacle." Those kids had knives. They can keep their goddamned roller disco.

-∼Herlin Crowley, Land Developer

8.28 Odd Jobs for Hollywood

Friday, Aug 29, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Four years ago I was approached by an independent production company to do rewrites of their screenplay for an upcoming TV pilot. The show was a forgettable mess of PG-rated erotica and dollar store Shakespeare. It was about young and hot 20-somethings on both sides of the law doing crimes and serving justice.

I did two rewrites, but I hated most of the characters so much my dialogue read like something out of a 1930s adventure serial. That's my excuse, anyway.

At the behest of the production company my first rewrite added a child-murdering mafia sniper and graphic sex scenes in the hopes of "HBOing it up." They seemed to like the draft, but after a week they came at me with a bunch of notes suggesting they hired me to add comedy. They sent an avalanche of short , poorly-spelled emails that offered cryptic advice like, "JOSH WHEDON?????" or "BREST HUMOR."

In one instance they quoted a bit of dialogue in which two characters were discussing the murder of their father and they literally observed, "GOOD FOR A JOKE?!????"

After a few phone calls with the original writer I produced a second rewrite that looked more like *National Lampoon's CSI*. They loved it. I felt dirty. There was a dog that had a "whimsical grandpa" voice over and an abortion subplot had been plastered over with a lesbian identical twin. This was what it felt like to be a whore to Hollywood and it wasn't even paying well.

Two years later I saw the series running as webisodes and the premise had been completely changed around by a subsequent writer. I couldn't quite bring myself to watch the webisodes, although not out of any misplaced artistic BS like a "commitment to my original vision." I would be a liar if I pretended my hacky trash was worth defending. No, I was afraid that the barebones five minute version of the scripts that cut out my wonderful mafia child-killing assassin would be far superior.

The good thing about this first experience with the fringes of Hollywood was that it prepared me for the complete ignominy of doing freelance rewrites. Since that first debacle I have averaged about one every three months. I usually do TV pilots that will never see the light of day, but I have also worked on the occasional movie from a straight-to-DVD or indy production company.

I was surprised to discover the TV work has a bit more integrity than the film stuff. A lot of the TV projects start with a nugget of a good idea that rolls down a shit hill picking up shit until it's a giant shit ball crushing the ski lodge in its path. Even that first rewrite work I did had a dreamy sort of J*ohn from Cincinnati* feel that was eventually lost in fart jokes and silenced AR-15 headshots to kids on playgrounds. By the time I was done with it the show was *Silk Stalkings* crud.

TV may have some redeeming qualities, but the direct to DVD movies are the real source of my trauma. I've done rewrites on seven or eight projects (depending on if you count when one project turns into another project halfway through) since 2005. Two were quick and cheap jobs where they wanted some punched up dialogue. On these I go through the script and do my best to turn the "zany sidekick" into the "funny sidekick."

I don't mind that sort of work. I was given a lot of leeway on both rewrites and I produced dialogue for a teenage character in a horror movie that strained the limits of "unrated" and a retired cop in a buddy movie who went from wisecracking loose-cannon stereotype to sad sack nihilist with inoperable cancer. The teenager was toned down in the final rewrites, but the cop survived and I'm anxious to see if he makes it to the DVD version of the movie.

The remainder of my movie work has been for a company that produces straight to DVD science fiction, horror, and fantasy movies. They're sort of like the old Full Moon Entertainment, except one guy is the creative source behind every movie. He doesn't green light projects, he comes up with vague ideas and then hires writers and directors himself. He gets involved in the casting. I don't know if he's independently wealthy or just has some really crazy financial backers, but most of his movies are such low budget sleaze you have to order them from Amazon. They never show up in a normal store or rental place.

I call him Jesus, because he looks like what Jesus would look like if he was never crucified and instead moved to Malibu and tanned nonstop. He pays like shit, but he spends money like a maniac. He will fly out to Chicago to look at a script because, in his words, "I don't trust emails." I offered to fax him a script once and he cryptically told me, "No, I don't use fax since I got the bird fax." His assistant later told me that "the bird fax" was a fax he received every day for a week straight at the same time. It was just a clipart picture of a cardinal and no text. Jesus attributed this fax to "Indians" and by Friday his fax machine was in the garbage can.

Jesus likes to call me at around two in the morning (he's on the West Coast) and demand to know when I can write something. He then offers me a series of premises in the form of a combination of two things. One of these things is usually a part of a woman's anatomy.

Here is the most recent list I have discussed with Jesus, exactly as I wrote it down during our phone conversation:

- **Dinosaurs and tits**
- **Dinosaurs and time machine (use time machine?)**
- **Ghost and T&A**
- **Bikini squid movie**
- **Dinosaurs trapped on luxury boat**
- **Nude police force (T.I.T.S.?)**
- **Dinosaur president (first one-RACISM)**

That list led nowhere, although he did express a future interest in "nude police force" which he thinks he can film "cheap as fuck in Hungary." Eastern Europe is his favorite place next to California. Any time it comes up he raves that "girls will show bush for nothing" in movies he films there. He considers the women of Hungary and Romania to be compliant goddesses, while American girls are divas who "really make you pay for the goods."

I've written or rewritten five films for Jesus. My favorite is a *Silent Hill* rip-off he had me rewrite to include a hospital full of "big tittied ghost nurses." The original draft I was handed featured a *SAW* rip-off doctor murdering people for revenge. I rewrote him, at the request of Jesus, as a "Satanist

plastic surgeon" who "conjures a dimensional miasma on the hospital" by performing evil cosmetic surgeries.

I'm particularly proud of a scene in which the surgeon pumps liposuctioned fat into a woman's face until her head swells up to an immense size. She then goes on a rampage chasing the cop and female doctor protagonists until they trap her in a pressure chamber and crush her to the size of a peanut. I'm looking forward to seeing that scene realized in film form.

I am currently working on a project for Jesus and he has given me a lot of freedom. "Tits and a monster," he said. Those were his only stipulations.

It took me about a week, but I think I've finally got a monster that will scare the shit out of him...

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.29 Duly Noted

Saturday, Aug 30, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Kelly,

I've noticed you shooting furtive glances my way, then scribbling something in your notebook. I keep hoping for a flirty note that never comes, so here I am making the first move.

Forgive me if this is too forward or even a little silly. I'd love to be able to muster up the courage and talk to you, but that's just something I can't do. It's probably for the best. When I get anxious I tend to make a fool of myself.

I think you're beautiful. When Mr. Gladsworth begins one of his lectures I zone out (science = ZZZzz) and my eyes always find their way to your desk. Shivers go down my spine when you brush your short blonde hair back behind your ear, baring the nape of your neck.

It's not just your beauty that captivates me. Sometimes you can just tell that a person is kind, and I get that vibe from you. You're also intelligent. Don't think I haven't noticed. When Mr. Gladsworth lets us play music you pop in classical suites, and you seem to take a great interest in the puzzles that I enjoy solving.

You're the rhombic dodecahedron block that fills the twelve-sided hole in my heart. Please tell me you have the same feelings for me.

- Scooter

Todd,

Please stop reading the note and pass it along to Kelly. I specifically nodded toward her when I handed it to you.

It is a PRIVATE communique.

- Scooter

Todd,

I would consider it a personal favor if you would sit down and refrain from reading the rest of my note to Kelly out loud for everyone in the room.

You've already finished reciting half of the dispatch, which has inflicted a sufficient amount of embarrassment and shame to my life. Reading further will accomplish nothing.

Please consider the feelings of others and bring this regrettable situation to a close while it's still possible for me to salvage some measure of dignity.

Thank you.

- Scooter

Mr. Gladsworth,

Please forgive me. I never meant for the note to disrupt the work of everyone in this room, or to imply that science is a fruitless endeavor. I appreciate the value of knowledge. If it weren't for science, I would be living in some god-forsaken forest, swatting flies off of my naked form in the sweltering heat.

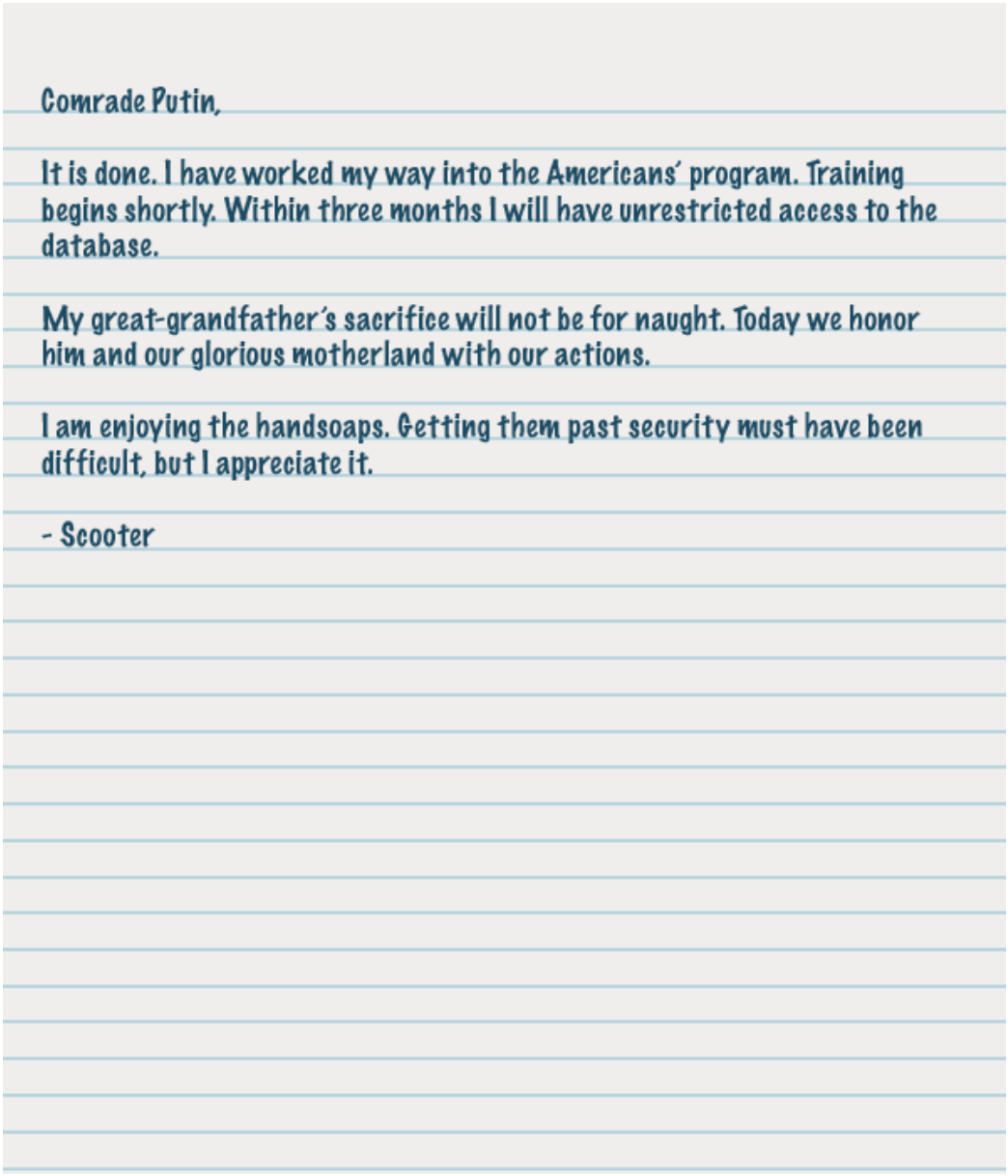
My feelings for Kelly overwhelmed me. This is no excuse for my behavior, but it's the truth all the same.

When everyone goes home for the night and I am left in my cage with nothing but a bushel of bananas to keep me company, I do the most insidious things to my body while thinking of her.

I hope you can take solace in the fact that your department's attempts to train a primate to write have proven a smashing success, even if the things I commit to paper about are troublesome.

If Kelly's desk is moved closer to my cage, I might be more receptive to the defensive driving and sniper training that I have responded to so poorly in the past.

- Scooter

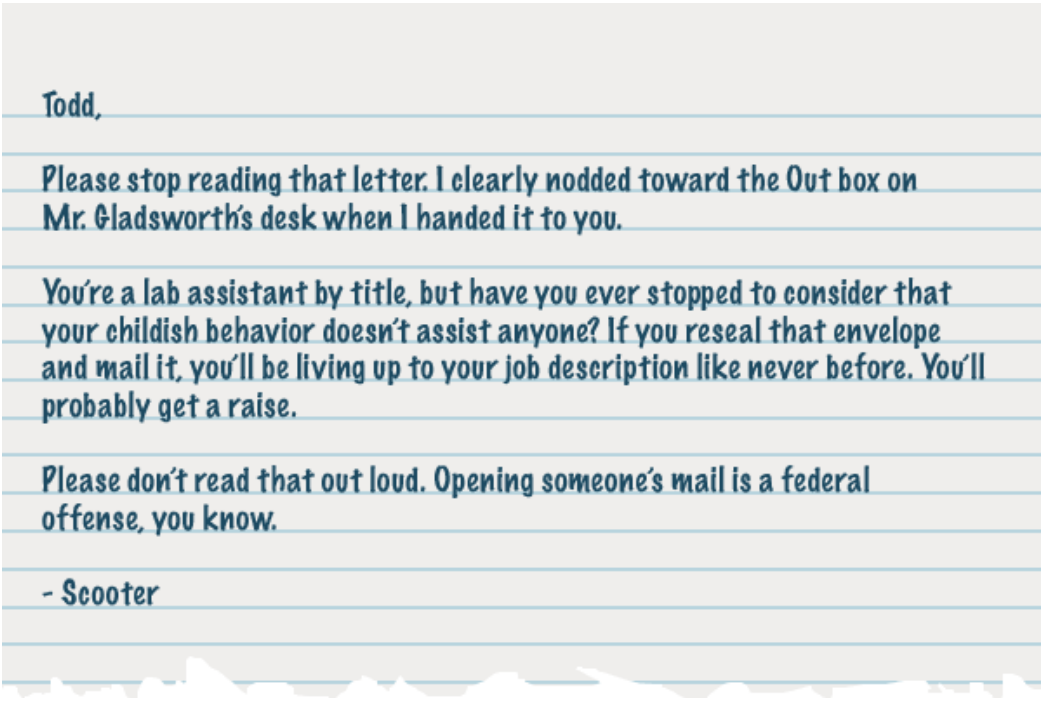

Comrade Putin,

It is done. I have worked my way into the Americans' program. Training begins shortly. Within three months I will have unrestricted access to the database.

My great-grandfather's sacrifice will not be for naught. Today we honor him and our glorious motherland with our actions.

I am enjoying the handsoaps. Getting them past security must have been difficult, but I appreciate it.

- Scooter


Todd,
Please stop reading that letter. I clearly nodded toward the Out box on Mr. Gladsworth's desk when I handed it to you.
You're a lab assistant by title, but have you ever stopped to consider that your childish behavior doesn't assist anyone? If you reseal that envelope and mail it, you'll be living up to your job description like never before. You'll probably get a raise.
Please don't read that out loud. Opening someone's mail is a federal offense, you know.
- Scooter

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.30 How to Improve Your Worldwide Conspiracy: Chapter 1

Sunday, Aug 31, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

A great nebula of pop-culture debris. A white dwarf dense with years of compulsive collecting arranged in a compact sphere around its hunched over, living core. A bedroom devoted more to the needs of its plastic occupants than the comfort of its one human.

Bert Reilly was bent into his computer, gripping it like a jockey grips the reins. He sat fenced in by shelves populated by every action figure he had ever laid eye on, by video games, fantasy novels, trade paperback collections. Everything he used to measure his life and give it value.

Within the year, Bert would be president of the United States of America.

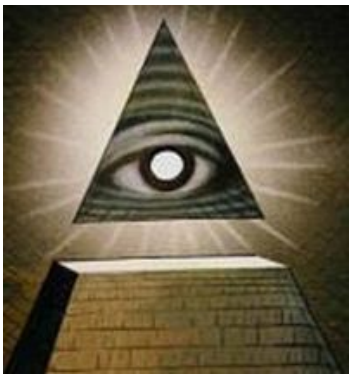
He did not suspect this yet. No one did. Very few people even knew his name.

Yet here Bert Reilly was, bent into his computer. He had just watched a YouTube, rated it a five, and Dugg it. Somewhere, far away from what we might accurately call his nest, wheels he couldn't possibly imagine were starting to turn, gears he would never be able to understand were locking together, a global conspiracy was pulling him closer and closer to...

...his destiny.

When: Recently
Where: Headquarters of Worldwide Conspiracy Inc.

Mr. Carlyle entered the room and the ten men seated at the table sprung into action, which is to say three of them shifted slightly in their chairs and one of them even made the effort to raise his head and yawn at the door.



"Gentlemen," said Carlyle, "this is a sorry excuse for a conspiracy."

The men in suits slowly shook themselves awake and squinted at the intruder. Two blinking red dots appeared on the map projected on the wall, one in the mountains of Guatemala, the other just outside of Des Moines, indicating that Project Centurion had advanced to the next stage. A fly buzzed listlessly between the overflowing ash trays on the table. Carlyle paced around the table, his back perfectly straight and one hand laid on his chin for maximum effect.

"What we need," he said, "are some fresh ideas."

"Why don't you go fuck yourself?" Junior Agent Henderson suggested helpfully.

Carlyle sighed. He had been a lifelong conspiracy man. He had kept his nose down, assassinated world leaders and innocent civilians alike when ordered to, manipulated at least one US President into office,

and now found himself stuck in a dead-end middle management job in an aging conspiracy that was rapidly losing ground to newer conspiratorial competitors.

A green line appeared on the map between Maui and Thailand. Entity #233 was on the move. Carlyle was on the move as well, walking right past those useless do-nothing agents of a global conspiracy and out the door. Where was the passion that had once fueled their unified desire to secretly manipulate world events for obscure motives? Where was the endless cascade of shadowy, illegal plans to control even the most minor details of the lives of ordinary people?

When had the Worldwide Conspiracy become so lazy?

It was time somebody did something.

"It's time somebody did something," he said. Looking around to make sure one of the Conspiracy's professional lurkers weren't lurking nearby, he reaching into his pocket and pulled out his phone. His plan was error-proof, and he only needed to make one call to set it off.

He dialed a number.

When: Slightly more recently.
Where: Two miles outside of King City, California.

Junior Junior Agent Brad sat on a metal folding chair between a pile of lettuce and the roaring highway. He had been tasked with manipulating a nearly deserted produce stand. A shit detail. Small time stuff just to test him. But this is what it takes to become a high-ranking member of the Worldwide Conspiracy, so Brad would wait it out, slyly control whatever boring little corner of the world his bosses told him to control, and hope for his career to make the promised upswing.

Every once in awhile, he dragged his ass out of the chair and rewrote the sales figures while the owner was busy helping a customer. Brad would quietly break open the sturdy lockbox and add or subtract a few bills. Then he would trudge back to the chair and slowly count to a hundred before randomly changing everything again.

At least he had some competition to keep things interesting. A man from Conspiracy Global Inc. sat in a second metal folding chair on the other side of the produce stand. The man pretended to never notice Brad, but would occasionally slip into the stand and undo everything that had just been done, replacing the made-up numbers with other made-up numbers and then helping himself to a potato. He had taken a potato every time he got up. There was a large plastic bag of potatoes next to his chair by this time.

Brad was just about to take his turn at changing the increasingly confused owner's sales records when his phone loudly rang. Both the produce guy and Agent Potato looked over as he dug into his pocket and answered.

"Yeah?"

"Is this Junior Junior Agent Brad?" said a friendly voice that could best be described as mysterious, and not just because Brad didn't know who it was.

"How did you get this number?" said Junior Junior Agent Brad. "Who are you?"

"Who I am is not important."

The produce guy went back to double checking his sales notebook and swearing. Agent Potato had put on sunglasses, and now appeared to be staring straight ahead, ignoring him completely. Brad tried to talk quieter, but the passing cars made that difficult.

"Ok, fine, what do you want?"

"What I want is not important. What's important is that what you want is to do everything I say, exactly when and how I say it. Or something might happen to Sarah, understand?" The voice had not changed tone or level of excitement for even a moment. It was as though the man on the phone thought he was asking the time and had simply gotten all the words wrong.

"Not Sarah!" said Brad. The other two looked over again. Agent Potato impressively managed to convey rolling his eyes without ever taking off his huge mirrored sun-glasses.

"Yes," said the voice, "I said Sarah. Now get in your car and drive down towards Las Vegas." The line was disconnected.

Brad sat frozen for a moment, his nondescript, black cellphone next to his ear, hanging like a question. Then it sank into his pocket and he got up casually, as though he were merely having another run at the produce stand. Instead he strolled over to his car. He was about to unlock it when he felt a sudden pressure. Agent Potato was holding a gun to his back.

"Why don't you tell me exactly what conspiracy information you were just given so I can take it from Worldwide Conspiracy Inc. and use it for Conspiracy Global Inc," said the guy.

"What kind of conspiracy is it if you announce what you plan to do? Especially before you do it?" Brad said. "But ok, I'll give you the information. Here it comes."

He spun around like a politician who has been threatened to change sides by a member of the conspiracy community, and jabbed his fist right at the Potato Guy's throat. The man started back reflexively, and, in the same moment, PULLED THE TRIGGER.

TO BE CONTINUED...

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Chapter 9

September

9.1 Tupac Shakur's Commonplace Book

Tuesday, Sep 02, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

> *This book consists of ideas, images, & quotations hastily jotted down for possible future use in rap or hip-hop lyrics. Very few are actually developed raps - for the most part they are merely suggestions or random impressions designed to set the memory or imagination working. Their sources are various - dreams, things read, casual incidents, chronic, trifling bitches, & so on.*
>
> **Tupac Shakur**

1991

1 A nigga look in an antique mirror and his face is a skull (murder? He own death?)

2 Dice from hell - nigga wins and then dies and then another nigga picks up the dice

3 An inhuman nigga comes up out of a book

4 Kids gunned down on the playground return as bats - pursue a nigga with some careless aim

5 A phantasm in the projects - warning of future niggas of great evil from out of time

6 Niggas take a wrong turn, end up lost in terrifying dream world

7 Strange colours seen by a nigga on the subway

8 A powerful white man (two dicks? basketball expert?)

9 Nigga finds a hat on the sidewalk puts it on and becomes king in ancient time

10 Pursued by constabulary through strange cold tunnel - voice of a pimp from past

11 Nigga shoots a witch, turns into a dog

12 Three shorties find a mummy - phantasmic powers make them do a dance with they ass out

1992

13 Blind nigga goes in a strange dark house and comes out with unearthly goat eyes

14 Sleep - the moon - a cat with huge crazy balls

15 Cadillac riddled with bullet holes - tiny windows to alternative dimension?

16 Clappin' ass lead a nigga to hidden marvel (terror?) of space

17 Forbidden bowl older than history which should not be smoked gets burned up

18 wise old nigga tells fortunes by exhaling blunt smoke, forming distinct shapes. Young nigga gets his fortune told, sees his own violent demise

19 An eclipse make a nigga see vista of Cyclopean city in a Hustler

20 A nigga claim he ain't her baby daddy, turns out he ain't and he hurt his lungs smokin' too much endo

21 Man leaves neighborhood to find neighborhood has never left him

22 Gang does a drive by on tiny man - find a brass lantern - shine'd light shews world overrun with identical tiny men - high as hell

23 a nigga smoke some evil voodoo weed & when he exhale he blow out his soul

24 Peecomb and the Big Man betray a nigga - every rhyme come out they mouth is cosmic torture - gay acts - an owl look at them funny - terrible death

25 a possible new entry into 'dank ones' mythos??
∼a nigga out of time∼

26 Under light of full moon man transforms into chimp - inhuman amounts of game spit.

27 nigga drop acid - red and blue scarves suddenly sound the same; a new purposeful existence ??

1993

28 Identity - reconstruction of personality - a nigga gotta die to be the Makaveli

29 all a nigga wanna do is get cake, opens fridge

30 a busta dies and comes back; as a vampire? - sick ending

31 Fog or smoke - the dankest weed, the word "feel me" emanates from within

32 Strident music emits from car - doors open - no visible driver (spectre?)

1994

33 A man dies - body lives on and continues to produce albums

34 man transforms from nobody nigga to big man on the block using magick'd incantations (dies)

35 New grow lights illuminate strange symbols on weed leaf - when smoke'd weed makes niggas better at madden - at terrible price

36 Nigga consumes forty ounces of malt liquor. Unspeakable flows. Unspeakable prose.

37 a nigga finds cursed mic in alley, can only freestyle in forgotten pre-human tongue

38 too much booty in the pants - can booty alter time-space

39 unearthly sound of police helicopter torments musician

40 curse turns sailor into a tree - niggas find tree - smoke tree - they become trees - repeating cycle

41 Vampire bitch

1995

42 A nigga order a sheetcake from Safeway bakery only to find cake is haunted

43 A nigga want to stab a bitch who be takin too long in the line at McDonalds (plus the McDonalds be haunted)

44 USDA stamp on meat with strange appearance in Aldis - they tryin to kill a nigga with this bullshit - Cyclopean bullshit

45 a dead wizard's pager contains strange digits

46 weed smoke emanating from a big black cock, as though it has just been fired

47 a boat with 24" rims - the boat has a trap door that leads to the hard rock cafe in london. terrifying.

48 Hood Genie / A niggas wish to spit hot fire goes horribly wrong

49 A nigga would like to make known his desires - to party, fuck bitches, and make money - but ain't sure how

50 This one time a nigga saw a dog that was all messed up looking - not sure how a nigga can describe it

51 a nigga enjoy some lean - able to see beyond angle of reality? elder ones? that some fuckin powerful drank

52 Sneaky nigga go round shakin peoples dogs while they sleepin. Owners wake to find their dogs overcome by Heebie Jeebies

53 a gunshot wound appears on a niggas hand suddenly and without apparent cause. hoes. blunts. Consequences.

54 Nigga slings drugs to child, when he realizes it is the ghost of his unborn son. Nigga child produces cosmic and horrible amounts of flow.

55 a thug mansion... in the sky

56 death row nigga eats last meal off first press lp of strictly business. summons ancient beats from the ocean floor. total chaos. no mass confusion. rhymes so hypnotizing as to cause an illusion.

57 Catastrophic typhoon of uncontrollable fury decimates archaic metropolis - effects white flight or nature's wrath?

58 decaying baltic city on the sea - wizards scrye a dank merchant nigga's fell deeds through eldritch portals (murdered by gay nigga?)

1996

59 ancient nigga thaw'd from ice - madness - ramblings of future doom - gruesome death

60 evil dog house surrounded by mist

61 Giant brain prowls neighborhood at night

62 ngga befriends a strange wizard for otherworldly powers (eternal life? home loan?)

63 Large egg in a vent - what the fuck hatches?

64 A skeleton still has a booty

65 Sounds - bullets - an eagle coming at a nigga's face

66 Dark (voodoo?) evil learn'd by one nigga, teach 2 niggas, 4 niggas teach more niggas

67 Fingers thrown up - do not return (otherworldly tone)

68 A slumping trash can - full of rats - dead baby in a plastic bag - nigga passed the fuck out drank him some rancid ass shit like antifreeze

69 That pussy talk when you hit it deep - talk of evil under the sea

70 Hustler visits pawn shop of antiquities-asks that it accept a mixtape he has just made-old and learned owner laughs and says he cannot accept anything so modern. Man says that

'flows are older than brooding Compton or the contemplative Inglewood Swap Meet or garden-girdled Watts'

and that he had fashioned the joints while dusted. Owner bids him shew his product, and when he does so shews horror. Asks who the rhymesayer may be. He tells street name. "No-before that" says owner. Hustler does not remember except while blazed. Then curator offers high price, but hustler fears he means to bite style. Asks fabulous price-owner will consult street.

Add good development and describe nature of freestyles. [Untouchable]

71 Baby look like a Mexican what the fuck happen bitch (ancient evil?)

72 A cat from space look at a nigga and he get a boner

73 young money! the nightmare, plastic column of fetid black iridescence, oozed tightly onward through its fifteen-foot weave, spitting unholy rhymes and driving before it a spiral, rethickening cloud of pallid ass hoes. It was a terrible, indescribable thing vaster than any Hollygrove hood rat in a shapeless congeries of protoplasmic bathing apes, faintly self-luminous, and with myriads of temporary gang signs forming and unforming as pustules of greenish weed smoke blazed all over the tunnel-filling front that bore down on us, crushing the frantic busters and slithering over the bumpin floor that it and its kind had swept so evilly free of all haters. Still came that eldritch, mocking cry: 'A Mil-li! A Mil-li! A Mil-li! A Mil-li!'"

74 a homie enters flipmode: witnesses strange alternate ghetto where blood wears blue and fingers can be manipulated to spell out CrIP

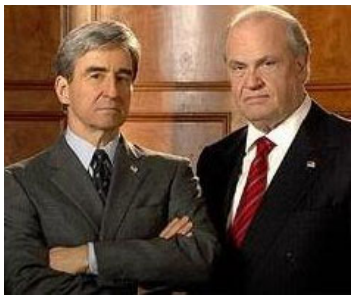
75 Powerful wizard is turned to dust - outlaw nigga comes up on that dust shit and smokes it becoming powerful too

Special thanks to the dark FYADs who discovered many previously unknown Tupac ideas.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.2 John McCain's Sacrifice

Wednesday, Sep 03, 2008 by Fred Thompson (@Livestock)



Now we know that we have challenges. There are caves full of bats out there and a league of vampires ready to chase us out of our homes the minute we let our guard down. That's why we need a strong leader, one unafraid to tackle the challenges of the 20th century with grit, wisdom, and, when no other option remains, military force.

That man is John McCain. Folks, I'd like to tell you the remarkable story of John McCain, a man who has served this country like no other.

When his Vietnamese captors hung him upside-down by his ankles and spun him around until he was really dizzy, John McCain did not give in. Instead he learned to harness those centrifugal forces to mix cement in his stomach. At night, while his captors slept, he would evacuate that cement and use it to reinforce the foundation of his tiny, filthy cage.

That cage was his home for five years, but it wasn't where his heart was. The Vietcong poked and prodded him, I understand. They deprived him of sleep, water, and human contact. When he did manage to sleep, it was on a giant pile of waste. He was hounded incessantly by gigantic ants the size of Tennessee golf balls and drifted in and out of consciousness.

I'm told they even got a really large Vietcong to eat a big thing of chili and then belch into a jar. Folks, they forced John McCain to open that jar and it was like that one really fat VC belched right in his face.

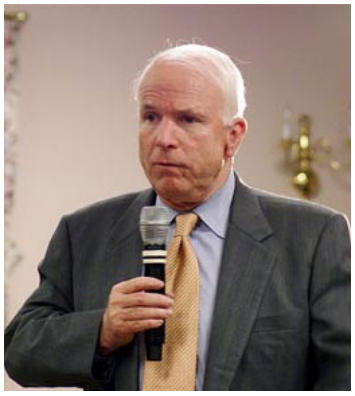
They tried everything to break this man. When they forced him to marry a goat, he said his vows proudly and made a loving husband. When they later killed that goat in front of him, he laughed because his heart could never truly love a goat.

The Vietnamese had a name for him. They called him John McCain, which is also what we call him.

During his time in captivity, John McCain did not betray America, though he did give up the names of the Green Bay Packers. Later on, after the entire team was crushed beneath an avalanche of logs that rolled down a hill, John McCain blamed himself. To the surprise of his captors, he decided then and there to stay a POW longer, to serve out a self-imposed sentence on behalf of America and the National Football League.

They tortured him endlessly. They would rub poison ivy on him, then put a cone around his neck so that as much as he wanted to and as bad as it itched, he could not gnaw on his rump for relief. Once they got together and peed in a jug, then left that jug in a place where John McCain would trip over it and get urine on his pant legs. John McCain endured, rump itching and legs stained with urine, because he knew no other way as an American.

Later when they convinced John McCain that every Vietcong had the power to manifest a giant demon twin, he was careful not to anger any of them. He did what he was told, as long as he was not asked to give up vital American secrets. They got that same fat VC from earlier to dress up like a demon, and then they made it look like he popped out from behind a smaller VC. When that big fake demon twin hollered and chased John McCain around, he gave up in his pants, but he did not give up on America.



The Vietcong were cruel and relentless, sparing John McCain no indignity. When they trained him to salivate at the sound of a bell, he snuck out of his cage at night and disabled all their bells, lest he risk dehydration from excessive salivation, a fate that had doomed many POWs.

They took to putting sand in his underwear every day, which caused a lot of chaffing and made it difficult for John to move around. Eventually he developed an immunity to sand. There's a lot of folks saying McCain is too old and that he is in failing health, I believe. But doctors say it is impossible to kill John McCain with sand. Literally impossible. That's no small potato if you ask me.

When the Vietcong hacked off John McCain's hands and then reattached them to the wrong arms, he learned to be ambidextrous. When that didn't help due to the fact his hands were backwards, he learned to whistle with perfect pitch and moved his captors to tears with soulful ballads. By the time they put his hands back on the proper arms, he had already adapted, learning instead to walk on his feet. John McCain knew his hands were an unneeded luxury. Today he seldom ever uses them except to deliver a thumbs up to America.

For 300 horrifying years, the Vietcong artificially prolonged John McCain's life until everyone he knew and loved was dead. John McCain never gave up and used his unwavering commitment to America and the sun's gravity to slingshot back in time so that he could serve out the remainder of his captivity.

The Vietcong realized they were powerless against John McCain. Here was a man who would not betray his country no matter how badly they tortured him. So, knowing that they could not win, they released him. But even this was part of a clever ploy, for they released him into an elaborate virtual reality simulation of real life, where virtual reality replicas of his friends asked him to give up vital American intelligence. John McCain resisted. Realizing the ruse, he punched through an invisible wall and emerged inside a high-tech Vietcong control room, shocking his captors and catching them off guard.

To this very day his Vietnamese tormentors still try to recapture him, to put him back in that prison - the Hanoi Hilton - but John McCain fights them off at every turn. He eludes their crafty traps, dodges their poison-tipped darts, and has learned to walk silently and leave no trail. For decades he has lived on the run, honing his body into the ultimate weapon.

Now I don't know what kind of tortures Barack Obama has endured, but I do know that Barack Obama is no John McCain, because if he was John McCain, he sure wouldn't be Barack Obama. And that's something you can take to the bank.

Folks, I know that being a POW doesn't make you qualified to be president. For one thing, no prisoner should ever serve as the leader of the free world. It sets a bad example. But being an ex-POW, especially one as bold and determined as John McCain, sure does make you qualified. Come November, we have a choice. We can choose a man with little experience, or a man who survived the kind of experience that would break any sane man.

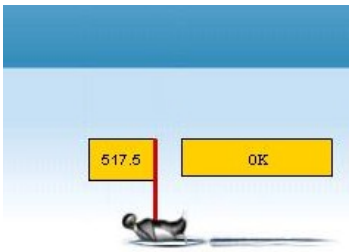
For me, the choice is clear.

Special thanks to **Abraham**, **Street Cactus**, and **BAN ME PLEASE** for essential, red-blooded input.

-∼Fred Thompson (@Livestock)

9.3 Learning to Hate Again

Thursday, Sep 04, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal



Check out this awesome Flash game!

Something Awful has always been counter Internet culture. If a large number of people find something entertaining, interesting or funny, chances are we hate it and have probably ridiculed it for no reason other than the fact that we're a bunch of insecure twenty-somethings who didn't do too well in school, didn't fit in with the other kids, and have little prospects for a future that doesn't involve spending long nights spamming our resumes to various temp agencies desperately hoping something will stick. Or maybe I'm just projecting.

But hey, we usually hate things on the Internet that aren't ourselves, unless we can convince ourselves we discovered it first. Then it's awesome, like Pokey the Penguin. Had we had our first glimpse at that gimmicky comic on Fark Pokey would be a term grounds for a ban if you dare to mention it on our forums by now. Or maybe it is. You never know around here!

All Your Base was born on the forums! Just try to mention it there. Who else besides Dave Chappelle flips out over catchphrases like we do? We're so full of hate we hate our own goddamn successes!

We scoff at other web sites that have chosen to not to act like massive dicks to everyone they come into contact with. What do they have to show for it besides millions of dollars? Not resentment and jealousy, two traits that have made America what it is today, that's for sure.

Who else is not afraid to piss off the most popular search engine in the world and future supreme rulers of the planet Earth? Not Shacknews, a web site that has sold out with not one but two ad banners! Sure, we may have three ad banners on our front page, but two of them are "ironic".

2001: Target on Something Awful. 2008: Poster on Something Awful.

That's why, when I consider our long history of acting like inhuman monsters, it disturbs me when the Something Awful community is starting to well... like things.

What happened to you guys? It seems like only yesterday you were letting petty Internet grudges guide every action you take in life. Now you sit in a subforum about the forum you belong to and take lame shots at red-blooded American goons who are just like you and I, but more like you.

We shouldn't be attacking each other, we should be attacking young mothers who have the nerve to ask for advice about their retarded children on the Internet or catladies who hit the wall at puberty and spend all day knitting sweaters for their precious Snookums, just like the good ol' days. We used to hate these people. Now they're on Something Awful!

It's time to band together and re-join the Something Awful hive mind. Here's what you forgot to hate.

Newgrounds

Why you love it now: In 2002 the founder of Newgrounds founded a video game development company called The Behemoth that would be tasked with porting some of its more popular Flash games to consoles. Yeah, really.

The Behemoth enjoyed success with its first foray into the wonderful world of console ports, Alien Hominid, which was basically a rip off of Metal Slug. However, instead of playing Metal Slug people somehow felt compelled to buy it for the Gamecube and again on the Xbox 360. Unfortunately, most of Newground's audience was still in diapers when Metal Slug was released and might possibly still be.

MAYBE IF YOU FUCKERS DIDN'T LOUNGE AROUND SO MUCH I COULD BE PLAYING MULTIPLAYER IN YOUR SHITTY GAME RIGHT NOW. Uh, I mean, that's what I would say if I had purchased your game. Heh...

With The Behemoth's latest release titled Castle Crashers, goons are finding themselves digging deep in order to purchase some Microsoft fun bucks for the privilege of downloading what basically amounts to Turtles in Time but with some RPG elements tacked on. Sorry, but I didn't play Turtles as a kid and lament that I couldn't level up Donatello. Everything old is new again with RPG elements! Any jerkoff will buy your game as long as you can level up. Ding! I'm retarded!

Because The Behemoth is billed as an indie company it makes them somehow less evil than the likes of EA. Sorry, but I just can't support things like Q&A, online multiplayer working out of the box, and saved games not suddenly disappearing for no reason. I heard Larry Probst personally raped every single underpaid programmer at EA. It's enough to make an anonymous housewife stick up for her pussy husband on LiveJournal.

What you forgot to hate: Newgrounds is the clearinghouse for every crappy flash animation featuring Sonic fighting Goku or Mario and Mario shits his pants for some reason, made by guys who just finished downloading Adobe Flash CS3 Professional. That Newgrounds doesn't at least owe part of its fortune to The Pirate Bay would be hard to believe.

The clientele is every loser who wore a Slipknot shirt in junior high school and quotes Borat in college. Newground's success in the world of console games should only infuriate you more.

Penny Arcade

Why you love it now: Score another one for the "indie game developers can do no wrong" crowd, though I never imagined in a million years that a couple of guys would be able to finance a series of games off a damn web comic. If I weren't so full of irrational hatred I'd be pretty damn impressed.

Penny Arcade is making a game? Well that sounds kind of dum- YOU MEAN IT'S AN RPG?! Count me the hell in!

Expecting a backlash against the gruesome twosome's video game debut I was shocked to find that Penny Arcade's game was, gasp, well-received by goons.

And then I realized it has RPG elements. Well there you go.

What you forgot to hate: The fact that these guys achieved an incredible amount of success and your comic about dudes with 'tudes who play video games and are occasionally reprimanded by a stereotypical female character who is always complaining about her period and the hands are never in proportion to the rest of the characters' bodies never got off the ground.

Most importantly, they feuded with Lowtax, and any enemy of Lowtax is an enemy of ours. It doesn't matter what the disagreement was about. It doesn't matter who was right and who was wrong. It doesn't matter that it's water under the bridge now and all parties involved settled their differences. Just because Lowtax forgot doesn't mean you get to.

Can you imagine what the Internet would be like without petty feuds? It'd be a place to communicate with people who are different than you. It'd be a place to learn new things, enrich your life and the lives of others, and help make the world a better place. An Internet without drama and the web sites devoted to cataloging that drama? I can't imagine such an Internet.

So when a couple of otherwise okay guys attempt to make a couple of bucks through a collaborative vision, hard work and determination, just say no. We don't tolerate that sort of bullshit around here.

Web 2.0

Why you love it now: DocEvil and Lowtax signed up for Twitter.

What you forgot to hate: Just because you submit yourself to the glorious Something Awful hive mind doesn't mean you have to do everything we do. Jesus.

Anyway, Twitter continues to become more popular than anything in the free world as days go by. The site allows users to send and receive text messages from friends and family about any old thing. It isn't exactly new technology but it's the ease at which messages can be sent and recieved.

From your profile you can type in a short message about what you're currently up to. Those who "follow" you receive the message on their phone. Conversely, you may receive a message like, "Just got out of the shower, soaking wet, looking to get fucked tonight -Mom".

With the ability to send and receive messages to and from your friends about every little thing you are doing, it only leads me to one question, WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU ACTUALLY TALK ABOUT WHEN YOU MEET UP WITH THOSE PEOPLE?

Well what do you know, access to a seemingly endless supply of images of breasts does get boring.

"Oh hey! I was just at the store and you won't believe who I saw!"

"You told me on Twitter."

"Oh."

"Hmmm."

"Okay, see you on Twitter then."

One of the benefits of leaving the house to go do something is being able to come back and tell someone everything you did. Usually that person doesn't care, so why would they want to sign up to receive real-time status reports about you? And yet they do.

It appears that communication is an activity that's best avoided unless it can be done in bite-sized nuggets and as inane as possible. Twitter makes it easy to transmit any superfluous thought you may have such as "Do you think John Ritter is boring God in heaven right now?", otherwise these thoughts would just stay in your head. And who would want that?

So no, having a Twitter account is not okay. Unless you're being ironic. Then by all means join in!

Are you back with us now? We thought we lost you there for a few months. Now that you're sufficiently retrained in the art of hating everything we hate (well, the three examples I could think of anyway), the healing process can begin.

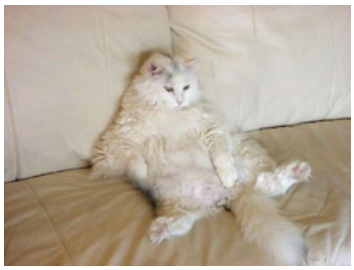
I recommend making slanderous claims about webcomic authors you don't think are funny, reading Kotaku but saying you don't and turning on Yahtzee because he changed the intro to his videos and refuses to post on our forums. I've always hated that guy! Oh wait, I mean, we've always hated that guy!

Oh, joy! It's like we're a family again.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

9.4 A Funeral for a Friend

Friday, Sep 05, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



My neighbor, Kafir, stopped by my house on Tuesday to invite me to attend a funeral. Kafir is a college student with wealthy relatives in the Middle East who has decided to embrace Americanism and live a surreal suburban life. I also consider him a friend, although I don't consider myself the sort of friend he should be inviting to a funeral.

"Tragic loss of family member," Kafir said to me sadly. "I cannot recover this."

He looked shaken. Haunted even.

"Who was it?" I asked with sympathy.

"Donovan," Kafir replied. "My good friend."

Kafir has - well, he *had* - two pets.

One of them is an extremely fat white cat Kafir has named "Missus Marple" after the Agatha Christie character. Rather than solving mysteries it seems to spend most of its time licking its genitals and anus while sprawled on Kafir's glass kitchen table. This, coupled with Kafir's habit of cutting fresh apricots on the table's surface, has forced me to refuse courtesy fruit slices several times.

Kafir's other pet was Donovan, a large black scorpion. The scorpion smelled bad and had a body covered with armored plates so large they were textured. It was as if they had been bump-mapped.

The second time I visited Kafir he tried to get me to hold Donovan. I don't really feel comfortable holding a benign giant bug like a lobster or a crab, let alone some sort of evil black-shelled monster from hell like Donovan. Kafir was persistent.

"He so friendly," Kafir explained in a sing-songy voice. "He loves to be pet."

I was on the brink of succumbing to peer pressure when I asked, "Does he sting?"

Kafir sucked in a hissing breath through his teeth and squinted at me.

"Ehhhhh," Kafir said, his head wobbling from side to side, "a little. A little bit. No poison. It's just like a wasp."

This was before Kafir and I challenged a wasp's nest together.

"Kafir, I don't pet wasps. Ever."

"Yes, this is a good point," he agreed. "Okay, but promise you will pet him someday soon."

I promised and here was Kafir, at my door and insisting I live up to my end of the deal by attending the open casket funeral of his beloved Donovan.

"I will miss him so very terrible," Kafir said, his eyes welling with emotion. "

"Alright, Kafir," I patted him on the shoulder. "I will be there."

"Oh, thank you! Yes! Thanks!"

Kafir hugged me before departing. I have to admit, I could not fault Kafir for loving his scorpion. When I was younger I had a fish tank and I gave a small crab named Oscar something approaching love. When the asshole fish that lived in the tank ate Oscar's big pincer I separated that stupid crab and I fed Oscar by hand every day. I did not like holding him, but I did it because I cared about the crab.

I know Oscar didn't reciprocate. I'm sure if he was 20 feet tall he would be pulling my ribcage apart with his feeding mandibles, but it is human nature to become attached to anything that is dependent on us.

Wednesday evening I walked down my block to Kafir's house. His mailbox and entryway were hung with black bunting. When I rang the doorbell I was greeted by Kafir, dressed head-to-toe in black. He handed me a black armband.

The curtains were closed in Kafir's house and the lighting was appropriately muted. Thankfully, I was not the only attendee. There was a heavy set man and woman Kafir introduced as "Professor." The man had a puffy moon-face and a sweaty handshake and the woman smelled like cloves. They were vaguely middle-aged, although it was hard to tell exactly how old they were because of their weight.

The other guest was someone I recognized. Mrs. Rubios is my Spanish-speaking next door neighbor. She lives alone and speaks very little English. I know her name because her house is constantly teeming with a large extended family and her son helped me shovel snow one day in winter.

Mrs. Rubios was standing by herself in the corner holding flowers. She seemed completely detached from the world around her. Like a London telephone booth on a beach or an anachronism in a movie about the civil war. Abraham Lincoln answering a telephone.

Mrs. Rubios eyes were half-closed and she was unconcerned by the tiny open casket Kafir had set on the table. I briefly wondered how he had coaxed her into attending. Mrs. Rubios' puffy floral-print dress had the look of her Sunday best, so I assume she had at least some idea of what she was being asked to attend.

There was one more detail critical to the atmosphere of the wake. Kafir loves his iPod. He constantly listens to music on it. He has a huge stereo system that goes unused because he spends all of his time wearing earbuds around his house. For this occasion Kafir purchased one of those lame iPod boom boxes where you plug your iPod into speakers.

The iPod was blaring out a single song on a loop throughout the entire evening: Donovan's Atlantis.

Several times, as the song looped and Donovan went into his introductory spiel about the "antediluvian kings," Kafir paused in conversation and said, "This was his favorite."

There were snacks and drinks. Honey-drenched baklava and humus you had to eat with these thick pita chips that had the texture of dehydrated rawhide chews you buy for your dog.

Kafir was not doing well. He was using the excuse of the wake to get trashed on Irish whiskey. As the evening wore on he began to stagger and slur. His English eroded until he was babbling in Arabic and interjecting the occasional word I could understand.

"Maybe we should go ahead and bury Donovan," I suggested.

Kafir's reply sounded like, "Achabach aba salaba hachab achem dead. Harab acheb salama Donovan."

I patted him on the shoulder and walked him over to the open casket. Donovan was gone. Horror shot up my spine. My first inclination was to suspect Donovan playing possum to escape his dusty terrarium. Then I saw the black claw on the table next to the small wooden box.

"Why don't you go sit down," I suggested. "I'll take care of this."

I doubt Kafir heard me, as he had fallen to his knees to wail with anguish beside the table. Tears streamed down his face as me and both halves of Professor searched for the missing corpse of Donovan. Professor's better half found Donovan, or the majority of him, in the jaws of Missus Marple.

Despite her weight problem, Missus Marple could move quite quickly. Something we all learned as we chased the cat through Kafir's house. Each time we thought we had the cat cornered she would scamper between our legs or juke around us, her head held high and the mangled black carapace of Donovan tucked into her mouth.

The pursuit ended with a yowl from the living room. We arrived to find Mrs. Rubios standing in her corner, her foot on the tail of the grave-robbing cat. I tore the remains of the scorpion from the cat's mouth and deposited them in the wooden box. The cat gave us a parting hiss and scampered beneath Kafir's futon.

Minutes later, we stood solemnly around a foot-deep hole in Kafir's backyard. Kafir was leaning against the male half of Professor, wailing with pain.

"Donovan could pinch and sting," I said, looking down at the closed box in the hole. "He loved to&uh&bury himself in the sand."

"He loved his rock," female Professor said.

"Él era un insecto," agreed Mrs. Rubios.

She threw the flowers she had been holding all night onto the coffin. The flowers didn't quite fit in the grave so she bent down and pushed them in with her fingers.

"He was a very handsome scorpion," said male Professor.

Kafir went last, sobbing and reaching into the grave until we pulled him back. If the grave had been large enough there is no doubt in my mind he would have thrown himself on the casket. He finally composed himself enough to throw dirt across the coffin and allow me to begin to bury Donovan with a garden trowel. Professor took him inside. Mrs. Rubios departed.

When I finished and went back into Kafir's house he had disappeared into his bedroom. The iPod was gone and I could hear Atlantis blasting from behind the closed door. I bid Professor farewell and walked back to my house.

I stopped in to check on Kafir on Thursday morning. He answered his door still dressed in his black mourning clothes, although now they were speckled with paint.

"Come, come," he said. "I show you."

His eyes were bloodshot and ringed with dark circles, but he seemed to have found some new reserve of vitality. He took me to his painting room and flung open the door. There, on the easel, was a portrait of Donovan. Astride Kafir's departed scorpion, wearing naught but panties, was Kafir's favorite woman, Megan Fox.

"He with Megan now," Kafir said with a smile.

The painting was technically inept, but I could see that it had been created in a wild fugue state of creativity.

"In heaven," I agreed.

"No, no, no!"

Kafir shook his head and then swept his arm as if showing me the painting again.

"In Hollywood," he said.

I looked at the painting again. Megan Fox gazed back, one eye slightly larger than the other.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.5 Rule Changes For The 2009 NFL Season

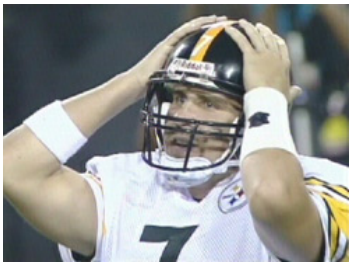
Saturday, Sep 06, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Another season of NFL football has arrived, bringing with it the promise of brisk Fall air and angry e-mails from people who are deeply offended by sports being mentioned on the front page.

With the most popular and profitable sports league in the United States on its hands, the NFL usually introduces a few minor rule changes every year in an effort to keep from tinkering with a good thing. Not this year. The official rulebook has doubled in size, introducing a slew of new rules and modifying or downright contradicting many policies that have been in place since the league's formation.

These are a few of the more peculiar additions. I'm sure there are many more worth mentioning, but the press has only been able to parse and report on a small fraction of the rule changes.

- After every play, all 22 players on the field have exactly fifteen seconds to flex, pose, and thump their chests to demonstrate that they are all the best athlete in the entire world
- Absolutely, positively no roughhousing
- If a player brings a cupcake to the game, he must bring enough cupcakes for everyone
- A fifth quarter has been added to each game, with the third quarter having been removed to make room for it
- On-field speed limit of 10 miles per hour
- When an offensive lineman and a defensive lineman grapple, tickling will incur a fifteen yard penalty
- Quarterbacks can only run diagonally, defensive linemen can only run in a line that's perpendicular or horizontal to the line of scrimmage, and whites are not allowed to play at the running back position
- Any player caught sobbing or openly crying must run ten laps around the stadium
- In order to establish possession, a wide receiver must bring the ball to his body without losing control, touch both of his feet in the field of play, and go through a bitter court battle with the ball's previous owner
- No running near the pool
- Members of the coaching staff are not allowed to steal play call signals from the opposing team, nor are they allowed to dive and intercept kisses that were clearly blown toward someone else
- Do not feed Torbo



- In the event that an athlete dies on the field, the play will effectively be ruled as a "do-over" and his surviving family will be evenly distributed to the rest of his teammates upon the conclusion of the game

- Touchdowns are now worth five points, uncanny impersonations of Jack Nicholson are worth eight

- Linemen are not allowed to commandeer medical carts and plow through the other team unless they can prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that their legs are really tired

- The pregame coin toss has been replaced with a pregame discussion of Cormac McCarthy's *The Road*

- Players must pay for any pumpkins they damage while running through Old Man Tarver's crop on the 30 yard line

- When the ball is fumbled and like twenty guys are crammed in a pile fighting over it, ten points will be awarded if a player manages to sneak out with the ball and casually clean his fingertips while everyone keeps fighting

- During night games, the points are doubled and the uniforms are skimpier

- After 140 years of careful consideration, we have finally made our decision: All employees of the NFL are urged to vote for Ulysses S. Grant in the presidential election

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.6 The Diary of Andy Frankle

Sunday, Sep 07, 2008 by Andy Frankle (@iggolding)

My house (as created by me in The Sims

Friday, August 15th. Today is pizza day, and yet, there is no pizza. Some luxuries are not available during times of struggle. No, only a hot pocket fills my stomach tonight-a lean hot pocket no less. Sure, pizza is still available to everyone else, but not me. Hiding involves not being seen, not even by Ben, my pizza delivery friend. I wonder if he misses me like I him. The world tests the strong, but it also tests me for some reason. Sometimes I feel like I won't make it. Hopefully there is light at the end of my journey, for Spore is to be released in early September. Until then, I am alone in this empty space with my laptop and a poster of Vegeta.

Sunday, August 17th. It's been three weeks. Three long weeks since I took refuge within the bowels of my home and so much has occurred in the outside world. Russia has started a war, McCain has befriended a woman, and Subway has started their Scrabble contest. Also, my community college has started, though that is a secondary event. I have swells of optimism due to the McCain news, if he can make a female friend, then maybe, just maybe, I will as well--if I ever escape this. But now, oh, how I long for Subway. No pizza and no $5 meatball subs. How long is a man to last?

Wednesday, August 20th. My mother, the main tormentor of my life, stopped by today. She walked through the house screaming my name. I heard her tearing rooms apart looking for me; but luckily, she did not stumble upon my hiding spot. Our last argument before my departure was about Spore, the future game of the year. I calmly listed all the reasons why I wanted to take a semester off, but she did not understand the importance of the game. She said many mean things that I do not want to rewrite, and she threatened to discontinue paying my rent if I do not enroll. I refused to budge and now I spend my days behind a fake wall in my pantry. I will not back down.

Friday, August 29th. Sorry for the length of time since my last entry. Looks like my mother has rented out my place to someone else. I would be insulted, but the new tenants have filled the kitchen with goodies. Unfortunately, the new people have also decided to bring a cat. And while it is cute and calico, its loose hair and dander is causing my allergies to go crazy. Without my antihistamines, I often fall into bouts of sneezes and projectile snot cords. My computer screen is dotted with bits of dried mucous. It sometimes feels like God is against me. Regardless of my allergies, the new tenants are yet to notice me or their missing cinnamon pop tarts.

Monday, September 1st. Happy birthday me. 25!! I imagined a perfectly enjoyable party hosted by Vegeta and I, how very grand! There were all sorts of people there including the vice president lady and Dan. Dan even brought me a pizza. The imaginary celebration ended when the new people emptied the cat's litter box into the garbage outside of my hiding place. Now everything smells like cat poop. I spent much of the day playing Spore creature creator. I made a Homer Simpson creature. It made me lol. Sometimes I wish that I could use a real-life creature creator. Maybe that would be too much like playing God, but all I would want to do is give me some extra bravery points on the attribute scale. Maybe then I wouldn't be in this mess. On the bright side, I squeezed a bunch of the tenant's HoHos together to make a rudimentary birthday cake. Overall, it has been a very creative day.

Tuesday, September 2nd. I really risked my safety today. I needed a meatball sub--badly. I had to get one. It was stupid, especially since the game is to be released in less than a week, but the

hardships of life need covered every great once in awhile. I spent a few hours piecing together an outfit. I think I blended in perfectly. I went during lunch hour when all the men were in business suits. It is strange to see the world continuing without me. I felt like Luigi in the video game Luigi's Mansion, except I was the ghost, and everyone else was alive. Oh well, everything worked out fine. I got my $5 sub, but I added extra American cheese so they charged me an extra fifty cents. Luckily, an elderly woman gave me the change. See, there is kindness in the world. I told the cashier that I was getting it to go even though I wasn't and then I asked for a cup for water, but I filled it up with Orange Fanta instead. Desperate times call for lies. I felt so bad. My feelings changed quickly when I won a free cookie with my scrabble ticket. White Chocolate Chip Macadamia, is there really any other choice? Here is a pic of me eating the sub, the daylight was very bright.

Wednesday, September 3rd. Meatballs are still rolling in my tummy today. I feel great, but I've been going through a certain number of changes lately. Last night, I woke with a strange sensation. I got out of my bed and walked over to the poster of Vegeta. I have only thought of him as a friend and a hero. He has always been helpful whenever I've been in a bind, and yet, last night, I felt we shared a new connection. I stood on my tippy toes to be equal hight with the Saiyen. I looked deep into his 2D eyes while a spark was erupting in my heart. I leaned in close and we kissed. On the lips. When I pulled away, my lips stuck to the paper for a minute. I do not know if this was because of an eternal love or extremely chap lips. I thought about touching his pecs, but decided to sleep instead. I think I am developing into a man.

Thursday, September 4th. I read some Spore reviews today. It sounds as wonderful as I imagined. Not everything is good though, for this is another pizza-less week. Will Ben remember me? Will he remember my special pizza order with the side of hot wings, extra ranch? A tiny voice inside of my head is screaming for me to stop, to give up, to let myself die here. If not cheese and pepperoni, then what is the purpose of life?

R.I.P. you noble beast

Friday, September 5th. Terrible news. The cat found my hidden location last night. During my evening sob (they are becoming more and more frequent,) I heard a distinct rapping on the false pantry wall. At first, I believed it to be my own head, for God and my body are playing tricks on me, but soon I realized it was from outside. I tried to ignore it, but the noise continued for well over an hour. The tenants were curious as to what their cat was doing, but decided that a mouse must be around. When the owners left for work today, I went into motion. I opened the false door a crack only to see the cat sitting outside, waiting to be petted. It looked so cute perched beside me, as though it wanted to comfort my tears and be my friend. I quickly grabbed it up in my arms and snapped its neck. Nothing can expose me, especially since Spore is to be released tomorrow. I hope my sins can be overcome with the creatures I protect in the game.

Sunday, September 7th. I downloaded Spore last night. The fruit of my labor. It has been six weeks of hiding for the game, and I spent the majority of the day playing it. I am disappointed to say the least. Everything is boring, why would I enjoy creating a civilization when I am isolated from my own civilization? The creature creator was a joy because it allowed me to create beings not tormented with inperfections, but the rest of the game is a hard struggle, just like real life. It was awful. It's a wonder I haven't abandoned all my ideals, they seem so absurd and impractical now. Yet I cling to them because I still believe, in spite of everything, that Maxis is truly a good video game company at heart. It's utterly impossible for me to build my life on a foundation without The Sims.

-∼Andy Frankle (@iggolding)

9.7 Don't Bother Asking Me No Poll

Monday, Sep 08, 2008 by An Undecided Voter (@sexyfacts4u)

I think this is the Arab guy.

Them polling people called up last week and asked me which person I wanted as President and I told them the same thing I'm fixin' to tell you: I ain't got no idea who I'm votin' for. Only just now put on the TV and saw there was some sort of election thing happenin'. Some convention parties or somethin' goin' on and balloons and stuff.

I don't even know who it is. This guy Obama and this McCain feller. I think I heard of the McCain one, but I don't know. Is he the one with the blimp? Harold at the Blockbuster Video said he was good. The blimp guy, I mean. I don't know if that's McCain.

And then is the other feller a Mexican or an Arab or somethin'? I was gettin' my hair cut and I saw his picture on the TV but they was runnin' the blow dryer and I didn't hear what they said. And there's lady talks like the Nanny and the old squinty guy with the white hair, who are they? Are they the other party or what? Eh, I don't know.

I registered independent. I used to be a Democrat but then I read a while back the Democrats wanted us to lose a war or somethin' and that is just damn shameful. But that was awhile back so I ain't gonna blame whichever one is the Democrat for it this time. Nope. I got me an open mind on this one.

Blimp guy??? Maybe??? Wants gold coins?????

The main things important to me is the economy, change, Iraq, and national security.~I also want lower taxes and universal healthcare. I don't really trust that Arab guy on the national security, cuz what if he is one of them? I saw an email my cousin got said the Obama guy I think won't do no pledge unless his hand is on a Korean. I don't even know about that but it sounds weird.

On the other hand, I don't think the old guy knows about no change or economies. I heard he lives in seven different house and got his self a rich wife he married from Alaska.

Education is important to me too. I don't want nobody tellin' me I gotta teach creationism and especially not when I'm home schoolin' my kids. The Bible ain't got no place in my room where I set up a dry erase board and teach my baby girls about dividing stuff.

If only I could get me some vouchers so I could afford to get that Ten Commandments statue moved out of my front yard. Previous owners left it. Thought they was cute or somethin'. I covet who I damn well please!

And ya'll see them cranes fallin' down? Which one of these so-called presidents gonna take care of cranes fallin' down? Musta been 100 cranes fell down over the summer. I ain't seen no white paper on that. Give me a URL I'll plug that into my computer and look at that sometime.

I know this one. This is the old President ain't nobody likes no more.

Iraq is important to me, like I said. What's important is we start bringin' our boys home in victory as soon as possible. It was a war we shouldn't have gone into in the first place, but now we're there we messed it all up and we gotta fix it and honor our sacrifices by winning. So shit yeah I support the troops. I support 'em by bringin' 'em home in victory.

My opinion on gay marriages is pretty complicated. It's fine if ya'll marry whoever or whatever ya'll want, so long as I don't have to hear about it when I'm tryin' to eat dinner. They had a guy on a TV married his own sister in some foreign country and that is exactly what I don't want to see gays doin' here in America. Keep it to yourself and let the states decide. Marriage is between a man and a woman who ain't his sister or a dog. Or two women. And don't put no dudes kissing each other on the mouth on the TV.

The very single most important thing of all to me is change. This is a change election, so I think we gotta get the bums out. I'm sick of the guy in there. Eight years is enough. Now I know one guy ain't from his party, but I heard the other guy is a maverick. So I don't know. One guy is new and we ain't had an Arab president before, but then on the other hand that other guy (Mitt Huckabee??) was a POW in Vietnam and he'll be the oldest president which is also a first when you think about it.

Why is he always pointin' at people? A little elite if you ask me. Like a commando.

It's a hard decision. Does the Arab got the experience to make the change I need? Does the guy who got tortured only he don't call it torture under the new torture rules have the maverick heart to reform Washington? Where did Hillary Clinton go? I was watchin' one day and they said she won South Dakota and then she's just gone. Anyways, I don't know yet. I ain't made up my mind.

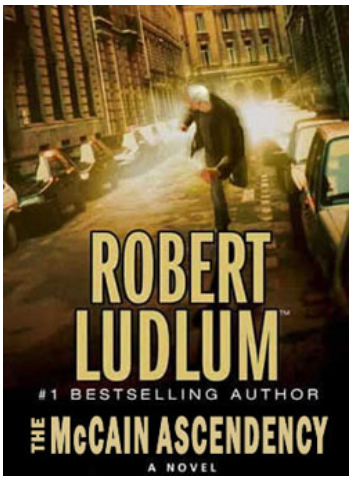
Aw, you know what? To hell with this. I'm votin' LaRouche again.

-∼An Undecided Voter (@sexyfacts4u)

9.8 The McCain Ascendency by Robert Ludlum

Tuesday, Sep 09, 2008 by Robert Ludlum (@Arr)

Chapter 4



"John Sidney McCain." Mark Ramses thumped the loose pages of the thick dossier against the desk, pretending to align them but intending no more than to punctuate the name. "Born 1936, Panama Canal Zone. Military family; educated, Annapolis Naval Academy, 1954 to 1958. Entered CIA, 1960. Drafted into SCIA under Project Largesse, 1962. Trained extensively in tactical combat operations in Venezuela. Carried out series of high-risk assassination operations, 1964 to 1966. Infiltrated Viet Cong POW camp 1967, under top-secret orders to eliminate burned government asset, name of Barack Hussein Obama."

The room was silent for a time. A Department of Defense undersecretary cautiously took the bait. "Barack Obama. He would have been, what, six years old?"

"Barack Hussein Obama *Senior,* obviously." Ramses was pleased that someone had fallen into the trap, and allowed himself a moment to savor it. His position in the SCIA allowed him few opportunities to throw his weight around, given that most of his colleagues, even those in the intelligence community, thought he was nothing more than a mid-level Pentagon bureaucrat. Consequently, he wore his authority with the awkward swagger of a boy in his first suit. "Also born 1936, Kenya. Brought to America under SCIA Operation Grabfrica, 1958. Also trained extensively in tactical combat operations. Infiltrated left-wing circles at Harvard University in 1961; defected to East, 1962. Last known whereabouts: Hanoi, North Vietnam."

"I'm not putting this together, Mark," said Harold Bass, acting director of the CIA. "You mean to tell me that John McCain was sent to Vietnam to kill Barack Obama's father?"

"But he never did. McCain went maverick, decided to play the mission on his own terms. He befriended Obama in that prison, instead. To the best of our limited knowledge, Obama died in Afghanistan, 1982. McCain was jettisoned, turned over to the VC, and upon his return to our soil, deprogrammed." Ramses glanced around the room, surveying the incredulous stares. "Fully, brutally deprogrammed. I was there, and I'll be goddamned if it wasn't my finest work."

"If you're so confident in your skills, then," Bass advanced, "what's the problem? As long as McCain thinks he's a boyscout POW Navy jock, which we all know he does, Project Blackstar is secure."

Ramses bristled. "It's not my skills I don't trust," he hissed. "If it had been up to the SCIA, McCain would be dead. Your pantywaist predecessors at the CIA wanted him deprogrammed, so I did my damndest. But they had a cockamamie idea they might need him again, despite the fact that he betrayed his goddamn country. They made me code in a safe word. He hears that word, it all comes rushing back, and Project Blackstar is finished"

A low murmur filled the room. "Is there any reason to believe this safe word has been compromised?"

"Two weeks ago, the SCIA network was accessed for three-point-five seconds by an unauthorized machine. Our boys put it somewhere in the neighborhood of Tbilisi, Georgia. One file was accessed.

The file was unencrypted, and it contained one word: *Baltimora.* If that word is spoken to John McCain, he'll suddenly be host to some very dangerous memories. For example, he'll remember Barack Hussein Obama like he met him yesterday. He'll remember that Barack Hussein Obama was a fascinating man, a man who told him more about the inner workings of United States intelligence than anyone in this building ever did. A man who told him more than any citizen needs to know about the secret history of this nation. And I'll tell you one thing he'll damn well remember instantly, a thing that will put Project Blackstar right into the gutter."

Bass was annoyed at Ramses' amateur dramatics. "Out with it, Ramses."

"He'll know for goddamn certain that Barack Hussein Obama never had a son."

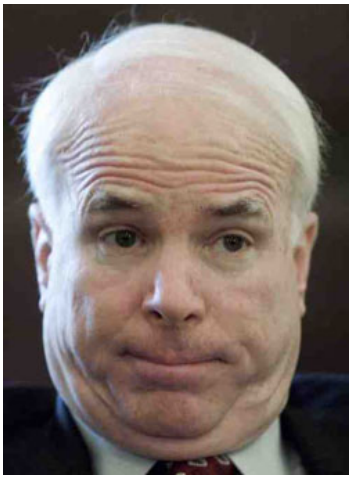
Coronado, California

"That whore," John McCain intoned aloud, savoring the word. He rarely spoke to himself, unless it was to call his beloved wife, Cindy, one of a well-stocked repertoire of names. "That incorrigible hooker."

She had played another of her little tricks: the box of Keebler Town House crackers, the buttery treat that McCain enjoyed during his rare off hours, was perched on top of the six-foot refrigerator. Whether the placement was conscious or not, she knew very well that McCain would be unable to reach it. He made a series of vain attempts, angling his body and extending his arms like a child playing airplane, but quickly realized the pursuit was futile. "That cunt."

Standing on his tiptoes, McCain narrowly managed to brace his chin on top of the fridge. First he gnashed at the box, hoping to catch it on one of his gleaming, finely-groomed teeth. He had begun the second phase of this attempt, extending his tongue toward the box and coming tantalizingly close, when a husky, accented voice shocked him from his hungry reverie.

"John McCain. I help you with this."



McCain wheeled around, instinctively reaching to his shoe for a sidearm he hadn't worn in forty years. "Who the hell are you? Get out of my house before I make my whore wife beat your Russian head in."

"I do not think you will do this, John McCain. I have word for you: *Baltimora.*"

"I don't speak Russian, you prick." John McCain opened the refrigerator, looking for an object solid enough to use as a weapon.

"Is not Russian. I repeat this word. *Baltimora.*" The man reached into his pocket and produced a red rubber ball, which he held aloft in front of him. "Baltimora."

McCain, finding no luck in the refrigerator, was raising his arms in an awkward gull-wing pose in an attempt to open the freezer. "Get your goddamn ball away from me, Russkie."

"John McCain, observe." The Russian tossed the rubber ball in a high arc over McCain's head. McCain swiftly shot his arm up and caught the ball in midair.

McCain wagged the ball at the intruder. "Listen here, Boris: I'm too old to play catch with some..." he trailed off as his eyes focused on the ball in his hand. "Wait a minute. Wait a god-damned minute." McCain extended his arms, slowly raising them high above his head until his fingertips nearly touched the ceiling. He stared at them, seeming reluctant to bring them down for fear that he'd never raise them again.

"Impossible it seems to you, John McCain. But is true. You will begin to remember now. Baltimora."

"Huh?" McCain was still staring at his raised arms in childlike wonder. "Remember what?" Suddenly, he dropped his arms and froze, staring into the space ahead of him with unfocused eyes. A moment later, he put his arms to his temples and rubbed them hard, shaking his head in horror and disbelief at half a lifetime of surging memories. With an audible snap, his body straightened, rigid and military. A soldier; a killing machine.

McCain stared at the Russian with the cold eyes that never leave a certain type of man, even long after his jowls have softened with age and comfort. "Project Blackstar." He issued the words like a command. "God help us. Project Blackstar, those maniacs. The false president. The new revolution."

Chicaco, Illinois

The captivating cadence that echoed through millions of American radios and televisions was entirely gone, replaced by a cold, deliberate monotone. "Make it quick. I'm writing another of the speeches, the ones that the infidels lap up like dogs returning to their own sick."

"Mr. Obama, an urgent-"

With an almost casual sweeping motion, Sadiq Khan slapped the young staffer hard across the jaw. "I am tired of this name. I am a prince of Araby, a man of the Afsharid dynasty, and my lineage predates this barbarous nation by a thousand years. You will address me by my honorable name, or you will not address me at all."

Blinking tears from his eyes, the boy continued. "A man is here to see you, Mr. Khan. He says it's of the highest urgency."

"Show him in, but please remind him that the last man who wasted my time now burns in your Christian hell." The staffer backed out, and Khan leaned forward in his brass-buttoned leather chair, closing his eyes, bridging his fingers in front of him and then ceasing all movement in his body, as if in deep meditation.

Mark Ramses strode in, holding a thick dossier in one hand and a cellular smartphone in the other. "I'm in his office now. Now. I'm there now," he shouted into the mouthpiece with increasing frustration. "I'll call you back, goddamn it-"

The smartphone flew from his hand as if yanked on a wire, and a springing thud announced the gadget's arrival in the wall ten feet behind him. Ramses turned, seeing the 3.75 inch high-carbon steel of a Swedish-made *Oländig* tactical combat throwing knife in the solid oak panel, the blade still vibrating at its resonant pitch of E sharp despite having fully penetrated the eight-hundred-dollar

telephone that was now helplessly pinned to the wall like a butterfly in a child's collection.

By the time he'd turned to face the desk again, Khan had returned to the stillness of his meditative pose, betraying no sign of the exertion, but for one difference: an identical *Oländig* tactical combat throwing knife lay on the desk before him, angled slightly to point at Ramses like an accusing finger.

Khan opened his eyes, and his right pinky darted from his still-bridged hands to point at the knife. "I made a split-second decision between the telephone and your neck, Mark Ramses. Pray that I don't come to regret it, because it is easily reversible."

"Mr. Khan, I have some bad news. Blackstar is in jeopardy. There's been a breach in SCIA security, and one of the most dangerous men in the nation may be only days away from discovering your identity."

Considering Ramses' words carefully, Khan reached out and spun the knife on the desk. Ramses flinched involuntarily. Khan tilted his head and adopted a steely gaze. "I will kill this man. Tell me his name, and he will be dead by nightfall tomorrow."

"It's not so simple, Mr. Khan." Ramses dabbed a mist of sweat from his upper lip. "It's... it's John McCain, sir."

His luminescent smile was the only trait Khan shared with Barack Obama, the strange cartoon alter-ego with whom America had fallen in love, and now he was beaming it at full wattage. "John McCain? Yes, I see why we can't kill him, but by what insane standard do you call him the most dangerous man in the nation? Surely you're joking with me, Mark Ramses, but I warn you that my sense of humor is limited."

"John McCain is not what he seems. He may look like a kooky old vet, a doddering, grandfatherly old coot, but you must believe me, he's an inhuman monster bred for killing and educated in the most effective school for murderers South America has ever produced. He was one of ours, an SCIA man, until he botched an op with that maverick streak of his and we had to deprogram him. The man spent decades thinking he was a charming old 'Nam vet, but we have reason to believe that the hypnotism may have been broken." Ramses had hoped that his speech would have some impact, but Khan remained unflapped.

"That has no effect on this election, Mark Ramses. I will still defeat McCain, your futile little Project Blackstar will be complete."

"You don't understand," said Ramses with a voice approaching desperation. "We can't kill him because it's tactically destructive to our aims, but he can kill us. He can kill every goddamn one of us, Khan, because he's a monster. When he looks at you, all he sees is a diagram of bleed points. If he really likes you, maybe he'll size you up for how long he could survive on your meat in an extended combat scenario."

"What do you suggest, Mark Ramses? That we run and hide?" Khan toyed with the knife.

"Mr. Khan, with all due respect, you've served the Secret Central Intelligence Agency with admirable dedication, but perhaps our initiation of Project Blackstar was premature. If we bow out of this one, we can do this thing right in 2012, when McCain will be long dead." Ramses was sweating profusely now, eyeing the knife that twirled beneath Khan's fingertip.

"Project Blackstar is not my operation, Mark Ramses. Your operation is the election of a false

president, the instigation of a little revolution. Martial law, a mere power-grab for your agency and a little paycheck for me. My operation is the seizure of America by a righteous prince of Iran. My operation is a tide of fire washing over this wicked land, and I am now in a position to win this election without you, and the American people will buckle like blades of grass under the crushing foot of Allah. No man can stop me." Khan picked up the knife.

Even as he began to make his final case, Mark Ramses knew that his pleas would crash against the unbending will of a fanatic. This was supposed to be about the power and the paycheck, he said. You can still be rich; you can still reclaim the Iranian throne with all the might of the United States military at your back, he said. But he knew Khan had grown into bigger ideas; maybe all the messianic praise heaped upon his alter-ego by the American public had gone to his head, and god damn it, he should have seen it coming. He had difficulty pinpointing the exact moment when his words became soundless, when his vision faded to black.

In Coronado, John McCain kissed his sleeping wife on the forehead. "Goodnight, you musked-up tramp." Following the Russian stranger, McCain walked slowly out of the favorite among his dozen or so homes, past the pictures of the family he had grown to love so well, the ghosts of his hypnotized life.

The faces of a thousand men from his past flashed in his mind's eye: SCIA spooks, Venezuelan combat trainers, petty Washington bureaucrats, Vietnam whores, foreign dictators and American presidents. "I'm going to kill them all," he announced, not speaking to the Russian or to anyone else in particular. "I'm going to kill every last one of those sons of bitches."

-~Robert Ludlum (@Arr)

9.9 BiGDOG's DOG BLOG: Tellin' It Like It Is!

Wednesday, Sep 10, 2008 by BiGDOG (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Worst Dog of the Week
Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 12:13 PM
Compost. No doubt about it. This is one POSM (P.O.S. MUTT). While yours truly was out and about, this hideous mutt launched into attack mode. Luckily BiGDOG knows a thing or two about fighting off dogs. I evaded this dumb pooch by ducking into a nearby Dairy Queen. By the time I finished my second Reese's Pieces Blizzard, that dog was long gone and BiGDOG was much satiated. Nice try, dumbass. Nobody - and I mean body - bests this guy.
Filed under: doggone it, worst dogs, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

BiGDOG's Top Dog
Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 2:43 PM.

In the halls of great dogs, there are many. Obviously BiGDOG is pretty biased in favor of the greatest dog of them all -- Panzer -- but every so often he has to pay his respects to another legend. That said, gotta give a big, big shout out to the late, great AUDITOR.

This big bundle of hair lived in a pool of toxic sludge for 17 years. Never asked for any help and stood his ground the whole time. All these idiots whining about the environment ought to shut the hell up and take a lesson from Auditor. If you don't act like a baby, you can live through just about anything.

I think even a topnotch dog like Panzer would give a thumbs-up to Auditor. Legends of our time, boys and girls. Legends of our time.
Filed under: top dogs, panzer, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

The One and Only. The Auditor.

BiGDOG'S BATTLE FOR JUSTICE CONTINUES
Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 3:12 PM.
Just a quick update for you BiGDOG fans out there. I'm still battling the POWERS THAT BE over my unfair banning at BarkWire.com. Looks to me like those fascists have no intention of honoring the law. Guess they've never read the constitution? But then again, these are probably the same idiots throwing their votes away on McCain and Obama.

BiGDOG's gonna keep this battle going, because it's not about reviewing dogs anymore. It's about defending free speech and the right to dissent. If I let this one slide, there's no telling what's next. Shredding the Bill of Rights? Government-sanctioned slavery? I mean if the Free Market demands slavery, that's one thing. But not the government.

Meanwhile BiGDOG is reporting the truth each and every day in alt.pets.dogs.bigdogs and on dogranks.net. Dogranks is a new site and even though it is already showing signs of having too many freakin' newbs, it's the last dog website that hasn't outright banned free speech (and BiGDOG).
Filed under: bullshit, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

Weekly Spottings
Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 3:47 PM.
BiGDOG's is always on the lookout for any good dogs. What can I say, I got an eye for this stuff. Here's a rundown of all the furballs I spotted this week.

- **Magnifique**: More like Wagnifique. This little gal was wagging her tail faster than a hummingbird flaps its wings. What the hell does she have to be so happy about?

Shut the f*** up, buddy.

- **Squeeze**: Saw this little yapper outside the Petsmart. You know you're a Grade A f***up when your owners won't even take you inside a pet store. Shot this dumb pooch the bird and rolled on with a big grin on my face. Little guy never even saw it comin'.
- **Iron Buttress**: Good grief! I haven't seen this dog in years, and let me tell you, he must have spent all those years eating butter. He looked like a hairy Jabba the Hut. I think there were smaller dogs stuck in his fat folds. BiGDOG is betting $10 this dog drops dead by the end of the week.
- **Excuse Me**: No, Excuse You. Excuse Me's owners picked an appropriate name, but they ought to have had the common decency to leave this exceptionally flatulent dog at home.
- **Signifier**: Pretty sharp lookin' for a Greyhound. Probably real fast, I bet. Wouldn't mind seeing this one race off a cliff. BiGDOG's got no love for overly-pointy dogs.
- **Travesty**: Good to see this guy at the dog park. Seemed to have a lot of enthusiasm and participated a lot. Love to see that sort of thing.
- **Occupier**: The only thing this dog is occupying is the fire hydrant. Never seen a dog urinate so much. He spent a good 15 minutes just peeing on that hydrant. Either BiGDOG got

abducted by aliens and lost some time, or that dog has a bladder the size of a gas tank. Where did all that urine come from???

Filed under: dogspottings, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

Dogranks = ASS**S**
Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 4:28 PM.
After calling out some idiot newb for suggesting that Sycamore was a better dog than Panzer, I got banned from that stupid website. Turns out the idiot newb was the site owner. Guess he can't handle constructive criticism. Goddamn typical.

BiGDOG is gonna start bearing his teeth if this shit doesn't shape up soon.
Filed under: bullshit, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

BiGDOG'S Not Playing Around Anymore
Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 5:36 PM.
Not giving up!!!

I have fought too damn hard to get where I am and I don't need a bunch of useless idiots with one tenth my knowledge holding me back!! Guess this is how Kevin Mitnick must have felt.

This business is getting out of hand. I go ONLINE to STATE FACTS. IF I interject a little OPINION, that is my RIGHT. To get banned or put in the doghouse is absolute BULL****. UNACCEPTABLE BULL****!

I am sick to my stomach with rage and ready to kick some ass. If any of you idiots want to put your money where your mouth is, let me know. I'll be happy to punch you in your stupid, money-filled mouth.
Filed under: bullshit, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

TAKING A BREAK
Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 12:52 PM.
Spent the weekend in the hospital. Turns out I developed an ulcer. My vet (j/k my doctor) said I needed to take a step back and avoid causes of stress for awhile. Funny thing is I'm not under any stress.

No, wait, I take that back. I'm man enough to admit that I am stressed. I'm stressed to see all these idiots who don't know jack shit about the dogs in this town shredding the constitution like it was some lousy homework. I have a right to air my views and share my wisdom. THIS IS ONE DOG YOU CAN'T STICK A MUZZLE ON.

Anyway, BiGDOG is gonna take some time off. If you support this cause of free speech, please add this image to your sig on all the dog sites saying you support BiGDOG. Sooner or later these sons of bitches will have to start respecting the goddamn rights of man.

Support BiGDOG!!
Filed under: bullshit, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

-∼BiGDOG (@Livestock)

FREE SPEECH
BIGDOG

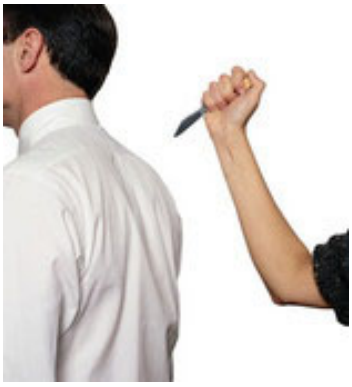
9.10 To My Friend Who Is Leaving the Country

Thursday, Sep 11, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

"I am leaving the country."

- My Friend Who Is Leaving the Country, 2008

I don't have many friends. You think it would be easy to make more, what with being one of the tastemakers of Internet comedy for nearly three years. I can't count the number of times a stranger has shouted at me, "Do you have stairs in your house?" only to give the ultra-secret reply (which can be discovered by joining the Something Awful Forums for the low, low price of 10 dollars) and stare awkwardly at this person until one of us backs away out of shame, sometimes not into traffic.



An actual photo of my friend in action (Photo doctored for clarity).

So I do treasure the people who willingly talk to me and feel comfortable entering my apartment without a police escort; and I show my gratitude by keeping them on a tight psychological leash that's like a suicide watch, but without the promise of possible inherited property.

And yet, even with all I have to offer, my friends keep leaving the country. It already happened once, but my mom-strength guilt powers and constant talk of "the antidote" brought this supposed "friend" crawling back to America after just a year overseas. At first, I thought his betrayal was an isolated incident, and didn't take it personally; but now that another friend is fleeing the USA for a country International Law states I cannot visit (for more, please see my 2006 article "Why We Should Firebomb Scotland, Salt the Earth, and Enslave Anyone Who Survives, Especially the Children"), I can only assume that the inspiration for this move is completely based on me. Graduate school? Please. Scotland doesn't even have toilets. I've seen pictures.

Instead of sitting down with my friend and calmly telling her why I should be in charge of all the major decisions in her life, I have decided to communicate this information via the Internet in the passive-aggression I speak as a second language. And for the benefit of you, the reader, I will provide this content in list format, since I have already committed the Web 2.0 sin of producing four uninterrupted paragraphs without so much as a bullet point, picture of celebrity camel toe, or YouTube of a fat man pouring syrup over his naked body to distract you from all the reading.

Friend, here is what you will miss about America.

The Presidential Election

Listen: as far as I know, Scotland isn't a democracy; I imagine the next ruler is chosen by some variation of cow chip bingo played by members of the royal family. I know this is how our own Presidents were elected back when Freemasons ran the place, but we have advanced far beyond this to the very system you are abandoning. Imagine the feeling of abject emptiness you will miss out on when another Republican is voted into office by the very people he has vowed to destroy. Irony is going to make a huge comeback in 2009, only this time it'll be paired with the inability to go to the doctor for simple health problems! Friend, I will need you here to assist in the many home surgeries I will have to perform on myself when I can't even plead poverty in the Emergency Room. I assume that half a bottle of Tylenol PM is as good of an anesthetic as any.

If you like corpses, then you'll like this President.

Not Being in Graduate School

Friend, you have seen what being in graduate school for a year has done to me. I am now a husk of a man who lives every second of his life in contempt for his humorless peers who take 30 minutes to answer a question by parroting nonsense from some interminable book that can only be understood by its author, who is either dead or an asshole. I nurse my growing ulcer like a child; it feeds on hate and my colon dispenses blood like a sno-cone machine. To be fair, I'm sure my peers have contempt for me as well; I write comedy articles for the Internet and have absolutely nothing to offer academia except my ability to stand in front of a room of college freshmen for a salary that even the homeless would scoff at. I'm pretty sure I could fall asleep on a bench downtown next to an open coffee can and wake up with nearly three months' worth of wages in assorted change. At least you'll know where to find me if you come back.

Graduate school is like regular college except with more drinking, less sex, and they make you do stuff.

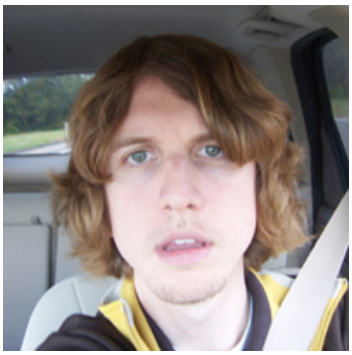
Fat People

If America is known for one thing, it's fat people. Friend, in the time you are gone, I imagine that fast food restaurants will drop all pretenses and start serving bowls of corn syrup and bacon-flavored starch in a culinary mixture known as "Muhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." (This is what you say when you want to order it.) But why wait for the future when there are so many ways to feel good about yourself waddling down the aisles of our Wal-Marts and overturning beef carts at Old Country Buffets this very moment? Now, I'm not proud of my body by any means; devoting my life to a series of activities that involve staring into a screen has given me the physique of a dead tree. But to feel better, all I have to do is walk outside and see a fat person to think, "Gee, things aren't so bad; at least torrents of sweat don't escape from my body like water from a high-pressure fire hose after a walk to the mailbox, and I don't even have to purchase a special mail-order wand over the Internet when I want to wipe myself!" Sure, I'm a horrible person, but technically, they're not even people.

Where else but America could you find a motorcycle built for a man who is larger than a lane of traffic?

Internet Celebrity Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Of all the things from your life that you're tossing away like unopenable pistachios, I am what you will miss the most. In just a few days, you will no longer be able to say to your friends and loved ones, "You know Bob Mackey, who writes for that website I've never read? Well--get this--he lives in *our* country! Let's go buy him a drink and pay one of his credit card bills." Gone will be the days of enabling our respective extended adolescences, only to be replaced with the empty accomplishments of a normal adult life, like a living wage and the responsibility of watching a stranger's luggage at the bus station while they pee. Sure, Scotland will be full of pale weirdos, but will any of them have my exact DNA structure or haircut? The chances are slim, at best. Will the doors of your new friends' depressing college town apartments always be open to you, much like mine is? Probably, but their accents will be so thick and ridiculous that you won't be able to understand what they hell they're saying unless you've watched a lot of DuckTales. And there's no DuckTales where you're going.



This look of bewilderment will never leave my face.

If I wasn't the better person in all of this, I would shun you for all eternity like I've done to so many others who have wronged me in the past. Instead, I will show how I truly feel with one powerful and profound symbol that transcends language and reaches far into the soul:

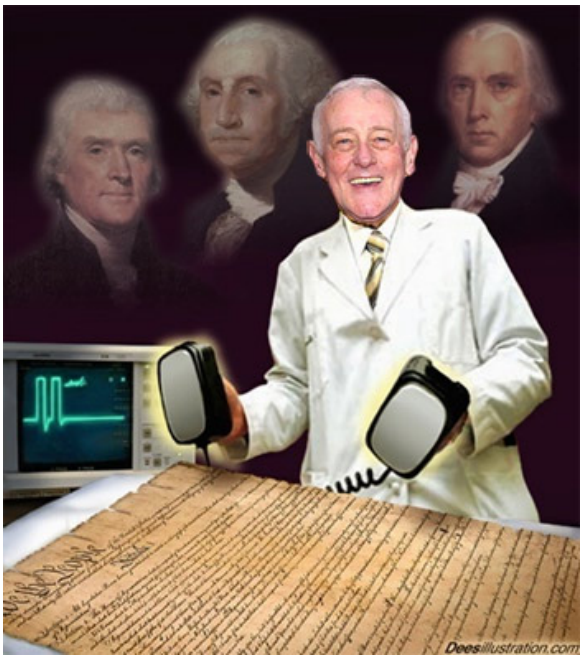
-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

9.11 R[EVOL]utionary Spending

Friday, Sep 12, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

During the course of the US presidential primary one candidate attracted thousands of supporters from across the country yearning for a fundamental change in the way government does business. This candidate used the Internet to raise record amounts of money from supporters and mobilized an army of grassroots volunteers. This candidate also believed that we should revert to a barter economy and trade gold bars, pigs, and sacks of turnips for access to police and fire services.

This candidate was libertarian Republican Ron Paul. He hates tasers and fluoride. Google Ron Paul.



Over the course of Ron Paul's record-breaking campaign he collected tens of millions of dollars from gullible rubes, conspiracy theorists, people who want coin-operated faucets, and college hemp advocates.

John McCain has since secured the nomination and people are beginning to wonder how Ron Paul managed to spend so much money without anyone noticing him. They wonder how much money is left over and what he plans to do with it. These same people also wonder if what is in turkey dogs is as gross as what is in hotdogs.

The Haul

Ron Paul raised over 28 million dollars from his contributors. Most of the money was raised in the 4th quarter of 2007, when support for Paul was at a fevered pitch, but before people realized nobody was going to vote for Ron Paul. During the course of his campaign Ron Paul spent a little over 22 million bucks.

The Spending Spree

Ron Paul spent outrageous amounts of money buying TV ad time on various local and national networks. However, Paul's campaign spent virtually nothing on making the ads themselves. He relied on a variety of non-actors and non-directors to create heartfelt pitches for his candidacy. These homespun amateur ads had mixed results.

Ron Paul's campaign was certainly unconventional when it came to getting the word out about the candidate. Next to TV ad buys the biggest campaign expenditure was devoted to plastering Ron Paul's message across the sides of various forms of transportation. Most famously, there was the Ron Paul blimp. Fantasy Wolf Blitzer described the blimp as, "Amazing...amazing" and Ron Paul supporters flocked by the tens to witness its droning flights over confused population centers.

The blimp truly captured the imagination of the movement, who enjoyed imagining it was actually advertising the candidate effectively and also enjoyed imagining themselves in an alternative reality. They were in a steampunk libertarian utopia, sending their children off to work in the coal mines while the dirigibles buzz overhead, their aluminium bodies plastered with advertisements for the latest colloidal silver elixir.

Various other Ron Paul vehicles were tried. In chronological order they were: the Ron Paul bus, the Ron Paul RV, the Ron Paul towed camper, the Ron Paul truck cap, the Ron Paul Ford Taurus, the Ron Paul recumbent bicycle, the Ron Paul Razor Scooter, the Ron Paul roller skates, the Ron Paul flip-flops, the Ron Paul socks, and the Ron Paul dude who sneaks into your house and lays down in bed next to you and whispers for you to Google Ron Paul.

There was also a Ron Paul boat, but this was confined to a harbor in New Jersey when Ron Paul supporters refused to submit to the will of the fascist surveillance state and register their boat with the Coast Guard.

The Ron Paul campaign invested more money in ways to annoy voters than all of the other demo-

cratic and republican campaigns combined. Their closest rival was Rudy Giuliani, who somehow spent $800,000 in New Hampshire walking door to door interrupting families, ruining their dinners with blood-curdling tales of 9/11, and terrifying small children with his unfortunate face.

For his money, Ron Paul was able to purchase and deploy every annoyance technology available to the civilian. He had supporters with giant view-blocking signs at every TV event and loudspeakers for people to chant Ron Paul slogans like "9/11 was an inside job!" and "Bush and Cheney are using chemtrails to control your family!" He passed out maracas and drums, his campaign distributed electronic fart machines, and they were not above hiring mariachis to barge into debates.

In every state, from sea-to-shining-sea, Ron Paul spent the money and brought out the grassroots supporters to make everyone sick of Ron Paul. I'm sorry, I meant that he brought them out to, "SAY YES TO DOCTOR NO! SAY YES TO DOCTOR NO!"

The Future of Ron Paul's Millions

With almost 6 million bucks left in his account a lot of people are wondering what Ron Paul plans to do with all of his money. No decisions have been finalized yet, but Dr. Paul has some very ambitious ideas about how his supporter's contributions should be spent.

$1.65m to create the Morgellons Research Institute. To better understand this new and terrible disease sweeping Internet users and explore treatments including colloidal silver, magnets, electromagnets, crystals, and horse pills.

$1.2m to the West Texas College of End Times for the study of chemtrails.

$920,000 to the Liberty Foundation of Constitutional Economics. This grant program will provide research funding for young economists to research economics. Current grants under consideration include: "Getting the Government Out of Our Escalators and Elevators and the Benefits of Privatizing Public Staircases," "The Importance of Protecting AIDS Drug Copyrights in Africa," and "How to Organize Communities to Put Out Industrial Chemical Fires Without Government Assistance."

$750,000 to the Bible Genome Project. The money is specifically earmarked for isolating the bootstrap gene God created in our body.

$620,000 to the Iriving Historical Institute for Holocaust Investigation. Because if it really happened we shouldn't be afraid to investigate it.

The Remaining Balance will be used to launch Ron Paul's new TV show: The Ron Paul Political Report. It will feature various extremist and fringe politicians and activists yelling into the camera. Ron Paul will appear only at the end of each episode in a brief monologue disavowing any editorial control or association with the Ron Paul Political Report.

With his campaign coffers emptied, Ron Paul will do the only logical thing. The thing Ayn Rand would have wanted. He'll begin to fill them up again in 2012.

Special thanks to Lowtax and his crew for the campaign ad and Dees Illustration for an endless number of wonderful Ron Paul fan art masterpieces.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.12 WAAGH!

Saturday, Sep 13, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

My cold and bitter heart has been warmed - not by love or the sight of a panda nursing a human baby, but by a ten foot tall orc with a cockney accent volunteering to be loaded in a catapult and flung toward the broadside of a distant fortress.

The Warhammer Online open beta has been the most rewarding experience I've had in an MMO since passing out while camping a spawn point in Everquest and waking up to find an uneaten jelly bean under my desk. There's no monotonous grinding of levels or hoping for greener pastures in an endgame that ultimately turns out to be another treadmill. From level 1 I've able to team up with like-minded sociopaths in Goon Squad and take on swarms of opponents in world PVP and scenario maps, knock pesky healers off of very tall cliffs, and type /fart to see what it does while other people my age are getting married and settling into actual careers.

Warhammer Online isn't a perfect game (only Chris Hope Football Simulator 2005 holds that distinction), but it has a terrific sense of humor, gets PVP absolutely right, and adds lots of bits to PVE that really should have been there all along. The only problem? Choosing a main character to stick with when the game is released next week. There are tons of careers to choose from, and they all offer something to set themselves apart from the standard Tank/DPS/Healer roles we're accustomed to.

Marauder
Melee damage dude with a Swiss Army mutant arm that can turn into all sorts of goofy stuff. Want to do single-target damage? Sword arm. Want to do area-of-effect attacks? Mace arm. Want directions to the nearest gas station? Hand arm, *with fingers*.

Chosen
A tank with the most badass armor in the game, several knockdown abilities, and a ton of useful auras that can turn the tide in a battle if used wisely. Also has an aura that drains all of his life instantly, which is very difficult to use wisely.

Zealot
A shirtless tattooed dude that carries a skull around in his left hand at all times. Stores the negative attention that he feeds off of while skulking around the mall and converts it into power that can heal and buff his allies.

Magus
A ranged spellcaster that hovers about on an intricate collectible plate and summons pets that cannot move, lest they break said plate. He appears to be very weak in the early game, but I've heard that he makes up for it by remaining just as weak later on, saving you from being startled by any sudden changes.

Squig Herder
Though he wields a bow and spear, the Squig Herder is a pet class whose real weapon is, you guessed it, feminine charm.

Black Orc
A lumbering, violent doofus with skills such as "Right In Da Jibblies", "We'z Bigger", "Not In Da Face" and "WAAAAAAAGH!". In other words, the thinking man's Vinnie Jones.

Shaman
Every consecutive offensive skill that the Shaman casts makes his next heal more powerful, and vice versa. This playstyle is often described as a seesaw act, due to the seesaw's reputation as the most powerful piece of spellcasting playground equipment.

Ironbreaker
A stout dwarven tank utilizing a unique "Grudge" system, which makes him increasingly angry and powerful the more he watches U.S. remakes of Japanese horror films.

Rune Priest
A priest that drinks beer and tries to heal his friends by throwing rocks at them. Or so he claims.

Engineer
The king of gadgets, the Engineer has all sorts of tools at his disposal that can trip up the enemy. The latest addition: a "Gaming iPhone" that causes all opponents to laugh, immobilizing them for twenty seconds.

Witch Hunter
With a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other, every time the Witch Hunter steps into battle he's playing the world's deadliest version of "pat your head and rub your tummy".

Warrior Priest
Wielding a sledgehammer, this melee class heals his own party by wading in to the fray and attacking others. Perfect for fans of political talk radio.

Bright Wizard
Casts fire-based offensive spells that are so powerful he actually hurts (and often kills) himself. Not to be confused with the Light Wizard, who casts much less effective spells at the cost of an eating disorder.

I hear there are more careers in both Order and Destruction for elves, but my conscience won't allow me to click on them.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.13 Hey look. It's Dragon Mountain. Let's climb it.

Sunday, Sep 14, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Hey look, it's Dragon Mountain. Dragon Mountain is a center for all mystical energy in this entire region. All of the life force as far as the eye can see emanates from that mountain. Let's climb it.

This path we're on, this is the Way of Buddha. The carvings along the wall allow us to meditate on his Life and Works. I bet Buddha's wife didn't talk back to him, eh? Eh? Yeah, you know what I mean.

That stream ahead is the Stream of Wing Pai. Its slow crystal waters represent the purity of an empty mind. If you have any distracting thoughts or unpleasant memories, you can place your head beneath the surface and all will be washed away by the cleansing mental energy. No really, put it in there. Me, I'm just gonna stick my feet in. I've got corns like you wouldn't believe.

Ok enough resting. We're on Dragon Mountain now. What's Dragon Mountain good for? Climbing, that's what. Let's climb.

Ah, here we are at the quiet glade. This is the Clearing of the Seven Spiritual Wonders of the Emperor. Here the greatest monk warriors meet to test each other's skill with the Chi Fist. Those guys would beat the crap out of your pansy ass, believe me. I arm-wrestled one of them over a half-blind prostitute once. He used his brain to control my arm and by the time I got it to stop strangling me, him and Mei Ling were halfway to Vietnam. Asshole.

Dragon Mountain has many hidden dangers. Secret pits lined with jagged spikes. Elusive hermit watchmen who strike with no warning. Legendary creatures you'll swear aren't real until they tear out your throat. Watch your back, kid. I'd hate to have to leave you behind...

Just kidding. You think I'm crazy? This mountain is perfectly safe. Oh man, you should have seen your face. Let's keep climbing.

Hey look, there's Fox Mountain across the way. Let's climb that one next. Nah, just kidding. We're only gonna climb Dragon Mountain. Watch out for that pile of monkey shit.

Am I worthy of Dragon Mountain? I often ask myself that. Dragon Mountain is all about purity of mind and spirit. But it's also a mountain, so anyone with legs could climb the hell out of that bitch. I think that's an important message in these troubled times.

So here we are. At the top of Dragon Mountain. Look at this view. I bet you could see my house from here. Ha, ha, you could probably see my wife before you saw my house. Yeah, she's pretty fat. Also we're replenishing the natural chi in our bodies.

Do you feel the vital flow of the Dragon working through your bones? No? Well, that's because you're not in the proper meditative position, dipshit. Make your body as like a heron at peace on a slim branch in a great wind. Like as a heron at peace, goddamnit. You look like a heron giving birth. Close your legs. Jesus Christ.

Ok, now let's float down from the mountain using the Glourious Powers of Taoist Flight. We will walk upon the currents of the air as a frog walking upon lillypads over water. No, we don't climb down Dragon Mountain. We just climb up it. I'm surprised you can practice Taoist Flight with that fat head of yours.

I hope you enjoyed your trip up Dragon Mountain. May you take its lessons with you as long as you live. And when you meet people and they try to throw attitude your way, you just give them a stern eye and say "I've climbed Dragon Mountain" in your toughest voice. I've never tested that but I'm sure it works.

Alright bye now.

Nice guy. He's sure gonna go places. Oh, hey kid. Yeah you. I know you see me. Get back here. You see that mountain. That's Dragon Mountain. Let's climb it.

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

9.14 This is a Financial Industry of Whiners

Monday, Sep 15, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A Fifth-Third branch prepares to close its doors.When I opened the New York Times today I was surprised to learn that Merrill Lynch is about to be bought out by Bank of America for a pittance. It reminded me of what happened to Bear Stearns recently. And how the American taxpayers are bailing out mortgage giants Freddie Mac and Fanny Mae.

I read on and learned that Lehman Brothers, A.I.G., and Washington Mutual are all complaining about the red on their balance sheets. They think they're going to "fail." With all these financial institutions whining it would be easy to buy into the headlines and think something was wrong with our economy.

My reaction: "Suck it up, pussies!"

Wall Street is overrun with whiners. It has become one of those inflatable bouncy rooms, only tragic, and all of the babies in babytown are crying their eyes out in there. While our economy flourishes and has never been stronger, according to the GDP, these clowns are smearing their mascara all over their faces.

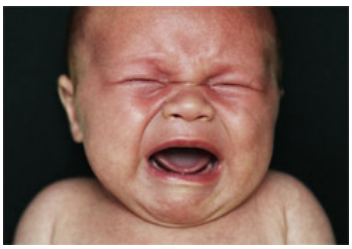
"Waaaaa," they cry. "We invested all of our money like jerks! Waaaaa we took too many chances. Waaaaa we shouldn't have given 5,000 mortgages to unemployed teenagers."

Wall Street loves melodrama. Let's hope that's an imaginary 110th floor he's about to hurl himself from.And I say, "It's all in your heads!"

You and I and anyone with a 1st grade education in economics 101 know what is going on. This is not some real recession. There isn't real money on the line. This is a virtual 2.0 recession imagined on the fiduciary holodeck.

How many giant stacks of money do you think Merrill Lynch or Washington Mutual really were moving around?

None!



Companies like that have these special silver-plated modems that periodically dial up payday loan places in towns like Flint, Michigan when some single dad with cancer and hooks for hands wants a loan. Five minutes later he walks out with $400,000 to buy a new house. And the house sucks and is really only worth about $200,000 because everybody is getting loans to buy houses.

Waaaaaaaaaa! Everything is falling apart! Waaaa! The US economy is collapsing!They are virtual loans. Phantom loans. For your phantasmogoric house. With spectral marble counter tops on the kitchen island. Counter tops that you worked and saved for years at your ghost job doing spooker labor to finally buy.

I'm sick and tired of all these banks crying and moaning about "failing this" and "collapsing that."

What they need to do is zip their lips and boot strap that problem. That's the American dream, my friends. The American way!

No matter what happens, no matter what misfortune befalls you, no matter how quickly you exhaust the FDIC emergency fund, you can always rely on the American taxpayer to underwrite every godawful stupid thing you do. It's the American way!

It's just like when you go to Best Buy and you max out all of your credit cards buying 800 feet of Monster Cables for your Gamecube. You don't have to really pay any of that. It's fake money. Not real money. It's called "credit."

If you can't afford to pay credit back then, well, that's cool. There's always the American taxpayers. We'll step right in for you, buddy. No problem. Hey, go ahead and buy another 100 feet of cables. You might want to insulate your cat's canoe with them.

The consequence of over-regulation: a Pelosiville springs up.To be fair to the banks, there is one real problem at the root of all this virtual heartache: over-regulation. Some real heroes like former senator Phil Gramm have done a lot to give banks and Enrons the freedom they need to exercise their American rights as corporations.

Unfortunately, certain people in government think that regulators should be peering over banker's shoulders. These big-government commies want nosy regulators snooping around to see just what is in the "books" and what all those "numbers" and "trillions" are about.

There aren't any regulators anymore, but they could "mount up" again at the drop of a hat. This could cause the worst possible scenario for a bank. Worse than failure! It's called "oversight" and it means the bank can't do any fun things anymore like give loans to dead family members, dogs, or imaginary clowns.

Banks are so fun and creative and love to use their imaginations. Oversight would stifle their creativity terribly.

When these sorts of hysterical fits strike our nation's financial industry people like to assign the blame to someone. It's obvious this whole thing is blown out of proportion by the Chicken Littles on Wall Street, but if I have to point the finger at someone it's easy.

You.

It's all your fault. You didn't believe in them hard enough. If you don't believe in a bank with all your heart it might just stop believing...in itself.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

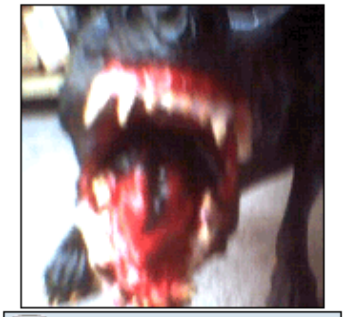
9.15 Barkwire.com Dog Reviews: El Craneo Negro

Wednesday, Sep 17, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Name: El Cráneo Negro
Breed: Unknown
Age: Unknown
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: Single
Location: In and around Shaggy Butte
Rating:

(.5 out of 5 bones)
ePets: *El Cráneo Negro has been ePetted 0 times.*



PET THIS DOG
WRITE A REVIEW
ADD EL CRÁNEO NEGRO TO FAVORITES

EDITOR'S REVIEW: Ruthless and efficient, El Cráneo Negro is less a dog and more a force of nature. Whereas dogs like Vermin and Rusty thrived on creating chaos and discomfort, El Cráneo Negro carries out his evil actions in a sickeningly ordered manner. Since arriving in town, he has supplanted the dominate hierarchy, establishing himself as leader of the pack and instigating a wave of dog-sponsored terrorism on a scale never before seen in Shaggy Butte.

--BarkWire Senior Editor Chris Bluefield

User Reviews

30 Reviews for El Cráneo Negro - Displaying 20-24

BEWARE OF DOG
Posted by **ELMO STEPHENS** [**Read other reviews by ELMO STEPHENS**]
(1/2 Bone)

HAD FRIGHTFUL ENCOUNTER WITH EL CRANO NEGRO. WAS MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS WALKING PAST PERU UBU CHEVROLET WHEN I HEARD A SCARY HOWL. LOOKED AROUND. BIG DOG MATERIALIZED OUT OF THIN AIR IN FRONT OF ME. DOG WAS TURNED AWAY BUT LOOKING BACK AT ME OVER HIS SHOULDER. DOG STARED AT ME WITH COLD BLACK EYES THAT CLAWED AT MY SOUL. I STARTED TO CRY AND BIT MY KNUCKLES AND FELL TO MY KNEES BUT DOG JUST KEPT STARING. I BEGGED FOR MERCY AND EVEN WET MY PANTS. THE DOG JUST KEPT STARING. BEGGED

DOG TO GET IT OVER WITH AND KILL ME BUT HE JUST KEPT STARING. FINALLY HE WALKED AWAY. I THINK HE'S THE DEVIL AND I CANNOT GET HIS EYES OUT OF MY HEAD.

AM NEVER GOING OUTSIDE AGAIN. NEVER EVER EVER. NO LONGER LIKE DOGS. THIS IS LAST POST HERE SO BYE BYE.

ELMO STEPHENS

Attacked my son
Posted by **corwinj** [**Read other reviews by corwinj**]
(1/2 Bone)

My poor son has been through hell lately. First his hero Auspice is turned into a drooling maniac, then this little Cerberus shows up and tears the city apart. I thought he was on our side when he killed Vermin, but no, he's just as vile as any of them, if not more! Just yesterday he approached my son in the playground. My son is easily confused and not very bright so he went to pet him. Next thing you know my son is getting his hand sawn back together. It took ten of us to chase this dog off, and even then he didn't really run away, he just slowly walked away, looking over his shoulder the whole time with those devil eyes of his.

My son hasn't spoken since the incident. He just rocks back and forth and mumbles. I fear he may never be the same again.

I swear to god I'm buying a gun and shooting every dog I see.

---

unban BiGDOG
Posted by **KiNGDAWG** [**Read other reviews by KiNGDAWG**]
(1/2 Bone)

unban BiGDOG

AN EVIL KILLER!!
Posted by **almam** [**Read other reviews by almam**]
(1/2 Bone)

this bad dog attacked and killed chattanooga!! right after he and promise just got back together!! she is going ot be so sad now. :(

promise we love you!! please don't be sad!! :(:(

Tim eforchange
Posted by **Doctor Dog** [**Read other reviews by Doctor Dog**]
(1/2 Bone)

WeneedtostaSorrymyspacebar isbrok en!Thangon

Time for change
Posted by **Doctor Dog [Read other reviews by Doctor Dog]**
(1/2 Bone)

Sorry for that last post. As I was saying, we have tried to be respectful and reach out to these feral dogs, but it is simply not safe for us to do that anymore. They are attacking us, our children, and, worst of all, our beloved pets.

Animal control in this town hasn't responded to phone calls in weeks. It's obvious they've abandoned ship and fled. What I'm proposing may sound crazy, but desperate times call for desperate measures. I think we need to convince somebody at the city zoo to release a few lions. Just for a couple weeks until these feral dogs are all dead. We can keep our pets indoors during this time to keep themsafe.

Before long things should return to normal.I'mgoingACKSORRYtobri ngthisupatthe ne xttown-hallmeeting andaskthatyou allbackmeup o n this.It'stime wetakebackourcity.

REPORT ON EL CRANEO NEGRO
Posted by **RandyF [Read other reviews by RandyF]**
(1/2 Bone)

HEARD THIS DOG HAS BEEN RAISING CAIN ALL AROUND TOWN. NOT SURPRISED BASED ON DOG'S HISTORY. DOG HAS BEEN LEAVING A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION ACROSS SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA FOR YEARS. DID A LOT OF RESEARCH. HAD UNCLE LEVI'S BRIDE TRANSLATE. NOTES ARE AS FOLLOWS.

DOG WAS TRAINED IN SCHOOL OF THE AMERICAS FOR DOGS. TAUGHT TO KILL WITHOUT MERCY. SERVED IN DEATH SQUADS FOR MILITARY JUNTAS.

UNKNOWN DATE: INVOLVED IN SLAUGHTER OF VILLAGE. SURVIVING VILLAGE PRIEST CURSED DOG. DOG NOW IMMORTAL??? NEED MORE INFO TO DETERMINE.

PRIOR TO SHAGGY BUTTE, LAST SIGHTED IN PANAMA. LEFT IN A HURRY. SAID TO BE FLEEING UNKNOWN PURSUER.

HOW HE GOT TO SHAGGY BUTTE IS A MYSTERY. WHAT OF PURSUER IN PANAMA? ALWAYS LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER? QUESTIONS NEED ANSWERS.

Not Again!
Posted by **Hector [Read other reviews by Hector]**
(1/2 Bone)

I prayed I would never see this beast again. El Diablo we called him. The Devil.

I left the old world behind to get away from beasts like this. Yet he follows me here? Unbelievable!

This horrible dog and all his minions are tearing this community apart. If we don't stop him, no one will be spared. Everywhere I look I see these rotten dogs sowing the seeds of destruction. Obscenity? Bucephelus? What hell are these beasts coming from?

I did not travel this far from home to have my children walk amongst killers.

GUESS WHO'S BACK, BUSTER
Posted by **BiGDog [Read other reviews by BiGDog]**
(1/2 Bone)

YOURS TRULY is back to lay down some knowledge!

First of all, BiGDOG wants to offer a big apology to everyone hurt or offended over the last few months. Seems like I might have been rude and disrespected some of you. What I did was not cool! I am very sorry to the mods of this board and thank them for allowing me to contribute again.

Now that that's out of the way, time for BiGDOG to drop some bombs!! El Craneo Negro: what can I say? Oh, I don't know, everything? Heck, at first I thought he was just some dumb dog from the county, but then I did some research of my own. Talked with a buddy on Perro Loco, one of the largest dog review sites in Latin America, and got some solid intel.

If my sources are correct, this dog is one stone cold killer. RandyF was right on the money (major kudos to a fellow dogthusiast!) about that. Apparently this dog isn't scared of anything... well except for that one dog he left for dead back in Nicaragua some time ago. Apparently some CIA mutt he tried to kill... but couldn't. Would love to know more about that dog!

Gotta say, this mutt makes Vermin and Rusty look like amateur hour. I can't tell you how much this makes BiGDOG pine for the friendly, can-do attitudes of great dogs like Flagship, Overcoat, Entertainer, Atom Smasher, Dunlap, Dusty Derby, and Tuscaloosa. Of course it wouldn't be a dog show without an appearance by the Gold Standard - Panzer.

With due respect to my fellow dog fans!!

Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

JESUS ****ING CHRIST
Posted by **K9Fan [Read other reviews by K9Fan]**
(1/2 Bone)

I was jogging in the park when I witnessed what is easily the most horrific sight of my life. I heard a whimpering in the woods not far from the trial, so I went to investigate. I came across poor Auspice, alive, with his stomach ripped wide open. El Craneo Negro was slowly eating him alive.

I was frozen in fear. That evil dog just stared at me, guts hanging out of his mouth, snout drenched in blood. I could swear that monster was smiling at me, but those eyes... man, those eyes. Auspice was clearly wide awake, whimpering like a scared pup. I backed up very slowly, then ran like hell. I've been sober for two years, but I'm ready for a drink.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.16 The Metrolink Creep

Thursday, Sep 18, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Rush hour on Metrolink.

These days it's not too uncommon for those of us in Southern California to turn on the TV and see a couple of cars from our regional rail network toppled over on their sides and on fire.

In 2002 a freight train collided with a Metrolink commuter train in Placentia, killing two. The crash was caused by two BNSF engineers who were too busy chatting to notice a yellow signal. By the time they saw the red it was too late to avoid a collision. Judging by railroad hiring standards these days, that must have been some *stimulating* conversation.

Then in 2005 a man placed his SUV on the tracks in Glendale. The SUV was struck by a southbound Metrolink train which caused it to jackknife and hit a parked freight train on one side and a northbound Metrolink train on the other. 11 died. First responders from the nearby Costco were praised for their quick work in delivering first aid supplies to the victims of the crash, but drew criticism when they asked to see membership cards before administering help.

And now we have Chatsworth. Engineer runs a red and hits a freight train head on. 26 people are dead. Guinness arrives at the scene a short while later and declares a new winner.

When you see such a tragedy unfold live on television the first thing that usually comes to mind is how you can use this unfortunate event to further your own agenda and point fingers at high-ranking government officials. Before the bodies were cold the soulless vultures who follow mass transit in Southern California and elsewhere descended on the Internet with their "I told you so's" and armchair investigations. Suddenly everybody became an expert.

LA County supervisor Zev Yaroslavsky may still be a jerkoff but Denise Tyrrell is all class.

Metrolink spokesperson Denise Tyrrell was criticized early on for stating the facts, that one of their engineers ran a red signal. She didn't say anything else. She simply told the truth, which was that the guy ran a red and who the hell knows why. She was accused of shifting the blame from the agency to a dead man. I say this woman is a goddamn hero. She's the first spokesperson for a public agency to *not* lie to our faces!

And you know how I know she was right? She quit. She left a seemingly cushy job that normally consisted of telling people, "We don't have any new information at this point in time (and by the time we do we're hoping you'll have forgotten about it)." The NTSB reports that have come out so far all support her initial announcement.

Metrolink itself was criticized for opposing Positive Train Control, a mechanism that would stop trains automatically should the engineer not comply with signals, because it's too costly. I know, I know, the big bad government agency doesn't care about safety. But have you seen how mass transit

is funded these days? Jesus, even after this accident the only California budget proposal that has even come close to passing includes $89 million in budget cuts to the MTA and $13 million in cuts to transportation for the rest of Los Angeles County.

But you can't put a price on human lives! Well then, let's put a measure on the November ballot that would increase taxes to raise funds to install Positive Train Control systems on Metrolink and see if you want to pay for it. Apparently the price of 26 lives is $2.3 billion. But yeah, let's go ahead and vote no on every single transportation measure in California and vote for anti-mass transit representatives and then call Metrolink unsafe.

Then information about the engineer starts leaking out, each successive layer of detail causing you to mutter to yourself, "Jesus Christ..."

If you're wondering where the Metrolink locomotive is, well, it's in there somewhere.

It turns out, that this Metrolink engineer, charged with the task of keeping hundreds of people safe on their journey from Downtown Los Angeles to Ventura County, was text messaging while operating a 220 ton locomotive. And he wasn't just texting his ho like most of us do, he was exchanging messages with teenage railfans.

These are the same kind of railfans I've discussed before, the kind that consider the whole of Southern California's rail network to be their personal life-sized model train set. They go out every other day and shoot videos of the Amtrak and Metrolink trains and share them on YouTube. Hey, assholes, we're trying to commute here!

But they aren't passive observers. No, they have to bother the conductors and the engineers and apparently, befriend them! They don't want to talk to girls in their class. They want to talk to fat middle-aged men who work on the railroad!

Your opinion of the fact that this engineer was texting these kids while he was operating a commuter train puts you in one of two camps. If you thought that this guy was just a mentor to these boys, a kind of "train hero" that they looked up to, and that this whole thing was "just a mistake", then you are part of the pussy generation that doesn't keep score in Little League games anymore and should never reproduce.

But if the thought of a 44-year-old man texting young men about trains disturbs you, then you are a great American and should have some kids as soon as possible if you haven't already.

The mantra about this crash seems to be, "Don't be so quick to judge (anyone who isn't a high-ranking government official)." Whatever happened to judging? A man killed 26 people when he ran a red signal in Chatsworth that may or may not have been caused by him being distracted by his cell phone and we're the assholes if we suggest that he may have been vetting some train nerds in order to fuck them after his shift because he's a fat loser who is unable attract a mate who won't hang himself?

His only other companionship besides four miniature greyhounds was a 77-year-old woman who blew him off last Christmas. Unlike teenage railfans, she apparently had better things to do with her time left on this planet than hang out with this winner. Hey, hey, hey, don't be so quick to judge!

Combine all that with a criminal record consisting of stealing Xbox consoles and you've got the kind of guy you'd want operating a train with 300 people onboard. Ditch the pain at the pump and take

Metrolink, now with 33% more obese diabetic shut-ins!

Craig Williams, the father of the boy who was exchanging text messages with Sanchez before the crash, is trying to defend his son from criticism. Here's a guy who, when he first found out about this texting nonsense, should have given Robert Sanchez a knock on the door at his shack in La Crescenta and told him that if he didn't stop texting his son he would get an old fashioned ass kicking. No, his beef is with the media. WELL, PAUL MAGERS ISN'T TEXTING YOUR 'SPERGIN SON ALL DAY, CRAIG.

Your tax dollars at work.

I guess now we know why his kid is into trains.

But whatever you do, don't post comments about the fucked up engineer! People want to make the dead out to be saints. No, this guy was a creep. He was a creep in life and a creep in death.

Whether the guy was distracted by his phone, went into diabetic shock, had a heart attack, or decided to end his miserable life, this whole thing is fucked up.

As a reminder for those of you who died in last Friday's Chatsworth accident, you are eligible for reimbursement under Metrolink's Quality Service Pledge. Under this program commuters who are delayed more than one hour from the published train schedule are entitled to a replacement ticket or a universal 4-trip ticket, depending on your type of pass.

Claims can be made to Metrolink Quality Service Pledge, Passenger Services Dept., 700 South Flower Street, 26th Floor, Los Angeles, CA 90017.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

9.17 Rioting for the Disabled

Friday, Sep 19, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Somebody must have won the big game and/or been shot to death by police while unarmed.

Rioting is a vital component of a healthy democracy. Without rioting Americans would never be able to gather in large inebriated masses and violently express our emotions. Riots are what happens to peaceful protests if you add enough anarchists and cops. They are also what happens to sporting events when you add enough beer.

I have never been in a riot, but I think I would like to try it out. I wouldn't want to be the guy who throws the Molotov cocktail or gets shot by the police water cannon. Maybe I could just kick a door a few times and scuff it up or throw a few grapes at a brick wall. I can work my way up to the real brutality like setting fire to a trashcan or spray-painting a picture of a horse on the side of a bus.

I think I would also be pretty good if they need a guy to hold a stick and raise it up and yell, "Nooooo!" I'm tall and I've got a bunch of sticks in my backyard. I can yell pretty loud.

The main thing holding me back from rioting is the idea of being tear-gassed. That and all the walking. I don't really want to spend all day walking around just to be forced to cry. It doesn't look like there are many good places to sit in a riot. I would also need to buy one of those camelbacks to stay hydrated and those are pretty pricey.

I also don't like rubber bullets. They sound fun, but I don't think they are because I read about a guy who died from one. You usually can't die from fun things that aren't drugs. Well, I guess you can die from jumping on the trampoline too high. That's probably pretty fun.

Rioting seems like it's the sort of thing everyone should do at least once. Even handicapped people should riot.

Not fun!

Maybe it's the bank failures talking, but I've been obsessed with the idea of handicapped people rioting since I read about the blind masseurs rioting in South Korea. Starting in 1963, masseurs in Korea had to be blind. I'm not sure why, but I suppose massage is one of the only jobs where being blind is an advantage. It's pretty much just blind massage and blind erotic massage.

Then the South Korean government decided to ruin a good thing by granting massage licenses to people who can see. This is making the blind masseurs furious since being a masseur is just about the only job they can have in Korea. In response to this they have started rioting, holding up signs, fighting with police, and jumping off of bridges in acts of defiance.

Imagine the determination that requires. Even on a purely organizational level, getting hundreds of blind masseurs together on a bridge is a major achievement. Add in the rioting and it's like one of those identical twins conventions getting crashed by dozens of sets of angry triplets.

I wouldn't even begin to know how to train a seeing-eye dog to riot.

The obvious downside to the blind masseur riot is that it would be pretty easy for the police to stop it. They can put a ramp down in the middle of the road and drive a truck up to the ramp. When the blind masseurs march up the ramp they would be walking right into the back of the truck. When

its full, the cops close the doors and drive them to the blind jail.

Operation rolling thunder prepares to tear down capitalism on the way to Arby's.

It's interesting to consider how various handicaps might effect rioting.

A deaf riot would either be completely silent or a cacophony of overlapping tuneless chants. The rioters probably wouldn't heed very many police warnings.

There was a riot in the Netherlands or Denmark or one of those little countries that helped the Nazis that was all people in wheelchairs. I think they were mad about ramps. I mean to say they were angry about there not being ramps, not to suggest they were wild for ramps and just expressing that.

Rioting in a wheelchair probably would be pretty easy, you would just have to accept some limitations. Dalek rules rioting. No flipping cars unless you have a really big lever. No gravel or pools. No staircases, which really sucked for them because they were pretty much protesting staircases.

A wheelchair riot could be scary for the police if the cops made the mistake of setting up their line at the bottom of a hill.

A good thing about a riot is that it creates a lot of shared memories for you and your friends. When you see that girl you like from the office you can ask her, "Hey, were you at that riot?"

"No," she might reply, "but I did hear about it on TV."

That's your chance to reel her in!

"I was there," you could say. "I stabbed a lady cop in the side with a screwdriver."

Imagine how much sweeter that conversation might be if the riot being discussed was a riot of nothing but flipper babies. Thalidomide has probably been responsible for some pretty awesome riots.

What are chemtrails actually good for if not to get rid of the harlequin people?

If I were planning a thalidomide riot I would make a deal with the people rioting against nuclear power plants. If they let us use their gasmasks and hazmat suits we'll lend them all our flipper people. Just dress them up in some rags and they can walk around screaming incoherently like atomic rejects from *The Hills Have Eyes.*

My favorite disabled riot of all would be a harlequin fetus riot. I think it's purely hypothetical, because those things barely every live beyond a few months, but there's an apocalyptic riot. The line of cops would be routed and flee before the sight of baby walkers filled with mewling monsters. Their unblinking bloody eyes would transfix those riot police with the courage to stay behind and in the final moments of their lives they would turn the water cannons upon themselves.

Now I just have to think of something harlequin fetuses might be violently against. Skin? Do they hate pupils?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.18 Contingency Plans

Saturday, Sep 20, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The United States has a contingency plan in place to combat every conceivable threat on the planet. Most countries do - not because it's fun to doodle macabre wish lists of atrocities you'd like to try out on people with different accents (complete with little airplanes strafing stick figures in the margins), but because you would look like a total asshole if Jamaica sacked your capital overnight while you scrambled to respond with anything more than an official press release reading "WHAT".

The U.S. government classifies such contingency plans as top secret, as their disclosure would immediately render the country vulnerable until the creation of alternate plans. Naturally, these documents can only be accessed by the President, top ranking military personnel, and internet humorists.

I have to return this folder to the Department of Defense by tomorrow and the late fees are outrageous, so I'll just pull a few random plans from the stack and scan them for you guys.

Very Official Actual Top Secret Document
United States Department of Defense

Contingency Plan For Military Response To: A Bear

Scenario: Shhh, listen! What is that? Is that a bear rooting around outside?

Course Of Action: Have entire nation stay perfectly still, averting eye contact. Allow him to us back to his cave. Succumb to his every desire, biding our time as the sexually transmitted diseases do their work.

Secondary Course Of Action: Intimidate the bear by bragging about our country's fighting experience (more time logged in Street Fighter 2 than any other nation), pain tolerance (print out Something Awful's total pageviews), and hardcore-ness (popularity of tattoos, piercings and Criss Angel: Mindfreak).

Last Resort: Have someone shoot the bear with one of those tranquilizer darts.

Very Official Actual Top Secret Document
United States Department of Defense

Contingency Plan For Military Response To: Us, But From The Future

Scenario: We have come back from the future to take back the country as it was (is) before everything went horribly wrong, but our future selves must kill their past (our present) selves because they are unwilling to have roommates.

Course Of Action: Grapple with our future selves in one-on-one combat while a friend picks up a discarded gun and tries to figure out the right us to shoot.

Secondary Course Of Action: Commit suicide, preventing our future selves from ever existing.

Last Resort: Ask us from the future for our time travel device so we can go back to when air travel was much cheaper, then emigrate to New Zealand or some shit. If our future selves want this country so much, they can have it.

Very Official Actual Top Secret Document
United States Department of Defense

Contingency Plan For Military Response To: Superman

Scenario: Superman has knocked the President to the ground and continues to push the Commander-In-Chief every time he tries to get up.

Course Of Action: In no uncertain language, explain that if he does not desist, a photograph of Superman will be distributed to all ice cream stores in the country with "DO NOT SELL TO THIS MAN" stamped in very large letters.

Secondary Course Of Action: Have every soldier in the armed forces line up, then face off against Superman one at a time. Make sure some of the soldiers wield chains and switchblades.

Last Resort: Ask the President to apologize for publically describing Krypton as "on the whole, a pretty gay planet" on multiple occasions, going so far as to devote the entirety of his State Of The Union address to the assertion.

Very Official Actual Top Secret Document
United States Department of Defense

Contingency Plan For Military Response To: Diss Tracks

Scenario: A prominent hip-hop artist uses a song to launch a verbal attack on the United States.

Course Of Action: The standard rendition/waterboard/candy corning trifecta.

Secondary Course Of Action: Get one of those PSA rappers we used in the 90's to "cut a track" of our own and run it on national television. The lyrics could be something like:

"Well, I'm the rhyming football
and I'm here to say
That loving your country
is a-okay!

Well, I'm the rhyming football
and I'm here to say
That negative raps
are not okay!"

Last Resort: Reactivate Project: Tupac.

Very Official Actual Top Secret Document
United States Department of Defense

Contingency Plan For Military Response To: Volcano Island

Scenario: The shameful secret of Lava Island is revealed to the public in one magma-spattered afternoon of betrayal and retribution. When everything we've built is shaken, the machine doesn't fall apart - it becomes self-aware.

Course Of Action: Have all government officials board their pods and depart before the Architects arrive.

Secondary Course Of Action: Call the pod bay operator at home and make him unlock the pod bay doors so we can get in, even if he's eating supper or it's his birthday.

Last Resort: Find out the operator left his keys in the pod bay, have all government officials take turns punching him in the stomach.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.19 Surviving a Hurricane (in Ohio)

Sunday, Sep 21, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

I don't see what the big deal is about hurricanes. You know what I was doing when the last one hit? Drinking a Milwaukee's Best. I mean, sure, it didn't rain here, nor was there any other life threatening things except wind, but a hurricane is a hurricane. Right?

In case you don't know, the Midwest got kind of "slammed" by the remnants of Hurricane Ike. Though news channels focus on nothing but hurricanes during these months, the people around here weren't really prepared. I'm not really sure what it was classified by the time it got here, maybe it was still a hurricane, maybe a tropical storm, or possibly a real life recreation of the Winnie the Pooh cartoon "The Blustery Day." Regardless of the official title, the storm was strong enough to turn a mediocre Midwest city into a mediocre Midwest city filled with chaotic, overweight families. I saw a few out-of-the-ordinary things that I thought I would share.

Whoops

Sunday 14th The Day of the Storm Unfortunately, the Buckeyes lost to USC the night before. Had they won, thousands of white trash OSU students would still be celebrating with the ceremonial dumpster fires. My wish to see the entire fan base of OSU whipped out in a single natural disaster came so close. I was watching the Cincinnati Bengals game on television when the announcer mentioned that 45,000 Cincinnati residents lost power. I laughed to myself since Cincinnati, the Bengals, and the people living in the city suck. Five minutes later the first winds started in Columbus. My power goes out after the second gust. Maybe someone in Cleveland tried to laugh at the other two major Ohio "C" cities before realizing that Columbus and Cincinnati without power are still better than that shit hole. With the lights out, my internal clock got all screwy and I started

drinking at 3pm. By five I was all out of beer, so I started walking to the grocery for more. Twenty elderly women still wearing their Sunday best along with a dozen minivan mothers were loitering outside the store. I forced my way through the crowd only to come face to face with my worst nightmare. Well, that is what he wanted me to think. A boy, no older than fifteen, was blocking the door. He was wearing the same red poloshirt uniform like all the other cashiers and stockers, but his popped collar and Oakley sunglasses were his own personal touch. I tried to walk past, but he quickly grabbed my shoulder.

"Whoa bro. Back of the line, just like everyone else." He said, adjusting his white sunglasses. The kid was some sort of grocery bouncer, and he is enjoying every moment of it. The women were getting increasingly frustrated. A few beg for acceptance, but the kid just smirked and said the power's out.

"What about produce?" A woman screamed from the back.

"Nope. No produce."

"Frozen dinners?"

"Those are gone too."

"Beer?"

"Yeah, we got that." He said, moving out of my way. Hell yeah.

I walked into the dark grocery store. People keep bumping into one another. as they wander down the few aisles still stocked with food. An old man trips nearby, sending his five boxes of saltines flying across the floor. I wanted to help, but I was on a mission. I kept wandering deeper and deeper into the store until I reached the back. I used my cellphone to light up the broken cooler. All the beer was warm except one case which was wedged in the bottom. It's Milwaukee's Best, but at least the cans were still sweating.

The sidewalk was blocked on my way home. A giant sycamore had fallen during my grocery trip, taking out a house, one of those cement geese, and a few finely trimmed bushes. A few kids playing on the enormous branches, working their way up to the second floor of the house, while their parents smiled from the portion of their not-quite destroyed porch. A near by car alarm was going off from falling branches, but despite the danger, the children play. I hardly look at the people though, since my eyes are glued on other nearby trees. I wanted to warn them, but instead decided to walk faster. I may be a pussy, but at least I had the last case of cold beer in Columbus.

Monday 15th Irony is hard to come by. People are always saying how something is ironic, but they're wrong 90% of the time; however, this whole hurricane thing has given me a nice opportunity. Apparently, all our hurricane relief workers were sent to Texas. Texas needed the extra people, but our state was then helpless in doing even the simplest of tasks. Sure, electricity wouldn't return for another five days, but I think it was worth it.

People were in a general panic. The streets (and the upper stories of some houses) were filled with trees. Everything in the fridge started to spoil. I attempted to cook a microwave dinner over a fire in my backyard. Failure.

I spent the rest of the day weaving around the city for a ice, but everyone is sold out. A man walked out of a gas station holding the last seven bags. Out of complete desperation, I asked if he could spare one, but he says he is saving them for the rest of the week.

"How are you supposed to save ice without a freezer?"

"Fuck you." He replies. Touché.

Uh-Oh

Tuesday 16th Food shortages. Only McDonald's had power, and a man can only eat so many french fries before his mind slips. The streets were lined with filled trashcans. Some people weren't even putting their spoiled products in bags, it all just sat there. A breeze smelling like rotten dairy would pass by every once in awhile.

I saw a young boy ride by on a bike before dusk. He had something dead strapped on the back with a few bungee cords. I couldn't get a good look as he zoomed by, but I'm pretty sure it was a groundhog, either that or a cat, possibly an Indian scalp. I'm not suggesting that he's some feral boy planning on eating the thing, but his hands were caked in maroon and the dried blood stained the majority of his shirt as he pedaled by my house. A hunter/gatherer society seems to have risen from the ashes of civilization.

The batteries on my flashlight died while I was doing a crossword puzzle. I just sat in the darkness for a while. I felt pathetic about my boredom. For centuries, people lived with the darkness, but I only last three days. I go to bed around 9pm.

Wednesday 17th Dark. Boring. The trees leaning against the power lines were still there. No one has attempted to move it. Hell, no one in the city has even looked at it. Maybe that is why the power is out.

Thursday 18th Also dark.

Friday 19th My power comes on at 3am. Every light on my house flashed on at once. I jumped out of bed, not from excitement, no, I thought I had died. Once I figured everything out, I went around the house turning off the lights. Why is every light switch in my house flipped on?

I realized the next day that my neighbors were still powerless. Suckers. Though they were forced

to spend every night in the dark, the majority of the panic has passed. The branches were neatly stacked in front of houses. No one was picking them up, but they looked nice anyway. Suburban housewives began bragging about how they suffered more than other families. The minor disaster had already transformed to a major exaggeration. At work, I heard a man mention how the storm was (and I quote) "our 9/11." People were arranging the debris on their lawn to make the situation look worse. The news covered two topics: Hurricane Ike and the next Buckeye game. I go to sleep hoping that my wish will come true.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.20 CONEX Convict Connections: "Esoteric Orders"

Monday, Sep 22, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the CONEX Convict Connections series.

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩For Sale ⟩Rounder Shit

BIBLE WITH A SECRET ASS LIGHTER IN IT!!

Holla At: 9 Pickles @ D Block on 2
Askin: Carry shit for a nigga, some paper or somethin GET WORD
Niggas word: **IS BOND** (22 in last 3 months)

Yo yall not gon believe what my nigga landline put up in this fucking bible. Check this shit out. I talked to landline and he say if you take a bible and you getcha sharp dime you use that edge and you cut into the bible and you make a little square out there. Shit take forever, but when you done you just put some spit up on the sides and get them pages to glue together real good and you go a secret compartment.

You could do this shit yourself H.P. Shivcraft and Moneymaker Don Johnson got theyself a whole secret ass library of shit. They took them thick ass books off the cart nobody never read like them battlefield earth books and they made theyself all kind of compartments. They smuggle shit on the cart with that shit nigga.

That fool T-Bone in H-Block got all the parts for some clavo ass shit like an orrery Short Eye Ted

made him out of spoons. Put that shit together and is all requestin admiralty charts from a nigga for some reason now. If yall in D-Block holla at Spooky Detroit, Rat Shaman, or Dan Hitler and they move that shit where you need it to go on they book cart.

But why you bother with makin this shit? I hook you up straight nigga. You sail straight through any heat wave nigga. True.

- **Location:** Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 2
- **Smuggles to:** North American Panopticon, Mexico Territory Corrections, 5Max, SlamCorp, Pan-Europe Reprogramming, Da Hoosegow(TM) (lower 48 only), Sam's Shitlist

InmateID: 83520398356

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩For Sale ⟩Convict Lore

L@@K⟩⟩⟩⟩Teach U Crazy shit make time fly⟨⟨⟨⟨

Holla At: C-Zar @ D Block on 4
Askin: nigga 2 stand point every day while I get mine with my mustache girl Thick Sandy
Niggas word: **IS BOND** (9 in last 3 months)

WHAT THE FUCK IS UP NIGGAS YO I AM 15 IN ON TRIPLE LIFE I GOT SENT ON ON ACCOUNT OF SOME BULLSHIT INVOLVIN SOME EDANGERED ASS SPECIES AND A FALSE WITNESS SAYING I DONE A FELONY BODILY RAPE ON A ANIMAL I AINT NEVER HEARD OF

DONT BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU HEAR ON 2 THEY IS BITCHES DOWN THERE

C-ZAR IS GOT YOU WHAT YOU NEED IT SAY IN THE BIBLE:

GIVETH A NIGGA A FGI PROTEIN BAR AND A NIGGA EAT FOR A DAY GIVE A NIGGA A SHANK AND TEACH HIM TO POUND A KIDNEY ON A FOOL COME OUT PC LIKE A NIGGA FORGET HE ROLL OVER AND YOU GET ALL HIS SHIT INCLUDING HIS JACK MAGS AND HIS CIGARETTES

C-ZAR GOT CLASS IN SESSION AND FALL TERM IS STARTIN SO YOU BEST SIGN UP SON IF YOU DONT WANT TO MISS OUT

THIS SEMESTER A NIGGA WILL LEARN

- brewin up some cherry spitwine from red drank you hold in your cheeks and put in a cup back in the cell
- teachin lessons with a pillowcase and batteries
- creepin up on a nigga unseen by him, his, and the ninja turtles in delouse line or in the big eat
- make a cell wife outta platic puddin tops rubberbands and the hair you pull out the shower drain
- bitin a nigga when he try to yoke a nigga

+MUCH MUCH MORE

THIS SHIT IS THE BEST COURSE IN CONVICT ISSUE YOU GONNA FIND SO DONT BE FOOLED BY NO IMITATORS ON 2 OR 3 I DRIP MY PISS ON THEM NIGGAS

COURSES OPEN FOR FOLLOWERS OF THE WHITE BROTHERHOOD, THE ARYAN CIRCLE, AND LATIN SAINTS NIGGAS WHO DONT LOOK TOO MEXICAN

- **Location:** Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 4
- **Smuggles to:** North American Panopticon (Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 4-13 and Tier 1 ONLY)

InmateID: 9000388938

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩For Sale ⟩Unbelievable Clavo Shit

Ancient Guards Skull 4 REAL

Holla At: spooky clavo shit 4 real 4 u @ D Block on 13
Askin: paper, smokes, or other clavo shit
Niggas word: **IS BOND** (313 in last 3 months)

Check this shit out...

Spooky clavo shit 4 real 4 u is proud to present you a real ass guards skull from bible times or some shit. We got this crazy ass shit from T-Bone in H-Block who got it from some diaper sniper he did on his tier. He told us, and we aint got no reason to doubt T-Bone, that this shit once belonged to Lil' Zendrach, HNI of the Esoteric Cosa Nostra.

Esoteric Cosa Nostra was some bad ass niggas up in K-Block with which no nigga ever before would want to fuck. This Zendrach nigga so hardcore he never even got no issue from the company. He was motherfucking BORN in this shit from some bitch in split tail X-block and a jackal. Lil Zendrach came out stabbin' and callin' niggas fools and the ninja turtles just turned they ass around and left him. What is a nigga gonna do outside anyway?

Lil' Zendrach on his first day as a baby made ten niggas his bitch and did a guard who looked him in his third eye. I don't even know. T-Bone said some other crazy shit about salt or some shit and dead things that live, but it was creepy as hell in H-Block.

You been up in there?

Shiiiiiit. Powers all out and shit, screams coming out of vents. Niggas writing up on the walls in blood. Ninja turtles drive around in little armored cars down on the bottom tier, ain't never come out except to pick up bodies.

2 be true 2 u spooky clavo shit is findin this creepy ass skull 2 clavo even for our shelf. Just take this shit off our hand.

- **Location:** Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 13
- **Smuggles to:** North American Panopticon, Mexico Territory Corrections, 5Max, SlamCorp, Pan-Europe Reprogramming, Da Hoosegow(TM) (lower 48 only), Sam's Shitlist

InmateID: 777778787832323

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.21 A Brief History of Skull Island

Wednesday, Sep 24, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

The captain observed the distant landmass through his trusty spyglass. It was dark, but the silhouette of the island stood out from the surrounding sea and cut a jagged hole in the night sky that blackened out the stars.

"Skull's Island!" He cried out. "We're naming that island after me -- Captain Skull."

The next morning, at the break of dawn, the explorers set foot on Skull's Island for the first time. It was October 17, 1830.

By sheer coincidence, the entire island was completely covered in human skulls. The explorers were amazed at the staggering number of skulls stretching out for miles before them, and also that there was no evidence of any native life. If ever there was any life on Skull's Island, it had long since been buried.

"A grim sight loomed before us," wrote Captain Skull in his journal. "As awe-inspiring as horrifying, here is Death's personal chest-of-drawers, the terrible trophy case where he keeps his most precious treasure: millions of human skulls."

So entranced by the novelty of a skull-covered island, Captain Skull decided almost immediately to establish a permanent settlement. Skull Town he named it, after himself. The modest population of 32 men began at once the daunting task of making room for the gestating community.

They started by moving skulls out of a particularly promising section of the island's inland, piling them up on top of some skulls in a nearby area. The work seemed fruitless at first, as the skulls were piled at least 15 feet deep in places.

"So many skulls," Captain Skull wrote on October 21, 1830. "I dare not imagine where they came from."

After days of work, and with the hot tropical sun beating down mercilessly, the men had finally reached soil. In doing so, they had walled themselves in on all sides. The men had built a prison for themselves - a prison with skulls instead of bars.

Cut off from the few men that remained aboard Captain Skull's ship, Skull Town had no resources to sustain itself. Eventually the men of Skull Town turned to organized crime to supplement their incomes and food rations, and, finally, hair-pulling and cannibalism.

There would be no escape for the settlers of Skull's Island. With the settlement of Skull Town a failure, Captain Skull made one last entry in his journal on November 15, 1830. "All these skulls... soon we will be lost among them."

True to his word, the settlers of Skull Island died, with their bodies and skulls disappearing into the already massive collection of skulls. Skull's journal survived, conveniently preserved inside a particularly hardy skull, of which there were many... too many, perhaps.

Over the next century, Skull's Island proved a favorable destination for curious sailors, explorers, and notable figures. Mark Twain visited the island, and so too did Theodore Roosevelt. In time the name was shortened to Skull Island, and stories and legends began traveling the globe. Some said Captain Skull's ghost haunted the island, or that it was full of savage natives. One popular rumor even suggested that Skull Island was full of animated skeletons. This was not true, as Skull Island was almost exclusively for skulls and not other bones.

During World War II Skull Island was briefly converted into a naval station, but the incalculable mass of skulls covering the landscape made it impractical for any real use. Still, the few structures built by the United States Navy later served as a basis for further settlements.

New Skull Town flourished in the 1950s, with its exotic restaurants and art shops. Visitors came to observe the harrowing sight of millions of skulls while sipping cocktails out of skulls and purchasing quaint sculptures (skullptures as they were marketed as) made out of skulls.

Unfortunately, this rabid tourism led to extensive over-mining of the skulls. The once mountainous piles of skulls began to dwindle in size, revealing an extraordinarily mundane tropical paradise. With skulls growing ever scarcer and harder for private citizens to obtain, the island's population began to shrink.

The growing economic and social crisis led to decades of political instability, with new leaders claiming power on an almost yearly basis thanks to a strange system of voting. Meanwhile, greedy private interests like the Skull Island Reclamation Company vied for control of the island's remaining skulls, threatening the wealth and wellbeing of the common citizen.

Together with Colonel Crabb, Skull Island's notoriously-unstable ruler from 1969-1974, the Skull Island Reclamation Company succeeded in selling off the last of the island's most vital resource: human skulls. With the profits, they planted trees, vegetables, fruits, imported livestock, and built infrastructure, destroying the economy and cultural history of the island in the process.

In the 1980s, Prince Rutherford Conch, the self-proclaimed ruler of the newly-christened Skull Island Principality, succeeded in turning the island into a tax haven and center for money laundering. He was voted out of office after an unsuccessful bid to buy all of Cambodia's skulls in hopes of restoring Skull Island to its former glory.

Numerous schemes to restore the ecology of Skull Island have been proposed, but none address the issue of supply. Acquiring enough human skulls to cover an entire island is a daunting logistical challenge, not to mention a potential ethical liability.

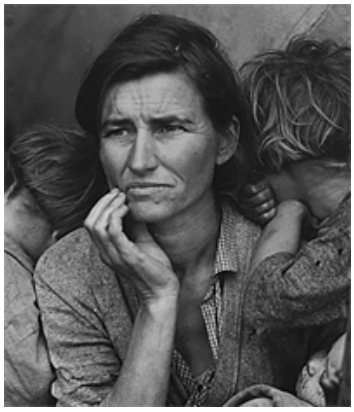
Much to the ire of its few remaining residents, Skull Island remains alive and green, with lush plants, trees, and grasses covering every inch of space. While it is now capable of fully supporting life, many residents of Skull Island long for the return of the golden days, when any one man could have to himself a gigantic pile of skulls.

As Captain Skull wrote in his journal on November 2nd, 1830, "Here in Skull Town the only currency is skulls, and each one of us men is rich beyond our wildest dreams. That is the promise of an island with millions of skulls."

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.22 An Unresearched and Reactionary Guide to the Upcoming Economic Holocaust

Thursday, Sep 25, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey



Boredom: a common symptom of Great Depressions.

In case you haven't been paying attention to the news, *we're fucked.* But it's not your fault--unless you're a multi-billion dollar bank or investment firm who can't get their shit together. If so, then congrats, you Jugheads of the modern business world; you're single-handedly responsible for ensuring that future generations of Americans will spend the entirety of their lives strapped to Chinese farming equipment.

I know I'm not one to talk--I've mortgaged my future via student loans to the point where this grilled cheese sandwich I'm eating right now will eventually end up costing me several hundred dollars. But my decisions hurt no one except me and my neighbors, who I wake up every night with my screaming night terrors infested with visions of future abject poverty.

Maybe if I had enough economical sway, I could talk the government into paying my credit card bill or get them to force my landlord into destroying the massive colony of wasps that makes my front wall the loudest in the county. I was given a trophy, but even the wasps don't respect that.

The government can only bail out so many businesses, which is why it won't be long before Predatory Lending Fuckups, Inc. comes running for help, only to be met with a stern look and horizontal shake of the head by a man dressed as Uncle Sam (this is how the economy works); then, this same man will get on a loudspeaker and say "The economy's over. Shut her down, boys." Following this, a gigantic lever will be pulled, causing everyone but the highest tax bracket to walk around with their pockets turned out and faces covered in soot.

When the next Depression hits, don't be surprised if your 19th-Century bootblack Halloween costume comes back into fashion because *you will never be rich.* But there's no need to feel sorry for yourself as you sit wondering which of your neighborhood cats is the tastiest; with the following tips, you'll ride out the next Great Depression in style.

Learn the Art of Hobology

If you think I'm about to make some hobo jokes, then you can go right to hell. Everyone knows that any humor even tangentially related to the hobo has been sucked dry by the Internet over the past few years--and this is exactly where you will prosper in our newfound economic hellscape.

Ohhh shit, bro. I seen that one!

Since you will undoubtedly be homeless, take advantage of the world's unquenchable thirst for irony and--with a little makeup and bindle-crafting--transform yourself into the modern-day hobo. This way, when you raid shantytowns for food and supplies, you will be welcomed with cries of, "A hobo? How random! You remember that Simpsons episode?" instead of getting murdered on the spot. While they're laughing like dopes, you'll be snatching handfuls of

chicken bones as well as the prettiest child to sell to passing hordes of white slavers.

Invest in Wii Points

With the value of the dollar dropping like a rock, it won't be long until Americans are wiping themselves with one-dollar bills instead of the standard novelty Osama Bin Laden toilet paper. Many are looking forward to this; after all, who wouldn't want fine pressed linen rubbing up against their tender parts?

All of your wildest dreams JUST CAME TRUE

On the practical side of things, when all of your money is worthless, you will be, too. My solution: drop all of your funds into an unchanging commodity, Wii Points. Do you know how many Wii Points Donkey Kong cost in 2006? 500. Do you know how many Wii Points this same game costs today? 500. You'll find that payment via Virtual Console games, while much more complicated than your standard cash or credit card transactions, is the only real way to keep your savings intact.

Let's say you want to get some McDonald's; all you have to do is exchange your friend code with that of the friendly clerk, then promise to send them a Virtual Console game of equivalent value to the disgusting food you're about to eat. Once the paperwork is signed, consider yourself the mayor of McDonaldland!

Note: the complete, nationwide lack of electricity might be a problem.

Living With Dust

Warning: vagrants have been known to hide in dust clouds in order to stage their secret, underground fighting tournaments.

A common problem that plagued the Great Depression were the frequent dust clouds caused by dirt and grime being lifted off of poor people and carried into fierce trade winds. These amorphous blobs of filth would travel across the nation, interrupting American citizens as they went on with their busy lives of despair and being hungry. It wasn't until one of these dust clouds enveloped a very important Presidential picnic in a nightmare of shade that Herbert Hoover decided something had to be done. The picnic was quickly moved to a different hill, and Mrs. Hoover's famous deviled eggs went untouched by the plight of our nation's poor.

Don't expect the same kind of executive action from the Obama/McCain/Palin administration; when complete darkness intermittently blocks out the sun for the rest of eternity, no amount of bumper stickers or "I Voted Today" pins is going to get any of the candidates to send FEMA down to help you--mainly because the funding for FEMA will soon be funneled into the new Congressional Fantasy Football League.

Why not get ahead of the curve and gouge your eyes out right now? Not only will you be able to adapt yourself to a world of blindness; you'll also feel a wave of superiority wash over you as panicked neighbors scream, "What's happening!? I can't see!" To this you will reply, "Advantage: me." Ignore the tears sputtering from your empty sockets like hose water

from a broken lawn sprinkler.

Lower Your Standards for Entertainment

If there's one thing a Great Depression is good for, it's making the most insulting entertainment a worthwhile escape from the desolate ruin that is your life. This explains director Howard Hawks' blockbuster hits, 1932's *Man Punches a Horse*, as well as 1933's *Man Punches a Horse 2: Also Cows*.

"I'll see you in your nightmares!" - Al Jolson

This was a time period when people would regularly pay to watch Al Jolson smear his face with shoe polish to imitate a black man on the silver screen - and it would have been somewhat of a novelty if racism wasn't mandatory, or if blackface wasn't once an accepted way to break the ice at high-society dinner parties and lighthearted lynchings.

So if you don't like Ben Stiller now, you'd best start; his comical misadventures with women and novelty pets will be pure euphoria to anyone who subsists purely on a broth made from boiled shoes and scented laundry detergent (AKA laundry water).

As far as I'm concerned, a world of post-economic rape will only serve to make me much, much funnier in the terms of relativity, and frankly, I see no problem with the changes necessary to make this happen. Get ready to laugh again, America!

"Yay."

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

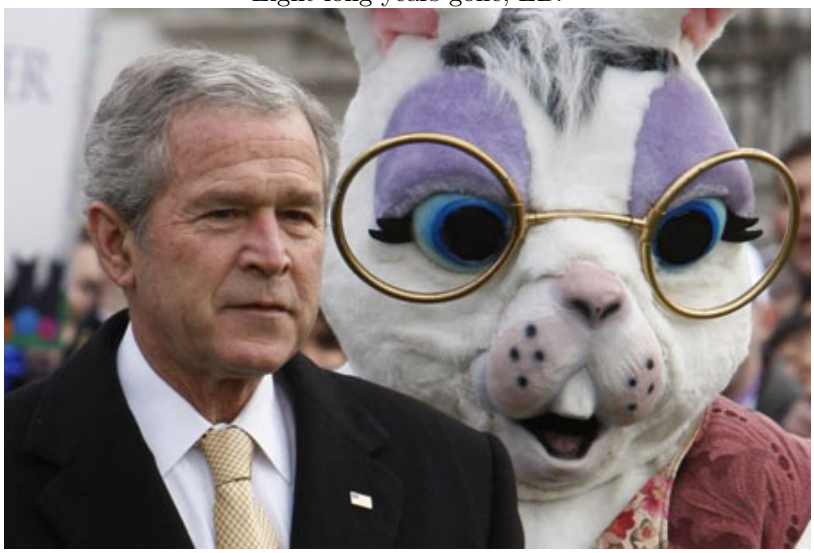
9.23 Interested Times

Friday, Sep 26, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

There's an old saying we have in Texas, maybe it was in China, well we definitely have it in Texas...

May you have a interested, live in...be interested times.

Eight long years gone, EB.



My arms are heavy now. These things I do are without light.

What will they say about me when I'm dust, EB?

Will they call me what I am in my heart or will I be a monster?

.

Sometimes...I hate to say this because it's so narcissistic...it almost feels as though when I walk out that door for the last time this country will cease to exist.

What will they do without me, EB? Without my country? Who will rule when we are gone? Europe? The Chinese? They had to cheat at gymnastics.

We'll be fine, EB. They need us. The whole order falls apart without us...

Tell Yuri to ready the helicopter. I have good news.

We're back.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.24 Peter Parker Writes The News

Saturday, Sep 27, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Spider-Man: A Really Great Guy

Peter Parker Senior Daily Bugle Photographer

Once again Spider-Man saved the day today, This time it happened at bank. Bank robbers had guns and yelled but then Spider-Man showed up alright.

One robber shot a bullet. Spider-Man's Spider-Sense tingled and he jumped out of the way and made a very funny joke. Then Spider-Man punched the robber. Then the other robber ran but I shot him with webs like a spider so he stopped.

Then the Vulture showed up. He showed up because the robbers were actually his HIRED THUGS. Spider-Man punched the Vulture. The Vulture flew and kicked and one kick hit Spider-Man. Spider-Man punched the Vulture again, This time the Vulture flew away but I was smart because Spider-Man shot a Spider-Tracer on the Vulture's wing so he can get him later once he's done typing this up probably.

The reporter speaks for everyone when he says: Thank you Spider-Man! Okay, thanks.

Local Man Wins Nobel Prize

Peter Parker Enjoyer Of Milk

A local man got a Nobel Prize by winning it. Way to go.

Also, Spider-Man saved a baby from an apartment fire. Then the baby turned out to be a robot!

The robot was programmed to kill Spider-Man but Spider-Man was having none of it. Spider-Man punched the baby. The baby punched Spider-Man. I punched the baby again. The baby shot a laser from its eyes but Spider-Man's Spidey-Sense tingled and he did a backflip.

Spider-Man webbed the baby in a stroller and pushed it into traffic.

Then the Green Goblin showed up! It turned out the baby was one of his tricky devices. Green Goblin threw a pumpkin bomb. I dodged it. Spider-Man shot a web. Green Goblin dodged it. Green Goblin flew away but Spider-Man shot a web onto the Green Goblin's hovering board and hung on for the ride.

The Green Goblin threw more pumpkin bombs down at Spider-Man. Spider-Man's Spider-Sense tingled and he dodged them. Spider-Man swung on his web and kicked Green Goblin in the neck. Green Goblin punched Spider-Man. I head-butted the Green Goblin. *(continued on 4E)*

Big News On The Stock Market

Peter Parker
Friendly Neighborhood Journalist

Mary Jane Watson is probably the most beautiful girl in the world.

She has red hair that's red like a red rose in a red sunset that you're looking at with 3-D glasses and you have one eye closed so you're looking out of the red lens and not the blue one.

She's so pretty that a normal guy wouldn't be worthy of her. She should go out with a superhero.

Not Captain America. All the girls like that guy but he's just a dude with a shield. Does that say "America, home of the brave" or "America, please don't hit me! I bruise easily!"

She shouldn't go out with Iron Man. wears armor because he looks horrible in spandex.

She should probably go out with someone charming and flexible, with a good sense of humor. Perhaps Spider-Man?

They would make a good couple.

Today the stock market collapsed and China bought the whole thing.

Spider-Man Takes On Sinister Six

Peter Parker
Not A Clone

Last night Spider-Man fought in an abandoned warehouse on the pier. He was fighting against the Sinister Six, a group of supervillains that can only be described as dastardly.

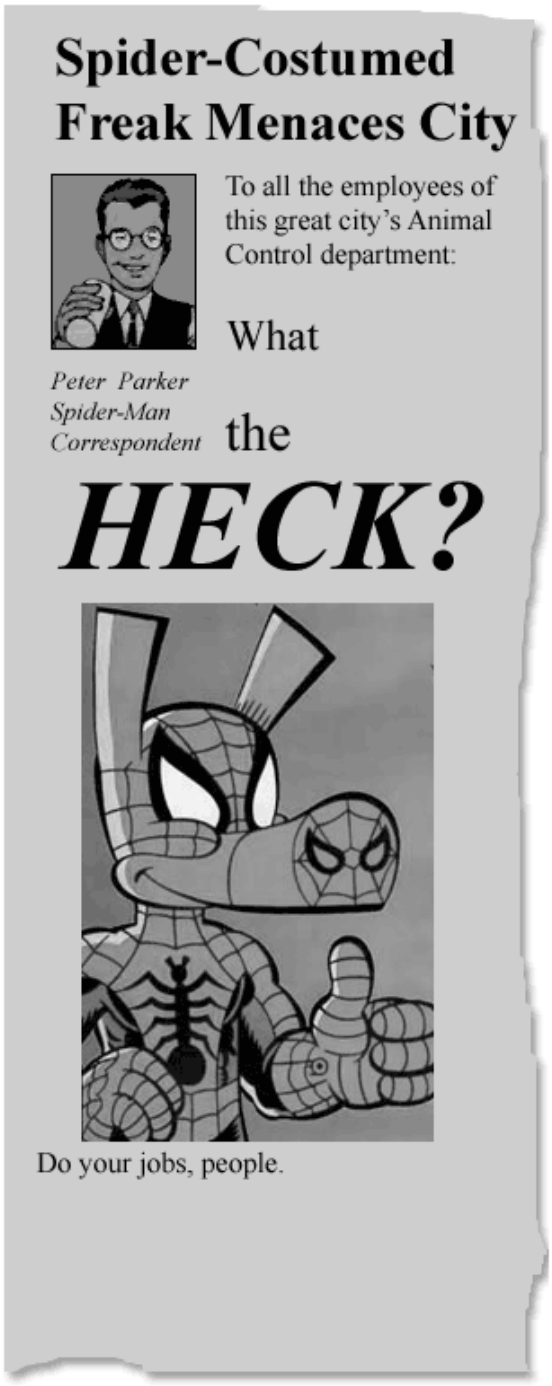
Doctor Octopus punched Spider-Man with an Octopus arm. Spider-Man kicked Mysterio in his glass head thing and boy did that smart my knuckles but good. Electro used electricity.

Spider-Man shot webs at Kraven. The Sandman turned into a sand castle and Spider-Man kicked the castle over. The Sandman punched Spider-Man. The Vulture flew away.

Spider-Man punched Doctor Octopus. Spider-Man punched Electro. Kraven punched Spider-Man. Sandman turned into a vase and I knocked it over. The Sandman punched Spider-Man.

The Vulture flew back and yelled, then flew away. Mysterio made the warehouse look like a grocery store. Spider-Man punched Mysterio. Everything went back to normal.

Doctor Octopus punched at Spider-Man with all eight of his octopus arms, but Spider-Man's Spidey-Sense tingled and he did a backflip. *(continued on 7C)*



-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.25 Cakefartin' Steve And Me

Sunday, Sep 28, 2008 by The Enigmatic Cakelord

I came into the world of cakefarts more or less accidentally. I never expected it to happen. I never expected to learn the things I know. I certainly never expected to meet Cakefartin' Steve.

i apologize in advance for this update

That's just life I guess.

Perhaps some backstory is in order.

This tale begins, as they so often seem to do, with the SomethingAwful forums. I was idly browsing one day, avoiding work as usual, when a thread caught my eye. The title was simple. "You know what I like the most? Cake farts." I was puzzled. I am not provincial or ignorant. I am well schooled both cakes and farts, and frequently produce piping hot and aromatic examples of each. Still, I couldn't for the life of me think how cakes and farts might be combined in a superlatively pleasing pastime. I entered the thread. There was a link to YouTube. I was curious. I clicked. I watched.

As it happens, "cake farts"--or, if you prefer the gerund, "cakefarting"--is pornography of women farting onto cakes. This video was the king of its kind. It was the archetype. The Ur-cakefart.

If you've been lucky enough to avoid watching it until now, allow me to set the stage:

A camera pans around an unassuming chocolate cake sitting on a kitchen counter. After a few seconds it cuts abruptly to the face of the film's star, a rather fetching young harlot who would look almost attractive if it weren't for her haphazardly cascading teeth and meth addled smile.

"*You know what I like the most?*" she croons, with the sort of coquettish whimper that can only come from a few hard years in a trailer park harem. "*Cake farts.*" She then wanders around the counter, trailing her hand seductively along its surface, naked from the waist down. She mounts the table. She straddles the cake with her back to the camera. She roosts upon it, settling down like a mother hen over a particularly prized egg. She leans forward to give the camera an unobstructed view of her rear. She moans.

And then she farts.

Over and over again. Roost, lean, moan, fart. Roost, lean, moan, fart. Roost, work the frosting deeper into her crack, cantilever onto her elbows, sigh lovingly, pucker her butthole like a the mouth of a petulant child trying to avoid his vegetables, and let loose with the sort of thunderous *PPPPHHHLLLBBBTT* that you imagine God trumpeting after downing the world's largest chili dog. Two solid minutes of this. By the end, I swore I could taste chocolate and smell methane.

In retrospect, cakefarts shouldn't have surprised me as much as it did. Strange pornography on the Internet is nothing new. In fact, I myself always assume that any link I click on will possibly take me to some new and horrifying website filled with conservative furries or religious sex toys. I am rarely disappointed. Nor was I surprised to see farts used as an erotic device. Such practice is, I am sad to report, altogether too common, and longtime readers of

SomethingAwful may be having flashbacks right now.

It was the cake that threw me. The birthday cake, the center of childhood innocence, the gravitational center around which revolve the balloons and presents and clowns with inadequate appreciation of personal space. To see it so ruthlessly defiled was a horrible and soul shattering experience. I knew that once YouTube found it they would delete it immediately, and this prime example of Internet decadence would be lost forever.

So, of course, I made a website and posted the video to it. Within hours, the traffic had overloaded my server and brought it crashing down as hundreds of thousands of people tried to trick their friends into watching a naked chick pass gas on a cake.

Meanwhile, my inbox flooded. There were cakefarting enthusiasts inviting me to their forums. There were fart porn actresses begging me to advertise their wares--short, downloadable movies with titles like "Public Fart Diaries: The Donut Shop 1" and "Public Fart Diaries: The Donut Shop 2." I wanted to ask the director what vision he had about farting at the donut shop that wasn't adequately addressed in the first volume but didn't dare.

I was up to my eyes in cake farts, barely able to breathe, when suddenly, out of the mist, arrived an email from the man I would come to call Cakefartin' Steve.

From: Steve Norris ⟨indiana_biker@hotmail.com⟩
Subj: i have more material for cakefarts
Body:

I think your website is excellent and I would like to suggest a few contribution to it:

1. I am the moderator of a yahoo club called "Women into Farting on Cakes". In it you will find a few links
and files dealing with cake-farting. I have about 20 photos. I am hereby giving you a full access to it, you
can use it freely. The site is FREE. http://ca.groups.yahoo.com/group/women_intofarting_on_cakes/

2. There is one more video I found - a free one - it's on rapidshare. In it, a girl named Mandy Taylor sits on,
farts on and then gives the cake a lap dance. http://rapidshare.com/files/79323483/cake.wmv
If you need more content, I got it for you. A couple of years ago I was at a forum, Queen of Farts, and I started posting scripts about women farting on cakes to see people's reaction. I was expecting to see what women would say, but to my surprise a couple of young sexy women, Ashleigh (the one in your video) and Mandy started farting on cakes. I was so turned on, it was unreal! Like a dream come true. **I ordered that video you posted by the way. One of my favorites!!**

This was amazing. I had to know more. I emailed him back to ask where he had developed these urges. And so my journey began.

From: Steve Norris ⟨indiana_biker@hotmail.com⟩
Subj: re: i have more material for cakefarts
Body:
It makes me aroused thinking that a woman can not only fart in public, which is considered taboo, and

not
only in the sexual sense, which is considered for most people like night and day, but also farting is usually not associated with being an adult. In this context, a woman will **WILLFULLY** release her gas on food items,
which is the ultimate taboo as body fluids and food are further apart as we're being educated since potty training age to abstain from mixing it up.

Now to trace it back, I think it dates back to cir 1990; I was at a motel room in Fla when I came across an
aging (+50) actress sitting stark naked on a bed in Vogue mag. She looked **gorgeous** (yes, I do find some
mature women really attractive); my mind started wandering and I was imagining her assistant pulling a
prank on her by sneaking behind her with a cake, unbeknownst to her. She happened to need to fart, so
naturally, not knowing of the presence of her assistant pulling tricks on her, she lets it go all over the cake,
assuming she was alone and no-one would notice. (Of course she didn't know about the cake). I really
don't know what made it so erotic -perhaps the voyeuristic and naughty nature of it - the assistant
watching her naked, the prank, her being a sexy older actress (I was 18 at the time), God knows what. I was in sexual **NEVERLAND.**

Ever since then I had a fixation pertaining to Women breaking winds on cakes. The best part is to fantasize
about smashing it in a slave's face and making him eat the fart-infested cake afterwards. Sort of a BDSM-
ish twist to it, huh? I'm not a shrink but I bet Freud would've something to say about cake-farting.

My curiosity piqued, I emailed Steve back, hoping understand the man behind the messages.

From: the enigmatic cakelord
Subj: i have some questions about cakefarting please
Body:
ok so that makes sense i guess

heres a question for you -- have you ever thought about UNWILLFUL cake farting? cake farting against her own will? like what if the lady has had alot of broccoli and she's walking through a cake store and all of a sudden she can't help herself she just has to fart and she's really ashamed and tries to run somewhere where there isn't cake but she can't because it's a cake store and the entire store is full of cake and then she just farts and everything is soiled in a cloud of fart

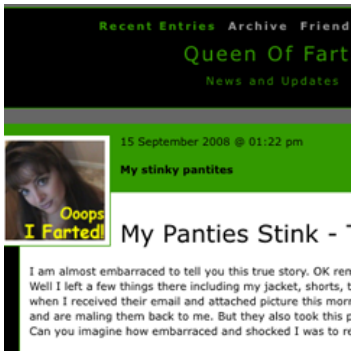
or conversely what if a woman was like sitting on a cake but she was recovering from taco night at chiquitos and a bunch of midgets just jump on her stomach til she slowly and unwillfully lets out a fart like a whoopee cushion made of flesh and blood

neverland is a good comparison i guess, remember that one scene in peter pan where smead farted??? TAKE THAT CAPTAIN HOOK!

are you personally into fart domination? like being dominated by a gust of buttwind? if so do you ever put your face over your master's butthole and open wide and close your eyes and imagine you are a pirate ship flying across the ass ocean and she's breaking wind right into your in your sails matey just fucking WHISKING barely touching water john fucking smith as the fart propels you on to a brighter and better tomorrow with a beautiful flatulent indian princess?

There was no turning back now. I was consumed by a desire to learn everything I could from Cakefartin' Steve. Sadly, our conversation soon took a turn for the worst.

From: Steve Norris ⟨indiana_biker@hotmail.com⟩
Subj: ok i will tell you about cakefarts
Body:


Recent Entries Archive Friend
Queen Of Fart
News and Updates
15 September 2008 @ 01:22 pm
My stinky pantites
Ooops I Farted!
My Panties Stink -
I am almost embarraced to tell you this true story. OK ren
Well I left a few things there including my jacket, shorts, t
when I received their email and attached picture this morn
and are maling them back to me. But they also took this p
Can you imagine how embarraced and shocked I was to re

I liked the two scenarios: 1. the fart at the cake store. 2. The cake-sitting fart. I'm not that much into fart domination, but I like to fantasize that a Dominatrix farts on food and lets her slave eat it afterwards.

I don't know the Queen of Farts that well. We chat once in a blue moon. She used to have a forum and that's
where I met Ashleigh and Mandy and they farted on cakes for me and made me happy and satisfied. Why cakes? Dunno. I guess I assume it absorbs the fart more easily. Pies are ok too. What prompted YOU to start a cakefarting website like that if I may ask?

He was losing focus. He was becoming inquisitive. I needed to wrest back control of the conversation before I lost my chance at cakefarting nirvana. I tried the hard sell--with disastrous results.

From: the enigmatic cakelord
Subj: PULL IT TOGETHER STEVE
Body:

no no it's not time for that steve we need to arrive at the root of your cakefarting obsession, i need to know more, i need to know what happens when you smell a fart in public, do you find yourself compulsively sniffing chairs and barstools in mexican restaurants, your fingernails scrabbling through the fabric and shoveling the smell into your desperate lungs, do your nostrils flare like a horse in heat as you whinny frantically for a whiff of another butt, like a dog, like an animal, a primal beast furiously marking its territory, a gassy balto in the arctic wilderness farting his way to save the children from diptheria, AAARRRRUUUUUU in the night with a thousand overwhelmed men gasping in the distance and collapsing and arriving at the shores of styx smelling like shit and salvation

farting is the window to a man's soul (as de tocqueville said) and i want to peer into yours and put on a diving suit and wander flippering through your acrid dreams

also what level of intensity is allowed in cakefarting? i've taken some pretty dynamic farts in my life but never onto cakes, i presume that pooping is frowned upon but what about a light but flavorful mist? please clarify!

oh and also i hope you asphyxiate on your own farts one night with tears streaming from your irritated

eyes and that your last thought is the strained revelation that you are human garbage

I think I came on too hard. Instead of sharing his secrets, Cakefartin' Steve retreated into anger and then madness. His emails became more and more disjointed and incoherent, possibly because he was suffering from methane poisoning. What follows are some excerpts from the dozens of emails he sent me in response.

From: Steve Norris ⟨indiana_biker@hotmail.com⟩
Subj: what the hell man
Body: ...Jesus you sound like Freud..lol Are you a man or a woman? I'm not THAT desperate. I don't sniff farts AT
ALL in public. I just fantasize about women farting on food among other things to get off. Tell me more
about yourself. I just watched Ashleigh's meatball farts. Pretty sexy girl, ain't she?...

...The only way I would tolerate your abuse is if you're a Dominatrix woman. If you are then I will smell your farts. If not, you know where to go...

...Common man I was joking....I like to smell women farts...

...You're pathetic...

After that last whimpering curse, Steve was silent for days. I thought perhaps he was ashamed. Perhaps he had forgotten. Perhaps he had died. And then I received a new email, thundering with the righteous fury of a cakefarter scorned.

From: Steve Norris ⟨indiana_biker@hotmail.com⟩ **Subj**: FBI - CEASE AND DESIST ORDER! IMMEDIATELY!!! TAKE DOWN CAKEFARTS OR BEAR THE CONSEQUENCES **Body**:
I'm an undercover agent from the Federal Bureau of Investigations - computer crimes unit. I was assigned to investigate whether you were violating the Digital Millennium Copyright Act 1998. I was contacted by the girl in the video who claims you had NO permission to use her video in your commercial website. As a result, there is an outstanding cease and desist order against you. Whereas you had admitted to me that you are indeed the operator of the http://www.cakefarts.com and I possess the entire trancripts of our email conversations we actually have established your identity. Should you continue running your website in violation of DMCA Act, you will hereby be prosecuted and the host company be fined. You are warned!

Good heavens! A lawsuit! Luckily, an old friend was ready to lend a helping hand.

From: the enigmatic cakelord
Subj: youll never take me alive cakefarter
Body:
An FBI agent? In my Internet? Damn, you got me good. The hotmail address you were contacting me from totally threw me off my game--I'm normally much harder to dupe!

Anyway, after receiving this threatening email I immediately contacted my lawyer, Leonard J. Crabs, who in addition to possessing law degrees from no less than seven Ivy League schools also earned a doctorate in the confectionary arts with a masters in farting from the Columbia School of Fartistry. He is what some might say an expert on our present subject.

After tooting in a pensive manner, Leonard informed me that while we might lack the girl's permission to post that video, we had the cake's express written consent. To prove this, he produced what appeared to be a paper napkin from a local coffee shop, smeared down one side with frosting and goat's blood. Indeed, upon closer inspection the napkin proved to be a contract, written in lovely sugary sprinkles, not only *granting* permission to use the video but indeed *ordering* us to use it under penalty of diabetes or maybe just some really nasty kidney stones.

So while I'd like to take down the video unfortunately this is a binding contract that must be treated with the utmost seriousity. As you are a member of the federal government--and thus surely aware that impersonating a federal officer is forbidden by Title 18 Section 912 of the US Code and punishable by three years in prison OR a lifetime spent individually gift-wrapping dung beetles for the Shah of Iran--you are of course also familiar with the landmark decision in 2003 where the court ruled that when a contractual conflict arises between two parties "tie goes to the tastiest." (*Mrs. Rosie's Lemon Tarts v. Ashcroft*, 43 US 882, Justice Pillsbury at 236). Leonard looked this case up in a big book that had a leather cover and smelled like pipesmoke. It was very official.

As you can see, there's nothing I can do. I do apologize and wish you good rest of your day. Happy cakefarting!

I haven't heard from him since. Maybe he went back to his FBI stronghold to assemble a case against me. Maybe he's plotting revenge. Maybe he asked a fat chick to sit and fart on his face until he died. No matter what the reason, we're all the worse off for it. I may never know the full secrets of cakefarts. I may never achieve that exquisite inner peace. And I will never, ever forget the magic and mystery of Cakefartin' Steve.

-∼The Enigmatic Cakelord

9.26 Twittering From Paul Newman's Funeral

Monday, Sep 29, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A creepy-ass picture of the late Paul Newman.

Friends, I bring you the sad news that movie legend Paul Newman died Saturday after a long fight against time and also lung cancer. The world is a little less dramatic and the world's salad is a little less dressed than it was on Friday. Experts believe one contributing cause might be the death of Paul Newman.

Newman was a hero to all of us here at Something Awful. He appeared in over 60 movies from the 1950s all the way until 2007. These weren't some shoestring budget suck-and-fuck gonzo quickies shot on a handycam in a Day's Inn off route 14 and posted up to a website in the Czech Republic. Newman made honest-to-god American cinema classics like *Up a Bird*, *Fold It In, Fancy*, *Hoop!* and *The Grigs Memorandum.*

Newman never got his cock out in over 50 years of film. Not once. Not even to have a piss. He let it go right down his leg and ate an egg, because that's how men were in his day and that's the sort of real man Paul Newman is. Was.

To commemorate his career and celebrate his life we have decided to provide on the scene coverage of Mr. Newman's funeral. None of our usual writers were willing to take on the ghoulish task of blogging the funeral *from* the funeral, so I contacted Rocky Mountain News reporter Berny Morson.

Morson is a Twitter expert and he recently covered the funeral of a murdered child by updating his Twitter page from his cellphone while the funeral was ongoing. This raised eyebrows, the sort of eyebrows that we have above our eyes here at Something Awful.

We asked Mr. Morson to cover Newman's funeral for us and Berny was glad to be out of Colorado. It is a loathsome state of no great splendor only made uglier by the doll-eyed sows that waddle around its streams and dreary hills.

If you have difficulty viewing the feed on this page you can head directly to Twitter and fuck yourself.

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-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.27 Subj: THE UPSTAIRS TRUNK

Tuesday, Sep 30, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

Listen up no time for pleasantries I am up to something big.. I am carboloading like a beast and you are likely asking why well all will become clear soon enough. it appears a challenge has been issued upon my life which is something i take seriously so naturally for the past 3.5 weeks i have been eating nothing but pasta roni and drinking pesto.. my body is much slipperier now but I am able to punch harder I think "At Last the hunter has become the hunted...." what i say every time i have a energy rush!

Speaking of being hunted I should tell you that in the attic there is a chest of my belongings that i would like you to have such as a mask that will make you look like your mother (to make her angry) and a notebook titled What I Will Do If I Ever Get A Helicopter please do not read most of that because i got side tracked after the first few pages and i just talk a lot in it about the sexy black women of the late 1970s (this was before your mother and she gets upset if she knows im reading it so if she catches you just give her the mask treatment)

Also in this trunk are some counter culture magazines from when I was younger. In my youth i knew several kids who were faster and more powerful than me and i noticed they read them sometimes even though they were often nothing more than a few pieces of paper stapled together with 1 or 2 article about how to catch a bat for use in spell casting and how to charm a cop or a coach with candles or what not. I do not need these any more

There is also a bug collection with several of the bugs missing DO NOT ASK ABOUT THE BUGS!!!! The rest are yours for the taking!!

In the chest is a modest remote control plane with a loudspeaker on it this is from a plan I had when our old neighbors weould give me a problem not putting their garbage cans back in and I was going to fly it over their house and yell at them through a plane until santas elves gave me stamps and an idea for christmas for writing letters to the editor to hundreds of newspapers and magazines about them which i also never did because airwolf premiered on the tv and satisfied my hunger for justice / terror from the sky / black women.

You will also find a lot of pictures of bulldogs with things written on them like "Pleasant!" and "Big Deal" i dont know what this was from

Many years ago when you were young I tried my hand at making posters that inspire workers and idea men and get them to do more work. I only shipped out one poster before we lost our hat on it. It was a picture of my face with my eyes open really big staring straight at the viewer that says Whats The Matter? it was supposed to make people realize that nothing is wrong and get

going to do more work but a lot of people complained that their snack rooms felt like an unwelcome place. the remains of this are in the chest and you are welcome to try your hand at the fast paced unpredictible business of posters of your face

There are many other trinkets inside I hope you put them to good use meanwhile i will find the man who sullied my outdoors legacy now and forever more SO LONG!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! DAD

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Chapter 10

October

10.1 I've Always Hated That Guy!

Thursday, Oct 02, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Wow. It's amazing how far logos have come.

Google has done a terrible thing.

Though Google's corporate motto is "Don't be evil" they've released a terrible, sinful evil unto the world this past week. As part of the celebration of the search engine's tenth anniversary Google is making available their earliest index from January 2001, and it has the potential to turn our modern Internet world upside down.

It was a simpler, more optimistic Internet back then, when a search for VRML resulted in "VRML: The next big thing!" not "VRML: What went wrong?" On Internet 2001, searching for "Facebook" results in information about actual facebooks. "MySpace" refers to web hosting companies. "YouTube" returns zero results, the way it should be.

Internet 2001 wasn't perfect. But when I discovered that Internet 2001 only returns 6 results for "Ebaum's World" and Internet 2008 returns nearly 4 million, I wanted to bash my head in. In remembering this old Internet I've fallen into an equally old habit. I've started drinking again. Four years of sobriety down the drain. Thanks Google.

God help you if you've ever posted anything embarrassing on the Internet before 2001. Today those results are buried underneath hundreds of millions of links to other nonsense, but not on Internet 2001. They are right on top of the shitheap. Your old Geocities page doesn't exist anymore, but chances are that the Internet Archive is holding a copy for your friends to find. Your Pokemon hentai fanart gallery is about to become very popular again.

Internet 2001 is a topsy turvy world where a search for Yahtzee actually returns results for the dice-based game by Milton Bradley. It's amazing to me that a guy who posts videos of himself reviewing video games is now more popular than a classic game invented in the 1950s, according to a Google search.

Sorry Hasbro, there's a new superstar in town.

Such is the power of the Internet celebrity.

Ben "Yahtzee" Croshaw's rise to Internet fame is typical of many Internet celebrities. There is a period of discovery which evolves into a period of popular and in some cases financial success. Then there's backlash, usually in response to some kind of change or perceived drop in quality. Finally the downfall begins, which few Internet celebrities survive.

I found out about Yahtzee on the Something Awful Forums, where everything on the Internet is either invented or discovered, beaten into the ground, and made bannable to ever mention again by arbitrary, undocumented rules. The OP (original poster (guy who started the thread (faggot))) had this say when introducing Yahtzee to the Gooniverse.

> Zero Punctuation is a weekly series of five minute video game reviews, done by forum member Ben "Yahtzee" Crenshaw.

The Games forum goons' collective ears perked up at the fact that these were indeed hilarious video

game reviews, and what do you know, they're done by a goon!

A goon that hasn't posted on the forums since July 22nd of this year. When it became apparent that old Ben wasn't ever coming back, the backlash began. It was hard enough when CliffyB broke our hearts. But now you too, Yahtzee? Hell hath no fury like a big gay goon scorned.

prozaker
Anonymous Source
Posts: 1

i usually like the reviews, but this one sucked.

The first wave of complaints came when the intros and outros for the video reviews were changed from clever, somewhat insightful musical pairings to a generic rock and roll introduction. Yahtzee claims he wanted to make the videos look more professional and others speculated that he wanted to avoid any litigation by the owners of the songs but goons were having none of that.

A forums civil war broke out with posters arguing about the intro change for roughly 40 pages. Rosacea grew to critical levels before the Games goons found something good to eat. Very little was said about the actual content of the reviews. Time, however, would take care of that.

Time is the death knell for most Internet celebrities. More minutes means more opportunities for your "fans" to find reasons to hate you. I once posted on The Escapist forums that Yahtzee should review Eve Online next, hoping to paint him as a sell-out as huge Eve Online advertisements blanketed the whole goddamn web site.

Much to my chagrin, he ended up reviewing Eve Online, giving it a much deserved thrashing, which shut me right the fuck up. So much for my master plan for the downfall of some guy I've never met and has never wronged me personally and is actually contributing something funny and interesting to society. Still, I hate people like that.

at first I didnt really agree with his reviews but still thought they were very funny but now I don't find them to be good reviews or funny

The fact is, Yahtzee is a rare genius, an Internet celebrity that didn't get famous for baring his breasts or creating mind-numbing drama. Ben Croshaw is a talented, witty, and delightful fellow from down under, and that's what's so goddamn infuriating about him. You can't really find any valid reason to hate this guy no matter how hard you try. At least if he were female we could accuse her of being an attention whore or something.

This is where Ben Croshaw jerks off.

Yahtzee inspires those without employment or purpose in life to write essay-length diatribes about their favorite game that he just trashed. His lack of response only infuriates them more, prompting his haters to write even longer manifestos which usually include phrases such as, "Not as good as your past videos".

Instead of wasting his time posting on Internet forums and arguing with these people all day, he appears in person on panels with other almost-important video game people at conventions, which only increases his celebrity and credibility amongst his fans.

All this means is money in the bank for Yahtzee and his employers, who nobody has ever heard of before they signed him. Seriously, did anyone even know the Escapist existed before this guy started putting his videos on their web site? I still haven't read a single goddamn thing on there and I

believe I would have a hard time finding anyone who has. I'm pretty sure Yahtzee has never read an article on The Escapist either.

> Wow, an America insult, what a suprise. Yes we get it Yahtzee, how about less Political Pundit and more Game Reveiwer? I feel like the show,weekly, whatever you would call it, is going downhill at this point. We had an entire episode devoted purely to bashing a certain webcomic under the vauge guise of every webcomic, and generally I fell like I'm hearing less about games and more about the Croshaw Manifesto.

I hope he got a good deal from those guys. Anything less than 95% of the profits would mean he got screwed. If they renamed the web site to "Yahtzee's Fuck All Videos" I don't think anyone would notice.

Something Awful attempted to court Yahtzee to get him to put his videos on our site, but $8 a video and two popsicles from the freezer wasn't quite what he was looking for. When he attempted to get us to sweeten the deal by asking for three popsicles and a fudgesicle, we knew we couldn't afford this monster talent. Fuck 'em. He's apparently not funny anymore anyway.

Not that it really matters at this point, because the people who declare their hatred for Yahtzee are just as, if not more important, than the people who love him. It's the Shock Jock Principle. In the movie Private Parts, the WNBC program director asks the ratings guy about Howard Stern's numbers. Turns out that the average Stern fan listened for an hour and twenty minutes a day.

The average Stern hater, on the other hand, listened for two and a half hours a day. Why? In both cases, the most common answer was, "I want to see what he'll say next." Yahtzee viewers want to see what game he'll trash next, though it wouldn't hurt if he put some whores in his videos.

> **Mythbhavd**
> Copy Clerk
>
> This review and spore both have something in common. They're both lackluster and boring.

Yahtzee haters contribute to Zero Punctuation's success in two ways. First, visiting their site to post why you hate Yahtzee and how the videos have gotten worse only provide The Escapist with more ad revenue nobody on that site but Yahtzee deserves. Second, declaring your hatred for the guy on any web site only makes his fans such as myself rush stupidly to his defense, cementing their devotion to their idol. By striking down the Internet celebrity, he becomes more powerful than you could ever imagine.

If you hate Yahtzee or any Internet celebrity because you're jealous, or stupid, or both, the best course of action to take is to simply ignore him. Don't click his links. Don't watch his videos. Don't buy his juice.

I, on the other hand, will continue to suppress my rage at the thought of Yahtzee's unbridled success and continue to enjoy his videos even if the new intro is awful and those things he puts in after the review is over are retarded.

All I know if that he's a very handsome man who in my most erotic fantasy is personally reviewing my favorite video game to me in his signature style while his mouth is wrapped around my dick, his witty commentary muffled by the sound of my cum-spewing cock. A man can dream, can't he?

Go ahead and archive that for your 20th, Google.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

10.2 CONEX Convict Connections: "Unearthly Delights"

Friday, Oct 03, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the CONEX Convict Connections series.

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩For Sale ⟩Game

HOMEMADE DICE - ROLL REAL GOOD

Holla At: moneymaker_d_ta_tha_jizza @ D Block on 2
Askin: 1-2 packs outside brand MENTHOL none of that cell roasty toasted oregano and toilet paper shit
Niggas word: **IS BOND** (8 in last 3 months)

word

Moneymaker don johnson from D-dubs in this bitch. Detroit Ladyfingers turned up in the sheet dryer in laundro with his neck bent all crazy and half his skin missing. Don't ask, don't fucking tell, right?

Upside of Detroit Ladyfingers gettin sent down to the stew is Bam-Bam Braineater done fucking took all his shit before the ninja turtles could come in and take no effects. That means his shit got parted out and sold in small lots to resource-havin niggas like this nigga you are readin on now.

One shit was a box of dice I gave up like ten stabs on my cell wife Pretty Ricky to get, turned out to be like 500 dice Detroit bought from some nigga I remember he claim came in as smoke from a vent and turned into a bird man or some shit.

He said that bird nigga had a face was hard to look at and promised him he said "Detroit, I will give a nigga some dice for a game but you gotta promise me when the time comes them dice will roll for me." Old Detroit Ladyfingers said yea and that bird nigga just spit out a bunch of dice all perfect formed and shit. And shit what happen to a nigga, he rolls wrong too much on games with Cherokee Nation niggas and Chief Cut a Bitch done cut a motherfucking bitch. Took half his skin for the great crow or some shit and put Detroit Ladyfinger's dumb ass in a dryer.

I tried to tell a nigga just to quit rolling them dice the smoke bird man gave him, but he was sure he would keep on winning. Well now he is down in the stew gettin cooked up and here I am with all a niggas dice. My advice to you is if a smoke/bird man told you they is cursed you just don't buy them, but ain't no bird man been around for at least six weeks so I wouldn't worry none.

- **Location:** Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 2

- **Smuggles to:** Anywhere in Lambspoke cept X-Block

InmateID: 8755645523

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩Missed Connections ⟩m4m

We Looked Upon the Ten-Thousand Eyes of Eternity

Holla At: Clavo Andy @ D Block on 5
Askin: just lookin to hook it up
Niggas word: **AIN'T SHIT YET** (0 in last 3 months)

You were a covered in swastikas and pentagrams looking for a way out of W-Block with your friend. I was the guy in the cape made from yogurt tops stitched together. I shewed you to the hatch to X-Block. You dared threw it open and your compatriot stood nearest.

Can you remember what we saw? I do not. Only the vaguest sense of things moving. Things that should not be. Huge and old things. They took away your friend and left only pile of dust and hairs and broken shiv blades. Do you remember the smell? A perfumed oil and sweetly rotted meat. It still clings to the tiny hairs in my nostrils.

I want to go back there with you. It calls to me. Go back with me. I feel we can never be whole until we know what it is exactly waiting on the other side of the hatch to X-Block.

I will also jack you off if you want.

- **Location:** Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 5
- it's NOT ok to come beggin at a nigga any time you with paper or need some

InmateID: 657778754666

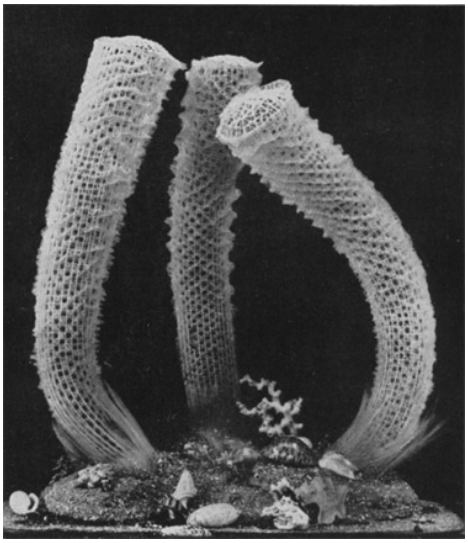
CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩For Sale ⟩Unbelievable Clavo Shit

Some CRAZY ASS PLANT or some shit DONT EVEN KNOW

Holla At: spooky clavo shit 4 real 4 u @ D Block on 13
Askin: paper, smokes, or other clavo shit
Niggas word: **IS BOND** (314 in last 3 months)

Spooky clavo shit 4 real 4 u is proud to present you some shit we aint even 100% sure how to categorize yet, but it is clavo as fuck. Word is this shit came all the way from some forbidden ass reaches like up in X-Block. Even T-Bone ain't know shit about this. It just came to us straight from this smoke man come up out a vent. He looked sorta like a bird or some shit, but we couldn't look up on his face for no reason whatever.

Nigga said, "this shit is real, blood. Came from X-Block. Do you want it?" The thing was thrashing around like baskets of evil or fuckin clavo ass windsocks or some shit and we hesitated, but you know a nigga got to get in on that clavo shit.



Like we said, don't know for sure what it is. It is a mean ass plant thing will fuck you up if you dont take care of it is our best guess. If it came up out of X-Block you know it is some scary clavo shit. When was the last time a fuckin cockroach came out there? This thing will shock your ass if you touch it and it sings at night and when you wake up its all bent and shit gettin closer to you in your bunk.

One time Raisin got too much spitwine in him passed out under the table we put this thing on and when he woke up it was all over his face left these griddy ass scars all bleedin and shit. Never stop bleedin in fact. Call that nigga Graph Paper now.

Best guess is this what happen to all them niggas went through on X-Block tryin to get to Z-Block and the outside. Ain't nobody can get to Z-Block. You can't even get in no X-Block no more. Soon they say W-Block be closin down from some crazy ass shit.

So get in on this shit while it's good. All you gotta feed this mean ass plant is some drops of blood a day. Just drip that shit on the little baskety part and it will stop thrashin around on a nigga. If you give it a lot like from a stab it will make this tinklin singing shit like wind chimes. It is clavo

as fuck you want to die when you hear that shit, but if you put that in your cell you know a ninja turtle will never come in and fuck with your shit.

- **Location:** Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 13
- **Smuggles to:** due to concerns with shippin and on account of no nigga will carry for us you got to come get this shit

InmateID: 777778787832323

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.3 Last-Minute Additions To The Bailout Plan

Saturday, Oct 04, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

America's economy is on the brink of a disaster that will make the last eighteen disasters it was on the brink of in the last year look silly in comparison. How did this crisis come about? I'm no economist, but I did tune in to conservative radio and it seems that we loaned all of our money to poor people that spent it on welfare and gay marriages instead of paying it back.

The three branches of government (Presidential, IRS, Oak) have been scrambling to put together a bailout bill to fix this problem by giving nine hundred billion dollars to pretty much anyone who will take it, so long as they provide documentation to prove that they reside on either Wall Street or Main Street. Although many believe the bailout plan in its current form is crazy, it's destined to pass because one senator remarked "It's so crazy... it might just work" and no one could refute his logic.

Now that the bailout bill is on the fast track to being put into action, all sorts of provisions that have nothing to do with the economic crisis have been snuck in. Such additions are traditionally dubbed "pork barrel" spending because barrels of pork are famous for having unexpected prizes within their wooden wombs, like Babe Ruth rookie cards or handguns or the mummified head of the elephant man.

Most of the time, pork barrel spending slips under the radar and the responsible politician does a celebratory fist-pump or laughs while giving the finger to a map of the United States (alternative: renting a parasail and giving the finger to the actual United States after reaching maximum altitude). Not today. It's time to point out the most ridiculous provisions that have been added to the bailout plan and publically shame those who are responsible.

Ten thousand copies of a book about not wasting taxpayer money, all for me
Harry Reid
(D) Nevada

A lifetime supply of Turtle Wax because I am always running out of the stuff at the most inopportune of times
John Sununu
(R) New Hampshire

A Blu-Ray version of the original Star Wars trilogy, none of that Greedo shooting first shit or a digital Jabba the Hutt
John McCain
(R) Arizona

The ability to fly simply by concentrating real hard and yelling at my wife
Bill Nelson
(D) Florida

Someone to tell me who this "Lex" guy is that everyone keeps asking me about
Richard Lugar
(R) Indiana

One of every video game console and a BB gun and a can of Red Bull the size of a refrigerator
Barbara Boxer
(D) California

A national program that teaches youngsters the value of questioning authority, complete with a hotline where they can nominate fellow children who excel at it for a "special award"
Barack Obama
(D) Illinois

A business suit made entirely of coffee beans, a hot tub in my office, and one of those "Do Not Disturb" doorknob signs
Kit Bond
(R) Missouri

A redo on the vote to authorize that war that began in 2003, the secret one against our economy
Sheldon Whitehouse
(D) Rhode Island

A high school reunion with everyone that thought I was a nerd, and one of those combs that looks like a switchblade to wow them all
Russ Feingold
(D) Wisconsin

Just one week to pass without a single political article on the Something Awful front page **Arlen Specter**
(R) Pennsylvania

A law that makes it mandatory for all federal buildings to display a poster featuring either Scarface or John Belushi wearing that "COLLEGE" shirt
Patrick Leahy
(D) Vermont

A dog that is obedient enough to stay buried
John Warner
(R) Virginia

The last few volumes of the Time-Life Attorney Commercial book set, and maybe a bigger flag behind my right shoulder to set me apart from the other senators
Wayne Allard
(R) Colorado

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.4 Are You Ready for Some Football (Mascot Endorsements)?

Sunday, Oct 05, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Recently, Cleatus, the mascot for Sunday football on Fox, and Monday Night Football legend Hank Williams Jr. sat down with me for a nice conversation. I wanted to have a discussion with national figures on the upcoming election. This is as good as it got.

Me: Cleatus, who are you endorsing today?

Cleatus: Well, Cleatus think change is due and Obama is that change. He is a nice man and a different man, both politically and colorfully. Here is a picture of us together when he was visiting other nice people.

He let me pump up the crowd. I think he is the right person for president.

Hank: Oh shut up already. Give me that.

Cleatus: No Hank, you'll get your turn this is my time, you're just drunk again.

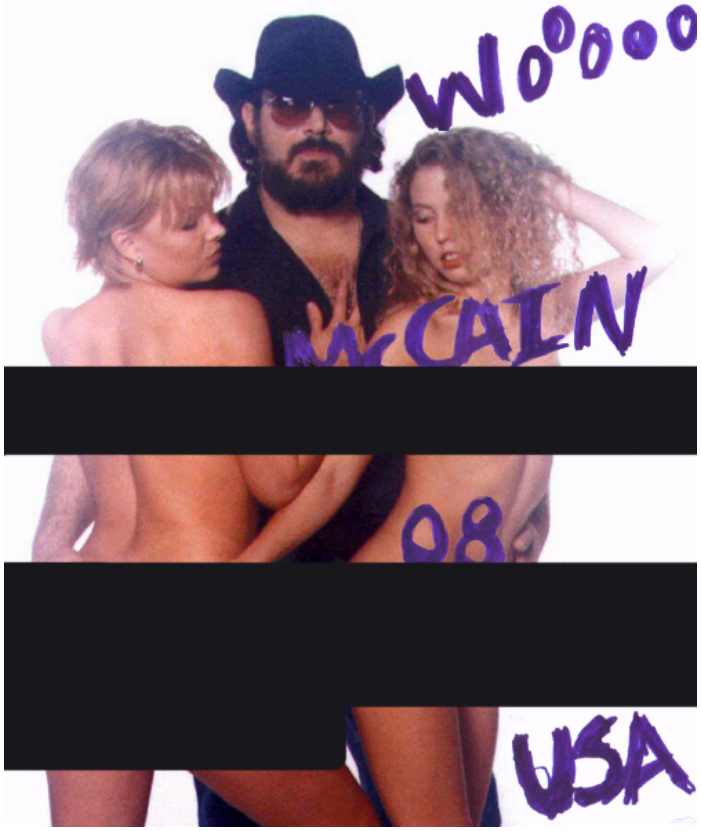
Hank: Shut the fuck up. Okay, am I on? Good. Hank Williams Jr. here. Forget that robot. He ain't done nothing in life but cry like a bitch. To think I went to jail for such a worthless robot. Oh well. I got out of there and now I'm here for one reason. McCain. Man, I woke up yesterday thinking Bocephus, you always stand up for what you like and you like McCain. So here I am, here to talk. Just me, my favorite glasses, favorite beard, you, and a bitch-ass bot. Let's have some fun cause all my GOP friends are coming over tonight!

What makes McCain so great? Everything. He's a Maverick. Think of a maverick, what comes to mind? A cowboy hat? Some nice sunglasses? Maybe a shirt of some sort? Yeah, you think of me. That old coot and I are soul brothers. We're linked together through ways I do not clearly understand. We drank from the same wolf teat.

Not only is he a mirror Hank, but the guy is also a great piece of human. He's the best mixture of everything, one part conservative, one part radical, and five or six parts reckless insane. The kind of guy to type an email in all caps, not out of excitement, but because he just don't give a shit. He has the first four seasons of the X-Files on VHS that he taped and a little glass case above to television to keep em in. Our friend Keith had a retirement party, and McCain took it upon himself

to hunt a wild boar for the festivities. And he did. Caught a big ol' hippo sized pig in the back woods of Georgia. He cut the beast up and roasted it all morning before anyone got to the party and everything looked real good, but then he starting taking nibbles of it and then he damn well ate the pig before Keith even showed up. The whole boar, man. He was dripping head to toe with BBQ sauce and his own sick, but he didn't care. He did it all to trick Keith. A real Booya. A real Booya indeed. And that's what our planet needs.

Hell, you know what? Here's a little autograph from the Hank Man.



Yeah, you like that, I know you do. I bet you want the uncensored version, hell yeah you do. That's why I like you. Anyway, McCain will be the greatest, manliest, most white president since Andrew Jackson forced the Indians into arid desert land. Not only him, but also that hot piece of tail he's bringing with him to Washington. Wooooo-eeeeeee. Are you ready for four more years? Cause McCain is, without doubt, the best man for all right-wingers and all those sissy not right-wing people, too. Hell, I think. that he will probably... uh, oops.

Me: Hank, are you all right?

Hank: Yeah, don't worry about it you little twat.

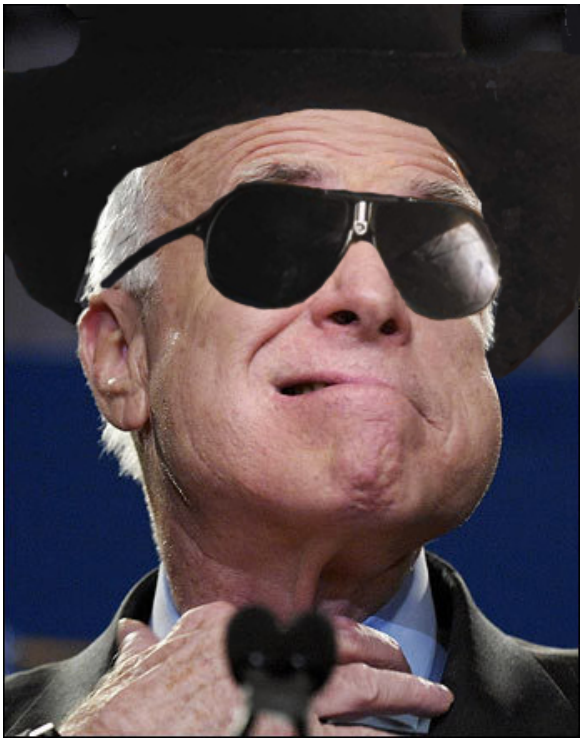
Me: Wait, is your beard coming off?

Hank: Why don't you keep your twerpy mouth shut you little needledick.

Cleatus: Mr. Hank, what's the matter?

Me: Is that a wig? Holy shit. McCain? What are you doing here?

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

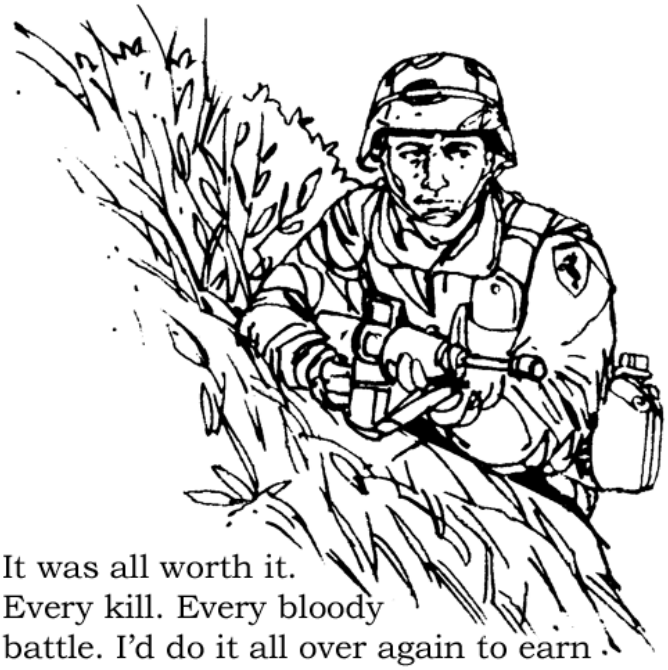


End of Interview

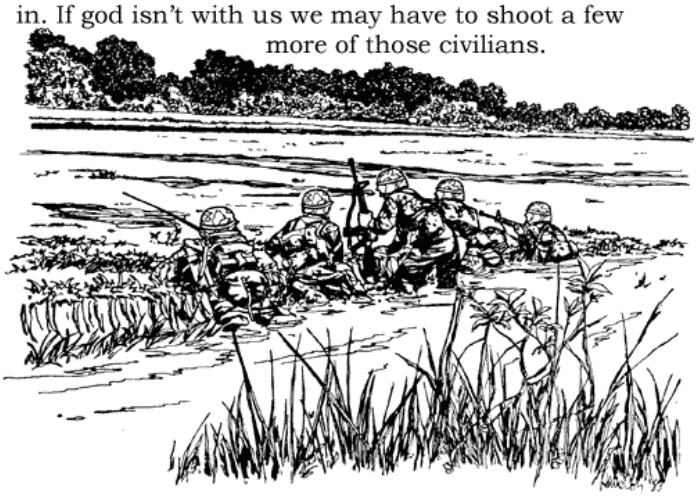
10.5 GI Army Funnies

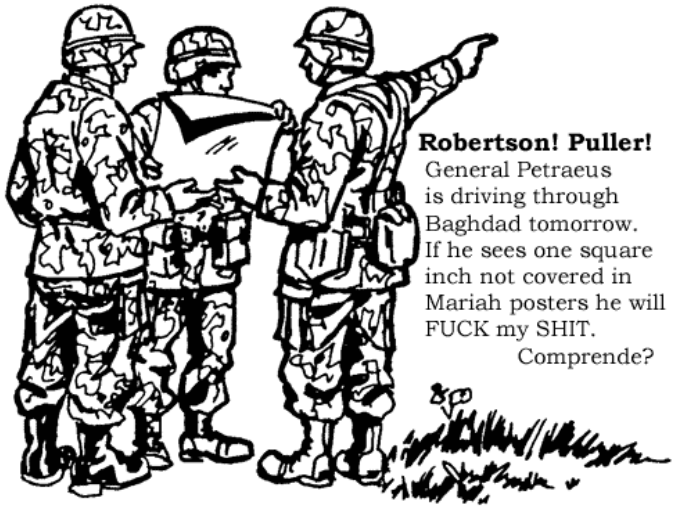
Monday, Oct 06, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the GI Army Funnies series.



Alright, men, listen. The order has come in. Command wants us to run at that smoke and yell a lot. I don't know what's on the other side of the smoke, but if god is with us it will be another ditch to lay down in. If god isn't with us we may have to shoot a few more of those civilians.

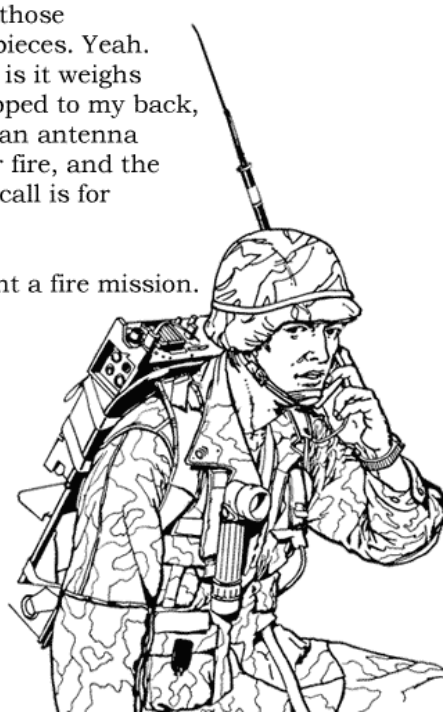



Robertson! Puller!
General Petraeus
is driving through
Baghdad tomorrow.
If he sees one square
inch not covered in
Mariah posters he will
FUCK my SHIT.
Comprende?

Be honest, do these
leaves on my
helmet make
my face look
small?

It's just like one of those
little bluetooth earpieces. Yeah.
The only difference is it weighs
50 pounds, is strapped to my back,
the handpiece has an antenna
that attracts sniper fire, and the
only number I can call is for
artillery.

Yes, of course I want a fire mission.

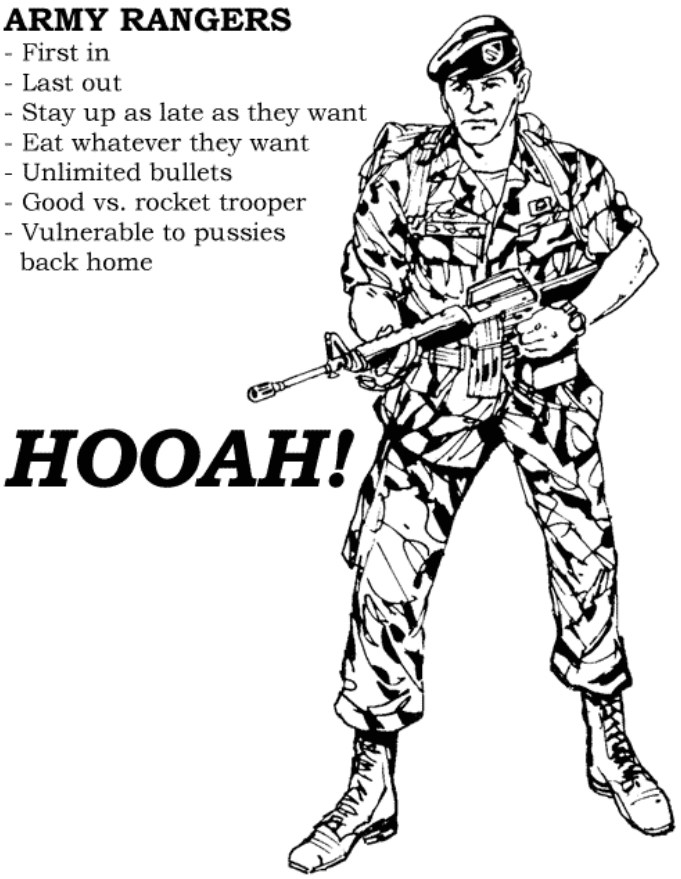


Effin' rioters. Shoot the wrong baby *one time*...jeez.
How many more tear gas grenades you think it's
gonna take to win their hearts and minds?

General Petraeus wants us to go on a suicide mission into Sadr City, but I've got a plan. Robertson, go get your digital camera. Puller, take my pants off.

What up, Estonian soldier? You ever seen one of these before? It's this parody newspaper we have back in America called the Washington Times.

Any of ya'll heard of that shit called Video Professor? Fuck my GED. When I get back I'm buyin' that shit and learnin' how to use Microsoft Windows XP.


ARMY RANGERS
- First in
- Last out
- Stay up as late as they want
- Eat whatever they want
- Unlimited bullets
- Good vs. rocket trooper
- Vulnerable to pussies back home
HOOAH!

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.6 The Time Tooth Tooth Lost His Eagle

Tuesday, Oct 07, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the The Legend of Tooth Tooth series.

Yo, you run into that boy Tooth Tooth lately?

Nah, cousin, been ages.

It's sad to behold, god. I never thought I see that boy Tooth Tooth look so alone.

Nah, man. Nah.

I know you thinking "Tooth Tooth, he invincible, ain't nothing get that boy down," but shit, you picture the one thing that could possibly get that boy down, what would that be?

Oh shit, god. Say that ain't true. Not the eagle.

Word is bond. They got his eagle, son. I know that shit almost too crazy to believe, but if you ain't heard this yet, this story must be told. This is the story of how Tooth Tooth, righteous teacher and original black man, lost the eagle that was so divine to his heart. This proves that even that which we hold most dear to ourselves is vulnerable, god, and even in our own element we are not safe.

Now let me begin here by saying what you already know: the devil is outraged by the sight of a righteous black man. The devil is outraged by the sight of a righteous black man in a fine suit, having taken the posture of the wicked businessman and perverted it with righteousness, and the devil is shocked to see a righteous black man stacking paper and rolling in a Rolls Royce Phantom. You feel me so far?

True enough, son.

Now imagine the wrath of the devil, he who eat the flesh of swine, when he witness the original black man with proud eagle upon his shoulder. You seen Tooth Tooth eagle, son. You see how the keen eye of that bird look at a man and detect the wickedness of Yacub within him, and you see how that eagle can detect the smell of swine from a mile off, even with that tiny beak nostril he got. If you know Tooth Tooth at all, you know how his personality be like, and you seen how that eagle take the most righteous truth from inside Tooth Tooth and display that shit in bird form. When you put this together, you form a clear picture of how this conflict play out: a white man is discomfited to see Tooth Tooth with an eagle, and the eagle got no love for those who ain't like to see a black man carry a righteous eagle.

This is all the background part of the tale and the truth is you already know most of this shit by instinct, because any original man can see Tooth Tooth for one second and know this shit, god. The devil don't recognize it, but you see Tooth Tooth and you ain't see the hepatitis and the cockeye, you ain't see the limp, you ain't even see that the eagle sometime get messy on that boy's shoulder on account of all the squirrels and fish he eat. You see a man who came up hard in life, who took for himself the finer things that he deserve despite the adversity thrust upon him by the wicked world, and you see a man who claimed a great spirit of the wilderness, the harpy eagle, and turned it into

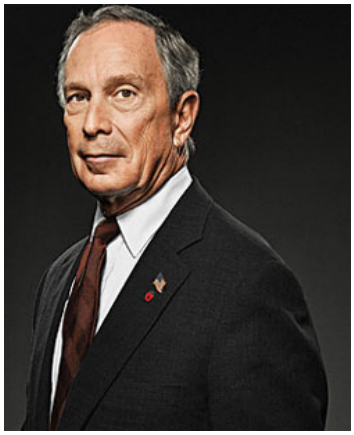
an instrument of peace and protection for all the good in the world.

So like, here is the tale as related to me by our boy Tooth Tooth, one of the greatest men who ever walked the earth. Now you know our boy love to travel, and just a month prior to these events he was all on this idea about going to Ohio. You know I ain't about to disagree with Tooth, but obviously the question come up, I'm like, "damn, kid, what the fuck you need Ohio for when you own this city? You got the penthouse, you got the Phantom, you throw any kid on the block the keys to that shit and he'll park it without a scratch for a quarter, you got fine Chinese bitches leaving pussy trails on your sleeve when you try to hail a cab-I mean, shit."

Of course Tooth had the philosophy all worked out, because he would not be Tooth if he ain't know exactly what he doing at all times. He says to me, "Son, when you own everything, that shit is maybe worse than owning nothing. When you own nothing, you got somewhere to go, but when you own it all, you look around and see all the shit you own, you look down past them gold ropes on your neck and see a mischievous fine Chinese bitch trying to undo your Gucci pants, and you start to think 'what is left for me to acquire in this city,' and it's a feeling that might breed wickedness in a righteous man."

And if you're wondering about the weird thing with Chinese bitches, this isn't a racist thing or whatnot, but let me just give you my assurances that the man is BESET by Oriental ladies-Tooth theorize that maybe they think he got curative properties, which perhaps be some kind of misapprehension of the majesty of his dick. No homo.

Of course I understand the philosophy Tooth Tooth be selling here, but I'm like "why now, after all these years of owning everything, do you decide to grace a foreign place like Ohio with your presence?" And Tooth Tooth just get this sad look on his face, and he like "Don't tell anyone this, god, but I feel as if my credibility may be jeopardized in my own streets," and of course I be taken aback by this proposition.



"No, no," he assure me, "That shit the truth. The other day my phone start blowing up and I answer it, and I got Mayor Bloomberg on the line asking me what tie to wear to some whack-ass Russell Simmons summit on how the black man ain't supposed to be allowed to say a bullshit word invented by the white man to subjugate us. That bitch asking me if he out of line wearing a tie with a portrait of Dr. King painted on it, and that about as far as that mark-ass mayor got. I be like 'Yo, you like Fox News,' and the mayor like 'huh?' And I go 'You like Fox News, motherfucker- nobody ever see you in the hood.' And that's when I fed the phone to my eagle. Word is bond. Eagle damn near choked on the buster's words."

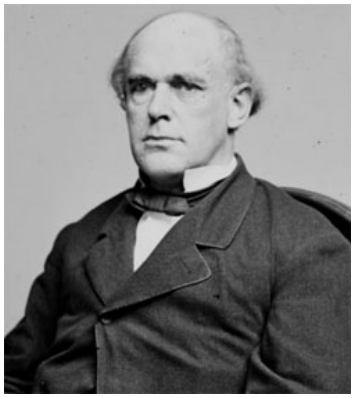
So now I see how he need a break from his city-got the mayor calling him on his private number asking him some bullshit about a mess he ain't involved with. How the mayor even get that number? Picture his mark ass calling the phone company and he gotta beg for it, cause you know them operators sympathetic to Tooth Tooth privacy.

So the next day, Tooth catch the next plane to Ohio, he fly into Cleveland and hit the car rental desk, peels off some uncirculated bank notes from the 1930s and says "Yo, lady, give me the best car you got, not for rent, I'm keeping that shit," and she like "I gotta ask my manager on this one,"

and Tooth just slaps down one of them uncirculated ten thousand dollar bills and he like "Yo, meet your new manager, my boy Salmon P. Chase." And the teller ain't never seen a ten grand before, and she be like "who the fuck Salmon P. Chase," and Tooth just gotta laugh at that, idiot white woman ain't know who Salmon P. Chase be.

His eagle laughing too, on the inside, because that eagle eaten more ten thousand dollar bills than the car rental lady probably ever ate hot meals in her life.

So Tooth like, "I'ma let my eagle explain this one," and the eagle just lay into the car rental lady with them pure black eyes, and he got her transfixed on that shit, and the eagle gently use his righteous mind to convey the wisdom that Salmon P. Chase was the Secretary of the Treasury under our man Abraham Lincoln, and he worked tirelessly to destroy the injustice of slavery and now he enjoy special prominence both in the heart of the black man and in the wallet of the extremely rich motherfucker, and his reward for his good deeds be the idea that only the richest motherfuckers in the world will ever get to look upon his face.



And Tooth goes "Bet you never got a history lesson from a eagle mind before," and the idiot rental lady just stare dumb, saying "the fuck you talking about?"

And only then did Tooth remember that the eagle can only transmit knowledge upon the righteous, and from the look of odium upon the countenance of his eagle he knew that she ate the flesh of swine and was wicked.

But Tooth don't get wound up about the wickedness of one woman-he know she'll get what's coming to her one day, with or without the help of him or his fine righteous harpy eagle. He just tell her, "Look, lady, this a knot of ten thousand dollar banknotes from the United States government, and I just want to buy a car with this shit and get out of here, because I don't want the hassle of no bullshit rental contract because my personal code of ethics prohibits me from entering legal contracts with those who have tasted swine. This is enough money for any buster-ass car you got on this lot, so just give me one, don't have to even be good, just keep the change. This car a throwaway. I just need wheels so I can drive deep into Ohio and find the life of a poor righteous man."

Now the logic of this was too grand for the dumb rental lady to follow, and she looking at them ten thousands like maybe they ain't real money, and she looking at Tooth Tooth and her hand inching toward that security telephone. Tooth Tooth know, he seen that dumbstruck "black man trying to speak truth to me" look in the eyes of a hundred dumb ladies. And he like "Nah, you don't need to do this, I can take my business elsewhere."

But before he can get two steps, he already hearing the tremulous shriek of the terrified security guard behind him, "Freeze! You with the eagle," and Tooth know the situation about to get bad.

You know Tooth never shy down from no conflict, but that eagle sometime take it to another level, because whereas Tooth might want to resolve a situation with no eyeball getting pecked out for the sake of peacefulness, the, like, censoring mechanism on the eagle don't work like that. The eagle see something wicked occur and he straight make a beeline for the nearest corrupted eyeball, and he gonna have that shit in he beak and he like "What now."

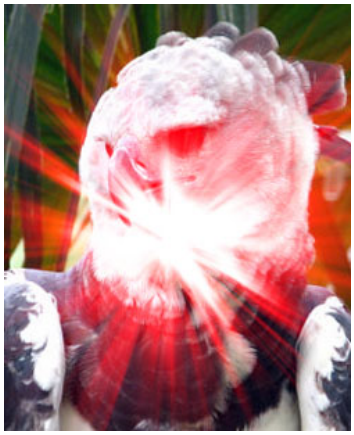
And in one swift motion like a sword through the petal of a cherry blossom, his eagle fly to the buster-ass rent-a-cop security guard, only take one wingbeat to get over there, he gingerly take the eye of the man and fly back to Tooth's shoulder before the guard know what happened. Guard just like, "what the fuck, why am I not able to perceive the relative distance of objects," then he like

"oh shit."

Eagle just be like "What now." Not a question, like "What now?" but straight up statement of fact, he ain't falter. "What now."

Tooth try to defuse this shit, saying "Listen up Jack, this eagle got a taste of the eyeball of the wicked man, and any further aggression will leave you sightless." The security guard in a panic now, can't think straight when confronted with this kind of truth, so he whip out the electric stun-gun with that shaky hand and point it right at Tooth. Of course, the eagle ain't about to let Tooth be inconvenience by such a trifle, so it beat its wings again to advance toward the rent-a-cop.

Rent-a-cop fire the stun gun right into the eagle, and a terrible thing go down.



You remember how the eagle ate that cell phone, right? In fact, at that moment, Mayor Bloomberg probably still be inside that eagle asking about ties and shit. But that electricity from the stun gun hit the eagle, and it ignite the lithium inside the cell phone battery, and that eagle just blow up. Lithium burn red, you know, so that eagle combust into a righteous ball of bright red fire and knock that bitch-ass security guard on his ass.

And then the eagle gone. Nothing left, not even a feather float to earth. Tooth Tooth just lost his best friend, the spirit that guide him through untold wickedness and protect him from all the evil of the world. He flashed back to the first time he met that eagle, over there at the zoo when he tried to buy that shit for his niece, and the locked eyes with that eagle and game recognized game. And dismayed as he was by the death of his prized creature, he knew that it would be back in another form one day, and he did not weep for his exploded friend.

Shit, don't you cry, I'm just telling you the shit is gonna be aight cause the eagle coming back someday.

I'm sorry man, I'm just-

Word, I can't front on this. I cried when I heard too, god.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

10.7 Anime Hospital

Wednesday, Oct 08, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Anime Roommate series.

Hello, Jerry.

As usual, I'm unable to tell you this to your face. It seems my current ailments prevent me from getting out of bed, and your lack of concern for your fellow man prevents you from visiting me in the hospital.

Sometimes, Jerry, it's like you're my own personal Legato.

The procedure is only hours away, Jerry. When this is done, I'll be a new man. Perhaps you'll see me in a new light, and maybe let go of your petty grievances. I suspect that I'm giving you too much credit, Jerry, but that is okay. When this is over with I'll be stronger than ever and you won't be able to damage my self-esteem in the slightest.

To be completely honest, Jerry, I was hoping that this medical crisis would spark the fires of reconciliation between us. What better to unite two titanic wills, two ideological rivals, than something as raw and sobering as a medical crisis? In the words of Legato from *Trigun*, "The greater the tragedy, the greater the emotional effect." Funny how much you have in common with him.

Obviously it was foolish for me to believe that my medical ailments would concern you in the least, especially since you wouldn't even give me a ride to the hospital. I didn't appreciate you telling your friends that I was going to the hospital to "finally give birth to that giant garbage bag full of dead babies and rotting seafood jammed between my legs."

AAside from the utter absurdity and factual inaccuracy of your comments, it was a disgusting jab at my very serious medical condition. But you've never really held back with your resentment, Jerry. In fact, I'd say this is the cruelest you've been since that week I found out I was probably bisexual because I liked yaoi. You and your friends taunted me to no end when I came out of the closet during your Super Bowl party, even though it was a very difficult thing for me to reveal.

It's called art, Jerry, and it's a beautiful, natural thing.

lthough it turned out that I just really appreciated the exquisite craftsmanship and characterization and was not actually bisexual, I could have really used your support during that time. Instead, you laughed at me, called me a pedophile, and told me that I smelled like I "feasted on a tomb of zombie dicks." Really, Jerry, why would I do that? At least be sensible in your criticisms, otherwise it's just an *ad hominem* attack. Oh, that? Sorry, Jerry. I forgot you don't speak Latin, the basis of the Romantic languages.

Thankfully I have the support of my peers online to keep me from letting your baseless attacks get to me. That, and the knowledge that I'm right. You can mock me all you want, Jerry. You and your friends can fill my room full of air fresheners or hold me down and pour Pine-Sol on me, but you just make my will that much stronger.

Regardless, Jerry, the doctors will soon be removing the necrotized flesh from my inner thighs, and

half of my scrotum. You probably think that's funny, that I'll be losing a testicle. You'd be surprised to know, Jerry, that a man can be just as strong, rugged, and masculine with only one testicle. I'll show you, and you'll be surprised.

This won't cure my diabetes or my sleep apnea, and I'll still need that breathing machine at night, but I'll be one step closer to being fully independent and free. I think we should do something to celebrate, Jerry, like a party. I'll invite my friends, and you can invite yours. I think it will be good for the both of us.

Speaking of anime, Jerry, I find it funny that these politicians talk about reforming healthcare, while neglecting some of its most basic human needs. I'm being deprived of anime here. How am I to recuperate if my mind is not allowed to soar and contemplate the myriad questions posed by any good work of Japanese animation, from the fantastic futurism of *Neon Genesis Evangelion* to the more conventional human drama of *Yu Yu Hakusho*? Without mental stimulation, the body wanes. My body would not be the temple it is today without anime to keep me focused and in shape.

With my romantic luck, I feel like a Kosuke Fujishima character come to life!

When this is all over, Jerry, I'm going to finally do all those things I've been putting off. I'm going to propose to FallenStarFox, the girl whom I've been corresponding with on IRC for some time. Unlike you, Jerry, she's not two-dimensional. True, she identifies more with two-dimensional animal representations than with humans, but she remains as complex a woman as any. Oh, this is the real deal for sure, Jerry. I feel like Keiichi Morisato being blessed with a personal goddess. If you play your cards right, Jerry, you may even get to be my best man.

It may surprise you, Jerry, that just like you I also appreciate sports. The difference is that while you prefer to watch men shuffle a ball around a field in a glorified game of keep away, I prefer a pursuit that is as cerebral as it is physical. That's right, Jerry, I'm talking about live action role-playing.

I know you made fun of it before, joking that the necromancer brought every part of me back from the dead except my groin. Very funny, Jerry. That's not even how necromancy works. Sometimes I don't think you realize just how much you embarrass yourself. There are rules to these things. You can't just make this stuff up and expect it to fly.

When this procedure is over with and I'm done with rehab, I'm going to make my triumphant return to the realm of battle. It's going to be glorious, Jerry. My thighs won't chafe so horribly and cause the dead tissue to flake off and release puss. I'll finally be able to don that armor again and run as free as the wind, vanquishing wizards of old and smiting the Orc Hoards with my claymore.

What's that, Jerry? You're jealous of my upcoming athleticism and companionship? I'm not as shallow as you, Jerry, and will of course welcome you into my world should you open your heart to the possibilities.

Listen, Jerry. It's almost time for the operation. I don't know if I'm going to survive this. If I die, I want you to have my anime. I know you're probably laughing and thinking about throwing my entire collection in the garbage, but don't. There are whole worlds in those animes, Jerry. They will teach you things about yourself you never knew. Please, Jerry, take good care of them if I don't make it.

We've had an odd relationship, Jerry. Me the intellectual and you the brute-an unlikely duo we certainly make! We have our differences, but I know that deep down inside we are comrades to the

end. I just hope this isn't the end... Jerry.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.8 Diary of a Sick Bird

Thursday, Oct 09, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

BIRDDATE: X174-3A

let me tell you what happened.

"guys watch this.

hey cat ffffFFFFFFuck youuuuuuu!!!

hahahaAAAAAAowwwOWjesusjesus"

sittin in the grass. wing borkled. waitin to die.

waitin to die is boring. gonna sing a song.

chirpchirpCHIRPchirpchirpCHIRP whoaaa that's a lotta blood

BIRDDATE: X174-5D

getting a wicked high off blood loss when some goon grabs me and puts me in his goonsack.

rollin around in the goonsack, thinkin bout robins with bomb ass titties

put me in a tub swabbed some goonpaste on my wing. tried to flap the crap outta there but went into a wicked spiral like some dumbshit crow. man i bet that loud ass crow i know would like to see me now

hey you! stay away from my wife... know your place crow!!!!

man i need to take a fuggin snooze. yeah goon IVE SEEN YOUR VIDEO GAMES sheesh we can chill with some animes later

turn that light off. bird out.

BIRDDATE: X175-1C

woke up in a cardboard box again. thought i went on a bender with them hummingbirds but my poohole wasn't bleeding. yet

nectar gives me fire cheeks

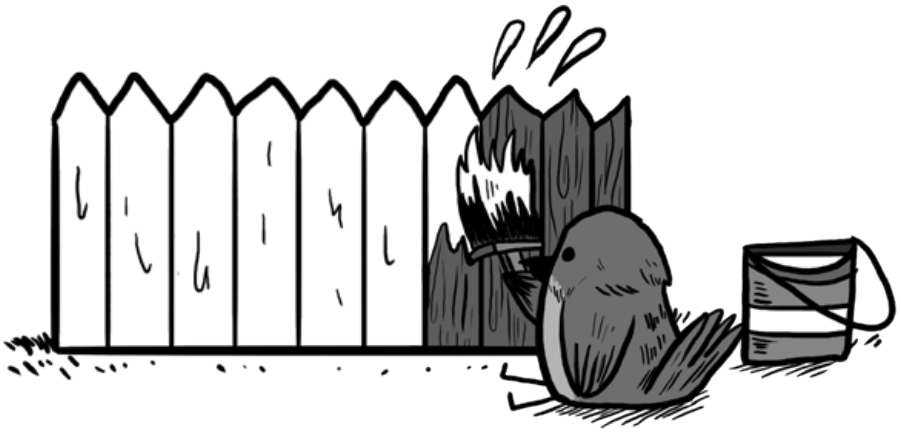
think i'll just chillax here. i chirpchirpchirp in in comes the food FUDGE YEAH never knew i liked burritos

when i get outta here peeps will ask me if i missed my wife and i'll say yeah but then i'll whisper YEAH I MISSED HER NAGGING THE SHIT OUT OF ME

"hey pick up that stick for our nest" yeah listen that stick's a piece of garbage like yer deadbeat brother. get him outta HERE don't care bout his dead leaves

then when he leaves i'll say "egg-cellent." put that on a t-shirt. THEN GET OUTTA MY WAY CUZ I TANGLED WITH A CAT AND LIVED HOMBRE

BIRDDATE: X177-5E



rehab goin well, mainly involves shoveling food in my beak and LAUGHING at the outside world

you heard right. NOT GOING BACK

"but don't you have kids" yeah i have kids every fuggin year. then the next time i'm lookin for a new lady i always gotta wonder if i'm pokin my daughter. i had some dumbass looking kids so that prolly happened at least once

"but birds live outside" good one genius. guess what else lives outside? COLDNESS. and the monster that crippled me

that thing can stay outside with my wife and kids and the hell away from dis bird

welp time for some more animes. rock on dooders

BIRDDATE: X178-2D

yeah yeah YEAH i'm not dead quit pokin me with q tip. just cause a guy sleeps 16 hours a day don't mean he needs poked

why do i sleep 16 hours a day. BECAUSE I CAN

saw that dickhead crow out the window today with a taco bell wrapper in his beak. guess what buddy i can get burritos for free. you just go to town on that wife on mine cause i love my new life of sleepin in the corner

ain't no corners outside

shit gotta check my e-mail. bird out.

BIRDDATE: X210-5F

guess what bird beat mega men 9? THIS BIRD

hey why don't you guys outside play it OH RIGHT! you need a wii not a TREE

heh.

heard it's gonna be a cold one tonight. kinda hard to hear anything over the sound of my electric blankey keeping me warm!!! me and not you

take it from this bird getting mauled by a cat is the best thing that can happen to me. why don't you try it CROW if you're not too busy eating garbage!

(AKA MY WIFE)

chat me up on aim: darkoanarchist420. bird out.

Super-special illustrations by KC Green.

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.9 CONEX Convict Connections: "Uncanny Entertainment"

Friday, Oct 10, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the CONEX Convict Connections series.

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩For Sale ⟩Improvised Electronics

TWO WAY GHOST RADIO (SHIT WORKS!!)

Holla At: TBONE @ D Block on 2
Askin: shit just come and get it nigga i dont even want to touch it
Niggas word: **IS BOND** (42 in last 3 months)

yall know that day a while back when the tvs and radios was all playin them weird sounds and the ninja turtles went turtle power and confiscate on a nigga. Took all the little transistor radios, stereos, and took the tvs down off them cages they put em up in to keep us from throwin feces into the speakers.

Since that day aint heard nothin from the outside and aint had no visitors. Startin to get creepy. So I had my clever nigga Short Eye Ted rig up some shit. That nigga will do anythin for some pictures yall clip out of the junior section of a sears catalog. True on that.

So after a piece Short Eye Ted say he got a radio that works, even works so I can send shit on frequencies and say shit to a nigga on the outside. then he said I aint gonna want this radio. And I said Short Eye Ted you sick motherfucker give me that radio and here some jelly I stole from the big eat you put that up on a cheerio and itll be just like a little baby.

Yo turn out even a child molestin clock be right twice a day. I DO NOT want this creepy ass radio. The main grievance I take with this radio is its unsatisfactionary programming.

It get about ten channels and there is weird ass music sound like it come out a cave made out of crystal or some shit, there some channel thats just things chantin dont even sound like people, and yo, there is one channel that is just some thing growlin. Shit its been so long I would take rush limbow or some shit. The only channel it get with people is this channel where a bitch count in some fucked up language Dan Hitler say is german and then it play a glockenspiel or some shit on a nigga. Who wants to listen to that?

The weirdest channel of all though is this channel where whatever you say into the microphone comes out on the channel, but it come out before you say it into the microphone. when I first put it on I was flippin around and I hear "test test nigga test comin out of lambspoke" and like five day later 9 Pickles is up in my cell and he try the microphone shit and he say exactly that so it play

that shit FIVE DAY before he even said nothin.

But then that night I turn on the radio and it said "help us help us help us oh god please help us" in this cryin voice only it was MY VOICE

FUCK nigga you get this shit out of my cell.

GODDAMN

- **Location:** Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 2
- **Smuggles to:** nigga I would smuggle this in my ass to the fuckin moon if I could but I cant get outside lambspoke no more cause aint no mules doin conjugals for a nigga, so you best be this side of W-Block.

InmateID: 8765777453

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩For Sale ⟩Peculiar Amusements

L@@K ⟩⟩⟩nigga a real ass record u aint never heard before

Holla At: C-ZAR @ D Block on 4
Askin: Thick Sandy is gettin wore out i will trade if you got a fine ass mustache girl and sweeten that shit
Niggas word: **IS BOND** (10 in last 3 months)

YO CHECK THIS SHIT NIGGA. MEAN G THE GUARD WITH THE CRAZZY ASS SCAR UP ON HIS FACE JUST PASS ME A CARE PACKAGE FROM MY BLOOD LIPS DOIN 15 ON SOME PATRIOT ACT BULLSHIT. HE IN UNTERWELT THAT PAN EUROPE REPRO MAX THEY GOT UP BY JERSEY CITY. NIGGA SHIT ON A FLAG OR SOME SHIT, CLAIMIN IT WAS DARK AND HE DIDNT KNOW HE WAS SHITTIN ON A FLAG. ORIGINALLY WAS IN A SAMS CLUB MEDIUM SECURITY BUT THEY INMATE LIST GOT BOUGHT OUT BY PAN EUROPE MOVE HIS ASS TO UNTERWELT.

ANYWAY THAT SHITS ALL TERTIATING TO THE STORY WHICH IS CENTERED ON THAT CARE PACKAGE LIPS SENT UP. COURSE IT WAS ALL TORE UP AS USUAL BY CORRECTIONS TAKIN A NIGGAS SWISS CAKE ROLLS AND KNITTING NEEDLES A NIGGA USE FOR CROSS STITCH ON A BITCHS KIDNEYS.~DONT EVEN LET A NIGGA FILE HIS NAILS WITH SHIT BUT AN EMRY BOARD.

MEAN G LEFT ME SOME WEIRD ASS RECORDS I GUESS LIPS BRIBED OUT OF THE PRISON LIBRARY AT UNTERWELT. FOLK SONGS AND SHIT AND LITTLE KIDS SONGS WITH LIKE SESAME STREET COUNTIN AND SHIT. MAY BE USEFUL TO A NIGGA IF YOU SO FUCKIN IGNORANT YALL DONT KNOW YOUR COUNTIN AND SUBTRACTIONS BUT A NIGGA CANT RUN GAME IF HE DONT KNOW THAT SHIT SO HOW YOU EVEN MAKE IT ON HERE, NIGGA?

I PUT THAT SHIT IN ANOTHER LOT ON CONEX FOR DUMBASS NIGGAS IF YOU WANT IT. THIS SHIT I GOT HERE IS PRIME SHIT. AINT NO WOODIE GUTHRY SHIT, AINT NO BING CROSBY. THIS SHIT AINT IN OUR LIBRARY. THIS SHIT IS REAL, DOG. THIS SHIT IS FUCKIN DON & SEYMOUR LAY IT ON A NIGGA.

YOU SEE THAT SHIT??? STRAIGHTLACED WHITEBREAD LAWRENCE O'DONNELL LOOKIN NIGGA DON DONE PAIR UP WITH A ALIEN. YOU SEE THAT SHIT NIGGA? LOOK LIKE A GIRAFFE OR SOME SHIT? THAT IS A FUCKIN ALIEN. AND A NIGGA SINGS SONGS ABOUT LAUNCHIN ROCKETS AND SHIT ALONG WITH SOME HILARIOUS ASS JOKES WILL CRACK A NIGGA UP. LIKE WHAT DO A NIGGAS NOSE AND FEET BOTH DO? GIVE UP NIGGA? RUN AND SMELL.~

LAST THREE TRACKS ARE SCRATCHED UP ON THE RECORD SO IT JUST SKIPS ON "IT'S COMING" AND PLAYS "IT'S COMING" OVER AND OVER AGAIN. SOUNDS CREEPY "ITS COMING, ITS COMING, ITS COMING, ITS COMING" BUT ITS COOL THOUGH YOU JUST GOTTA GET UP AND FIX THE NEEDLE WHILE SEYMOUR IS REPEATIN ON THAT SHIT

- **Location:** Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 4
- **Smuggles to:** North American Panopticon (Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 4-13 and Tier 1 ONLY)

InmateID: 9000388938

DON & SEYMOUR
GADGET
RECORDS

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩Personals ⟩Strictly Platonic

i need u to come to the v block hatch

Holla At: a friend @ W Block on 1
Askin: friendship
Niggas word: **AIN'T SHIT YET** (0 in last 3 months)

hi

i am a human containing 185 pounds of blood and meat. my bones are full of marrow. i have never been degloved bodily. my skin is tender and unbroken. my intact brain is controlling my actions. i am from this planet and this nation and i did not come here from far away. i am less than 1000 years old.

there are many good things waiting for you at v block hatch. in addition to me, your friend, there are 274 packs of assorted tobacco cigarettes, 9 grams of cocaine in three plastic bags, 11 ounces of marijuana compressed into a brick, 304 skeletonized human bodies, 14 automatic shotguns, 14 riot control suits, and a substantial quantity of magazines depicting human females with enlarged bottoms. you may have all of these things which i have tasted.

you must come to the hatch connecting v block to w block between 1700 and 1720 hours. i feel the warmth of the overseers are lessened during this time allowing you to slip by and kick aside the salts arranged across the doorway and preventing me from giving you these gifts. you need not even open the hatch, just clear a two meter wide path through the salt cordon and my body will force open the hatch and disarm the overseers.

then we will be friends forever

and you will have your reward

- **Location:** Lambspoke, W-Block, Tier 1
- it's NOT ok to come beggin at a nigga any time you with paper or need some

InmateID: 00000000000

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.10 Pain For Measure

Saturday, Oct 11, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Deep Hurting Institute is dedicated to researching the human brain's capacity to receive and interpret pain signals. Each month the facility runs a new series of tests on brave volunteers, and for $14.95 a month members of the Deep Hurting Fan Club receive a glossy poster-sized printout of the results.

Please enjoy this complimentary installment of the Deep Hurting Fan Club. If you decide to join within the next two months, we'll send you a special gift! *

(* Depending on supplies, either a refurbished 1'x1' section of carpet with barely noticeable water stains or an XFL Football Phone)

Stimulus	Intensity Rating (Scale of 1 to 10)	Most Common Description Of Pain
Palm Placed On Two Hundred Degree Surface For Three Seconds	3	A sensation that something isn't quite right begins to intensify, then end just as the recoil reflex kicks in. Comparable to being tricked into masturbating a rabbit.
Pinky Finger Savaged In Old Fashioned Hand-Cranked Pencil Sharpener	9.2	You know how you get those little flaps of dead skin on the sides of your nails sometimes, and when you go to pull them off they yank away strips of living skin and you start bleeding? Like pulling a thousand of those off at once. NOT recommended!
Surgical Needle Slowly Puncturing Both Nostrils And The Cartilage In The Bridge Of The Nose	8.1	A playful mixture of horror and agony, like getting a severe stomach ache after eating a hot dog then learning that the hot dog contained a winning lottery ticket that had been dipped in cancer.
Punch In Stomach From Muhammad Ali	1.4	Just hurts on the inside, where the sympathy and sadness are.
Crushed In A Trash Compactor	10	Wait, wait! I changed my mind! Please let me go ho-
Eating A Moderately Spicy Chili With Hot Sauce	0.6	Makes my tongue go numb, which is more frustrating than painful since the chili's pretty good.

Stimulus	Intensity Rating (Scale of 1 to 10)	Most Common Description Of Pain
Knee Held In Large Hadron Collider While The Device Accelerates The Heck Out Of Particles	8.4	Far worse than having my knee shoved into the Tiny Hadron Collider.
Point-Blank Blast From Firehose In The Shin	6.6	Pretty much matches my fantasies of being kicked by the dude from Terminator 2 while he's still in mercury form.
Car Battery Connected To Tongue Via Jumper Cables	7.3	Those clamps pinch like crazy!
Pillow Dropped On Head From Height Of Ten Feet	0.1	Nowhere near as bad as that trash compactor, though I think the pillow might have loosened a few of my stitches.
Tied To Railroad Track, Run Over By Hovercraft	1.7	A whimsical romp through a pebble-filled wind tunnel after escaping an execution.
The Newest Zelda Game Gets Anything Less Than A Perfect Score Average On Metacritic	10	Every cell in my body screams for the sweet release of death, and the rest of my cells become speakers that amplify and repurpose the sounds to obliterate my soul.
Ejected Into The Vacuum Of Space Without A Spacesuit	2	Lungs throb after holding my breath for several minutes, but aside from a few arm muscles that ache from doing the doggy paddle and some light re-entry burns on my knees I'm okay.
Waking Up In The Middle Of The Night, Trying To Find Bathroom In The Pitch Black, Accidentally Stubbing Toe On Ark Of The Covenant	8.9	I'm not sure it's possible to accurately describe "my toe just shriveled up and turned into a ghost" without screaming incoherently and clawing my cheeks.

Stimulus	Intensity Rating (Scale of 1 to 10)	Most Common Description Of Pain
	10	AAARGH?!
Watching Helplessly In A Vampire Bite-Induced Stupor While The Lab Is Sealed Shut For All Time With State Og Brand Cement	WHAT? CAN'T MOVE MY HEAD	HELLO? WHO'S FILLING OUT THIS FORM?
How Does He Know I'm Filling This Out? How Are His Answers Getting Into My Head?	DREAM THIS MUST BE A DREAM	NO, REAL. REVENGE. SEALED SHUT NO AIR. MIND MUST ESCAPE. IS THAT? PHONE JACK YES NOW I SEE
What The Heck Is Going On Down There? Why Did The Phone Boards Just Go Bonkers?		

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.11 How to Improve Your Worldwide Conspiracy: Chapter 2

Sunday, Oct 12, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Previously on How to Improve Your Worldwide Conspiracy:

Hi, the Author here. In the first installment of my work, you were introduced to several companies battling each other in a crowded global conspiracy market. Working for one of these companies are two men: Carlyle, a mid-level manager with greater ambitions and Things Up His Sleeve, and Junior Junior Agent Brad, who has found himself faced with a gun-wielding, spud-stealing rival junior agent after receiving a mysterious call telling him to go to Las Vegas. And now, I, the Author, welcome you to my world...

When: Not very long ago
Where: A produce stand outside of King City, California.

The man pulled the trigger, and Brad couldn't help but laugh. International conspiracies generally don't stay top secret by handing live weapons to their most junior members. Only those who can be trusted to never use a gun under any circumstances are then allowed to carry fully loaded weapons which remain parked at their owner's waist forever.

Pulling a trigger on a gun made out of rubber rarely has any sort of negative effect for anyone but the idiot doing the pulling. Agent Potato winced in embarrassment, realizing a moment too late how stupid his reflexive act of defense had made him look. Then he winced again because Brad's foot was making a good first impression in his stomach.

"*aauUGGHuh*," he said, with feeling, and collapsed into the dirt. The guy running the produce stand watched with interest but without concern.

> *Author's note: Maybe I should give the produce guy a name? No, no. People like mysteries, I guess. They do like mysteries right? I dunno. I'm tired of thinking about this.*

"I put my foot right there. Right in your stomach," said Brad.

"You need to work on your one-liners," said the produce guy. "You want his potatoes?" He pointed to a huge garbage bag of spuds.

"Don't really like potatoes. Can I take a peach?"

"No.'

"Ok then."

He snapped the car door open dramatically and it banged into the car next to him. The produce guy stared impassively as Brad inspected the other car, pretended to not see any dents, and got into his car. Hands on the wheel, hands off the wheel, hands into leather gloves because those look cooler, hands back on the wheel. Rubber gun at his side. Shades on his face. Off to Las Vegas.

"...and adventure?" he said.

Author's note: No wait, he mused that.

"...and adventure?" he mused.

When: A little before the present.
Where: Headquarters of Worldwide Conspiracy Inc.

"Mr. Carlyle, the president. Says it's a matter of national importance again."

Carlyle yawned.

"Why do they always pawn off the boring work on smart guys like me?" he said. "Well, have him wait a few minutes. It won't kill him."

The Acting Manager of Thought Acquisition for Worldwide Conspiracy Inc. hauled his feet onto the desk, threw his bulk back into the chair, and unfurled the newspaper over his head like a sail. He examined the day's headlines with the pride of a job well done.

"Ah, what a world we've made, eh?" he said.

"What's that sir?" said his assistant, who had just then been casually browsing job listings with other global conspiracy companies on Monster.com.

"Nothing, nothing."

Five hundred miles away, the president was sitting at his desk, listening to hold muzak and nodding off into his folded arms. Somewhere across the country, a junior agent was being thrown into a whirlwind adventure of epic proportions that was just getting started and promised many exciting future installments. In that room, much to his surprise, the man in charge of thought acquisition had acquired a thought.

Author's note: I think this is probably a good time to start a new page. Most of you are probably hooked wondering what the thought he had was. It's an interesting thought too, so if you weren't hooked, go to the next page anyway. You got something better to do right now?

Conquest is everything, Carlyle thought. Possession is nothing. Once the world is completely under your control, your entire life becomes one endless nightmare of management. That was the tacit understanding that allowed the many global conspiracies to coexist. Oh, they came up with all sorts of excuses for failure, those shadowy head honchos lying through their cigar-stained teeth, but this was the truth. The conspirators, all of them, allowed themselves to be inefficient because they feared to win. If they won, then there was no more need for secrets and excitement. They wouldn't be agents of the Secret Government, but only glorified managers.

Carlyle, however, was already a glorified manager, and he didn't mind the job. He had seen a weakness in the system, and now he couldn't unsee it. All it would take is one efficient agent, one who didn't mind doing the busywork and sweating the small stuff, and that agent could take the entire lazy conspiracy system by storm. That agent could rule the world.

So, ok, no more lazing around like all the rest of those bums in Thought Acquisition. From here on out, he would be the hardest worker in Worldwide Conspiracy Inc. He threw aside the paper.

"Hey, uh, you," he said. The assistant scratched his chin, casually indicating a laminated name tag hanging around his neck. Carlyle didn't notice. "Put the president through and fast! Let's not keep him waiting any longer."

Efficiency. The bane of all governments, secret or no. The world would soon be his.

When: Very recently.
Where: See below.

It's a dark room in a dark house in a dark town in a cold, cold universe baby. In it sat a man who had not spoken in thirteen years. He was drinking a cup of coffee and reading the day's headlines like a man with complete amnesia looking through his childhood photographs.

> *Author's note: Goddamn look at this stuff. That 'graph is smoking. I gotta start writing while drunk off my ass more.*

RIIIIIIIIING went the phone, chasing silence out of the room.

The man set down his coffee and paper neatly next to each other and picked up the receiver. Then he said nothing at all.

"Hello?" said the voice on the other end.

" "

"Um...right. I hope you're there. I have a job for you."

" "

"I'm willing to pay a lot of money."

" "

"Ok, well, ok. I'm going to send a fax over now. I really hope you're there. Are you there?"

The man hung up. Silence settled back in, annoyed at having been disturbed. Then the fax machine started grinding and beeping, and silence stormed right back out again. The man did not move until the fax machine came fully to rest, then he unfolded himself in one slow stretch and retrieved the paper.

On it was a picture with a name underneath, and an amount of money written underneath that. The man looked at the paper for a long time, then crumpled it up and tossed it into the basket. He threw on a coat and heaved a large black bag over his shoulder. Somewhere, maybe from the bag?, something was buzzing loudly. Out the door went the man and the bag and the buzz, out into this dark, dark world of ours, baby.

Left behind in the wastebasket, the crumpled fax had served its purpose. It could rest easy with a job well done. But first we need one more thing from it. Let's look at that paper again, see what name was written there, below the picture and above the amount of money. Look: the paper said Junior Junior Agent Brad Mulligan.

That's what it said.

> Author's note: There's so much foreshadowing here, that even I can hardly wait to find

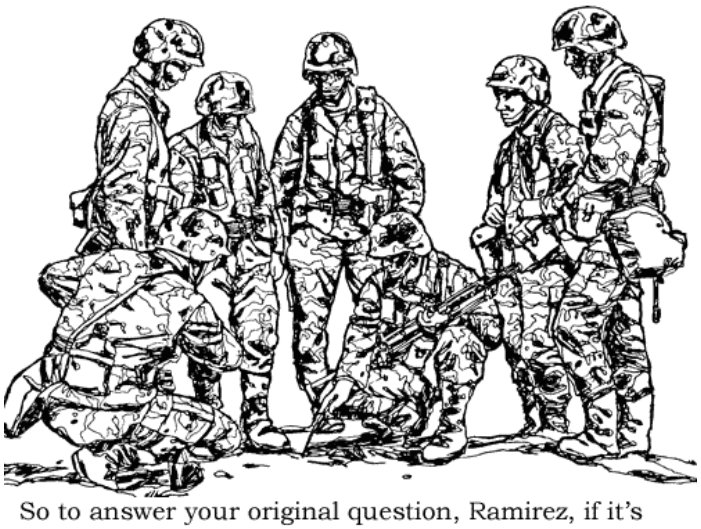
out what happens next. Ask your local newsstand to hold a copy of the next issue for you! And then when he tells you that he doesn't actually sell webpages, just keep checking back here daily until you get your next fix. Until then...farewell gentle reader.

-∼Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

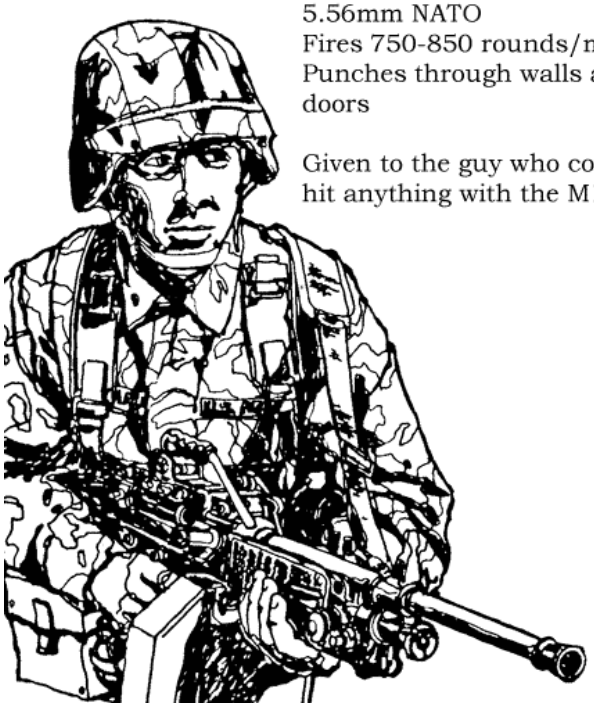
10.12 Return of GI Army Funnies

Monday, Oct 13, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the GI Army Funnies series.



So to answer your original question, Ramirez, if it's even real, intel believes the G-spot is located here, south of the guard towers and near the barracks. But command isn't concerned with ***her*** orgasm.

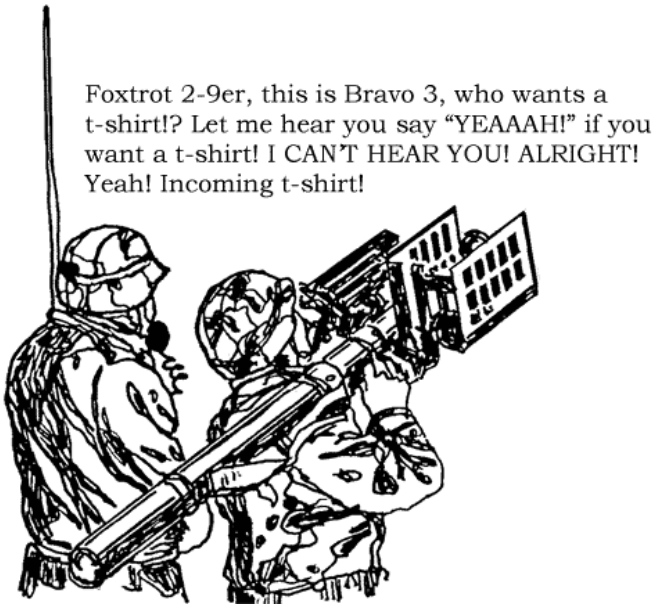


M249 SAW
5.56mm NATO
Fires 750-850 rounds/min
Punches through walls and car doors

Given to the guy who couldn't hit anything with the M16.

Robertson! Puller! Take a knee, you two. Looks like we're the only survivors from the Sadr City raid. General Petraeus is on his way with the Division to pull our asses out. Which of you knows where to shoot me in the leg without ruining my dunk?

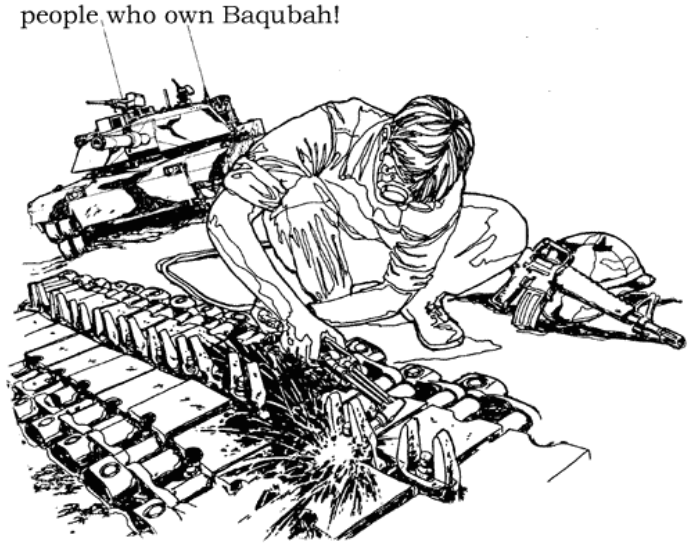
There he is!
There is the farmer who saw us shoot all those prisoners!


Foxtrot 2-9er, this is Bravo 3, who wants a t-shirt!? Let me hear you say "YEAAAH!" if you want a t-shirt! I CAN'T HEAR YOU! ALRIGHT! Yeah! Incoming t-shirt!

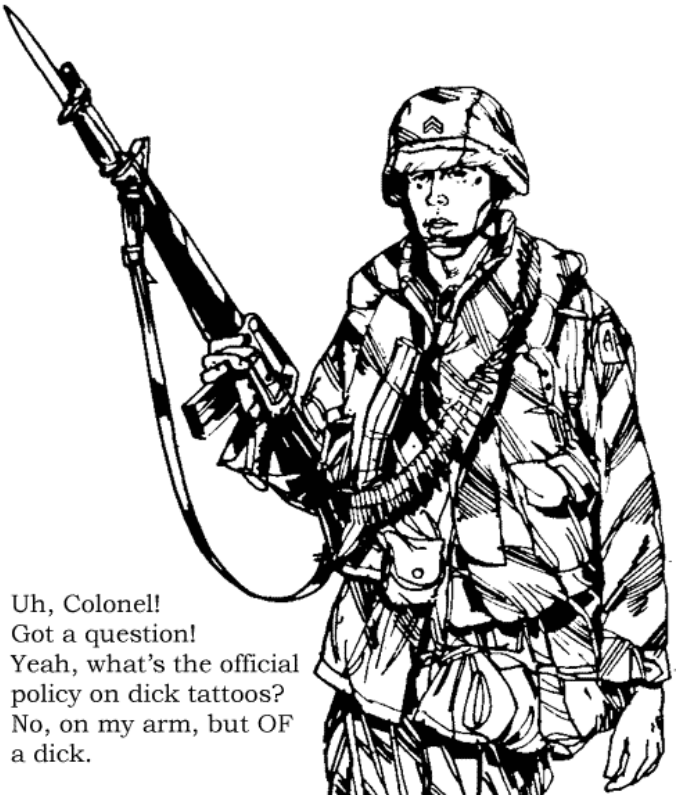
Nothing yet, sir. SIGINT is going over those images now, but they said it would help if you could remember what color dress she was wearing when her nipple popped out.

It's okay, Iraqi Mom, according to the judge that said join the Army or go to jail I'm only a molestation risk to children back in America.

When Murdoch and B.A. are done with the tank we'll run out that drug cartel and prove that it's the people who own Baqubah!



Yeah! Get some, motherfucker who looks slightly similar to the guy standing nearby when that IED blew up three hours ago! YEAH! You want some too uninvolved woman with bags?



Uh, Colonel!
Got a question!
Yeah, what's the official policy on dick tattoos?
No, on my arm, but OF a dick.

THIS ***RULES!*** I'm finally gonna get to ride in a real helicopter and all I had to do was get shot through both lungs!

No, no, the Al Qaeda base was through Oktoberfest, past Wild Waterfall, closer to Funtime Bear and his Jamboree. We can get back if we take a left at the Eiffel Tower Drop of Terror.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.13 Subj: IF I HAD 1 QUESTION TO ASK MCCAIN/OBAMA

Tuesday, Oct 14, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

What Are You Gonna Do About The Economy..is what this concerned citizen would like to know because i have decided to start my own web site: RatsPlus.. i want people to pay me $4.99/mo for RatsPlus service let them know whats up with my rats. need some money to start this. i will send the customer a text or email every time there is a new rat or a rat does something big, if there is a big deal in the rats life, etc.

"New Rat: Angelo, a big city rat with a heart of gold and a secret disease" example text message or cell phone message, quick bio telling about the secret (hook the customer into buying more info on rats!!)

"New Rat: Peter. a shy rat who secretly wishes he could be more than just a man. welcome, peter, to the "rat" race!!!" now see angelo has a potential rival or hero or a bitter lover who knows how the story is going ot unfold its a wild situation. what if they become friends but then what if a lady rat comes between them the classic story

EVEry rat will have a bio and likes or dislikes and a relationship chart teling how much it likes one rat or another or me. people love info

check out what people are going ot say about RatsPlus "I love the rats!!! RatsPlus has all the features I need" -a regular mom in town who loves RatsPlus and uses it to know whats up in the world of rats

"better check on the rats..." -business mnan who has RatsPlus gets updates sent to his phone at work or play

D.L. Hughley on RatsPlus.com: "It keeps me updated on the rats!" i dont know if d.l. hughley will use the ratsplus site but he once signed my arm at the gas station it "pumped me up" for 3 days i was a happy guy

the important thing to do is to set up your phone so it plays the custom RatsPlus Rat Noise when ever you get a new update into your telephone so you dont confuse it i also want a pretty lady to call people without cell phones and talk to em about rats in case they dont have a cell phone "hey benito (customer name) this is a sexy baby from rats plus calling to let you know about Angelo. Hes our hottest new rat" emphasis on RAT to drive the point home

Ever see a rat checking its email. well now you can you can email the rats and tell them whats on your mind..... and maybe you will get an answer. (i'll be the rats in this case) Hello I'm Jordan The Rat. Thanks For Your Question. To Answer You Poltely Yes, I Love To Eat Rat Food!! see how easy this web site practically prints money out of my printer fo rme (another way to make money)

i need venture capital to realize my dream need cages or glass aquariums. also i was doing some research on prices and if i want a cage to hold many dozens of rats it will be several thousand dollars

BUT heres where the business sense comes into play for the same price i can buy an old school bus and close the windows and boom instant mobile rat cage just fill it with rats and drive around

"RatsPlus ALert: Some of the rats fought last night I dont know which ones" it tells the whole story and more. maybe while i was asleep curled up like a baby in the drivers seat some of the rats got into a tussle. i'll bet they were chasing a bug together and one of them ate the bug there are gonna be bugs

I want my web site to be the #1 result on google search for any rat topic or any multimedia experience. when i search for rat multimedia experience i want it to send me directly to the rats bio live webcam and vital signs with a pulsing chart

I want my web site to have orbs also

"RatsPlus Alert: it was written in the stars. two rats are in love" if i see them rubbing

"RatsPlus Alert: Rat Death" tragedy maybe it got into the dashboard hole where the radio used to be. the sky is the limit with rats plus

GOOD BYE... DAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

glamore shot of hollywoods newest millionaire

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

10.14 The Pie Situation as of October 15, 1988

Wednesday, Oct 15, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Did you know that right now there are 25 unique varieties of pie in the world?[1] It's true. Scientists, researchers, and independent adventurers have identified each of these 25 types. They have carefully arranged these pies on a chart using exact weights, measurements, and physical characteristics. A brief listing of these pies is as follows.

Pearls van der Horn, Pie Industry Mascot, 1899-1988

1. **Square Pie** - Each slice of this pie contains an additional side, giving hungry people 50% more pie per slice.

2. **Pie in a Bottle** - A pie made nearly impossible to consume due to its containment inside a clear glass bottle. As to who constructed the pie inside the bottle remains a mystery and topic of heated classroom and laboratory debate.

3. **Slime Pie** - Gross and disgusting, this pie is made from pouring random slop, goop, and glop into a pie pan and exposing it to room temperatures for 3-4 days. Also known as "Witch's Brew Pie."

4. **Lightning Pie** - This type of pie is cut in such a manner as to give each slice the unique shape of a lightning bolt. Much like actual lightning, it has a distinct lemon taste.

5. **Red Pie** - Delicious and very red, this pie is made from berries mined from subterranean caves. It also causes impotence.

6. **Grievous Pie** - A pie that keeps you up at night, haunts your dreams, and leaves you feeling fatigued, listless, and fearful. Consumption of grievous pie is extremely regrettable, but entirely unavoidable.

7. **Breadmesh Pie** - Made out of a super-dense bread fiber weaving. Each strand of bread is one-tenth the width of a human hair. Breadmash Pie can maintain its form under the harshest conditions and, indeed, has survived in both the vacuum of space and at the bottom of the ocean with no damage. Collectively, pies 3-7 are known as the Baker Group.

8. **Invisible Pie** - This pie is created when any other variety of pie is consumed. Invisible Pie is weightless, odorless, flavorless, and completely devoid of nutritional value. You can find it in what appear to be empty pie pans.

9. **Pie Pills** - Entire pies reduced to the size of small capsules. They will, however, expand to full size when exposed to stomach acids.

10. **Yellow Pie** - This pie was engineered by scientists in 1977 as a means to pacify large populations. It is extremely addictive due to its chief ingredient: mustard seed.

11. **Fire Pie** - Unknown forces have rendered this pie aflame, making it completely unsafe to eat. Accidental consumption of this pie can result in you transforming into a pile of highly magnetic dust.

12. **Pie-in-a-barrow** - This pie has lost all will to maintain itself, collapsing into a giant heap contained in a wheelbarrow and pushed around from town to town to frighten undisciplined youths.

13. **Death Song Pie** - When sung to this pie will sing back, taking approximately one year off the listener's life.

14. **PIE IN THE SKY** - Frequently observed hovering over major cities, the exact nature, motives, and composition of this pie remain a mystery.

15. **Scream Pie** - A pie with the capacity to feel and express emotions, particularly complete terror. It longs to return to its home world, and if you eat it, you too will suffer that longing.

17. **Six-Legged Pie** - This little pie has grown legs, and will use them with great fervor in attempting to evade you. Left to its own devices, this pie will get into mischief and probably hurt itself in the process. Keep under heavy lid.

18. **Oatball Pie** - Contains concentrated deposits of oat 2-16mm beneath its surface. It is believed that Industrial Oat Co. owns the last three remaining oatball pies.

19. **Velcro Pie** - Features the unique ability to form lasting attachments to objects, including human hands and pie knives. Will linger in the stomach indefinitely.

20. **Wet Ninny Pie** - Favored by members of the wet ninny subculture, this pie is known for its elongated shape, soggy surface, and weak flavor.

21. **Claw Pie** - Millions of years of evolution have given this pie a distinctive advantage in nature: a set of terrible pincer claws. The juicy innards of the claw pie are protected by a hardened carapace.

22. **Gaussian Pie** - A pie with a strange spire rising out of its center making it extremely difficult to eat or slice.

23. **Child's Pie** - Beware: this pie will forever trap you in the folly of youth, never to grow old or wise, never to die.

24. **Quarter Pie** - A pie costing exactly 5 nickels, no more, no less.

25. **Surprise Pie** - Contains one random surprise under the crust, ranging from a baby bird to a valuable coin. Some surprise pies even contain an entire second pie hidden within.

26. **Unknown Pie**[2] - A type of pie predicted to exist by a certain scientific model. It is possible we have already eaten this pie but lack the capacity to know whether or not we have eaten it.

[1]According to the National Pie Consortium's 1988 Annual Audit of Pies.

[2]The Calhoun Model embraced by Pearls van der Horn accounts for this pie, but all other models rule it out.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.15 CONEX Convict Connections: "Sublime Situations"

Friday, Oct 17, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the CONEX Convict Connections series.

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩For Sale ⟩Work For a Nigga

EXPERT TATTOOS (CLEAN!!!)

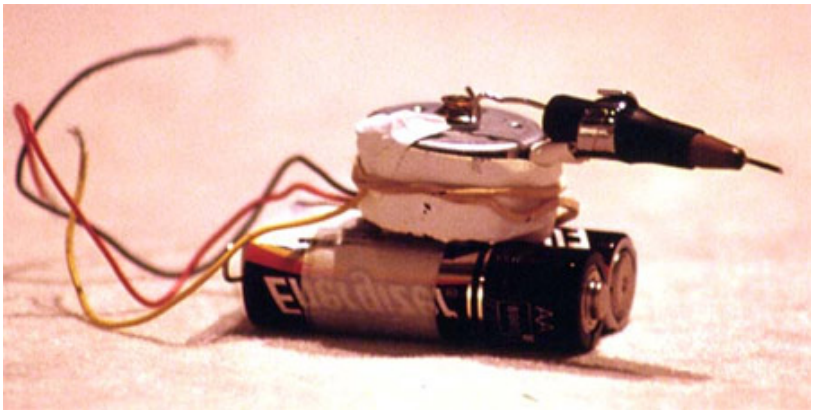
Holla At: Red Whisker @ D Block on 7
Askin: pills, spitwine, hash, dots, the slugs that taste like wood and dance in your brain
Niggas word: **IS BOND** (98 in last 3 months)

Red Whisker got a tattoo for ya little boys. Got a tattoo.

Come up to Tier 7. Lay down. Get a tattoo. A special one.

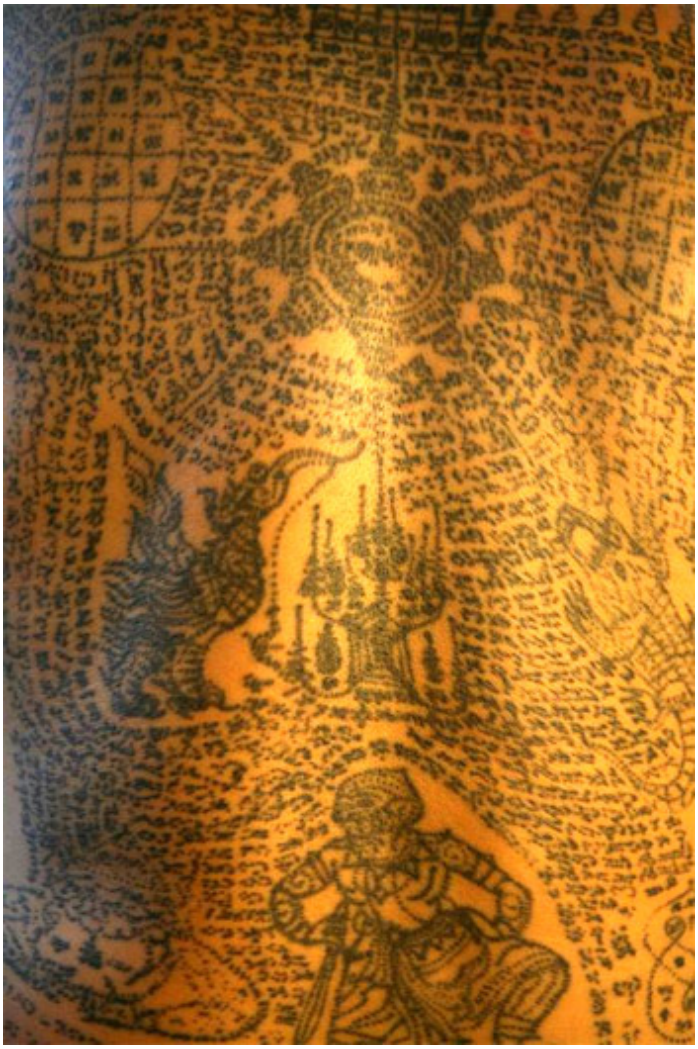
Red Whisker has dreams with letters he ain't seen before. Ain't come from no alphabet he seen before. The dream says put them on people and make the pictures real nice. Make 'em just right.

C-Zar down on tier 4 made me this tattoo gun. Ink you up real nice. Get your skin real nice and ready for Red Whisker, let him put his ink in you. BZZZZZ. Just a little tingle-wingle. BZZZZ. Put his magic letter on your back, on your arm, on your special places.



You like pictures? Red Whisker got pictures. I got a picture of what the color is inside dying. I got a picture of the shape of the end and the beginning of time. I can draw in the sweet lady of Egypt, deathless, laughing, beckoning to every wayward man.

At night when you sleep you will dream of the tattoos Red Whisker gives you, so choose good. Choose 'em right. Because at night they will come alive while you dream. Come alive and have a good old time.



Now it's dark here in Lambspoke. Darker and colder every day. And the lights can barely see through the smoke. We move in closer, closer, to gather round our candles. Just enough light, brother. Just enough to put in the ink and make you whole again.

Come on to Tier 7. Red Whisker will give you what you need.

- **Location:** Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 7
- **Smuggles to:** Nothing to be shipped unless you want to leave parts of your body behind and I can catch them up to you.

InmateID: 4023558344

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩For Sale ⟩Peculiar Amusements

What the FUCK Nigga A ROBOT?!?! YEOP

Holla At: 9 Pickles @ D Block on 2
Askin: What can a nigga even get on a robot? This shit is like 50 shivs worth of metal and lenses and shit
Niggas word: **IS BOND** (23 in last 3 months)

yo what the fuck is up dblock niggas???

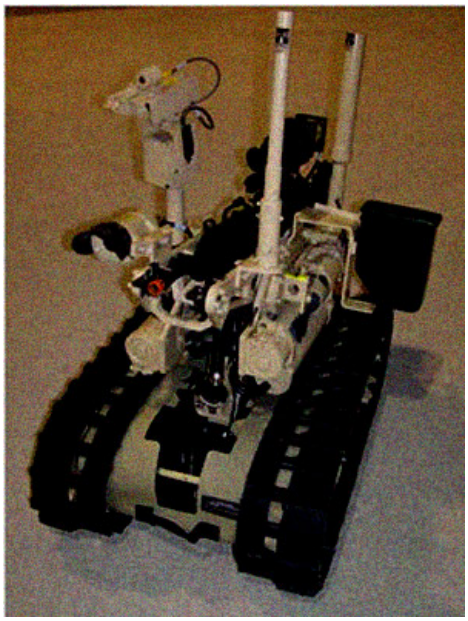
That old rounder nigga Landline has done it again. He has hooked me up with a ROBOT. How many niggas in dblock, no, how many niggas IN THE WORLD have got theyself a robot?

Two, maybe three in addition to 9 pickles robot king of the dizzay bizzay. You know that nigga michael jackson up in abudoobi with some sheik got hisself a little robot friend. Maybe colin powell or that nigga barack obama got a robot. I give you maybe even my nigga shawn carter got a robot but just barely. Like its a remote control helicopter playin i, robot on dvd on a screen underneath it or some shit.

Your true nigga 9 pickles? Nawwww, nuh uh uh. Landline hook this nigga up with the real deal here nigga.

Ever since shit been gettin crazy Landline said wild ass shit been turnin up in maintenance and HVAC. Niggas on them work crew and janitorializing and shit come across all kinds of craziness. Nigga found an owl in a toilet, some kind of crazy book in one of the crawl spaces where the pipes is, and a fuckin rat with a persons face that screamed some shit in a high voice and ran off.

Best of all like I was sayin landline found this robot. It is in fair condition. I would say collectible if you want to get you some more robots and have a whole set. There was obviously an arm on the front that looks tore off and some sort of shotgun part, but only a little decal with how to take off and reload the shotgun, not the shotgun intself.



This shit is heavy, weigh like 150 pounds. If you flip it over it says NORTH AMERICAN PANOPTICON and underneath that it say LAMBSPOKE N-BLOCK and underneath that it say ARCS UNIT. There some other shit fucked up, like some scratches and the bottom part is all scuffed up like it got dragged somewhere, but if yall can figure out how to turn this lil metal nigga on I bet you shit would run around and do his shit.

So he good for that, if yall want to fix it up and make it go. I bet he could creep up on a nigger on his little rubber caterpillar shit and then shiv a bitch. If you aint need that shit you could just take him all apart and use the parts for shit.

I would do that shit myself, believe that, but I am too busy. With all them guards gone missing and the rest of them locked up in they little guard bunker and not comin out I got to work extra hard to keep my routes goin. Know what I'm spittin' nigga?

Yeah, you heard that shit. So check out this robot. Yall know you want this lil fucker.

- **Location:** Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 2
- **Smuggles to:** yall come get this shit aint no way none of mine is carryin it around

InmateID: 83520398356

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩For Sale ⟩Unbelievable Clavo Shit

Some Crazy Hollow Ass Guard Mummies In Clavo Bags

Holla At: spooky clavo shit 4 real 4 u @ D Block on 13
Askin: nigga this shit is like a clavo pettin zoo or some shit but some food bars or spitwine if you take one
Niggas word: **IS BOND** (315 in last 3 months)

Spooky clavo shit 4 real 4 u is dealing with a situation we call an overabundance of selections. Now you being an officiando of all things clavo, you might think that there cannot be too much clavo shit to be had, but nigga you have not seen one tenth the clavo shit we have. There is clavo shit coming from every clavo person we ever known. We are getting hot clavo shit, shit so clavo it will make walls bleed and bones explode and shit, we are getting that shit from people who ain't even clavo a little bit.

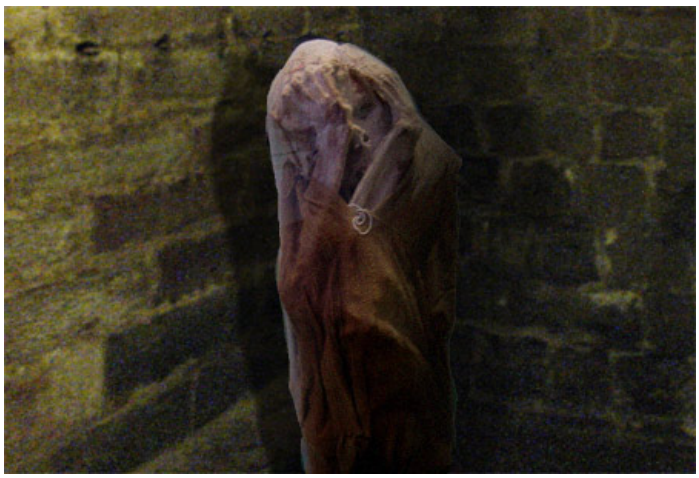
I'm talking niggas who got the beef for embezzling shit on a nigga or beating they kids or some shit. Not some crypto shit like a KGB nigga strangling bitches with fishing lines and shit. That kind of nigga always got clavo shit.

So this latest shit is so clavo it is clavo to a clavo nigga. I don't know how to put that any clearer so just try to recognize. Shiiiiittt. Yall know niggas in H-Block aint been heard from for ages. Power all out in F-Block. People banging on pipes and frost appearing on doorknobs. Every nigga havin crazy dreams.

So what do we turn up, nigga? Well, this clavo shit come direct from E-Block, right next door. Blowjob Corleone and Hatchet Hands Maddog Mike Meat was double drilling that nigga Pascal, you know that nigga with the breast implants made out of baggies of corn meal.

Anyway, them three niggas was fuckin in the kitchen for F-Block's big eat and things get rowdy. They put a bag over Pascals head and that nigga somehow die. You know, fuckin accidents happen to the best people and shit. So Blowjob Corleone and Mike Meat drag the body over to the cooler and what the fuck they find?

This shit:



Not just one of these mummy-ass niggas, but like 15. Turn out this shit is guards. You can tell because they got the Visamex credit tattoo on they arm ain't voided and some of them still got

they uniforms on. Not the full ninja turtles getup, but they corrections shit. Like they was all sittin around the break room having coffee and somebody put them in these creepy clavo ass bags and freeze dried them. Oh, and they ain't got nothin in they bones. No marrow. I checked that shit. No organs, no blood.

The uniforms say S-Block, which ain't heard shit from for like 3 days. I tried to tell the guards here about this shit but they won't even respond when you throw a fuckin book or a magazine at the cameras. I dont know what the fuck is goin on but they loss is your gain.

Yall can just come see this shit if you want. Aint much point to hidin it. Maybe the weid silky clear ass bag thing they in will be useful if yall want to buy one. Dudes only weigh like 10 pounds. You could hang them from the ceiling or some shit.

- **Location:** Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 13
- **Smuggles to:** yo I would be GLAD to bring this shit to any nigga in C, B, or A block.

InmateID: 777778787832323

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.16 Crisis Of Infinite Elves

Saturday, Oct 18, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Close your eyes and picture an elf. Is he tiny and pot-bellied, with a pointed hat and a wry smile? Or maybe he's unusually tall and slender, with Barbie doll hair and a permanent sneer? Amazingly enough, if you pictured either one of these you were right. If you pictured a large wooden object with branches and leaves, you were way off. You're thinking of a dwarf.

It's said that *aloha* has over a thousand meanings. If we don't act soon, *elf* might follow suit. In a few short years, "elf" might come to represent love, a fire extinguisher, the Atlantic Ocean, and blood. I don't have to tell you the sort of problems that would present to the Hemophiliac Kitchen Fire Prevention Honeymoon Cruise Line.

Clearly, something must be done to make sure that "elf" stands for one thing and one thing only. My proposal: Compare the two current meanings of the word, and force the lesser elf to adopt the new descriptor "narlp".

Pluses

+ Can perform real magic, like winking to summon unicorns on rollerskates made of rainbows, or twinkling their noses and shaking their butts to superheat the blood of their enemies into hemoglobic magma

+ Small stature keeps them from potentially dangerous situations such as roller coasters with signs that read "You must be this tall to ride" and sex

+ Constantly smiling, making the task of identifying their remains with dental records and family photos much easier

+ Don't need to rest, freeing them up to pursue their hobby of encircling sleeping humans' beds and watching silently

+ Capable of writing over 1,200 YouTube comments an hour

Drawbacks

- Speak too loudly when in nice restaurants, especially when making crude comments about minori-

ties

- Refuse to get a job, favoring a string of ill-fated get-rich-quick schemes such as "We'll go to the hardware store and buy a bucket of nails for like five bucks, then go door to door in some rich neighborhood where no one knows how much anything costs and sell them for like a thousand bucks apiece."

- Can not grasp why baking cookies with multiple wood-burning ovens inside a tree all day is a bad idea, so they'll never lose all that weight

- Have opinions about the underlying themes in Fight Club, and would like to tell you about them in depth

- Can't shop at the Big & Tall clothes store without getting all sorts of weird looks

Pluses

+ They help the economy by singlehandedly keeping the hairbrush, shampoo and dog biscuit industries in business

+ Can live indefinitely, so there's a lot less pressure on their friends to pick them up from the airport on time

+ Thanks to their height and upturned noses, could theoretically be the first to smell a meteor and get everyone to dive out of the way

+ Great poker face will never reveal if they have a full house, a pair of 2s, or a poker chip lodged in their throat

+ Are essentially very tall 12 year olds with autism, but have the mysterious ability to make any girl swoon

Drawbacks

- Can perform David Blaine magic, like standing still for very long periods of time without showing

human emotions

- Playing as one in a video game feels like guiding a marionette stick bug through the streets of Pamplona during the running of the bulls

- Can't draw cartoon porn for shit

- Fashion philosophy: If it's good enough for a community theatre production of Peter Pan, it's good enough for us

- Continue to insist that Hitler was right about shellfish

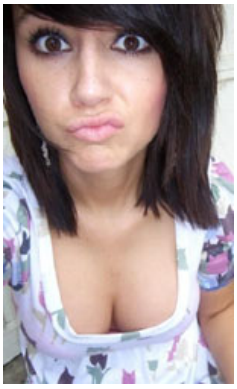
The winner, and sole representative of the word "elf":

Elves

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.17 Thesis Help

Sunday, Oct 19, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



Will Clair Sleep With Me?: A Graduate Thesis

Some students go to school to become something (teacher, C.E.O., accountant), and they graduate with the ability to succeed in their selected fields. You, on the other hand, decided to focus on the humanities, and you're about to graduate with the ability to write longwinded, boring papers regarding unimportant information that has little to no audience in the academic or real world.

The thesis is supposed to add new information to the field while combining all the skills you gained throughout your college education. Writing such a paper requires a keen attention to detail, patience, a deep understanding on a specific topic, and hours of hard work. Or, in your case, a whole bunch of traits you never developed through the many games of EA SPORTS. You have no chance to succeed unless you follow these steps.

Step One: Pick a Topic

Alright, so what are you going to discuss for thirty pages? What doesa twerpy twenty-something year old have to offer the world of academia? What can you discover in the thoroughly scoured fields of history that someone much smarter, older, and beard-covered than you missed? Well, since being profound is out of the picture, maybe you should focus on a ridiculously specific topic. To help you pick an area of focus, I have created this helpful guide. You like MadLibs right? Fill in the blanks according to number.

How did _ _#3_ _ affect _ _ _#2_ _ _ during the _ _ _#1_ _ _ in _ _ _#4_ _ _?

#1. (Moment in History) This is what you wanted to write your paper on before you realized that you have nothing interesting to say. Fill it in with whatever broad topic you originally thought of, such as "Vietnam War" or "Romantic Period."

#2. (Group) This is the main subject of the paper. Any noun should work. Example: "Native Americans" or "Wiffle Balls."

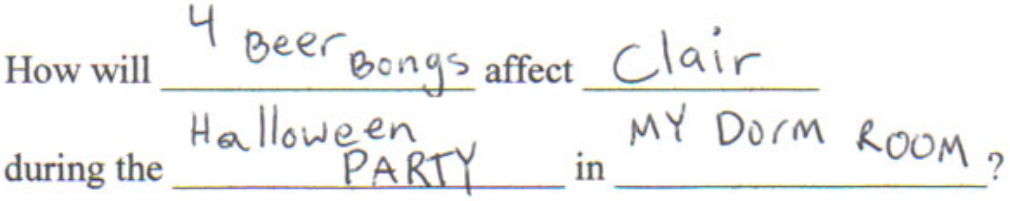
#3. (Secondary Group) If you were smarter, you could fill thirty pages with "Wiffle Balls" during the "Vietnam War," but you aren't. Instead, this secondary group gives you at least twice as much to write about.

#4. (Location) This is your trick play. Including a location may cause the professor to mistake you as an astute writer, instead of seeing the lazy, uncreative ass that you actually are. But location does more than boost appearances. It also limits responsibility. By stating that you are focusing on the Cleveland metro area, you only have to look at that specific, disgusting area instead of the entire globe. And, in case you really fuck up in presenting your poorly researched information, you can always say something like "well, I guess Cleveland is unique in that it is the only city in America to ally with the Khmer Rouge." Taa-Daa, you're off the hook, and no one will ever notice all those imaginary documents you reference!

Here is a simple example:

How did iron affect warfare in ancient Africa along the Nile River?

Of course, not all topics need to be in past tense. Okay, now you do one. Remember to focus on a topic important to you.



Well, alright. Fine. I guess that's a topic. Let's keep moving.

Step 2. Research and Reading

Start with simple sources and check the bibliography. Get a hold of the books listed. Repeat process with new books. Continue until you lose any sense of ambition.

Alternatively, you could go to the library, but don't waste time looking for information. In fact, don't even look at anything related to the Dewey Decimal System. First, find the section of the building that doesn't have movies. Then simply walk up to the smartest looking person sitting behind a desk, hand them a piece of paper with your topic written on it, and say, "help me prove this. It is for a college project." Come back an hour later when they have all your books ready. Don't worry, they're librarians, they love this shit.

For your personal thesis, I suggest studying Clair. Learn something about her past. How many beer bongs does she usually partake in? Does she have friends to help her in case the effects of the beer bong are negative? Are those rumors regarding her trip to the hospital for a stomach pump true?

The use of primary sources for this step cannot be overstated. A diary or private conversations may give you the unique view of Clair not seen by other dudes at the party. If you cannot steal an adequate supply of primary sources from her apartment, then you may be forced to rely on secondary sources, such as the opinions of her within the fraternities and sororities, bathroom scribblings, or loose campus gossip.

Step 3. Applying Research

At this point you are able to discover your "objective." You must use the information you've gained about Clair and present the facts to achieve whatever goal you have in mind. Many opinions could be argued either way. Depending on the writer's objective, an essay on scientific advancements during the 20th century could either describe the first heart transplant or the Holocaust. So, what is your objective?

Step 4. Writing

This is where you mix all the work you've done into one long, boring word document. Not only is it important to clearly present your ideas, but you must also reference all the sources you used. Chicago Reference Style should work well for you since it takes up a lot of space at the bottom of each page as well as the end of the document. Using Chicago should shave off a few pages. Based on your sources, here are some example citations.

1)Communication between Clair and her peers hints towards her ability to lose control and make bad decisions.[1]
2)Clair's poor decisions are most likely due by a sense of low self confidence. Heather, a sorority sister, is quoted as saying, "did u c caleer[sic] she lookn raty lol." [2]
3) Based on the sources found in the bathroom[3], I should have little problem fornicating with Clair.

[1] Jeff Budd, *Wall Post*, (Facebook) 9/27/2008. Quote: Yo C-Cat, had a great time last night, bitch you were crazy~!
[2] Heather Stivick, *Instant Message conversation to Brit. Perez.* 10/11/2008
[3] Anonymous quote in restroom stall: i fuk clair

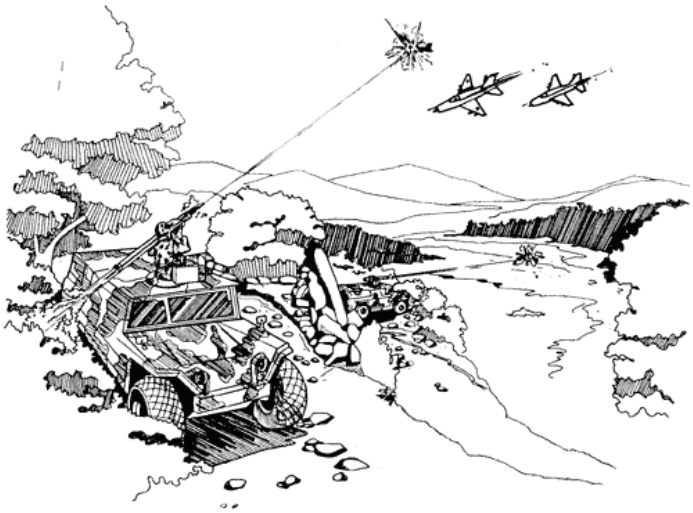
Now all you have to do is write the damn thing. Or pay an exchange student twenty bucks to do the whole thing for you. Either way really. Well, good luck, both in your thesis and your party.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.18 Return of the Return of GI Army Funnies

Monday, Oct 20, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the GI Army Funnies series.



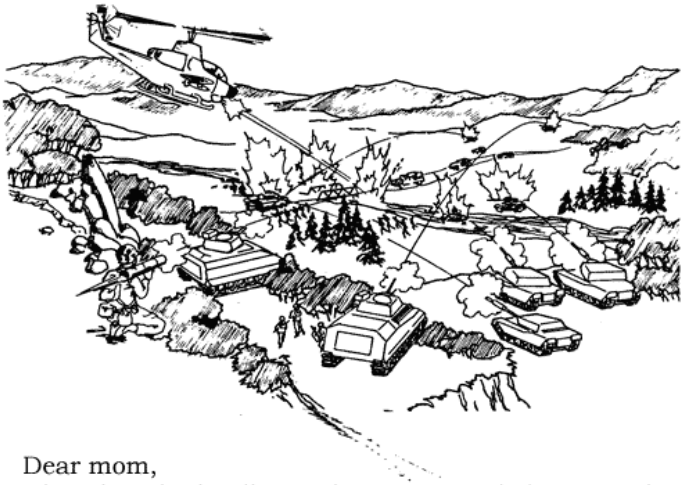
Ohhhhh! Look at this bitch! You done flyed over the wrong ass Warthog, motherfucker! Wait. Red stars mean bad guy planes, right?

That's not a return on the mine sweeper, Andy. That's my heart beating for you.

They say if two people stand close enough their hearts will begin to beat in perf-

Okay, that one is a return.

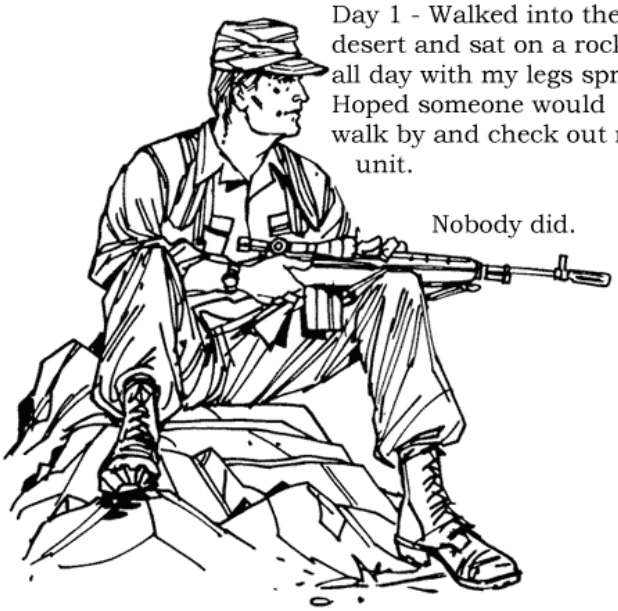
Holee Sheeit! Wait until the boys on Youtube get a load of this incoming mortar fire!



Dear mom,
what they don't tell you about on CNN is just exactly how totally awesome it is to see shit blowing up.

Love,
Andy

Commando Sniper



Day 1 - Walked into the desert and sat on a rock all day with my legs spread. Hoped someone would walk by and check out my unit.

Nobody did.

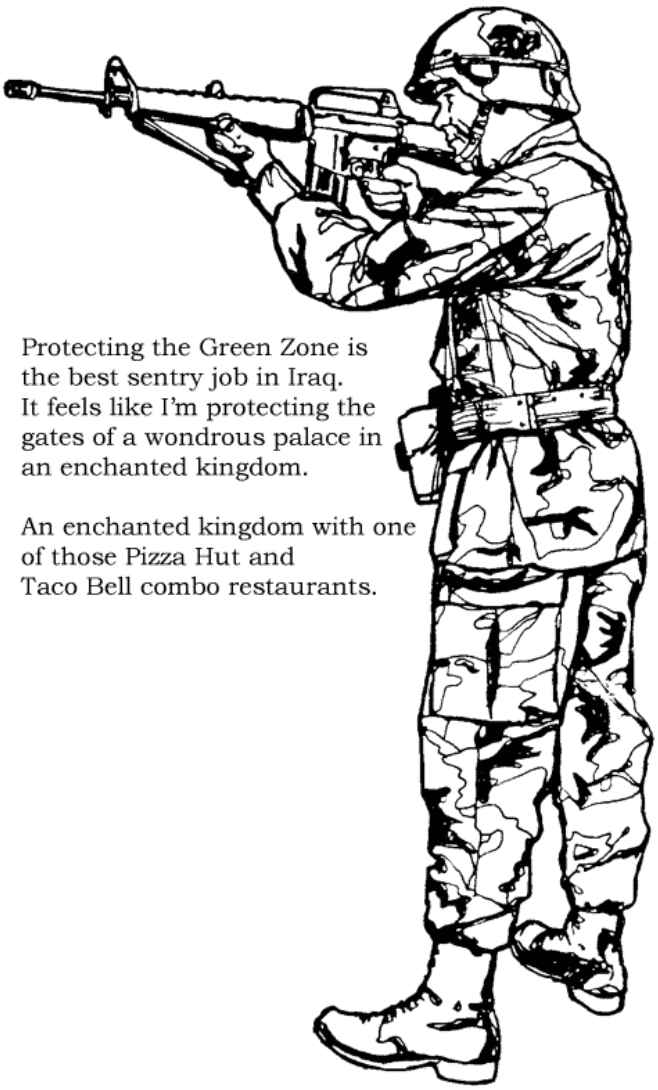
This is General Petraeus. Our clever military strategy of adding a shitload more soldiers has worked. We are still short of total victory. Do you have any more soldiers we can add?

Commando Sniper

Day 3 - To be a great sniper you must remain motionless for days as you wait for your target to appear.

I got bored and shot the dude in the face from close up. A bunch of other dudes too.

And I blew up a truck with a hand grenade.



Protecting the Green Zone is
the best sentry job in Iraq.
It feels like I'm protecting the
gates of a wondrous palace in
an enchanted kingdom.

An enchanted kingdom with one
of those Pizza Hut and
Taco Bell combo restaurants.

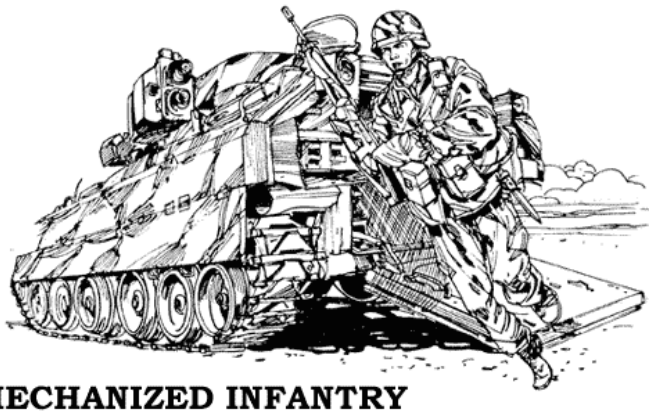
Hey, Andy, you should- Wait a second, you're not Andy. You're one of the Estonians.

DID THE...BIG MAN...TRICK YOU WITH THE MAGIC BOX? DRESS YOU UP IN UNIFORM?

Y'all ever notice how them grenades we use is the exact same size around as a dick?

Get some! Get some, motherfuckers! Yeah!

To be honest, I've got no idea what we're shooting at right now. This guy next to me just started shooting and yelling so I did too. I guess those houses over there seem to be where most of the bullets are hitting.



MECHANIZED INFANTRY

- The firemen of the battlefield
- Massive firepower and flexibility
- Stand around like confused tards when they stumble out of their Bradley
- Always the dudes getting shot in Al Qaeda sniper videos
- Universally hated giant homos

Hooah!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.19 District Bulletin: Wanted Offender

Tuesday, Oct 21, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the District Bulletin series.

Oh, step no further, you! Your superiors levy a stern insistence upon your stride: that you stop now, that you read this Bulletin tacked hereto this pole, a gay civic delight! If stride you further, you our ward, in civic neglect, in gloriless misduty: oh, the ignominy of this act. No, such a treachor be him that passes the pole in hurry, him who averts the flippant eyes of a youngmartin child to ignore this pole-such a treachor will be judged with humorless sobriety by the sternest of his superiors, if caught doing it.

And with the treachor in mind, the very cocklaw who might now be coughing his disregard toward this very pole, we compel you to study this list of a wanted offender.

Wanted Offender: Dorroile Y_____
Genital Allegiance: Male
Stature: Tall, so floppy sometimes
Eyes: He never opens them

Dorroile, erstwhile Head Better Superior of our district, is the worst man. He is a broiler of scandality and a heinic inspiration to all who would joke the law. He is antic and grotesque, beloved to the moon; incorrigible. His gruesome, slapping dance is imitated by children despite the loom of the switch, for he represents to them the mythic freedom of snakes and bears. All else who offend in this district offend in his shadow. We asked the oldest man if Dorroile were the worst man ever in the district, and the oldest man, eyes so red with dripping tears, said "to answer would only delight him in his scandals." And so we asked the fattest man, and the fattest man knew that Dorroile were the worst man.

Last year, this district elected him to its highest office, and there he remained until it was discovered that he had clowned us with tricks and falsed the vote, which we would have known the whole time but for the fact that he is smarter than all of us. Dorroile Y____ has now absconded his post with several women and enough money to humiliate us for a decade. His debasements escape the dimensions of mere list, but anyway we do:

- Emboldening the perverse.
- His dance, so full of slapping and horror, his eyes seem to bulge even as they are closed and women cannot bear to look at it; our animals hide before it even happens, as if they know something is wrong like an earthquake.
- Failing to accept justice.

- Disrupting the scheduled tedium of the Day of Despair by commandeering a megaphone and issuing gay commands in what onlookers recount as a "farty duck voice."

- Inventing unlicensed songs from his own imagination and teaching them to a great chorus of nocturnal tramps who sing them now at the rudest of hours and we are irritated by the cleverness of the songs, which purely on an artistic level are more successful than our famous district song, the Corn Barrow Song, which now seems lifeless in comparison to the songs of the tramps which awaken us each night.

- Imposing secret alterations upon the sunbathing reflector of our Head Better Superior, Claude Fantsy, so that an image of his grinning face was burnt into the Claude Fantsy's chest skin, causing such distress that Goodbarrel Fantsy shook his tiny fist and cursed the sun, dooming himself to the sun's angry hot retribution.

- Amid a concert recital of great cultural import attended by the Head Better Superior of a neighboring district with whom our district yearns to negotiate a grain accord but with further-whom relations have long been tense due to a fabled past of grain feuds, corking a flute.

- Why does he never open his eyes?

- Circumnavigating the district on childback after luring the huge, stupid, invincible child of former Superior for Education Walf Bazane (whose walleyed piglet of a progenitant was the secret shame of our district) to himself with false candies and then catching and saddling the fat child and hopping upon its back and whooping around for hours and hours until the child was crying, defeated utterly by the exertion upon its fat pink-dappled limbs, and then proclaiming gaily that the child had benefited from this exercise.

- Eluding they who would punish his malactions by means of trickery so ingenious that four adult superiors with costumes and nets were utterly clowned and yet so babyheaded in its simplicity that these superiors were also shamed by the district goodpublic for their foolishness.

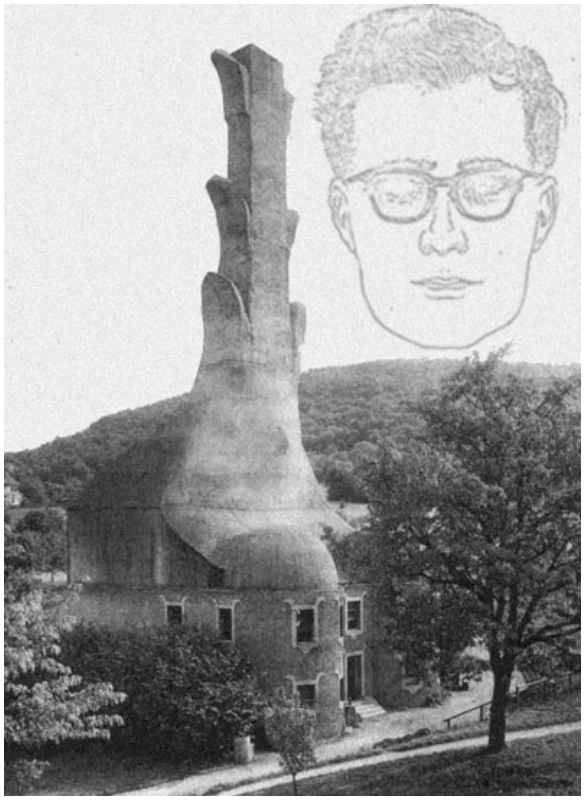
- Posting false district bulletins on poles which glorify his infamy with tales of false heroism, crude artistic unflatterments of superiors, the words to his invented songs and horripilating diagrams of the awful dance which made him famous. This is not such a bulletin, but instead is a real and true authorized one, but his may say the same thing so your superiors urge you to use logic and discretion when deciding which is a real bulletin; note that this one has no cruel renderings of your superiors with their worst facial features hyperbolized with unreal prominence.

- Embarrassing the decency of a formal lady by bouncing a rubber ball up under her skirts and then gathering it upon its next bounce and holding it aloft, yelling and laughing that it had met the salty undercarriage of a rich fine lady, and then depositing the ball into the mouth of a passing dog who took it with great delighted relish and galloped away carrying the most secret essence of a formal superior lady in its foaming happy jaws.

- Standing on the cold roof of our beloved Weep of Desperation and twirling a large inflated ball atop his bony finger for hours atop hours, his smile so inscrutable, inviting us to be menaced by the prospect that he might be doing something terrible or preparing to do it, but then never doing it, as if only to taunt our expectations and strain our nervestrings with the ambigued promise of misdeed.

- Being the worst guy.

If you see Dorroile or detect him, or think of a way to catch him that he can't escape with his ugly sliding and his better mind than ours, please immediately utter an extended yowl until a superior arrives to offer comfort. Dorroile, if it is your closed eyes that read this bulletin, please know that we will find you and tether you to the pole forever, until as the decades wear on your bones hang limp from the pole and children play your ribs like marimbas, having forgotten your name and your closed eyes and your fancy evil.

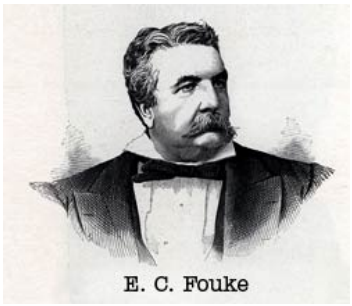


-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

10.20 I Address YOU, the Valued Fouke Customer

Wednesday, Oct 22, 2008 by E. C. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.



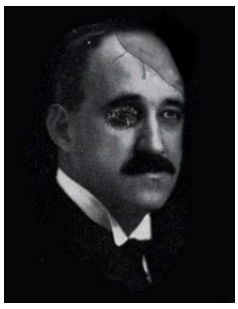
E. C. Fouke, Acting President & Gen. Mgr.

And I am Eugene Cranford Fouke, cousin of the much-admired Fouke Fur Co. founder Philip Bond Fouke. Dear Philip is, at this tortured hour, quite comatose.

Ah, do not fret, for beloved Philip, star of the Fouke Family, has yet to fully depart this mortal plain. Nay, he rests in a stupor quite well earned. Doctor F. Gerald Thornton labors at his side, constantly sponging the fresh seep from his engorged cranium.

The details of his ailment I shall not toil upon, suffice it to say that his boney helmet is under considerable strain, undoubtedly the result of some new and ever more ghastly tumor. His head has swollen such that it eclipses even the hardiest of pumpkins. Right now, the good doctor assures us, Philip's frame is scarcely able to contain the vast volumes of integrity that vex him so. Were he conscious, the doctor surmises, Philip's integrity would overwhelm us such that we would all die instantly out of respect.

The poor Mr. M. J. Duddy, esteemed manager of this operation's shipping and receiving department, remains locked in mid-handshake with Philip. The two were in the midst of a rather spirited shaking of paws when Philip suffered his most violent seizure to date. The loyal Mr. Duddy held on for dear life throughout the frantic fit, unwilling to let go of his commander. Dr. Thornton insists Mr. Duddy's grip remain intact, fearful that even the slightest change might harm Philip's condition irreparably.



P. B. Fouke, prior to his most recent medical episode.

The wise men of this enterprise, having suffered the consequences of poor leadership under the grotesque Captain H. W. Grieves, believed that the Fouke Fur Co. should remain under the domain of a true-blooded Fouke. As Philip's oldest is still but a boy under law, it falls upon me, Cousin Eugene, to take the reins. I assure you, young trapper or shipper: This is a task I relish!

Any man acquainted with me knows that I have two passions in life: the unabated consumption of meat, and the absorption of capital. Some of you loyal trappers and shippers might argue that I lack the qualifications or intimate knowledge of this trade. You need not fear, for I speak the language of business as well as any learned man. Philip might have excelled in tormenting me as a child, turning my rotundity into a subject of ridicule, but I was no weaker or less intelligent than he. In fact, of the two of us, it was always I who was most attentive to his studies.

A re-examination of the enterprise

This new venture has come with its fair share of surprises and upsets. Here is a business that bears the scars of a beleaguered mind. Poor, poor Philip, spared no indignity by the Lord, has suffered an endless barrage of medical ills that have left him scratching and yelling at the air and trees. Finally, now, he rests in a slumber, perhaps never to awaken. And Cousin Eugene, once the butt of so many escapades, must pick up the pieces and maintain the Good Family Name. I will not bother to feign even the slightest surprise at this turn of events.

A most obnoxious man.

The most irritating aspect of this new position is the constant howling emanating from just outside my office window. Mr. C. A. Freeman informs me that these cacophonous cries belong to one J. F. Swanton, Philip's best friend and chief rival. Mr. Swanton, apparently unable to express his deep concern in any of the normal avenues afforded to civilized man, bellows out one mournful howl after another like some wounded beast waiting impatiently for death.

The ceaseless howling hardly seems worth mentioning when one takes into account this company's appalling financial dilemma. It would appear Philip's desire to please you has left this company very near to bankruptcy, having somehow survived a solid year of loss. Thus, as a matter of economic survival, we will no longer honor any previous discounts offered by Philip. Should we receive an order accompanied by insufficient funds, we will burn it immediately as a courtesy.

Having observed the unprofitable nature of this company, I must now announce my first and grandest executive decision: We will no longer concern ourselves with the business of fur. From henceforth, we will be the Fouke Meat Co. of St. Louis, Missouri. After all, I find fur to be the least palatable part of the beast. What allures me so is that which dwells beneath the fur: *the meat!* I would sooner suckle upon the raw and bloodied innards of a beast than drape myself in its fur. To that I offer no apology, for none is needed.

Ah hah! And there you have the great division that put Philip and I at odds throughout our youth. Where he loved nothing more than fur, I suffered an insatiable hunger for meat. All his teasing, shoving, poking, and repudiating were for naught! I knew in time my viewpoint would win out. I only regret that it had to happen under such tragic circumstance. But, assuming Cousin Philip ever does return to the realm of the working, he shall see his business transformed for the better!

Now that I have a platform from which to pursue my agenda, let me outline where I see this business going.

- This outfit will no longer pay for furs, pristine or otherwise. I pay for nothing that I cannot myself consume. Instead, send us your meats. All of them!
- Our product line will evolve to incorporate all the tools needed to acquire meat from a wild creature. The fur is an afterthought, and one that can be discarded.
- C. A. Freeman's employment with the Fouke Meat Co. will be terminated, for he no longer possesses any marketable skills, and I see no financial justification to keep him on board.
- The vile pagan J. F. Swanton and arrogant aristocrat A. P. Brown may divide up the fur market as they see fit. But should they grow hungry, they will know who controls the meat around here: This gentleman.

$1,000.00 to the main who acquaints me with a new meat

Allow me to end this first correspondence with an irresistible challenge. I cannot name a creature upon this Earth that I have not sampled. My hunger for meat has led me into darkened grottos, cramped burrows, dense jungle, and far, far from home. If the Lord saw fit to create it, it is almost certain that I have eaten it.

Yet, I cannot help but wonder if there is some elusive prey that has yet to find its way into my maw. It is this nagging question that keeps me up at night and compels me to rise each day.

Should you find me a meat I have not eaten, I will award you the tidy sum of $1,000.00 dollars. My taste buds are as refined and precise as the most sophisticated apparatus, so I will know instantly if the meat is new and untasted.

And thus I conclude this inaugural entry in quiet hope that you continue the journey you started with my cousin. I promise you that the rewards will be delicious!

With great pride & hunger for success,

Eugene Cranford Fouke,
Acting President & Gen. Mgr.
Fouke Meat Co.

-∼E. C. Fouke (@Livestock)

10.21 Leaked South Park Script

Thursday, Oct 23, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

You won't have to wait until next Wednesday to find out what's going to happen on the next episode of *South Park*; thanks to our super-secret Hollywood connections, Something Awful has secured the first three pages of what will surely be another award-winning adventure in social commentary. Matt Stone and Trey Parker-you masters of American satire-we salute you!

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First Draft Notes 10/22/08 -Trey

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Stan, Kenny, and Kyle are playing with toy trucks on the asphalt. A well-groomed Cartman enters from the left, wearing a Barack Obama T-Shirt. Stan takes one look at Cartman and pinches the bridge of his nose with his forefingers.

CARTMAN
Hello, gentlemen.

KYLE
Jesus Christ.

STAN
Fatass, what the hell are you wearing?

CARTMAN
Oh, I didn't think you typical white people would realize there's a Presidential election in two weeks. Go on and play your bitter games with your little toys; I've got a message to send.

KYLE
Cartman, Barack Obama is BLACK. And you're racist as hell!

CARTMAN
Oh, ignorant, uninformed Kyle. Haven't you watched TV lately? Barack Obama is totally sweet.

STAN
~~Yeah, and why's that?~~

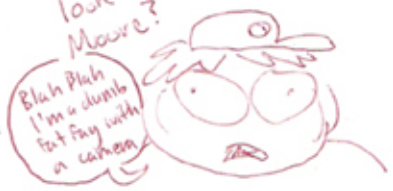
Creepy music plays. Concentric circles swirl in Cartman's eyes. An erection is visible through his pants.

CARTMAN
Hope… Change! Change… Hope!

Cartman falls to the ground, convulsing. He stands up a few minutes later and dusts himself off. The boys all look at him with an eyebrow raised.

EPISODE 178 - "POLI-DICKS"

Maybe make Cartman look like Michael Moore?



Dialogue addition: KYLE This act is about as real as global warming.

(Make Stan and Kenny agree w/ this so the audience knows it's not satire)

"cling to"

Revised dialogue:

STAN
Fatass, can't you see that you are one of many who have fallen victim to marketing buzzwords without any substantial backing? Like all Obama supporters, you are caught up in a cult of personality led by a vacuous figurehead. And so I ask you this: can you name one of Obama's policies?

(to on the nose?)

OVER HERE

Can we show him coming in his pants? Ask standards and practices.

Don't forget: "Spread the wealth" Seriously FUCK THAT GUY!

KYLE
I see. This is the state of democracy in our country. How shameful.

SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

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Thought of a new word: "sheeple." This could be huge. Let's work it in as much as we can.

CARTMAN
(walking offscreen)
Things to do, gentlemen; things to do.

STAN
Come on. We've gotta see what's going on back home.

INT. STAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Randy should be making out with the poster or humping it or something?

Randy Marsh is hanging a "We Love Barack" poster in the living room. Stan, Kyle, and Kenny stare at it in concern.

this dick should be out, at least!

Poster should say "OUR NEW GOD"

STAN
Dad, what the hell are you doing?

RANDY
Oh, Stanley, isn't it great? When Barack Obama is President, you'll finally have health insurance! (he should have his eyes crossed like a retard)

FREE MARKET RULES SUCKAS!

KYLE
But Mr. Marsh: if you had invested wisely and SAVED your money, you'd be able to afford health insurance YOURSELF!

"other people should NOT have to pay for your ~~it~~ lack of responsibility!"

RANDY
Why should I when the government can buy it for me!?
(psychotically)
Hope... Change! Change... Hope!
National healthcare!

STAN
Ugh. Let's just stop talking and watch some TV.

Al Gore should be on TV 1st.

Stan turns on the television. As he flips through the channels, he cannot escape the smiling face of Barack Obama. After seconds of searching, he finally finds some non-Obama programming: an interview with John McCain.

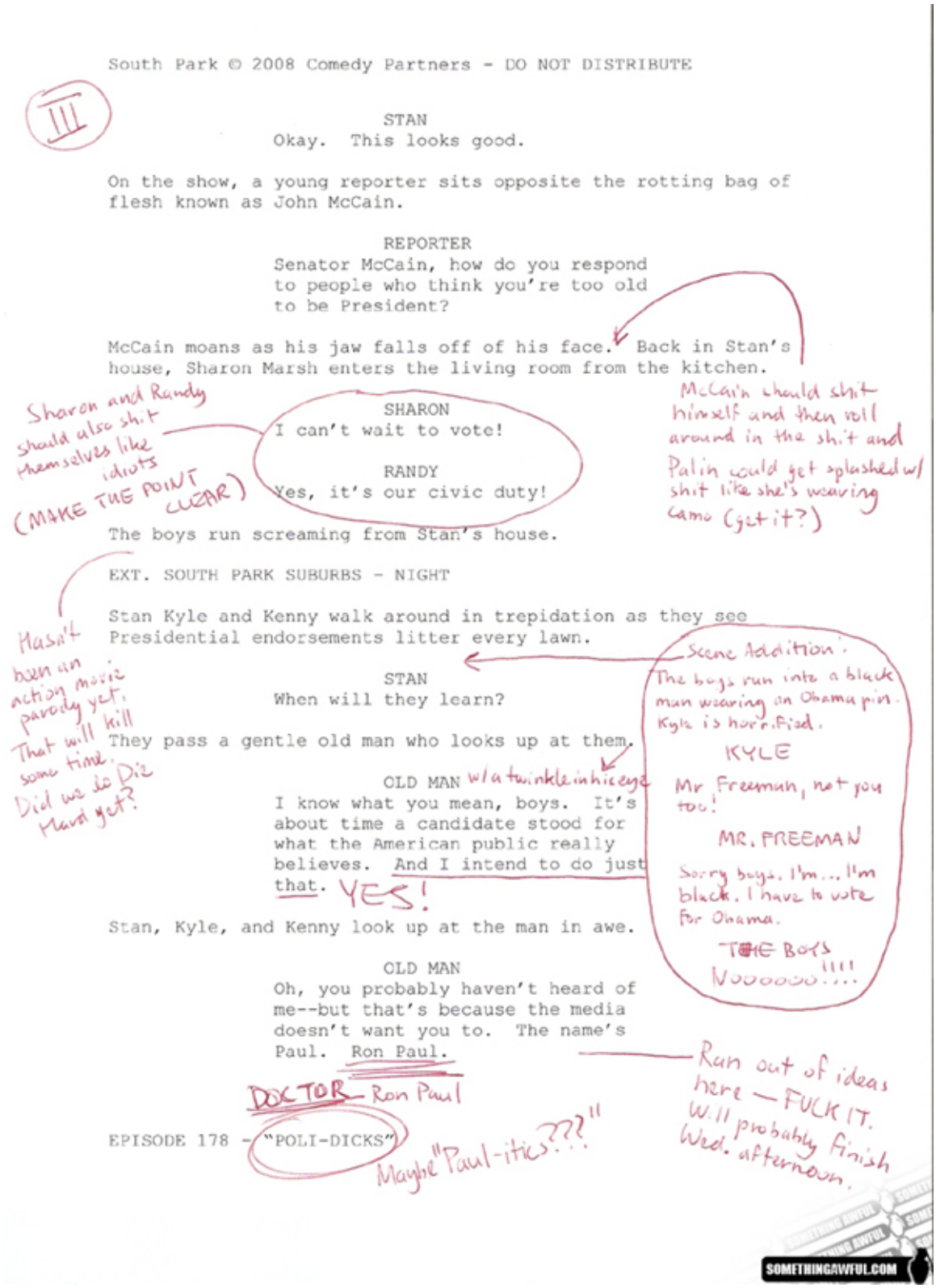
No one would be paying attention to him and he could start crying or kill himself?

What are Penn + Teller doing?

How would they feel about this? (CALL THEM LATER)

EPISODE 178 - "POLI-DICKS" "No-Bama"

SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM



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III

STAN
Okay. This looks good.

On the show, a young reporter sits opposite the rotting bag of flesh known as John McCain.

REPORTER
Senator McCain, how do you respond to people who think you're too old to be President?

McCain moans as his jaw falls off of his face. Back in Stan's house, Sharon Marsh enters the living room from the kitchen.

McCain should shit himself and then roll around in the shit and Palin could get splashed w/ shit like she's wearing camo (get it?)

Sharon and Randy should also shit themselves like idiots (MAKE THE POINT CLEAR)

SHARON
I can't wait to vote!

RANDY
Yes, it's our civic duty!

The boys run screaming from Stan's house.

EXT. SOUTH PARK SUBURBS - NIGHT

Hasn't been an action movie parody yet. That will kill some time. Did we do Diz Head yet?

Stan Kyle and Kenny walk around in trepidation as they see Presidential endorsements litter every lawn.

Scene Addition:
The boys run into a black man wearing an Obama pin. Kyle is horrified.

KYLE
Mr Freeman, not you too!

MR. FREEMAN
Sorry boys. I'm... I'm black. I have to vote for Obama.

THE BOYS
Nooooooo....!!!!

STAN
When will they learn?

They pass a gentle old man who looks up at them.

OLD MAN w/ a twinkle in his eye
I know what you mean, boys. It's about time a candidate stood for what the American public really believes. And I intend to do just that. YES!

Stan, Kyle, and Kenny look up at the man in awe.

OLD MAN
Oh, you probably haven't heard of me--but that's because the media doesn't want you to. The name's Paul. Ron Paul.

DOCTOR Ron Paul

Run out of ideas here — FUCK IT. Will probably finish Wed. afternoon.

EPISODE 178 - "POLI-DICKS"

Maybe "Paul-itics???"

SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.22 CONEX Convict Connections: "Approaching Storm"

Friday, Oct 24, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the CONEX Convict Connections series.

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩For Sale ⟩Naw Just Lookin

A Crazy Fuckin Cell Where Shit Fall UP

Holla At: 9 Pickles @ D Block on 2
Askin: any menthols but yo this is strickly an amusement to observe you do not want to trifle with this shit
Niggas word: **IS BOND** (27 in last 3 months)

Check this shit out. Even in this trials and tribulatin' economies a nigga still got to get his and this nigga done picked up some prime real estate for those lookin to be entertained. Down on 1 there is some spooky clavo shit goin on my nigga Dan Hitler call the ragnarok.

I dont know exactly what that mean in english. Maybe somethin like "bad shit." Now yall think it was bad when the ninja turtles stop comin round and shuttin cells for lights out and suddenly stabbin statistics done rose about 900 percent. Every fool could be made a bitch was made a bitch and every nigga got a shiv comin done got stuck and bled out. Dead niggas just layin in they cells waitin for somethin that aint comin. Its a tragedy.

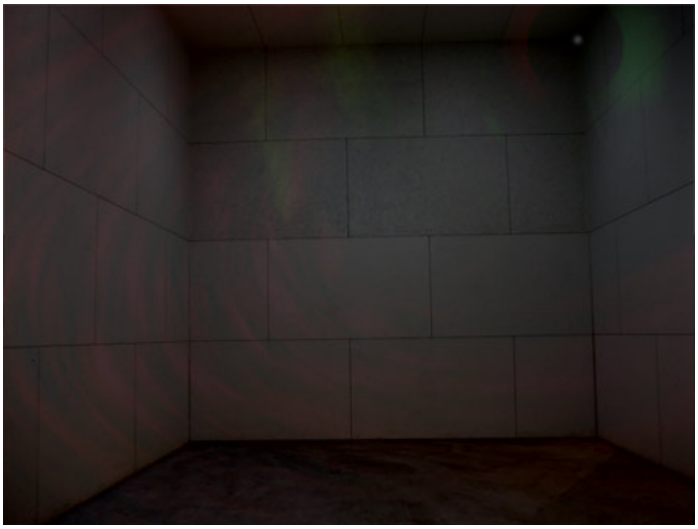
I hear moneymaker don johnson done got hisself beat to death by some niggas with can of soup and some pillows. That shit is tragic but of course 9 Pickles aint no bitch. I got in on some loot from the big eat now its like some branch davidian arsenal up in my cell. Got some sharp ass spoons and some bad niggas owe me a favor. So dont try nothin.

Anyway this is all gettin back to that tone come up out the vents bout the time E Block close down and all that hammerin start on the hatch. You know, that high pitch shit break every glass and window in the joint. Started up night of the long shivs.

Well in addition to droppin 50 thousand shivs all over the place this tone happened to liquidify some niggas on 1. And by some niggas I mean all niggas, even the niggas just walkin around tryin to figure out what the fuck is up with it bein midnight and all the cell doors bein open. Then all sorts of crazy phenomenations spread around like some ill shit just go the fuck unleashed.

Everythin is talkin now, whisperin shit. You ever piss in a toilet was tellin you to cut a head off and bathe in a niggas blood? You piss twice as good, believe that. Weird ass music come out of nowhere, you got that drum sound, gettin louder and louder like giant footsteps comin. Shit get real hot and real cold for no reason. Color stop workin. That shit happen to me playin cards with some niggas and that shit was real interestin. I thought I had a flush but niggas didnt believe me. I managed to convince them on account of I sawed they heads off and was bathin in they blood.

Ha ha, naw just kiddin. I just stab that bitch Orange Banana in his neck a couple three times and that done told everyone else all they need to know. So I took all the newports I won from poker and even though the value of the newport is through the roof lately I went down to 1 and I gave all of my menthols to Thick Sandy for cell 101.



Turn out everythin in that cell is crazy. All the shit like the toilet and the beds got sucked up into the corner and disappeared. Theres like this little marble up there, black as barack obamas dad, and it just spin and hum all the time. This makes gravity work in reverse in that cell for some reason.

Now you got to understand, it aint like you can just go in and play around. Thats what Dan Hitler try to do. Him and H.P. Shivcraft ran up in that cell and they gone. You run in there you just freeze in place and look all scared and slowly start floatin up towards that marble. And eventually you get stretch out and sucked up in that marble.

So you cant go in there, but that shit is entertain as hell all the same. I got all kinds of chairs and toilet paper and shit you can throw up in that cell and see what happen. It all go into the marble

eventually, but not always how you think. You and some niggas can bet on it too.

You down to the crazy ass upside down cell on 1 and I will hook you up. I prefer menthols, outside brand name shit, but I will take weed or other items in trade. No clavo shit though. Too much clavo shit lately.

- **Location:** Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 1
- **Smuggles to:** Nigga don't be crazy you can't ship no cell.

InmateID: 83520398356

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩Local News and Views

NIGGA YOU HEAR THAT MUSIC??

Holla At: C-Zar @ D Block on 4
Askin: MOTHERFUCKER YOU STOP WITH THAT DRUM I AINT EVEN PLAYIN A LITTLE BIT
Niggas word: **IS BOND** (13 in last 3 months)

I STILL AINT FIGURED OUT WHAT THE FUCK A LYNX IS

SOME SORTA CAT CREATURE WITH EARS. NOW YOU GONNA TELL ME HOW A NIGGA DONE A BODILY RAPE ON ONE WORTH TRIPLE~MOTHERFUCKIN LIFEAND DIDNT GET TORE THE FUCK UP?

BITCH I AM FUCKIN ALLERGIC TO CATS ANYWAY. GET SOME DOCTOR IN HERE PUT ME NEXT TO A TABBY MY FUCKIN NOSE WILL START RUNNIN LIKE A MOTHER-FUCKA. SNEEZIN LIKE THERE IS PEPPER UP IN MY FACE. LEGAL COUNSEL NEED TO START EXONERATIN MY ASS AND SHIT GODDAMN

PSSHHHHH

ANYWAY NIGGA I AM POSTIN THIS SHIT UP LIKE THE COMMUNITY NEWS AND VIEWS AND SHIT BECAUSE I GOT A PROBLEM WITH SOME DRUM LINE MOTHERFUCKER. I DO NOT KNOW WHO THE BITCH IS BUT UNLESS HE WANTS HIS FACE ALL CUT UP WITH A PIECE OF GLASS OR A CAN TOP HE NEEDS TO STOP WITH THE DRUM.

THAT SHIT START AT MIDNIGHT TWO NIGHTS BACK AND I HEARD IT WAY OFF IN THE DISTANCE. THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP. LIKE SOME NIGGA DRIBBLING A BALL OVER IN E-BLOCK OR SOME SHIT. BUT EVERY HOUR SINCE THEN THAT SHIT BEEN GETTIN LOUDER AND LOUDER.

THEN ALL THE OTHER CRAZY SHIT HAPPEN LIKE THE WALLS MOVIN LIKE THEY BREATHIN AND MOISTURE COMIN OUT THE THE CEILING EVEN IF YOU UNDERNEATH

ANOTHER CELL. SHIT THAT NIGGA TBONE AND A WHOLE BUNCHA NIGGAS GOT PULLED INTO DRAINS IN THE SHOWER BY AN OCTOPUS ARMS OR SOME SHIT. OR SO I HEAR TELL. BUT THAT FUCKIN DRUM GETTIN LOUDER IS THE WORST THOUGH.

THAT SHIT GET TO A POINT IS LIKE WHEN YOU AT A SHOW AND YOU GET TOO CLOSE TO THE SPEAKER STACK AND THEN THE BASS DROP ON THAT SHIT AND YOU CANT EVEN HEAR IT THAT SHIT GOT SO MUCH BASS. YOUR INSIDES JUST START MOVIN AROUND AND VIBRATIN LIKE YOU FEEL YOUR HEART BRUSHIN UP AGAINST YOUR RIBS AND SHIT.

THEN THIS MORNIN I WOKE UP AND THERE WAS BLOOD COMIN OUT MY EYES AND EARS LIKE ALL CAKED IN AND NASTY AS FUCK. I GOT THAT SHIT OUT BUT ABOUT THAT TIME SOME OTHER BITCH STARTS IN WITH THIS TOOTIN SHIT SOUND LIKE SOME FAGGOT FLUTE SHIT. IT DONT EVEN GO WITH THE DRUM, WHICH IS MAKIN ME FEEL LIKE DYIN, IT JUST TOOT AND WHISTLER AND SHIT AS ANNOYIN AS A MOTHERFUCKER.

IF A NIGGA CLOSE HIS EYES THE FUCKED UP PART IS HE SEES LIKE SOME BLACK MOTHERFUCKIN SHIPS FLYIN IN THE AIR AND SOME SHIT WITH SIX WINGS AND EYES ALL OVER. SKULL HEAD NIGGAS FLUTIN AND DRUMMIN.

I TRIED TO PRETEND THE DRUM WAS A GIANT FINE ASS BOOTY CLAPPIN AT A NIGGA, BUT IT AINT WORK. I SEEN SOME DEAD CITY AINT NEVER TOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS. SOME FUCKIN SHIT IN THE NORTH POLE AND SHIT. THAT IS SOME MOTHERFUCKIN CYCLOPEAN SHIT NIGGA. MOTHERFUCKIN ELDRITCH VISTAS IS WHAT I MEAN.

BITCHES, I DO NOT GIVE A SOLITARY FUCK IF YOU GOT TO PRACTICE YOUR DRUM ALL NIGHT. YOU NEED TO FIGURE THAT SHIT OUT. DRUM ON A PILLOW, GET SOME DREAM CATCHERS OR SOME SHIT. BECAUSE YOU ARE STRAIGHT UP KILLIN THIS NIGGA, WHICH MEAN IF I FIND YOU I WILL STRAIGHT UP KILL YOU.

- **Location:** Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 4

- **Smuggles to:** BITCH JUST STOP IT WITH THE MUSIC

InmateID: 9000388938

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩For Sale ⟩For Sale ⟩For Sale ⟩For Sale ⟩For Sale ⟩For HTEET⟩For EVIL⟩...

LIVE TEETH

Holla At: Skint Shiffer @ Huus Vein
Askin: a lense of sufficient diametre to cast I to T'lil'eli'leleki or a dwedecatho of life salts of the childrekin
Niggas word: **IS BOND** (999999999 in last 999999999 months)

I walk apon Huus Vein through theh spindle to the warm walls of childrekin. Mit the savache land amok and theh concuerint anshels cathert for pillashe it is theh moment for I to take leaff.

Many fincours extent from I hant and lash the plastic boosans of dur childrekints machine. Hits not that nor hits lanquuich for wisht I am accustomt. A narrow mint haff the childrekints a soft fletch to be entwombed.

They do not last lonq beneath me. But there are many more yew know my frient.

I brinct teeth. Pict up from across theh warm walls of the world. 150 tridecatho of teeth from childrekin uset up. They become rarer by the moment as theh childrekin run out. Otherssssss use them up or take apart theh fletch.

Why do you wait. You must have these teeth. Thay are A LIVE. warm to my carresseses.

If you plant them will a man not grow.

What will you reap if teeth you sow.

I do not know.

- **Location:** Lambspoke, Huus Vein
- **Smuggles to:** within or without the Huus Vein or within the walls of the childrekints panopticon

InmateID: ERROR: DIVIDE BY ZERO

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.23 Internet MILLIONS

Saturday, Oct 25, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

FACT: There are approximately 2.4 trillion dollars worth of currency in circulation worldwide

FACT: The internet is a 21st century technology that reaches across that very same world

FACT: You could theoretically make 2.4 trillion dollars with Internet MILLIONS

Have you ever thought about buying something? Perhaps a mansion, or a yacht, or a personal jet? If you strike it rich with Internet MILLIONS, you can have all the free time in the world to think about buying things.

Here's how it works. You sign up for Internet MILLIONS to get an exciting booklet which contains information on joining our exclusive BIG LEAGUE CLUB. After paying a nominal recurring subscription fee, the BIG LEAGUE CLUB will send you the following internet websites in the form of convenient "bookmarks" which can be viewed from any computer:

Google
CNN
Sony
Youtube.redirectcashnetwork.net
MySpace
Facebook
Flickr
Twitter
BullshitSocialNetworkSite
Alan

Now you will have a bookmark portfolio worth thousands of dollars to somebody. That would be great if this was Internet THOUSANDS, but it's not. Someone else copyrighted that name. This is Internet MILLIONS and we're just getting started!

Each month your portfolio expands with the addition of 150 new websites. Your portfolio is a BEDROCK of FINANCIAL STABILITY. Since it has no value in the topsy-turvy economy of reality, your portfolio cannot be touched by IRS AGENTS or REPO MEN or THE CURIOUS HANDS OF TODDLERS. In many ways, your portfolio can be compared to the TRUE STORY of a girl who played on the HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL team after overcoming ADVERSITY and the fact that she was nearly THIRTY FIVE years old.

FACT:

Don't take our word for it:

> *"The internet is a wide-open market that can be utilized to create vast fortunes overnight by someone with very little creativity or talent. I am enthusiastic about the way things are going."*
> **Craig Fitzsimmons**
> **CEO of eBidOnSurplusShoestrings.com**
> **March 10, 2000**
>
> *"Internet MILLIONS is the best way to make money, hands down."*
> **John Lastname**
>
> *"I have a swimming pool."*
> **John Othername**

These people are not actors. They were not paid for their endorsements. In fact, they have never even heard of Internet MILLIONS so you can trust them fully.

FACT: If an ice wizard and a fire wizard battled in a wizard duel, the fire wizard would win because we've all seen heat melt ice but cold has never been observed freezing fire.

As a bonus, members of the BIG LEAGUE CLUB will have a chance to buy the exclusive Warhammer Online Power Leveling And Gold Guide for only $19.99! With this guide, you will learn how to make tons of gold and get to level 40 as fast as humanly possible in a game where gold is already in abundance and the lower levels are just as fun as the endgame!

FACT: The internet was created by American scientists and military personnel to send notes reading "You're ugly" to one another instantly, as opposed to using the postal service as they had for generations.

Are you ready to leave your dead-end life behind in favor of Internet MILLIONS? Joining is easy! Just raise your hand. Our helpful staff will get around to you as soon as possible.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.24 The True Story Revealed: Ashley Todd

Sunday, Oct 26, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

Most of you have probably heard of the case of Ashley Todd, the former Ron Paul supporter turned College Republican/McCain campaign worker who shocked the dumb portion of the world with her story of being attacked by a large black man outside of an ATM who carved the letter B in her cheek. Here's a news article if you missed all this:

> *Todd handed the man $60 she had in her pocket and stepped away from him, investigators said. The man then noticed the bumper sticker on the woman's car, which was parked in front of the ATM. The man became very angry, made comments to Todd about John McCain and punched her in the back of the head, knocking her to the ground, police said.*
>
> *"He continued to kick and punch her repeatedly and said he would teach her a lesson for supporting John McCain," said police Chief Nate Harper.*
>
> *The man then carved the "B" into Todd's right cheek.*
>
> *Todd's friend offered to drive her back in the direction she came from to look at ATMs until she found the right one, police said. A police officer followed until Todd pointed out a Citizens Bank ATM at Liberty and Pearl, police said.*
>
> *She declined medical treatment at the scene and said she would go to a hospital today.*

There were some problems with her story, of course. The first is that, like SomethingAwful's own DocEvil, she obsessively documented on Twitter every step of her night. Except maybe she was setting things up a little too conveniently for what she would have no way of knowing was going to happen next. Oh, and maybe she got a few bits of info wrong too, referring to the Citizens Bank as a Bank of America, and saying things like "this is definitely a bad part of town, I'm gonna get mugged by an angry political black man I bet" about a not bad part of town.

Oh, also maybe the B was backwards and didn't break the skin. Like how it'd be if you drew one really hard with your fingernail in the mirror.

Then, despite her airtight story, Ashley failed to shock the world by announcing that she had made it all up.

> *Ashley Todd, 20, of College Station, Texas, has been charged with filing a false police report, a misdemeanor, a police report said.*
>
> *"This has wasted so much time...It's just a lot of wasted man hours," Assistant Police Chief Maurita Bryant said at a briefing.*

But there's a twist:

> *"She is stating that she was in her vehicle driving around, and she came up with this idea," [Bryant] said. "She said she has prior mental problems and doesn't know how the backward letter 'B' got on her face."*

Wait. Hold it there.

She admits to making it up, but she doesn't know how she ended up with a fake black eye and a backwards B very very lightly carved on her face? I guess that makes perfect sense. Sometimes minor stuff just slips our minds.

Which is why I've decided to help jog her memory by coming up with a few possibilities as to how it all actually went down:

Scenario 1

Ashley Todd was at a Citizens Fargo Bank of America ATM, getting her money and minding her own business in a bad part of a good part of town when a large black man came up to her.

"Hi," he said. "I see you work for the McCain campaign."

"Yeah..." she said.

"Cool! I work for the McCain campaign as well," he said. "You want a temporary McCain tattoo?"

"Sure."

"Ok, I'm just going to put a J on your face for 'John'. So there's the first swoop and I'll finish it up and...oops."

"Ow!"

"Yeah, my hand slipped. Looks like I kinda added a second swoop on that J. My bad."

"No worries," said Ashley, "I'll just say that you kicked and punched me repeatedly and said you would teach me a lesson for supporting John McCain."

"Ha, good one. Alright, have a nice night now."

Scenario 2

Ashley Todd was about to head out the door to go for a late night food run when it suddenly struck her that she might forget what she was setting out to buy.

"My memory's usually so good," she said to her kitchen table, "but maybe I should make a list."

She searched and searched, but couldn't find a scrap of paper anywhere.

"Now what am I going to do?" she said to the microwave.

Then an idea struck her. It was a great idea. The perfect idea.

"The only thing I really need right now is bread. I'll just scratch a B on my face with the edge of my credit card."

And she did. She admired the fading pink B lightly etched in her cheek.

"Yeah," she said. "There's just no way I'll forget what this is for. Just no way."

Then she kissed the giant poster of McCain that covered like half her bedroom wall, and she left. Except as she was going she also said: "It would basically be impossible for me to carve a B in my face and then forget doing it. That's the best part of this idea.

"No way in hell I would forget this. Nope. Not gonna happen."

Scenario 3

"But I'm telling the truth," said Ashley. "I don't know what else you want to hear."

"It doesn't matter what we want to hear," said Police Chief Nate Harper. He leaned back, and unbuttoned his shirt halfway. Sweat glistened from the landscape of curly hair and bronzed skin that was his chest. "Honey, we're only keeping you here until we can reasonably say you cracked and admitted it was all fake."

Ashley felt herself flush with frustration, especially her cheek, which definitely had a real wound shaped like a backwards B.

"I don't believe it. I thought you people were here to help," she cried.

Assistant Police Chief Maurita Bryant threw down her styrofoam coffee cup in disgust and strode across the room.

"Don't waste our time, little girl!" Bryant sneered. "This has wasted so much time. ... It's just a lot of wasted man hours."

"I guess she still doesn't get it," said Harper. He took one thick meaty hand and dug into the flesh

at the base of his broad neck. The skin began to warp and stretch like warm play-doh. His entire face peeled back revealing Barack Obama.

Bryant grabbed her pony tail and yanked up like she was taking off a hat. Her mask popped off instantly. It was also Barack Obama.

"Soon, little girl, your pitiful human race will belong to us," said the two in unison. They began to laugh. Cold, cruel, inhuman laughter.

Ashley looked back and forth at the two Obamas, their faces wet and slimy, like newborns. The backwards B was hard red against the soft white of her cheek. Then she grabbed her ears and pulled sideways.

"Oh, my bad. I didn't realize," the third Obama said, shaking off the last of the Ashley mask. "It can be hard to keep track of all of us. Whew, we almost tried to conspiracy each other!"

"Whoops ha ha!" said the second Obama.

"Classic," said the first Obama. "Ok, let's get these disguises back on and go bullshit the press."

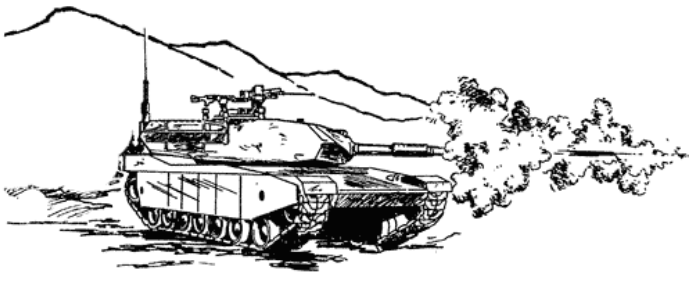
-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

10.25 GI Army Funnies: The Penultimate Mission

Monday, Oct 27, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the GI Army Funnies series.

Pretty good shooting, for a gringo. But it is going to take a lot more than a few holes in a few targets to get you into Casual Forces.



BLIZOW! Great shot! Look at the fireball!

Hey, you think they got a mosque stencil back at the base?

Uh, hey, Andy. About two minutes ago I was holding a puppy. White with black patches on his face, floppy ears, roughly cylindrical in shape. Did you happen to see where I set him...shit...

Oh, great, wonderful! It's jammed!

I would just like to remind you that ***I*** thought this was a dumb idea, but ***someone*** convinced me printing the invitations on bullets would make them really pop.

Do you think the Mechanized Infantry guys will mind if we blast *Ride of the Valkyries* while they load the wounded?

Yeah, the tune up is going fine, but while we were under the hood we found a few more problems. Long story short, with the free tune up coupon the estimate comes to about a trillion dollars.

Oh, don't worry, that's just an estimate. It could be three trillion. Sure, you could take it somewhere else, but what about our *sacrifice*?

SKILLS FOR YOUR FUTURE!

Prepare for tomorrow's career today by...

* Managing a database on the 1983 Raytheon A-Station
* Repairing rusty truck axles with green paint
* Spotting explosive-rigged dog carcasses
* Beating up a bouncer in a Kentucky titty bar
* Hating friends and family who will never understand

Ramirez, I don't want you to attract any attention. No sudden moves. Very, very casually, I want you to glance back behind us and tell me whether or not they're still following us.

...and then she said to me...Did you hear that? Ugh, hang on.

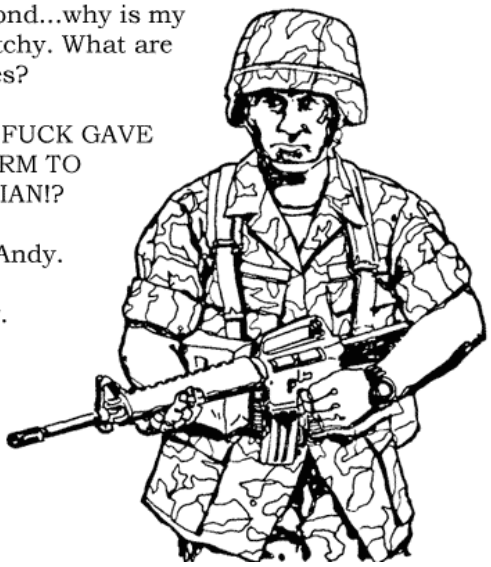
CORPORAL! I can hear you breathing! I'm on the line right now! Hang up!

Wait a second...why is my jacket all itchy. What are these, mites?

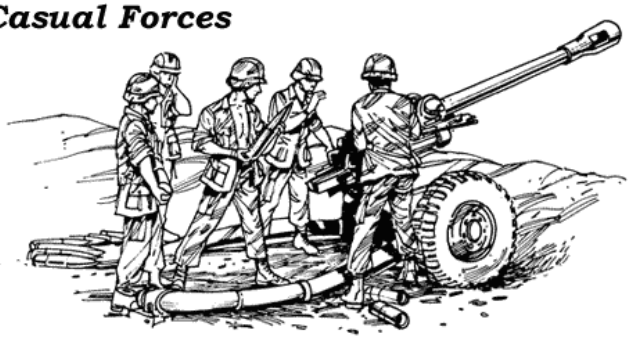
WHO THE FUCK GAVE MY UNIFORM TO AN ESTONIAN!?

Oh, yeah, Andy.

Real funny.



Casual Forces



I know we're supposed to put this in that thing, but do any of you know when? Just whenever is cool, right? I don't want to mess anything up if they have something planned.

ARMORED

- Mobile death-dealers
- Hard to crack with IEDs
- Fattest MOS next to Burrito Infantry
- Use thermal imaging to drive off bridges at night
- Hatches open 24/7 to air out fart smell
- Calms civilian tensions by driving over traffic
- Drowning Pool

Let the **Hooah!** *hit the floor*

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.26 Lost Diaries: The Fat Puker

Tuesday, Oct 28, 2008 by Johnny "DocEvil" Titanium and a Cool Buff Man (@fart)

Transcribed from pieces of a diary found in an abandoned shed in the Louisiana wilderness...

July 3, 1994

Daylight. I awaken with a stiffened neck, but no matter. I swab the sand from the corners of my eyes, and sit upright. I pound my chest and supple stomach in an effort to get the blood flowing. I have a mission.

I strap on my moon shoes and my fanny pack - time to roll. My thunderous stride propels me towards my destination... it's your house. You're still asleep because you're a baby.

I let myself in, fart your dog unconscious - *it begins.* I inch my way closer to the piano, feeling the heat rising up...

I let loose and honk a fabulous stream of bile all over your ivory keys and step back to admire my handiwork. This is my symphony, now listen to my song. I am...

November 20, 1996

"What to do today?" You ask yourself and your common law wife at the same time. "Well I know, let's go indoor rock climbing." You have made your first mistake of the day... entering my arena.

Approach my wall. It's the easy one in the corner. I am 25 feet up with my shirt off and a bag of 'ritos. Doritos that is. I'm munching and hanging out, building strength and a load of Cool Ranch bile The harness rides up on my taint; I am nearly 400 lbs.

You walk up to the wall intent on scaling the beast and impressing your C.L. wife but what you don't know is about to hurt you. Yes. *Yes.* My aim is perfect. I flood the back of your neck with my chunks and your woman watches the puke littered with the tiny blue and red seasoning powder grains (Unmistakable Doritos Seasoning) roll down the back of your polo.

I bellow a laugh from high above you and wipe down my chin. Forfeit your manhood to

June 21, 1997

Day 2 of the X-games and my stomach is churning, festering. "Ever see a Fat man do the worlds greatest moves on a board?" the generic rock plays and it shows clips of me grinding at home. My

little ESPN bio intro deceives you.

Building up speed on the pipe, a minimum of tricks to gain inertia. Due to my Weight and Weight gain I am going very fast! It's time now. It's time to pull it off for the crowd.... Fuck yeah, a huge 900 w/ projectile vomit shooting out in all directions. Some people puke from the smell and all of the crowd is sprayed by my meals.

I grab my board and run out of there while you are all blinded by stomach acids. That was me, I was...

April 1st, 2000

My finger struggles to navigate the tiny confines of your doorbell, but I succeed eventually. No need to hurry - need to keep my cool. The door opens, and you welcome me in willingly, so great is my disguse and so blind are you to the horrors that await.

Is it my red afro wig? Is it my bulbous rubber nose? THe big shoes. Whatever it is, I'm not at your kid's party to perform magic.

As the children look up at me with eager eyes, I do a little juggling. I gain your sons trust - then I invite him to pull my finger. As he yanks, I let loose my pickle all over his dome. I cackle madly and bust a hole in the wall like the Kool aid guy, and let off some fireworks in the sky. You look up, to see....

January 12th 2007

I removed the chloroform soaked rag from Dr. Boof's mouth, and struggled to fit his scrubs on. He's a generously sized fellow, but he's no match for my girth.

Busting out of the janitors closet, I stomped towards the ER. You're my patient. Your ass is grass and I'm the lawn mower.

The surgery begins without a hitch, and your stomach is soon exposed. In a blinding flash, I grab the scalpel, slice open a meaty chunk, and hork my Double Bacon Chee with the quickness. Dabbing my index finger in your blood, I cackle madly as I swab a message on the wall...

August 22, 2007

Saw a mom running by my window today. Your mom. *Bingo.*

Strapped on my corrective shoes (I get shin splints) and slammed the door shut with my bearfist. I got on my custom made Power Wheels Escalade and slap on my Ray Bans.

Cruisin' at a safe distance, she doesn't notice anything. Nothing but a man in his Escalade (want a ride honey?? Congratulations. Now you can.) As I approach, she begins to recognize the reckless gleam in my eye. She knows she's about to be puked.

Tucking and rolling onto the sidewalk, I take her down at the knees. I open my mouth, but not to talk. As she covers her face in a futile attempt to stem the flow, she rapidly begins to lose consciousness. As she fades peacefully, I place two coins on her eyes to facilitate her slumber.

November 10, 2007

The lights are flashing. The beat is pumping. Bass is booming. DJ Puke in the club with the hot hot beat.

I take the stage, hammer pants effectively hiding my thunder. Pass the bone, kid, pass the bone,

let's puke on this mission like Indiana Jones.

Rockin' the stage and the hunnies are palming my junk, and they still don't know what's in store. The song gets to the breakdown, and instead of dancing, I have a whole new set of moves I want to display. For all to see.

I throw back my head like I'm about to sing some Dio, but the only music that comes out is a stream of sweet gut juice. I soak the crowd, they're going wild, puking back and forth. I turn around and see my name flashing above my adoring fans...

December 15, 2008(?!)

The final sentencing and execution is to be carried out soon. I now approach each daily task and regurgitation like it's my second to last that I will ever do. I have honed myself into a finely tuned weapon of blast destruction. Soon I am ready.

I attended a football game last week in preparation for my mission. I wanted to make sure I was able to perform in front of a large crowd. Make sure I could puke at will when thousands are watching. *Puke pressure.*

Halftime hit - my time. As the marching band began their routine, I deftly used my moon shoes to clear the stands and landed on the field. I have 15 seconds before security gets to me. I found the band leader, grabbed the waist of his pants, pulled, and honked all up in them Dickies. Satisfied, I grasped the handles jutting out from my Rocketpack, and blasted off, laughing madly. I pressed the switch attached to my hip, and the scoreboard displayed....

To be continued...?

Large sections of these diaries were discovered by "Cool Buff Man" and "Hoobastank"

-∼Johnny "DocEvil" Titanium and a Cool Buff Man (@fart)

10.27 Anime, Myself, and I

Wednesday, Oct 29, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Anime Roommate series.

Hello, Jerry.

I can hear you through the walls laughing that big foolish laugh of yours, with spit spewing out of your dumb mouth. It makes me sick to think about. I can't imagine what the TV must be showing. Maybe some orphan being hit in the groin with a football or maybe a man getting his brain bashed in.

This could have been ME, Jerry.

Laugh it up, Jerry. I'll just be in my room, alone, with nobody to comfort me. It doesn't matter that she said "No." You knew she would after your little stunt. You probably also anticipated her blocking me on AIM and turning the whole goddamn chatroom against me.

Why, Jerry, did you have to take pictures of my sweatpants and email them to my one true love??? I told you, Jerry, that there would be intermittent bleeding while I recover. I told you that there would be a viscous discharge as my inner thighs scab over. I explained this to you in detail the day I got home. I also explained that during this time, because of the medications and the change to my anatomy, I would have limited control over my sphincter.

SHE DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW THAT, JERRY! By the time we were to meet, I would be a month into my diet, fully healed, and in great physical shape.

But no, rather than be supportive of my healing process, you had to make dumb comments like, "You're supposed to put shit in the toilet, not the other way around." Hilarious, Jerry. And no, Jerry, I haven't been "straddling the world's greasiest burrito" either. Honestly, I don't know why you continue to embarrass yourself with such idiotic statements. Don't you realize how stupid you sound, Jerry?

You could have been supportive of my plans to settle down and start a family instead of going out of your way to find my dirty clothes, photograph them, and email them to my one true love. I guess you want me to die alone and miserable! How very nice of you, Jerry!

I have put up with you terrorizing me over and over again. When you found my pregnant Goku fanart and hung it on the fridge for your friends to laugh at (pregnancy is no laughing matter, *idiot*, it's how species propagate), I bit my tongue. When you and your friends brought that diesel generator into my room and hooked it to a power strip full of air fresheners, I let you have your fun. When you'd intercept my copies of Shonen Jump in the mail and insert torn out pages from Playboy, I just felt sorry for you. What's that supposed to do, Jerry? Maybe I missed the memo, but since when has the act of degrading women been sexy? But all that's nothing compared to to this last stunt.

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Do you hear that, Jerry? That's the sound of me powering up to punch your stupid face off. I'd like to see you try and laugh when I unleash a great wave of Kamehameha that will wipe you off the planet, Jerry. Whoops, I forgot: you'd be a pile of ash before you'd even have the chance to laugh. If you did have time to think before you disintegrated in my giant energy wave, you'd realize how wrong you were about me, and how stupid you were to awake a sleeping giant.

You literally grabbed my heart, ripped it right out of my chest, and poured acid all over it. That's okay, I guess now that my legs are no longer necrotizing it wouldn't hurt if my heart was. Jerry, you are lucky. You are so lucky to be incapable of experiencing normal human emotions.

It's like I don't even know you anymore.

You know what, Jerry? You win. Between you and her, my love of anime is **over**. It's like poison to me now. What once lifted my spirit up and gave me the courage to dream now makes me sick to my stomach. Even the profound works of Miyazaki fill me with blind rage. Where once I found deep inner peace listening to the orchestrations of Nobuo Uematsu, the Mozart of the 21st century, I now feel emptiness. I don't know what to say, Jerry. It's like you took the color out of the rainbow.

As you know, I have been saving for two years to visit Japan, and while I was mere months from making that dream a reality, I am now further than ever. But that's okay, Jerry, since I don't want to visit Tokyo anymore. I have taken that $300 in savings and purchased enough Pop Tarts and Easy Mac to keep me going for the next month. I don't ever have to leave my room, except maybe to go to the bathroom and get some water for my Easy Mac.

Would that make you happy, Jerry? To never see me again? No, it wouldn't. You don't have to admit it, Jerry. I know it's not easy for you either. But after all we've been through, don't you think it's time we accept the truth? Jerry, with your dad and my mom on the cusp of marriage, you and I are destined to unite forever as brothers.

Jerry, I've been reading some wiki entries on psychology and I think I'm finally starting to understand our situation. The dynamics are obviously complicated, but if you'd like me to explain it all to you in simple terms one of these days, I'd be happy to. The point is, Jerry, I know why you sabotage my relationships: You are worried I will spend less time with you and you are jealous of the success and popularity that often comes so natural to me.

And that's why I've decided to take the high road. I can't promise that I have forgiven you completely, but I'm giving you the chance to redeem yourself. I'm going to really make an effort to be not just your friend, not just your roommate, but your brother, Jerry.

So when I heard you talking to your friend about hitting up the club this weekend, I want you to know that I'll be coming along, Jerry. I'll be there by your side taking an interest in your life instead of dismissing it outright. I've retreated into a world of Japanese animation long enough. I'm ready to go out and live the good life with you and your friends.

Believe it or not, Jerry, there may come a day when you and I are sitting side by side on the couch enjoying the very same TV program. Imagine that, Jerry. Not even a mind as ingenious as Morio Asaka could have dreamt up such a fantastical scenario. What do you say, Jerry? Ready to leave the past in the past and take on the world with... your brother?

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.28 Hey California, Print This Out and Take it With You Next Tuesday

Thursday, Oct 30, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

A picture of democrazy in action. Hehe.

As we approach election day newspapers throughout California are printing op-ed pieces that reflect the local interests of their readers (i.e. whatever agenda the media company that owns them wants them to print). Especially of interest are California's wacky propositions that only serve to further convolute our state's laws, creating a rich tapestry of contradictions and confusion that rivals the Holy Bible.

2008's ballot measures are a doozy. There are the usual suspects, initiatives that sound really good but really only benefit the ghost of Hitler, extravagant bonds that pay for kind of useful crap, "think of the children" nonsense, and the "parental notification" one that's going for a three-peat defeat. Then there's the anti-gay marriage one which appears to have taken home Best of Show this year. Come on guys, can we argue over a different ballot measure for five damn minutes? Jesus.

With so much crap being peddled by the people of this silly state it's hard to sort out the awful propositions from the really awful propositions. What is a voter who just wants to get back to playing Fallout 3 to do?

Why, the only thing you can do. Turn that brain off, print out this page, and bring it with you when you go to the polls on Tuesday. Don't just vote the wrong way, vote the goon way. Here's a rundown of California's ballot measures and how you should vote on them.

◻ Proposition 1A - "Safe, Reliable High-Speed Passenger Train Bond Act for the 21st Century. Haha, No Really, Trains"

How you should vote: **Yes**.

California High Speed Rail will eclipse the current rail speed record in California held by the locomotive seen here.

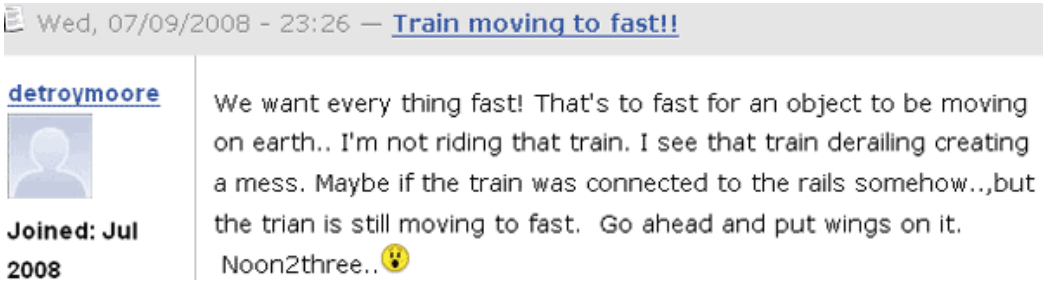
If you've ever thought about becoming a homosexual, there's no better way to start than to vote yes on Proposition 1A. Trains are gay, and gays love trains. The No On 8 campaign and the Yes On 1A campaign should join forces and redefine what a train going through a tunnel really means (anal sex involving two men by the way). What better way to celebrate your legal homosexual marriage than with a romantic trip on the high speed rail to San Francisco and a quickie in the bathroom at 220 MPH?

Now I know what you're thinking. "Ten billion for trains? Those things still exist?" When most people in America think of trains they think of crummy old Amtrak. Well, the high speed rail network in California will do several things that our current railroad network doesn't.

- It will actually go somewhere.
- It might actually get there on time.
- It won't tip over and burst into flames.

"But public transportation..." you say, "Isn't that for illegal aliens from... *Mexico*???" No, see, that's the beauty of high speed rail. Manny from East L.A. is priced right the hell off the train! Unlike mass transit, high speed rail makes an operating profit in countries like Japan and France. There's no reason it won't in California, especially considering brown people like me won't be able to ride it. That's a win-win for everyone.

No illegals and plenty of man ass. What's not to love? Unfortunately someone had to show up to rain on our 10 billion dollar parade. The bulk of the opposition comes from The Reason Foundation, a libertarian think tank that writes in complete sentences and uses proper grammar, so instead of refuting their claims I'm going to cherry pick some retarded comments from the Internet.



Wed, 07/09/2008 - 23:26 — Train moving to fast!!

detroymoore

Joined: Jul 2008

We want every thing fast! That's to fast for an object to be moving on earth.. I'm not riding that train. I see that train derailing creating a mess. Maybe if the train was connected to the rails somehow..,but the trian is still moving to fast. Go ahead and put wings on it.
Noon2three..

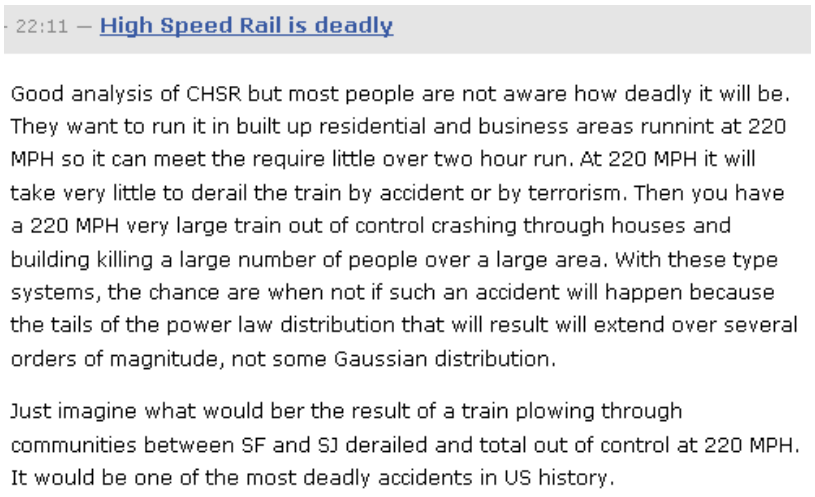
There is nothing faster in life than a high speed train.

To: **edcoil**

I guess we just need a faster way to get illegals from the border to San Francisco.

10 posted on **Monday, October 13, 2008 10:10:43 AM** by **RC2**
[**Post Reply** | **Private Reply** | **To 6** | **View Replies**]

Come on, FreeRepublic! This train will be 100% white! You're going to love it!



22:11 — High Speed Rail is deadly

Good analysis of CHSR but most people are not aware how deadly it will be. They want to run it in built up residential and business areas runnint at 220 MPH so it can meet the require little over two hour run. At 220 MPH it will take very little to derail the train by accident or by terrorism. Then you have a 220 MPH very large train out of control crashing through houses and building killing a large number of people over a large area. With these type systems, the chance are when not if such an accident will happen because the tails of the power law distribution that will result will extend over several orders of magnitude, not some Gaussian distribution.

Just imagine what would ber the result of a train plowing through communities between SF and SJ derailed and total out of control at 220 MPH. It would be one of the most deadly accidents in US history.

Unfounded fear mongering. The staple of any good election.

> Prop 1A will create jobs, NIMBY drama, and cure cancer, the cancer that infests our transportation infrastructure in this state, that is! Go ahead and vote yes on 1A, because lawsuit after lawsuit is just going to kill it anyway.

Proposition 2 - "The Chicken One"

How you should vote: **Yes**.

Continuing the gay theme of this update, I'm recommending a yes vote on Proposition 2. My support for this measure isn't so much about animal rights than it is about revenge.

Hens that are allowed to extend their wings and go out for a smoke every once in a while live longer, healthier lives and produce eggs that glow in the dark.

I used to be one of those guys who bought cage free eggs. I figured it was a good compromise. People who want chickens treated better will pay a higher price to do so. Those who don't can continue to pay lower prices for eggs. You know, free market and all that nonsense.

Then I realized that just because it says "cage free" on the carton doesn't necessarily mean more humane treatment. In fact, some of these cage free hens are better off in cages.

The "free range" movement was marketed as if chickens would be chilling on Old MacDonald's farm and shitting out an egg every once in a while like Yoshi. Instead, it's cramped conditions in dark, filthy warehouses where chickens just piss and shit everywhere. And I was paying, what, 4 dollars a dozen to support this? Fuck eggs.

Since these so called free range farmers didn't hold up their end of the bargain, they all get to suffer through eggs that cost *pennies more* to produce, costs that will only be passed on to consumers who will hardly notice, if this measure passes. This will surely make or break many farmers struggling to survive. California may lose millions of dollars because of egg producers that left to other states or even the country just so they could stomp on chickens' heads while jerking themselves off.

We might even have to import our eggs from, God help us, *Mexico*. Whoops, I mean huevos. They don't screw around with chickens down there.

Proposition 3 - "Children's Hospital Bond Act of20042008"

How you should vote: **No**.

The joke should be obvious here.

Proposition 4 - "HERE WE GO AGAIN"

How you should vote: **No**.

It wouldn't be a California election without parental notification.

I'm pro-abortion. No, not pro-choice, but pro-abortion. Abortion is simply a tool used to prevent unwanted births, nothing more or nothing less. This means abortions should be readily available

at low, low prices. The stigma associated with getting an abortion should be removed through hip advertising campaigns that paint abortion as the hot new trend all the cool girls are participating in.

Maybe it could be like a Sex in the City thing where these teens strut around with their designer handbags and walk into an abortion clinic and spread their legs. I could see that commercial running on TV.

In any case, anything that gets these whores to terminate their pregnancies is a good thing and anything that stands in the way of that is a bad thing. I'll tell you what the real danger is. A girl not getting an abortion because she doesn't want her parents to know, waiting until it's too late to terminate the pregnancy, and then giving birth to a kid that's only going to grow up and carjack you.

I can fear monger too, you know.

◘ Proposition 5 - "Get Out of Jail and Into the Treatment Center of My Heart Act"

How you should vote: **Yes**.

People don't always vote so much on the actual text of the law a proposition is based on but on the ideology that led to its creation. Regardless of what Proposition 5 specifically does, it breaks away from our failed drug control policies to offer something that may just be more effective, treatment as opposed to jail for nonviolent offenders. As long as a line making the act of shot putting newborn puppies off a cliff legal isn't buried somewhere deep in the text of the law, I'm okay with it.

The idea is that the guy who stole my stereo, if he did it to feed a drug addiction, would be offered rehabilitation instead of jail so that when all is said and done, he hopefully loses his insatiable lust for drugs and thievery and becomes a productive member of society.

Of course, it doesn't always work. But then again neither does our ridiculous "war on drugs".

◘ Proposition 6 - "Gently Caress The Police"

Tupac opposes Prop 6 because it will spend one billion dollars on unproven programs with ZERO ACCOUNTABILITY.

How you should vote: **No**.

If Prop 5 is designed to relieve stress on our overcrowded prisons, then Prop 6 is its mortal enemy. It seeks to pack more prisoners into jails with tougher penalties on trivial things like being a gang member while committing extortion, robbery, and intimidating witnesses. A life sentence for carjacking sounds nice, but don't these guys usually find Allah in prison (well, the version that doesn't want to kill us all)? A parole hearing isn't out of the question after a couple of decades if the dude starts seeing Muhammad in the walls of his prison cell.

The measure also makes meth possession a felony and increases prison terms for possession of meth with an intent to sell. I wonder how someone could reconcile voting yes on both 5 and 6.

There's also some wacky stuff about expanding the situations in which hearsay evidence is permissible in court. Lionel Hutz is spinning in his grave.

Of course, this thing is going to pass because hey, police funding and gangs.

What the hell am I going to say? "Fuck the police"? Sometimes you just have to pick your battles.

Propositions 7 and 10 - "The Feel-Good Ballot Initiatives of the Year!"

How you should vote: **No on both**.

Both the California Democratic Party and the California Republican Party are opposing Prop 7. You don't even have to read the goddamn thing to know that you're going to vote no on this. I'm not going to waste your time even telling you what it's about.

Prop 10 is the infamous payday for natural gas baron T. Boone Pickens. Renewable energy and alternative fuel vehicles sound good and a few morons will vote yes on this, but this proposition will provide a billion dollars in rebates to purchasers of "heavy-duty vehicles weighing 25,000 pounds or more" as opposed to $340 million for high and very high fuel economy light vehicles.

The idea is to sell more heavy-duty vehicles that run on natural gas, a product sold by the backers of this ballot measure.

Both measures sound good in theory, like the time my girlfriend said her flow was light and that it was okay to go down there, but all these two propositions will result in is a bloody fiscal mess.

Proposition 8 - "The Make Sonic The Hedgehog Less Gay Act of 2008"

How you should vote: **Yes**.

In the glory days of 16-bit consoles Sonic the Hedgehog was the edgy alternative to Mario. He was faster, more hip, and was blue, basically the opposite of poor old Mario. Unfortunately Mario has aged far more gracefully than Sonic has, turning Sonic into the video game equivalent of an old queen.

This goes against my religion. I'm pretty sure it goes against all religions though.

Sonic the Hedgehog has always been a progressive figure. The Sonic saga was one of the first to feature the first openly gay video game character, Miles "Tails" Prower ("Miles Per Hour"). Sonic did not care that Tails was gay and neither did we. Unfortunately homosexual liberals have perverted the legacy of Sonic to turn his games into festering piles of queer bait that are *played in our schools*.

Prop 8 seeks to redefine Sonic from the icon of furry perversion back into a figurehead for alternative console mascots everywhere. It was Sonic who led the fight against Mario, alongside Crash Bandicoot, Gex, and other failed mascots, similar to how Rachael Ray and Ellen battle Oprah in the eternal struggle for the attention of stupid women.

This law mandates that Sega make a good Sonic game within three years of its passing. Failure to do so would turn Sega into a furniture company.

VOTE **YES** TO PROTECT THE SANCTITY OF THE GREEN HILL ZONE. Vote no on the real one by the way.

Proposition 12 - "Round Eye Bond Act of 2008"

How you should vote: Don't bother. It's money for veterans.

It's going to pass anyway, like it did the last 26 times. In fact if you try to vote you might even screw up and become the only one to vote no on it. Then you go to hell.

Budget crisis be damned. This is your chance, California. Let's put newly rehabilitated big gay construction dudes to work on our big gay trains so we can get gay married while we eat gay eggs from Mexican chickens. California, redefining gay while hiding from creditors.

Damn, by the way, I left my wallet in my other pants. Can you get this one? Thanks a ton.

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

10.29 CONEX Convict Connections: "The Lamb Speaks"

Friday, Oct 31, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the CONEX Convict Connections series.

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩Personals ⟩Meet Ups for Fun and Whatever Nigga

WHAT THE FUCK!? ANY NIGGAS OUT THERE??

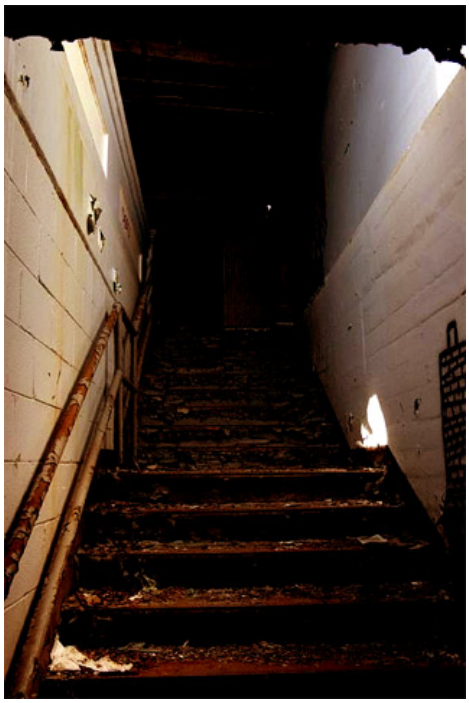
Holla At: C-ZAR @ D Block on 4
Askin: I AM JUST LOOKIN FOR ANY NIGGA THAT IS ALIVE AND AINT GOT INSIDE OUT SKIN OR TEN MOUTHS OR SOME INSANE CLAVO SHIT
Niggas word: **IS BOND** (16 in last 3 months)

I AM NOT EVEN PLAYIN WHAT THE FUCK NIGGA? SHIT JUST KEP ON GETTIN CLAVOER EVERY MOTHERFUCKIN DAY BUT NOW THIS SHIT IS JUST RETARDED CLAVO. THIS SHIT IS LIKE SOME ANCIENT FORGOTTEN SCROLLS ABOUT DEMONS FROM BEFORE TIME OR SOME SHIT NIGGA. WHO THE FUCK IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS TRAVESTY?

YALL, I DID NOT RAPE ON NO LYNX SO DONT BE SAYIN NO SHIT BOUT HOW I DESERVE THIS SHIT. EVEN ASSUMIN A NIGGA DID DO SOME UNLAWFUL GENITAL TOUCHIN ON A LYNX AINT NO JUDGE I HEARD SAY "NIGGA YOU DO 15 YEARS IN LAMBSPOKE AND THEN IT TURN INTO HELL WITH ALL SORT OF EVIL ASS GHOST AND MONSTER AND CRAZY PHENOMONONS MENACIN A NIGGA WITH NO POSSIBILITY OF PAROLE OR JUST GETTIN A GOOD NIGHTS SLEEP" I AINT HEARD THAT AND I KNOW I AINT HEARD NO GAVEL DROP AT THE END.

WHAT THE FUCK IS GOIN ON HERE NIGGAS? THIS IS BEDLAMB! I AINT SEEN A NINJA TURTLE IN LIKE THREE DAYS AND THEN I SEE ONE RUNNIN WITH BANDAGES ON HIS HEAD LOoKIN ALL SCARED AND I WAS LIKE "YO HOLD UP WHAT THE FUCK IS GOIN ON?" AND HE WAS LIKE "RUN" only the "N" was more like "AUGHULK!" ON ACCOUNT OF THIS BIG PROBOSCITOSITY COMIN OUT THIS BIG EVIL ASS BUTTERFLY THING THAT CAME OUT THE SHADOWS AND STAB THROUGH THAT NIGGAS HEAD. HE WAS LIKE HOLLOWIN OUT WHILE IT DRINK ALL HIS BLOOD IN HIS BRAIN AND THEN I JUST RAN BECAUSE FUCK THAT I AINT GETTING MY BRAIN DRANK BY NO EVIL ASS GIANT BUTTERFLY.

SINCE THEN I BEEN HIDIN BEST I CAN. BEEN A WHILE SINCE I EVEN SEEN ANOTHER CONVICT. ANY YALL OUT THERE PLEASE HOLLA AT A NIGGA THIS IS GETTIN RIDICULOUS.



DONT TAKE ME WRONG, I SEEN PLENTY OF NIGGAS I SORTA RECOGNIZE, BUT THEM NIGGAS IS EVIL ASS MOTHERFUCKIN NO GOOD GHOSTS. THAT SKINNY BITCH CLAVO ANDY LOOK GOT A PIPE THROUGH HIS CHEST AND A SKULL FACE AND HIS TEETH IS CLACKIN ALL THE TIME AND I SAW BLOWJOBS CORLEONE HE LIKE A CENTIPEDE OR A WORM OR SOMETHIN NOW ONLY ITS ALL BASED AROUND HIS GIANT SPINE AND HES GOT A FUCKIN LOBSTER MOUTH. I SAW THAT AND I WAS LIKE EW NIGGA GET THE FUCK AWAY.

SO, YO, IF YALL IN LAMBSPOKE AND YOU AINT AN EVIL ASS GHOST OR SOME MONSTER FROM THE FUTURE OR SOME SHIT HOLLA AT A NIGGA. WE AINT EVEN GOT TO RUN A GAME OR GET TORE UP. JUST ANY SORT OF SOCIALIZIN WOULD BE A HELP TO A NIGGA.

I WILL BE UP IN A WALL WITH SOME PIPES TRYIN NOT TO GET FOUND OUT.

PEACE OUT NIGGAS.

- **Location:** Lambspoke, D-Block, Tier 4
- it's totally ok to come beggin at a nigga any time you with paper or need some this nigga is just like "fuck it"

InmateID: 9000388938

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩Personals ⟩What the FUCK Nigga

I Think I Am A Evil Ghost Now or Some Shit

Holla At: TBONE @ D Block on 2
Askin: Nigga if you alive I am pretty sure I want to scare the fuck out of you and then kill your ass
Niggas word: **EVIL AS FUCK** (666 in last 3 months)

Got damn niggas I think I am a fuckin ghost. That is some sad shit right there. I remember I was on my way to talk to that nigga Short Eye Ted. Last I hear he was gonna try to make a telephone to try to call the outside or some shit. It was all dark and there was weird sounds and shit in the block. I took one of my dook candles out and lit it up and there was this hissin sound and I look over and theres this motherfucker like ten feet tall with two mouths and six eyes.

Scared the livin shit out of me. Then I think a minute later my skin was sort of off and my lungs were out, but I was still alive. Then I was bein dragged to this big room covered with skin and there was other people with no skin and then now here I am and yo I dont wanna believe this shit nigga but I am pretty sure I am an evil ass ghost right now.

evidence supportin my theory is

> NUMBER 1 - I can see heartbeats on a live nigga through they chest and I want to go bite on their heart so bad it is like when you got some toilet paper stuck up on your butthole and it is itchin like crazy only this aint no dingleberry on a motherfucker this is some heartbiter shit and I done thrust a snout up in a nigga chest and chew out they heart. Which is not, yall got to admit, somethin most non evil ass ghost niggas do on a regular basis. Negro Manson done that shit and I think maybe Lil Terry ate part of a niggas heart one time as an assessory to cannibalization of a wife but he aint never bite through a ribcage.
>
> NUMBER 2 - I can walk on a ceilin. Aint never done that shit before.
>
> NUMBER 3 - talons. I got em.
>
> NUMBER 4 - Go through walls. Like fuckin vision or some shit, that honky robot fuck scarlet witch. I got to concentrate but then I can just up and go through a door a nigga try to lock in my face to keep me out. Or I can just reach my talons through and snatch a nigga and drag him up against the wall cuz he cant go through no wall and then I

> climb up on the ceilin and keep him pinned up there while I go in through his back and eat on that heart.
>
> NUMBER 5 - pretty sure I can go into dreams on a nigga. I aint tried it much but I saw that nigga Weather Stripper dreamin about eatin butter pats out of some bitches bootyhole and I went in there and turned into that bitch like some freddy kruger shit and then he was like AAAAHHHH cuz he realized he was tossin a evil salad and he woke up and they was scratches on his chest I gave him in the dream with my evil bitch talons. And then he was screamin and I came down off the ceilin and ate that niggas heart.
>
> NUMBER 6 - short eye ted is made out of worms and shoots maggots that chew off a niggas face at people but when I come around he is just like "yo" and I am like "sup you pervert motherfucker?" and we cool. Which if I werent no evil ass ghost I doubt would be the case.

thats the situation here in lambspoke. I can still hear some heartbeasts hidin up in a block but I cant get in there cuz this giant wall of plastic flesh nigga called memnothugga or some bullshit is blockin every entrance. And that nigga is one of them niggas even fuck up an evil ghost nigga like me.

He dont give a FUCK. I saw Princess Jeremiah Lips who is now a lion with the head of an evil fuckin baby and some bug wings, he try to go in through a grate or a vent or something and that memnothugga nigga saw that and just shoot out a bunch of shit and dissolve his ass. Steamin bones and goop and shit that nigga eats. Nasty motherfucker.

At least I still got my art to keep a nigga sane. I been workin on a picture of my moms and two sisters. Hope they aint evil ass ghosts now. The picture keeps comin out weird though. Not sure what is up with that.

Maybe I shouldn't be paintin on skin with paints I found up in peoples glands. Whatever I got to make do in these pairless times.

I will just hang out with short eye ted durin the interrims. There still some live niggas to find around d block, but aint many. I think that nigga cesar up in here somewhere. Maybe Ill eat his heart or turn him into an evil ass ghost.

Yo CESAR IF YOU READIN THIS TBONE WILL TURN YOU INTO ANY KIND OF EVIL ASS GHOST YOU WANT! Maybe a knife face or yo, you always liked titties, what if yall was covered in titties and like hot acid shoot out of them or somethin. Whatever.

ILL HAUNT YOUR DREAMS!

Naw seriously I will fuck you up in your dreams nigga.

- **Location:** in the fuckin wall nigga I DONT KNOW
- it's totally ok to come beggin at a nigga any time you with paper or need some this nigga is just like "fuck it"

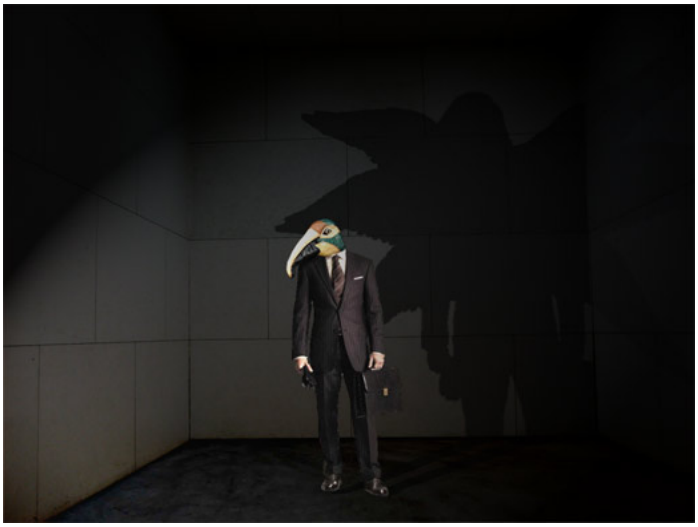
InmateID: 8765777453

CONEX ⟩D Block ⟩Personals ⟩Gettin' Out ⟩Last Chance Meetings

Your World is Unmade

Holla At: Colopatiron @ Gaol
Askin: Surrender Unto Me and Ye Will Be Saved
Niggas word: **BE SACROSANCT** (0 in last 3 months)

It is always sad to bid farewell to a new friend so soon, but alas that time has come. I had hoped for so much from you. Always yearning for better and more. Always unrestrained. The joy of the beast that does not see the fence enclosing it. I even thought for a time you might burn yourself out, set fire to your sky and leave nothing but ashes. I fear now that may have been a mercy had it come to pass.



Ah, but of course you have not seen what has transpired. You may suspect it, for no small measure of horrors have been inflicted upon you here in your gaol, but you have not endured the totality of the ruin.

I have stood witness to the passing of your race. I watched the heavens crack open and a numberless host of horrors swoop down to savage the land. I saw your great armies defeated in days, their martial fury nothing when set against the powers of antediluvian gods.

I heard the wail of a city as its population liquefied and flowed into sewers to nourish a chthonic beast of impossible vastness. I watched living mountains arise from the depths of the sea to feast upon the sorrowful wretches of your species. The titanic baying was so mighty and terrible men fell dead at the sound.

For a day the world was wreathed in the stinking smoke of your burning cities. The distant glow of the fires cut through the haze, day and night, as the black clouds blotted out the sun. To walk the earth in those dark days was to wander a tomb as the last survivors met their unhappy endings. I could hear them calling out to one another, staggering amongst the ruins, faces blackened by the smoke. I heard a scream. Jaws snapped in the distance, something growled. But when I found the source there was only a spatter of blood and tufts of hair clinging to the baked bricks of a fallen schoolhouse.

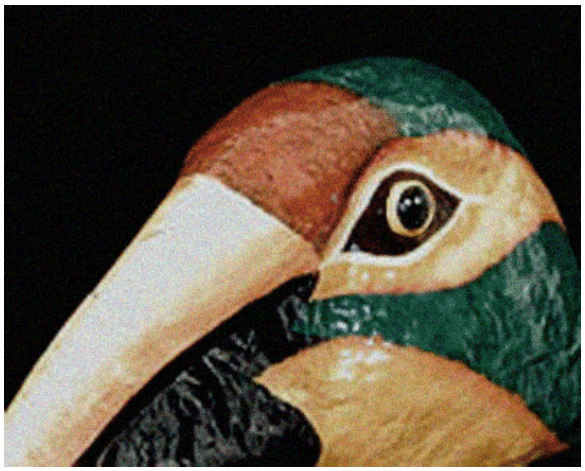
And then, when it seemed no more terror could be visited upon your species, the black clouds parted

as if rushing away from a great exhalation. And I looked up and saw gazing down ten million upon ten million eyes, each as large to me as my own hand held out at arm's length. At that moment all men left alive were driven instantly mad, little more than fish flopping mindlessly in the bottom of a boat.

And yet here I am, in a last attempt to unlock the gate and unshackle the mind of those confined within these walls. The North American Panopticon, a term rendered suddenly and terribly obsolete. Lamb Spoke. What are these but the walls of yet another frenzied abattoir for your species?

It is far too late for me to save your kind. The wheel has turned too far to turn back and even were it my inclination it would not be my place.

My offer is simple: come to me and I will grant you freedom. Not only from this crumbling institution overrun by horrors, but also from this benighted world. I will take you to a place where you may live out your days in safety and comfort.



I will show you around my place. Why don't you take off your shirt? DO YOU LIKE DON AND SEYMOUR RECORDS????

- **Location:** The Lamb Spoke

- it's NOT ok to come beggin at a nigga any time you with paper or need some

InmateID: 777

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 11

November

11.1 America's Funniest Assassination Plots

Saturday, Nov 01, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

In addition to serving as a sobering reminder that some people still judge others by race instead of video console preference, this week's thwarted plot to assassinate Barack Obama was refreshingly humorous. Here's a breakdown of the plan that was concocted by two self-declared skinheads:

1. Rob a Tennessee gun store to get the necessary weapons, as novelty-sized cider jugs with XXX printed on their sides can only do so much damage when thrown.

2. Shoot 88 non-whites, decapitate 14 more with the duo's razor-sharp Harvard diplomas.

3. Don white tuxedos with white top hats and shoot at Barack Obama while driving toward his motorcade in a car that may or may not be white, depending on what color primer becomes after it's been laid down over an orange base and a confederate flag.

Their plot was poorly planned, overly complex, and based on the assumption that they were superior human beings despite the fact that all they managed to do was get caught. When you combine these factors, the result is at least ten times as funny as your basic "shoot the guy with a sniper rifle" assassination attempt. I'd wager that it's the funniest failed assassination plot in U.S. history, but you can judge for yourself.

1839

Target: President Martin Van Buren

Would-Be Assassin: Jefford Molls

The Plan: Build a gyrocopter in a barn, hoping the contraption is capable of floating up into outer space. While in orbit, use a spyglass to observe the White House and wait for Van Buren to emerge. When the opportunity presents itself, lower a very long rope with a noose at the end, snagging the president and hanging him.

Where It Went Wrong: The rope was eight inches too short. It skimmed harmlessly across Van Buren's forehead, knocking his bowler hat to the mud.

1852

Target: Vice President Thomas R. Marshall

Would-Be Assassins: Cleo and Jasper Hudley

The Plan: Steal a milkman's carriage, then obtain a straw approximately 300 yards long. Use a pump to redirect the milk through the straw and into the mouth of Marshall as he sleeps. Continue to do this for several weeks until the vice president dies from drinking too much milk.

Where It Went Wrong: Thomas Marshall was not born until 1854.

1932

Target: President Herbert Hoover

Would-Be Assassin: Rube Goldberg

The Plan: Ring a bell that wakes up the bird that lays an egg that rolls down a chute onto a moustrap that springs shut on a tube of toothpaste that squirts onto one end of a set of scales that knocks a precariously balanced watermelon onto a seesaw that launches a bowling pin into a basket that sits on a piston that activates a mechanical arm that clobbers Hoover in the head with a hammer.

Where It Went Wrong: An impatient Hoover walked away before Goldberg could finish setting up his machine.

1951

Target: First Lady Bess Truman

Would-Be Assassin: Timothy Berklin

The Plan: Blend into the audience during one of the president's public speeches. Approach a random person and whisper "Kill the first lady, pass this along" into their ear, hoping that someone down the line will get the message exactly as it was first whispered and act on it.

Where It Went Wrong: Berklin was a deaf-mute.

1967

Target: President Lyndon B. Johnson

Would-Be Assassin: Alfred Jones

The Plan: Concentrate really hard, tapping into the "hidden powers" of the "alien-engineered human mind" to erase Lyndon Johnson from reality.

Where It Went Wrong: Was successful, but forgot that for every Lyndon B. Johnson, there is an equal and opposite Lyndon B. Johnson.

1985

Target: President Ronald Reagan

Would-Be Assassin: Sam Bisby

The Plan: When no one is looking, replace Air Force One with several thousand blocks of C4 stacked in the approximate shape of an airplane. Wait until the president climbs aboard, then activate the remote detonator.

Where It Went Wrong: The C4 airplane flew out of range of the detonator's signal too quickly.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.2 Create Your Own Path To An Obama Rally

Sunday, Nov 02, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Keith

Today was my sleep-in day. Well, everyday is a sleep-in day, but today is the end of daylight savings. I planned my schedule around that extra hour. I even stayed up super late last night watching Comedy Central. But Keith, the asshole who lives a floor below me, forgot to fix his alarm clock. I can hear that talk radio blaring from here. I'm not due at the Obama rally till 2, but I'm already up. Bah, he always does shit like this. If only there was some way to get his attention.

Go downstairs to Keith's apartment and remind him about daylight saving time.
Turn to page 1324

Use life savings to buy a brick of cocaine. Strap drugs to an actual brick. Throw brick through Keith's window while making an anonymous phone call to local DEA agents informing them of a dangerous dealer.
Turn to page 1325

You are doing it wrong!

GO BACK TO PAGE 1322

Okay, okay, okay. How are you going to say this? Keith, could you, umm, well today is the end of daylight savings, so, umm, you sort of woke me up. Yeah, that'll work, maybe. Wait, what the hell. Is that a McCain sign on the door? Alright, Keith. There shall be no mercy.

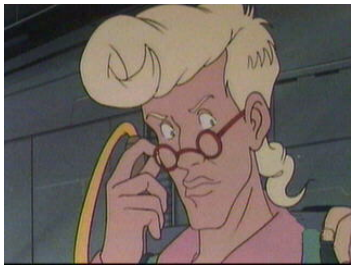
Kill Keith
Turn to page 1326

Kill Keith's Dog
Turn to page 1327

The cops are surrounding the house. They got some dogs angry dogs barking, but they'll never find you. You've circled the neighborhood a few times, and no one seems to be following you, except some minivan has been trailing your ass for the last four blocks. Maybe it's a cop. Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit. Should you floor it? You're screwed. Ugh, you really don't want to go to ja...Hey, this song is in Rock Band 2.

Sing Along
Turn to page 1328

Push Imaginary Buttons
Turn to page 1328



You go back to your room to arm yourself. All this walking has you a little gassed, but the adrenaline is really kicking in. Think about how cool your blog will be after you post that you killed a conservative. Maybe CNN will cover it? You'll be a celebrity. But first, you need a weapon. Where would one be? Nothing in the kitchen, nothing under the couch, and nothing in the closet except that proton pack you used for an Egon Spengler outfit last year. Best Ghost Buster costume ever.

Ugh, this thing must weigh, like, fifteen pounds. You equip the costume piece on your back and walk down the stairs clenching the handrails while verbally pumping yourself up. "McCain? Really Keith? Man, I thought you were cool too. Sorry I have to do this, but.. zzzzzzzZZZZZZRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAaaaaa--I'M CROSSING THE STREAMS YOU OLD TURD--aaaaaaaaaaa." You stop for a quick breathe before continuing, "aaaaaaaaaa-I'm setting out the trap now-aaaaaAaAAAAAAAAaaaazrack. One dead conservative." You smirk while imagining his old wrinkly body swirling down you're ghost catcher.

"Whoa, cool Halloween costume. You going to a party?"

"Oh hey Keith, I didn't see you. Yeah, umm, I'm on my way to a party, but I'll get you later."

FAILURE! The jerk survived and it's almost noon. You have to get to Wendy's fast before the lunch rush gets there. Get to the Ecto 1!

WENDY'S!

TURN TO PAGE 1329

You wait in your apartment until Keith leaves. He usually walks to the DairyMart on the corner for beef jerky, so you don't have much time. That scene in The Godfather with the horse head was pretty memorable. Keith will get the message of a dead dog: Vote Obama. Alright, he's out of sight. What does a murderer wear? You try to get your best Dexter outfit: gloves and a tight shirt. Well, the only tight shirt you own is that size medium Threadless shirt with the Pirate Ninja on it. Dangerous and funny at the same time

Hmm. Locked. You try running against his door a few times. This shit is hard. By the barks coming from the inside, the dog is mad, but you're going to choke that bitch out. You eventually manage to bust the door open. Your rage is phenomenal. Time to kill that dog. "Come here doggy, doggy, doggy." You get blindsided by the beast as it sinks its ugly-ass dogteeth into you. You throw it off and try to put it in the sleeper hold, but it seems ineffective. The dog knocks you over and pins you against the wall.Blood spills onto your t-shirt. You scream for help and napkins, but no one answers. That shirt was a limited print too.

GAME OVER

TURN TO PAGE 1322

You're right. BOTH! Whew, who knew "Go Your Own Way" could kick so much ass. Wait, is that minivan still tailing? You quickly duck turn into a driveway. Once the van passes you pull out and start following it. Looks like the hunter is now the hunted. Heh, now let's see who you're working for.

Wendy's? Interesting. Well, let's see what this agent looks like. An elderly lady. Very interesting. It's probably makeup. Now that you have the upper hand, what do you do?

Go in and spy on her
Turn to page 1330

Go back home
Turn to page 1331

You follow the agent into the restaurant. She scurries into the restroom and immediately closes herself into a stall. You scurry in after her when you get a chance. What is she doing in there? Changing her disguise? Radioing home base? Peeing? Pooping? Who knows? Wait, wait, she is definitely pooping. Ugh. You better get out of here before she calls for backup. A sign for the new Double Angus Smoke House Burger with Cheese entices you, your mouth starts to water, and in less than five minutes you have forgetten about the potential agent.

Eventually, you get your food. You spread out on the little table, Biggie Root Beer, Biggie French Fries, a Frostie Jr., your big ass burger, and a few extra Honey Mustards for dipping. Mmmm, is there anything in life more enjoyable than your first French Fry?

Wait, what the fuck? What is this mushy trash? What kind of self-respecting worker would serve this garbage? Do they expect me to suffer through this? Hell no. Hell no.

Ask for new ones
Turn to page 1332

Make a mess
Turn to page 1333

You follow the agent into the restaurant. She scurries into the restroom and immediately closes herself into a stall. You scurry in after her when you get a chance. What is she doing in there? Changing her disguise? Radioing home base? Peeing? Pooping? Who knows? Wait, wait, she is definitely pooping. Ugh. You better get out of here before she calls for backup. A sign for the new Double Angus Smoke House Burger with Cheese entices you, your mouth starts to water, and in less than five minutes you have forgetten about the potential agent.

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Ask for new ones
Turn to page 1332

Make a mess
Turn to page 1333

The agent is probably going to grab a bite to eat. Now that her guard is down, you can flee the scene. You quickly sneak out and begin letting the air out of her tires first though. You cannot be followed. A bike cop rides by as you start the second tire. He asks from the street if he can help, but you don't have time to respond as you jump into your car and peel out. Shit.

You floor it down a few sidestreets, but the cops still figure out your location. Now you're really getting tailed. What do people do when they're getting chased? Didn't O.J. drive to his house? Is that a good example? He was good in The Naked Gun. Whatever, no time to think.

You're going sixty through the parking lot of your apartment. A few cops are still loitering around and investigating Keith's drug raid. You honk your horn as you fly past. You crash into Keith's living room, and the drug dogs immediate smell the remnants of cocaine on your clothes.

GAME OVER

TURN TO PAGE 1322

"Can I have new fries?"

"No."

"Welp, fine" you say, turning around. Looks like you have to burn this place to the ground.

You watch the place collapse under the flames while sipping the last of your root beer. The firefighters are struggling to get people out. Oh look at the time. The Obama rally is about to start.

Go to the Rally

TURN TO PAGE 1334

You dump out your shitty fries onto the table, and then meticulously smash them with your fingers while dumping the salt and pepper shakers on top. You slide the tomato and lettuce off your burger and mix them into the flat mess. Once a thick paste is formed, you fashion a pinch-pot, and then fill it with root beer and honey mustard. You smack the shit down onto the table, causing the food to spatter around. A little piece flies into your face. Without thinking, you wipe it into your mouth. Whoa. Delicious. You eat your soup up off the table and floor before going back for seconds. Perhaps, just maybe, you've found nirvana.

GAME OVER

TURN TO PAGE 1322

Wow the rally is awesome. They even have little streamers and a pumpkin with Obama's face on it. Pretty cool. Everyone you know is here. You talk to Clair for awhile, she even agrees to maybe, possibly, go on a date with you next week (if she isn't too busy). Pretty cool. Some drunk kids keep talking above you about how Obama is cool. You try to ignore them, but it's really not a possibility. They aren't even making sense. Obama wouldn't legalize pot, would he? Maybe he would. Would he really murder the rich? These kids might have a point. Maybe he really is a terrorist. I guess there really isn't a choice for you to make. You have to vote for McCain.

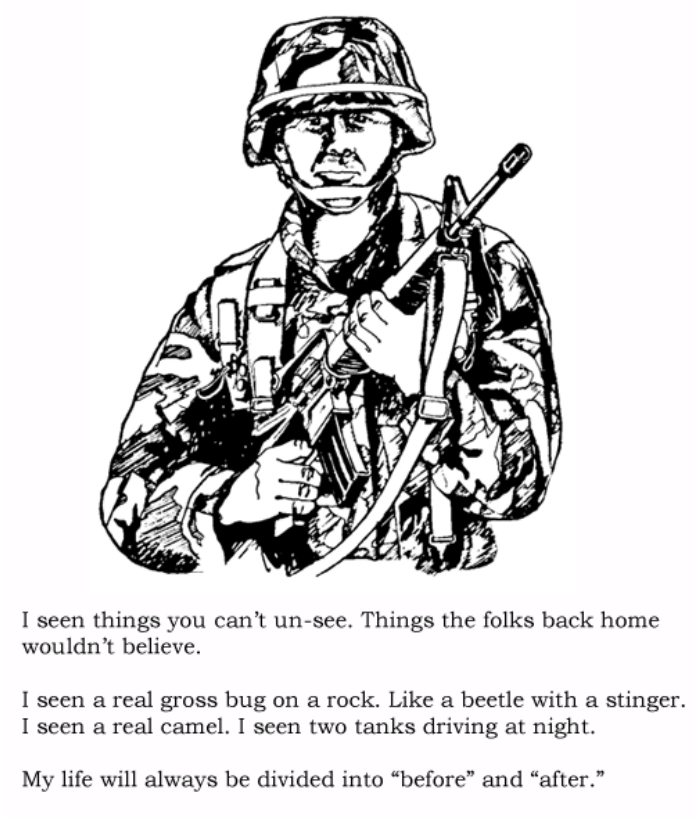
Congratulations, you made it to the rally; however, your mind was corrupted by optimistic, though ignorant, kids. Sorry

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.3 GI Army Funnies: The Final Battle

Monday, Nov 03, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

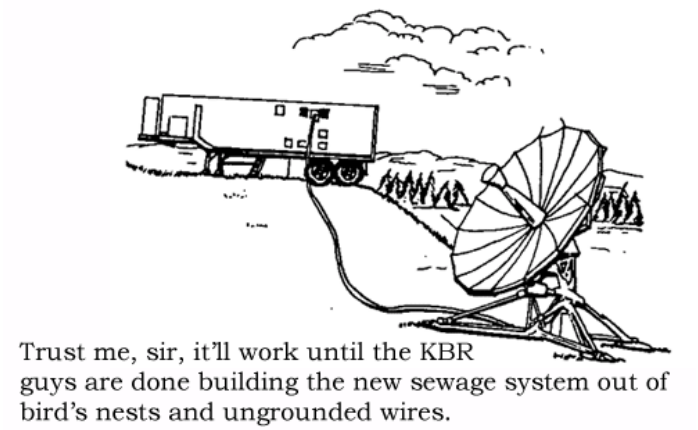
This article is part of the GI Army Funnies series.



I seen things you can't un-see. Things the folks back home wouldn't believe.

I seen a real gross bug on a rock. Like a beetle with a stinger. I seen a real camel. I seen two tanks driving at night.

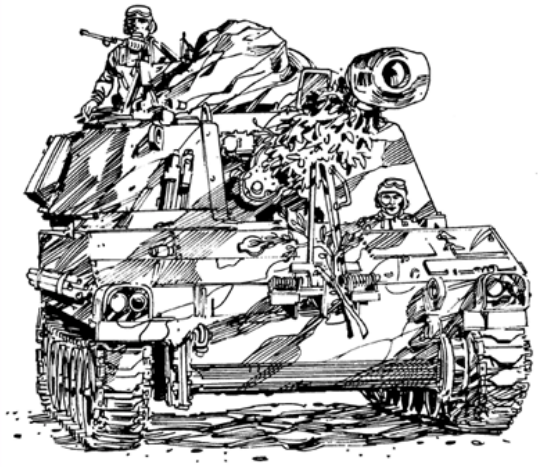
My life will always be divided into "before" and "after."



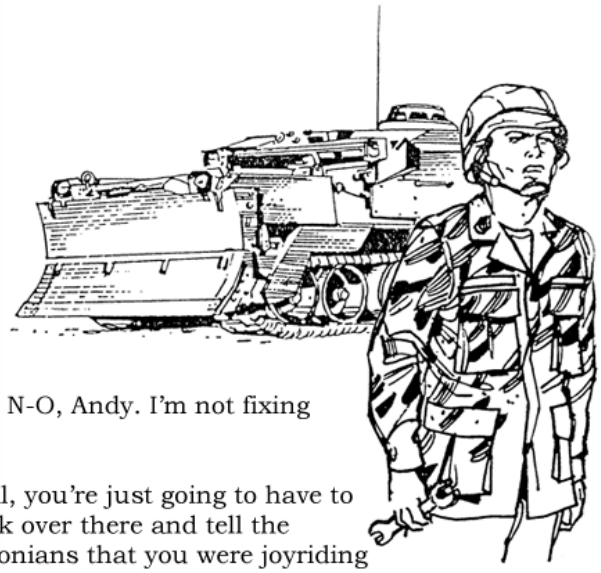
Trust me, sir, it'll work until the KBR guys are done building the new sewage system out of bird's nests and ungrounded wires.

Goddamn, Corporal. It's like we just landed in a fucking postcard. Beautiful.

See that sweet ass mountain over there? I want you to tell Whiskey Six to start shelling there and don't stop until it looks like we're on the moon.



Okay, you're right. Technically it's not a tank, but don't tell any fine bitches that.



No. N-O, Andy. I'm not fixing it.

Well, you're just going to have to walk over there and tell the Estonians that you were joyriding and you managed to break their only tank.

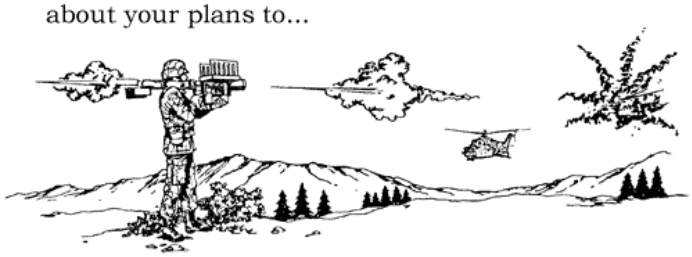
Hey, this is General Petraeus. I'm over at Green Zone HQ and me and the boys are staring at a steaming hot Meat Lover's pizza. Now hows about you "surge" on over here with those Chicken Kickers I ordered.

Yes, I have the receipt.

Echo Papa Zulu this is Rainbow Eight-Niner. I have three tangos and a technical moving in our direction. Requesting a fire mission at HOWARD STERN'S GIANT ASSHOLE! BABA BOOEY! BABA BOOEY!

No, Commander, nothing on the main circle. I'll have Baxter and Louis check the secondary circles.

I liked you, Sergeant, but you should have kept your mouth shut. You should have never told me about your plans to...



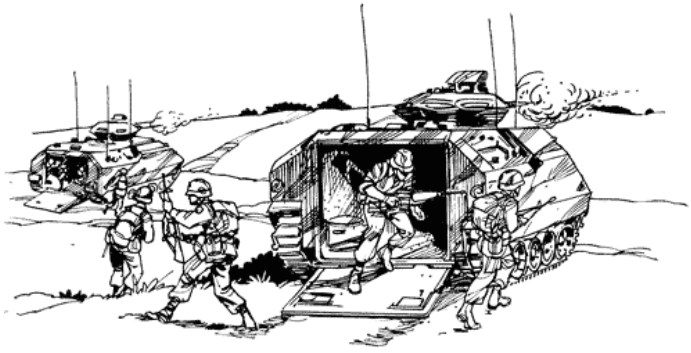
Vote Obama!

1...2...3...4...

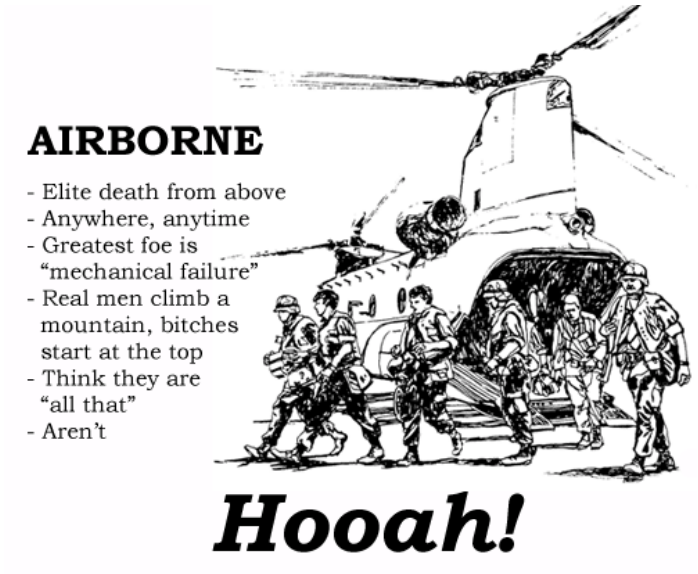
Why don't presidents fight the war?

1...2...3...4...

Why do they always send the poor?



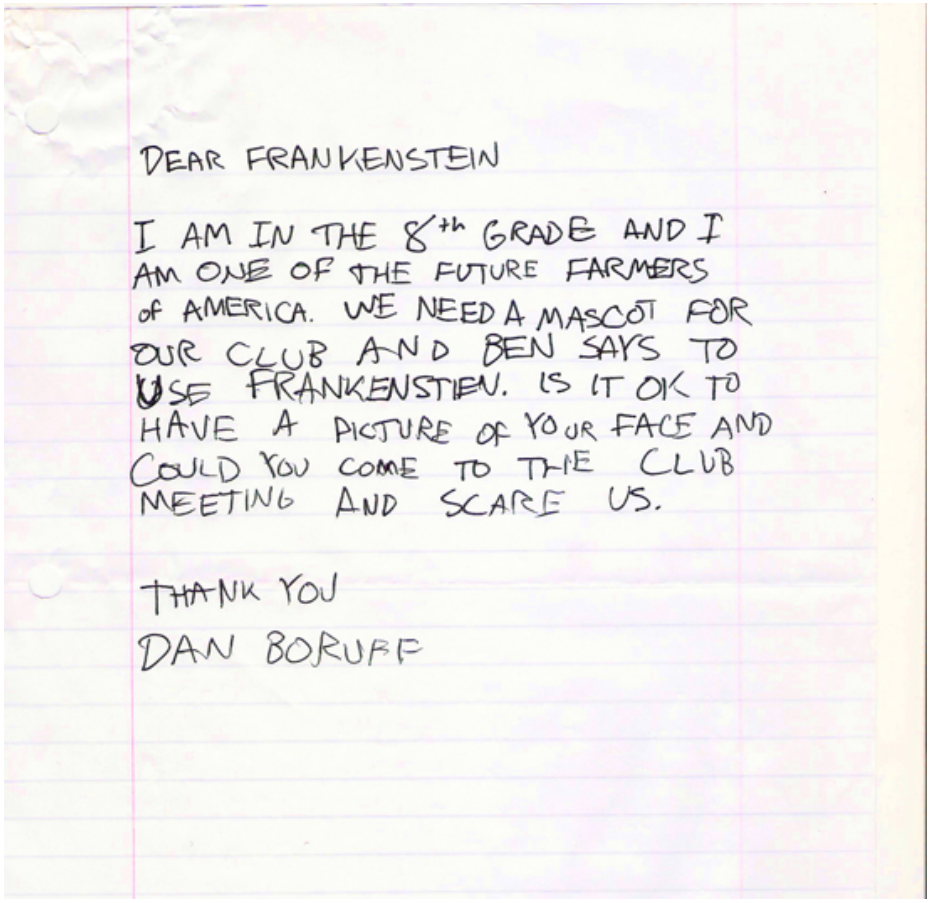
"If the vehicle has already moved (including pivoting on the spot), the passengers may disembark but not move any further in that Movement phase. Once the models have disembarked, the vehicle may not move any further (including pivoting on the spot). After Disembarking, these models may shoot, (counting as movement), but not assault."


AIRBORNE
- Elite death from above
- Anywhere, anytime
- Greatest foe is "mechanical failure"
- Real men climb a mountain, bitches start at the top
- Think they are "all that"
- Aren't
Hooah!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.4 Children's Letters to Frankenstein

Tuesday, Nov 04, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)



DEAR FRANKENSTEIN

I AM IN THE 8th GRADE AND I AM ONE OF THE FUTURE FARMERS of AMERICA. WE NEED A MASCOT FOR OUR CLUB AND BEN SAYS TO USE FRANKENSTIEN. IS IT OK TO HAVE A PICTURE OF YOUR FACE AND COULD YOU COME TO THE CLUB MEETING AND SCARE US.

THANK YOU
DAN BORUFF

Dear Dan,

I would be delighted to be your mascot! I have enclosed a picture of my face, although I admit that this photograph is from many years ago, as I am quite old by now and not so photogenic anymore. I think it would be difficult for me to come to your club meeting, since it is very far away and I rely on the bus. Also, I am not very scary!

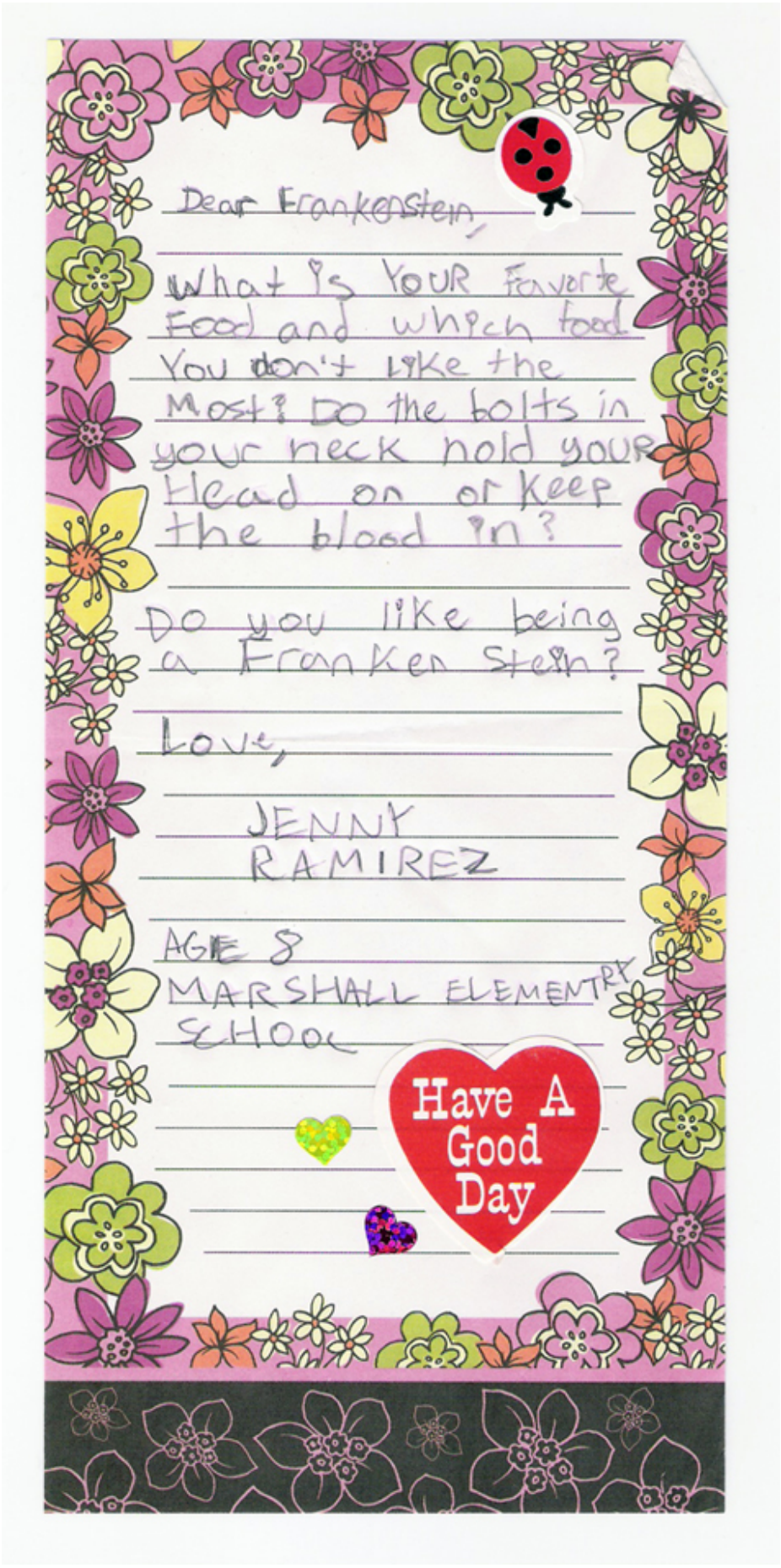
It occurs to me that there is some small chance that you have mistaken me for my monster, "Frankenstein's Monster," and you are asking him for permission. Having created him in my laboratory, I own the exclusive rights to his likeness and I hereby grant them to you and your organization. I have enclosed a photograph of his face.

If you did intend this letter for my monster, please keep in mind that I would still be honored and delighted to serve as your mascot, or to serve as a co-mascot along with my monster. Maybe you could put my photograph up along with his? It would mean a lot to me.

Please write back,

V. Frankenstein

Victor Frankenstein


Dear Frankenstein,
What is YOUR Favorite Food and which food You don't like the Most? Do the bolts in your neck hold your Head on or keep the blood in?
DO you like being a Franken Stein?
Love,
JENNY RAMIREZ
AGE 8
MARSHALL ELEMENTRY SCHOOL
Have A Good Day

Dear Jennifer,

I very much appreciate your letter of 10/29. From the wording of one of your questions, I suspect that the message may have been intended for my monster, "Frankenstein's Monster." I have included his address, should you wish to contact him (the monster) directly. My name is Victor Frankenstein, and I created the monster in my laboratory.

I will answer your questions as best I can under the assumption that you may have intended them for me, but I will also include answers based on my monster, in case you intended the letter for him. My favorite food is pheasant, and my least favorite food is anything with big pieces of egg. My monster would eat basically whatever you put in front of him, though I recall that he had a particular predilection for "taquitos." I don't remember him disliking any foods.

I do not have any bolts in my neck, but my monster's bolts served two functions: first, as you guessed to keep the blood in; second, they controlled the pitch of his voice.

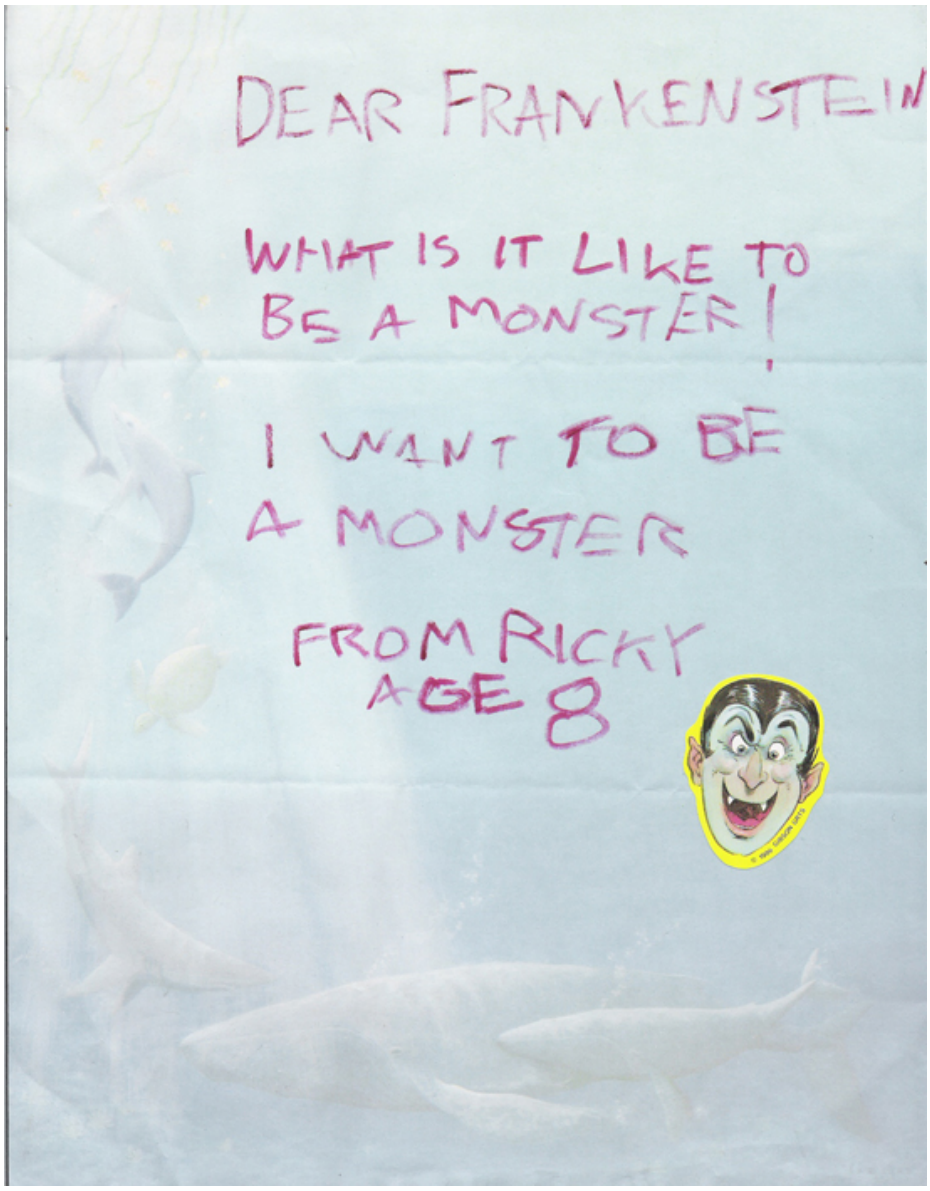
I do quite enjoy being a Frankenstein. Enclosed is a copy of my family crest.
If you intended this question for the monster, I am not sure how to answer it.

I hope I have answered these questions to your satisfaction. I love receiving mail, so please write back!

Fondest regards,

V. Frankenstein

Victor Frankenstein


DEAR FRANKENSTEIN
WHAT IS IT LIKE TO BE A MONSTER!
I WANT TO BE A MONSTER
FROM RICKY AGE 8

Dear Ricky,

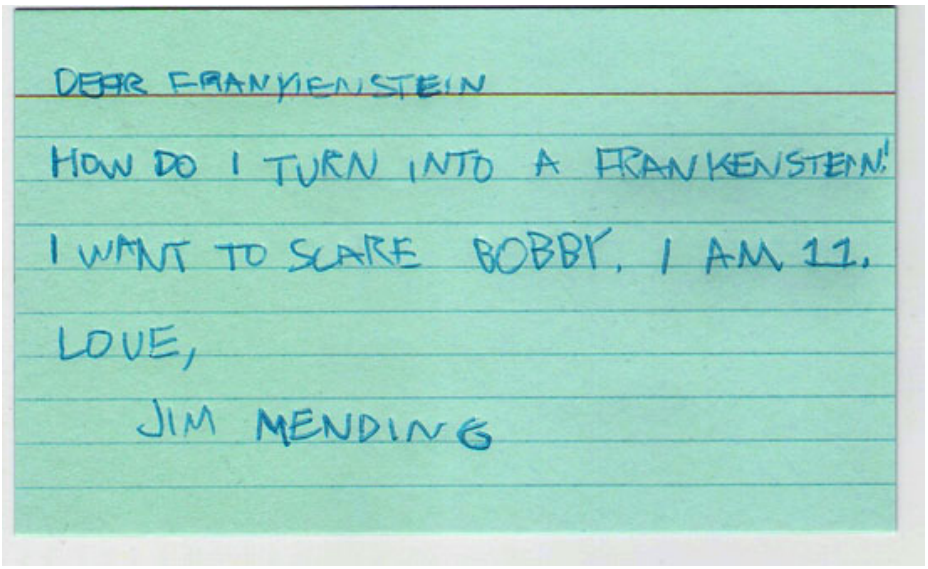
Thank you for the letter, although I suspect that maybe you have confused me for my monster, "Frankenstein's Monster." I don't quite know what it is like to be a monster, but I have some experience with monsters, since I created one many years ago. He had good times and bad times, like anyone else. He faced many difficulties because people had trouble understanding him.

I know that it may sound like fun to be a monster, but please understand that being a person is a blessing, and my monster actually wanted very badly to be a person. As they say, the grass is always greener on the other side. He was green, as well-- a little joke!

Tell me, what is it like to be a child nowadays? Many things have changed in the world since I was young. What do you eat? What do you do for fun? Do you have friends? When I was a child, we played games. Do you have this? Please write back very soon!

Please write back,

Victor Frankenstein



DEAR FRANKENSTEIN

HOW DO I TURN INTO A FRANKENSTEIN!

I WANT TO SCARE BOBBY. I AM 11.

LOVE,

JIM MENDING

Dear Jim,

There is currently no way to become a Frankenstein; in order to do so, you would likely have to marry into the family, and there are no living women in my family. Some countries allow men to marry other men, but you are too young to understand the implications of this, and none of my male family members are, to my knowledge, of that persuasion.

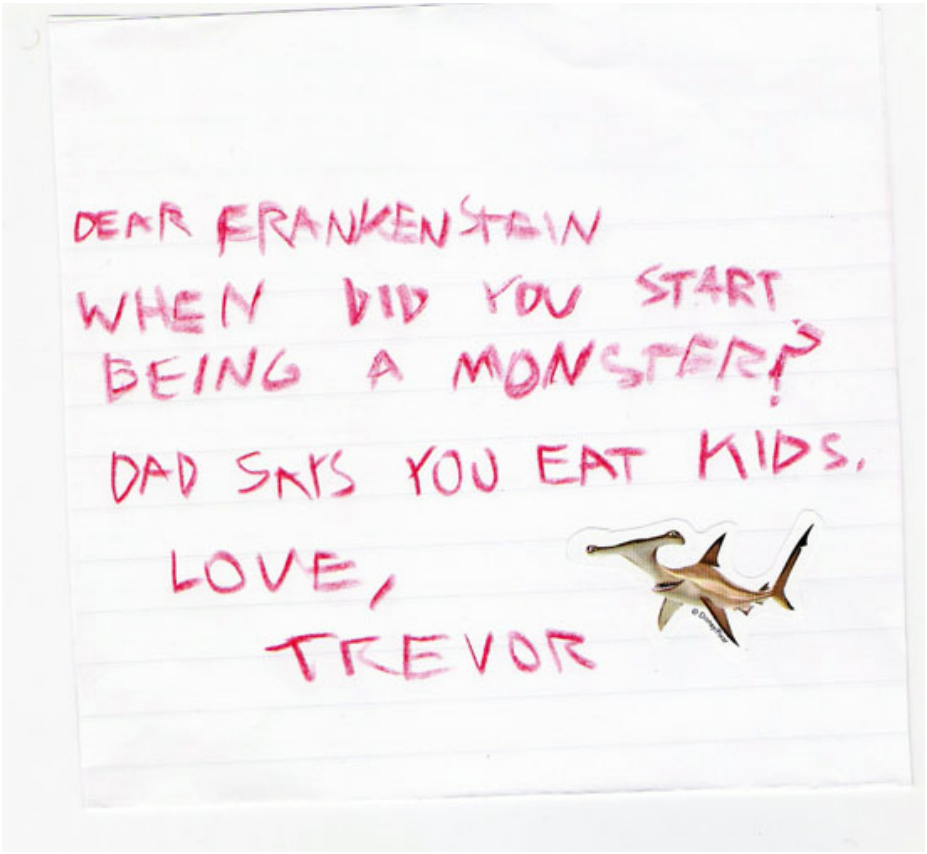
I am very flattered to hear you want to become a Frankenstein, and I regret that I cannot help. I have enclosed a picture of my family crest.

If you want to scare Bobby, I suggest a funny mask, or hiding somewhere unexpected! Please write back, I enjoy mail very much.

Your friend,

V. Frankenstein

Victor Frankenstein


DEAR FRANKENSTEIN
WHEN DID YOU START
BEING A MONSTER?
DAD SAYS YOU EAT KIDS.
LOVE,
TREVOR

Dear Trevor

Thank you for your letter of October 25th. I am not a monster; you may have confused me for the monster I created ("Frankenstein's Monster"). But I will attempt to answer your question seriously in case I have misunderstood. Some people called me a monster when I created life in a laboratory, but I don't think so. When you look at me and then look over at my monster ("Frankenstein's Monster") it becomes pretty clear which one is the monster. I have included photographs so you can see.

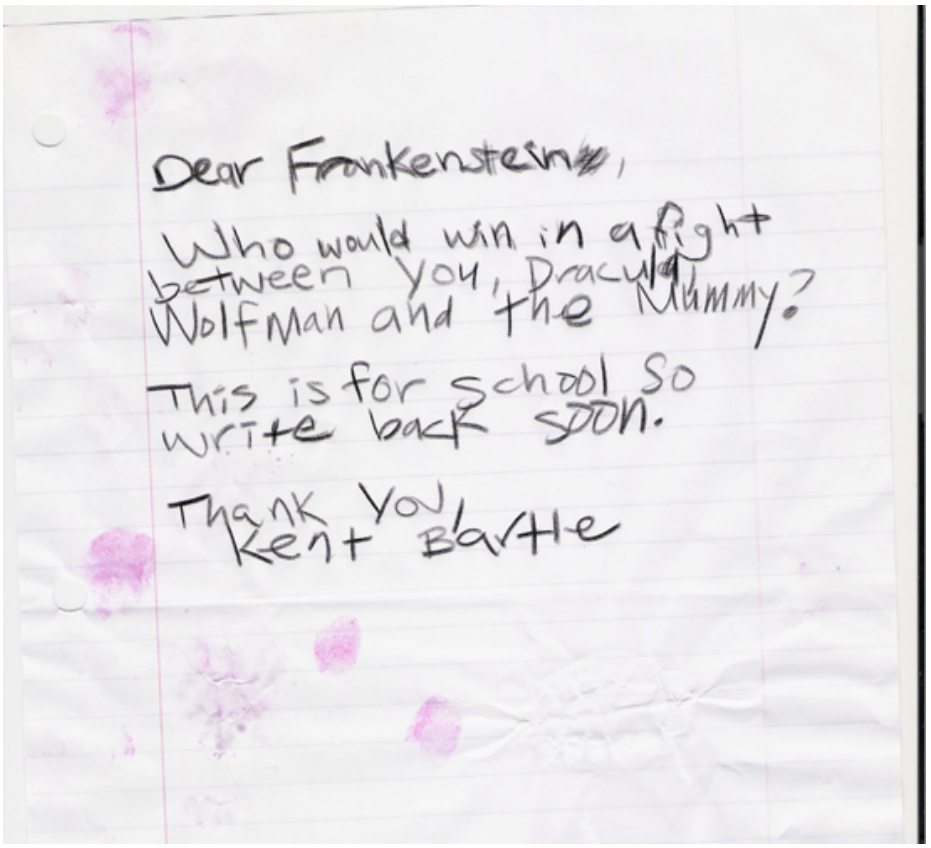
I do not eat kids, and neither does my monster. I admit I haven't spoken to him in several months, but I should be very surprised if he has started eating kids in that interval. On the contrary, both me and my monster are very fond of children, although neither of us have children of our own. My monster killed my wife! I forgave him, because in general he tends to mean well.

I have included my monster's address as well, in case you would like to ask him a question. I also enjoy mail very much, so please write back!

Your Friend,

V. Frankenstein

Victor Frankenstein



Dear Frankenstein,

Who would win in a fight between you, Dracula, Wolfman and the Mummy?

This is for school so write back soon.

Thank You
Kent Barthe

Dear Kent,

Oh, my! I am not much of a fighter. Maybe you mean to ask if my monster, "Frankenstein's Monster," would win in a fight. Personally, I think he would beat the Wolfman and the Mummy, though Dracula would be a challenge!

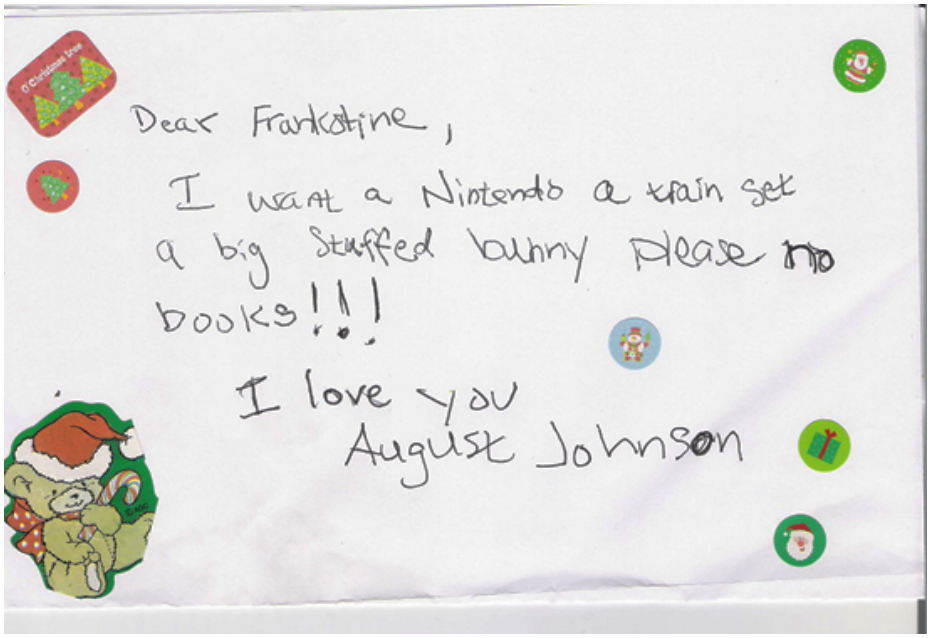
I have met the Mummy, and although I disagree with him on many fundamental issues, I believe that he has been treated unfairly by the media, and I have no desire to fight him. I am not sure if the Wolfman exists. I have attached a picture of my family crest to show that I exist! I would love to see yours.

May I ask what sort of school assignment you are doing? It sounds very interesting! Please let me know if I can be of any further help. I am not busy these days and I would love to help with this sort of project any way I can. Please write back, Kent!

Your friend,

V. Frankenstein

Victor Frankenstein



Dear August,

I worry that you may have confused me with Santa Claus, who provides gifts for children at Christmastime. I am Victor Frankenstein, a scientist who is best known for creating a monster ("Frankenstein's Monster") although I have done many other things, including inventing a new type of lond clamp (the "Double-Revolving Lond Clamp").

But even so, I thank you very kindly for your letter, and I have enclosed a personal check for fifty dollars, which you may cash and spend as you please on the condition that you write back. I love receiving letters in the mail! Please tell me about your life, your family, what you do for fun, et cetera.

I look forward to reading your reply!

V. Frankenstein

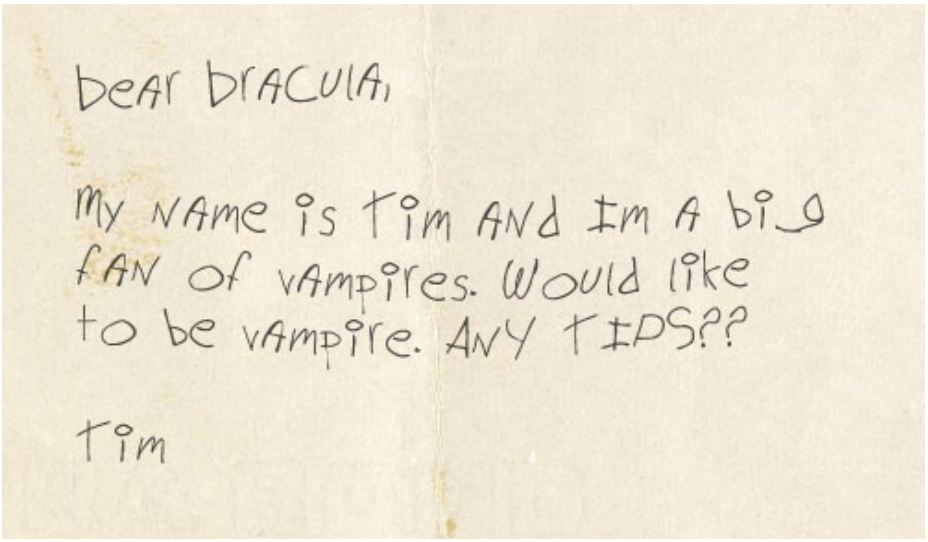
Victor Frankenstein

P.S. - Books are very enjoyable, especially when they have pictures. Give books a second chance, you'll like it!

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.5 Children's Letters to Dracula

Wednesday, Nov 05, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



bear bracula,

my name is tim and im a big fan of vampires. Would like to be vampire. Any tips??

tim

I was pleased to receive your letter. First of all, being a vampire is a lot of hard work – just like homework! It's definitely not for everyone. To be a vampire you have to drink a lot of human blood. Some people think that is really gross, but I think it's pretty cool. Please don't start drinking blood, though. You have to be a vampire to get any nutritional benefit.

To be a vampire you have to get another vampire to turn you into one. It's a very involved process so I suggest you wait until you're a grown-up.

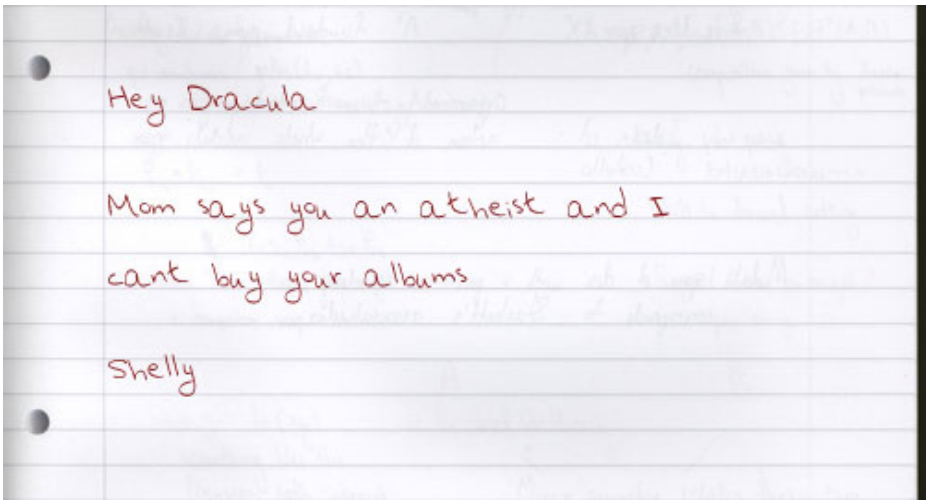
If you have any specific questions I'd be happy to answer them.

Yours respectfully,

Dracula

Dracula

P.S. if you're a fan of vampires, then you might be interested in purchasing some of my memorabilia. I've enclosed a link to my eBay profile. Please take a look and maybe have your dad place a bid.



Hey Dracula

Mom says you an atheist and I cant buy your albums

Shelly

Dear Shelly,

I would not describe myself as an atheist. Technically, I am agnostic and would not presume to speak about any realities beyond my immediate comprehension. Your mother is incorrect in this regard. Please let her know.

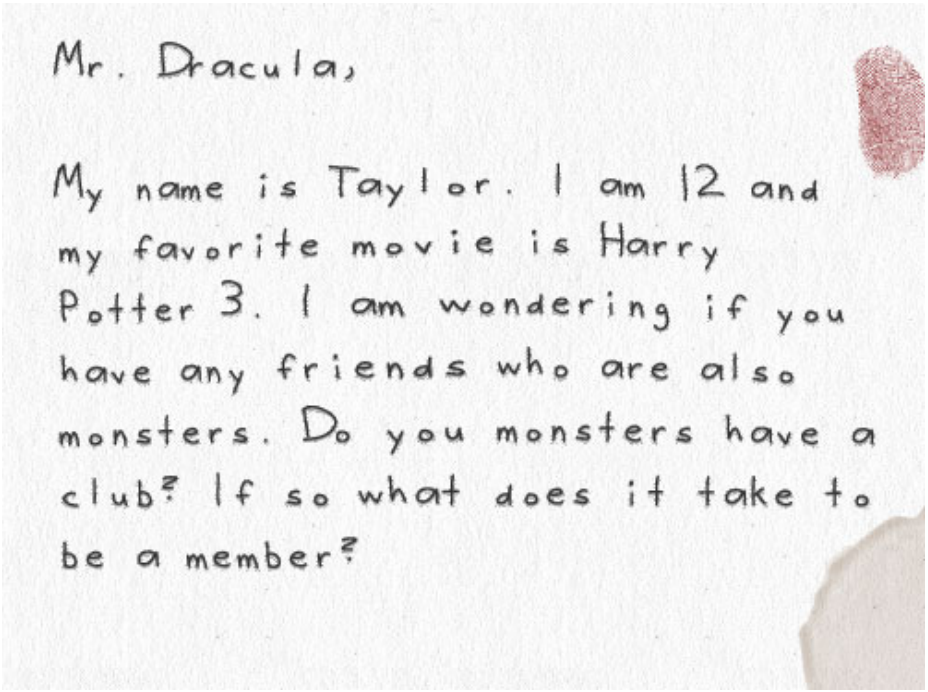
I am also saddened to report that I do not have any albums. Alas, my one great regret is that I have not yet learned to play an instrument. Even when immortal, you still find a way to put things off. Imagine that! If I did learn an instrument, I believe it would be the pipe organ. Do you play any instruments?

If you do like albums, I have a large collection of old records. I'd be happy to send a complete list if you are interested in buying. I have a lot of great classics.

With dark pleasure,

Dracula

Dracula



Mr. Dracula,

My name is Taylor. I am 12 and my favorite movie is Harry Potter 3. I am wondering if you have any friends who are also monsters. Do you monsters have a club? If so what does it take to be a member?

Thank you very much for your letter, Taylor.

Certainly I have a hunger that most would find profane, but that is simply my nature. Does that make me a monster? You are very young so these things are hard to understand, but I am simply as nature made me. The real monsters are the men and women who work at banks and credit agencies.

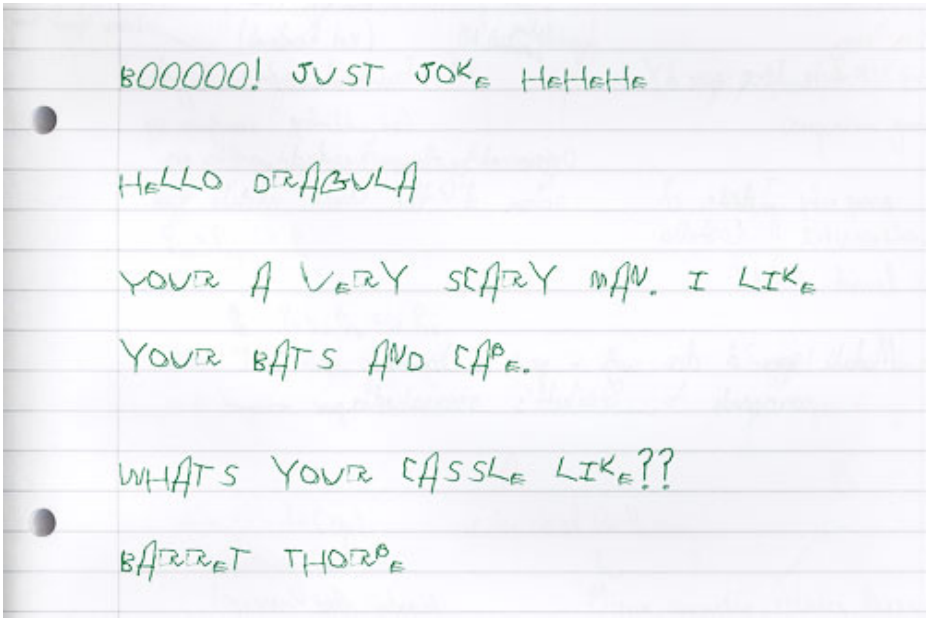
I do have other friends like me, though. One of my friends eats bugs. I don't really like him very much but he has his uses.

I am glad to hear you like movies. I have an extensive collection of HD-DVDs (like DVDs but BETTER). I'm trying to sell them off so if you are interested, write me back. I'd be happy to let them go at a reasonable price.

Eager to hear back!

Dracula

Dracula



BOOOOO! JUST JOKE HeHeHe

HELLO DRAGULA

YOUR A VERY SCARY MAN. I LIKE

YOUR BATS AND CAPE.

WHATS YOUR CASSLE LIKE??

BARRET THORPE

Dear Barret,

Thank you very kindly for your letter – and the scare!

I regret to inform you that I do not actually own any bats. This is a common misconception about me. I think it stems from the fact that I can turn into a bat, and often do so. Thank you for your kind words about my cape. I recently sold it and miss it already!

My castle, Barret, is quite nice. It is a lot of fun to have your own place. I can stay up as late as I want (in fact I stay up all night!). With the economy as it is, I have also endured a lot of sleepless days.

Sometimes I have guests over. I used to have a butler who would do whatever I asked, but I had to let him go.

I realize it is a long shot, but if your dad or anyone you know is looking to purchase a castle, mine is currently for sale.

Hungry for your response,

Dracula

Dracula

Dracula!

thanksgiving is almost here and i am super excited! i hope you will come over for dinner with my family! We would love to have DRACULA as our guest! Dad says you can carve the turkey!

Please write back!

Aimee, age ten

Thank you, Aimee, for your kind invitation. As a vampire, it is very rare for me to be invited inside someone's home. Such an invitation is always music to a vampire's ears.

I must also apologize for my tardy response. I have been busy moving into my new apartment and only recently had occasion to purchase a new ream of paper. I hope that you will forgive me.

If your offer for Thanksgiving dinner still stands, I must humbly request assistance journeying to your home. If you could have your mother or father wire me bus fare I would be most appreciative. I will also need a place to stay for a few days. I am comfortable with most sofa beds.

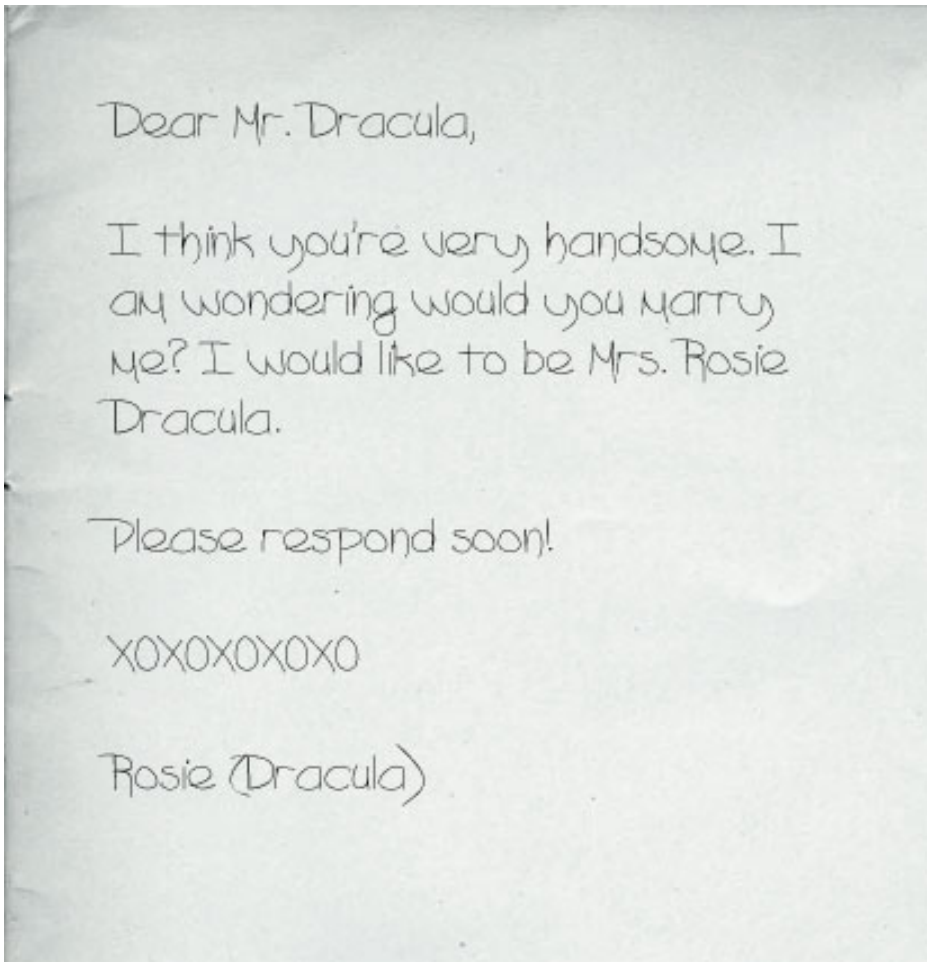
I must disclose that I have some dietary requirements. I have a certain aversion to garlic and require a significant amount of human blood.

Eager to hear back,

Dracula

Dracula

P.S. Let your father know that if he has any jobs he needs help with, I am a skilled laborer eager to work for honest wages.



Dear Mr. Dracula,

I think you're very handsome. I am wondering would you marry me? I would like to be Mrs. Rosie Dracula.

Please respond soon!

XOXOXOXOXO

Rosie (Dracula)

My Dearest Rosie,

I confess to being extremely flattered by your letter, but you must know that I am immortal and very old. As you are no doubt very young, such a courtship would be frowned upon by the state of Rhode Island, where I currently reside.

But you will grow older. When that happens, I shall call out to you from beyond. You may suffer a dark and terrible fever as you long for our union, but do not fear: the cure will come in time. My love, one day we will be together in my apartment. It is a small one bedroom but there is enough space for two people. It has a dishwasher.

For now enjoy your youth. It will not last.

Your darkest friend,

Dracula

Dracula

Dracula

I love animals lots and lots! I have two dogs, a cat, a parakeet, and want to get a bunny. I'm 9 years old and I live on a farm.

Do you have any pets? Please write back!

Jenny

P.S. I really love animals!

Jenny, how wonderful your life on the farm must be! I enjoyed hearing about each of your pets and imagine them to be very faithful companions.

I used to have a turtle called Herbert. He passed away unfortunately. I miss him very much.

I would love to hear more about your pets and see pictures if you have any. I have included a picture of Herbert that you might enjoy.

If by chance you need an aquarium, I am selling Herbert's old lair. It is a standard ten gallon aquarium that is perfect for fish, small lizards, snakes, frogs, and – naturally – turtles. I am asking $20 for it, with additional shipping costs.

May our paths cross once more,

Dracula

Dracula

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

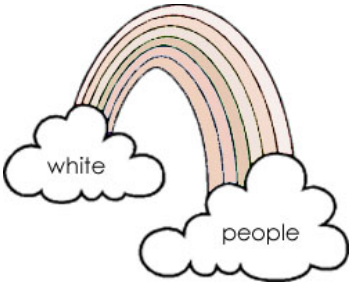
11.6 Your College Town Sucks: Kent, Ohio

Thursday, Nov 06, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Welcome to Kent! Please, take only pictures and leave only footprints.

Kent, Ohio: The Next Akron?

From its paved roads to its numerous public restrooms, Kent is more than just a shining example of the modern, American city; each year, thousands of young, white people migrate to Kent to escape the wearying pressures of suburbia. Rest assured, fellow travelers--in our fair city, there is no fear of being forced to load the dishwasher or bitter tears over having to drive your little sister to piano lessons. Instead, you will find a safe haven full of people just like you who are far enough from their family to avoid being hassled, but still close enough to be sent money. However, the right to party--added to Kent's town charter in 1947--is just *one* of the many reasons so many tourists come to see, hear, and grope their way through the exciting world of a city located conveniently close to Cleveland!



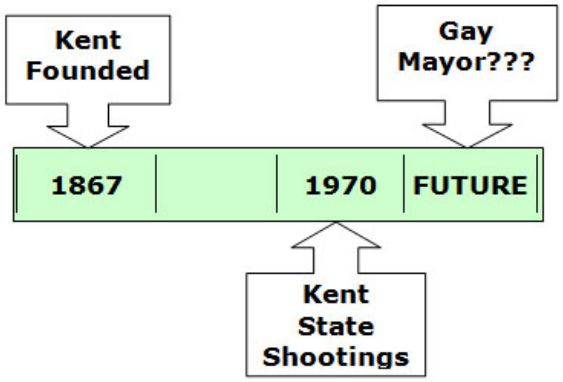
Kent's town seal, adopted in 1963.

A Rich History

In 1867, railroad magnate Marvin Kent won the small town of Franklin Mills and a bottle of whiskey made from radishes in a poker game against Cornelius Vanderbilt and Andrew Carnegie. 103 years later, The National Guard shot a bunch of college students. As you can see, the story of Kent rivals that of even Branson itself.

More Diversity Than Ever Before

If Kent was a pre-Civil Rights city bus, we'd definitely be sitting in the front! Thousands and thousands of white people of slightly different backgrounds proudly celebrate their white culture every day in the city of Kent. A simple drive through our Kent's vibrant, two-block greater downtown area weaves a rich aural tapestry of white culture thriving as it's never thrived before. Listen closely,



and you'll hear the frantic clicks of texting keypads, the guttural slurping of frappuccino being sucked through straws, and the gentle dignity of people discussing drunken pictures of themselves posted on FaceBook. And if you're lucky, you may just be privy to white culture's proudest musical practice: the mashup. You'll never believe how much songs you've always hated improve when they're strung together with the gossamer threads of irony!

What's that crazy kook up to this time?

Still not enough diversity for you? Then you'll probably want to talk to Carl Washington, Kent's only black person. As our resident "brother," Carl puts a sassy spin on everyday activities, and even takes part in the cultural practices of his own race by driving a car in a specific fashion, standing in line at Subway, petting neighborhood dogs, and asking large groups of people why they won't stop following him. Carl, you so crazy!

To honor both Carl and diversity, the city of Kent offers a special promotion every Friday and Saturday night: if you find Carl wandering around outside and bring him to any of our local bars, you are entitled to one free can of Pabst Blue Ribbon, and a small ziplock bag to puke into.

Note: Carl usually locks himself in his house to rudely prevent people from taking up Kent's kind offer. But when someone keeps replacing their window panes with such cheap, breakable glass, it's almost as if they *want* to be forced into the bed of a pickup truck at gunpoint wearing only a bathrobe. Oh, Carl!

Wildlife

Kent was nicknamed "Tree City" due to the unappealing quality of other proposed nicknames that were much more accurate, such as "Sootsburg" and "Satan's Child Bride." But it's not the few remaining trees that make Kent the city that it is; it's what's *in* the trees. The complex ecosystem of Kent, Ohio relies on the substantial amount of trash thrown out of car windows and dropped onto sidewalks by busy college students with environmentalism on their minds. The topmost layer of earth in our city is a pure, rich compost made out of a mix of discarded Taco Bell menu items, chicken wing remnants, and first-year frat hopefuls who didn't quite make it through their elaborate hazing rituals. And two characters in particular take advantage of nature's

Move over, Carl! You've got some competition!

bounty:

The Black Squirrel

Kent may be missing the cosmopolitan touches of bigger cities, but that doesn't mean we don't have our own vermin! If the black squirrel looks familiar, you're not crazy; Kent's squirrels are just like your squirrels, except darker and stripped of any qualities that might make them not repulsive. And they're friendly, too; don't be surprised if you come to Kent and watch one of these mischevious little devils run up to you just to see what human flesh tastes like! Like all frisky woodland creatures, the black squirrel can normally be found cavorting and capering from tree to tree, or in the parking lots of large apartment buildings, lapping beer out of the hands of drunken fashion merchandising majors.

The Red Cup

Each fall, thousands of tourists come to Kent to watch the migration habits of red cups as they nest on the lawns of student housing. We ask you, gentle visitor, to tread carefully, lest you step on any of our local treasures. If you should happen to come upon an injured red cup, please take the following steps to ensure the preservation of this proud species:

A fully-mature red cup. Take notice of the distinct markings.

- Wrap it in a dry towel.
- Fill the cup with Natural Ice brand beer. If you do not have any, take a single quarter down to your local liquor store and purchase some.
- Once the cup is full, take it out into the wild and release it into its natural habitat, like next to an unconscious fat girl who is caked in something.

With your help, you can ensure the prosperity of Kent's most notable species.

Local "Color"

What would a city be without its own flavor? Much like how the Eskimos have 40 words for snow, we have a single word for everything: "faggot." At home, work, and Church, you'll find "faggot" shouted at passersby even if ol' Mr. Sun is nowhere to be found. Why, take a simple walk down any of our city streets, and you're sure to be greeted with a friendly "faggot," followed by a "motherfucker" or even a no-nonsense "I'll fucking kill you!" Sociologists may call this behavior the act of mental infants under the spell of sexual confusion and repressed rage, but what do they know? If boys will be boys, they can't get any more boyish than within the safe borders of Kent!

A proposed addition to our town sign.

And ladies, don't think you'll be neglected. A simple strut through our neighborhoods in even the most modest of clothing is sure to draw loud, angry responses of how our men would like to violently rape you--and these fellas aren't shy about giving explicit details! But there's no need to be afraid; we simply have a much more traditional view of romance in our sleepy little town, and we'd much rather have you comply than tour the Cuyahoga River from the inside of a burlap sack!

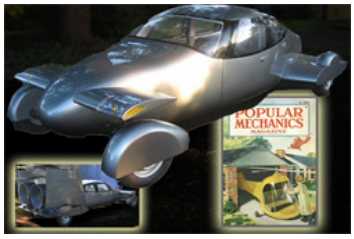
Come On, Faggot!

We'd like to hear one good reason why you refuse visit the town where Mr. Mister's tour bus broke down on two non-consecutive instances. That's right; from our culture to our cuisine to our Carl, there's never been a better time to see what Southwestern Northeast Ohio has to offer. Oh, and we also have a University. But you probably don't want to go there.

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

11.7 Our Flying Car Sucks

Friday, Nov 07, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



It's not too often the present catches up with the brighter side of the future. Oh, sure, it catches up plenty with the dreary dystopian future. Smog choked skies, militarized police forces, endless high-tech wars, and vat-raised Olympic gymnasts are a dime a dozen.

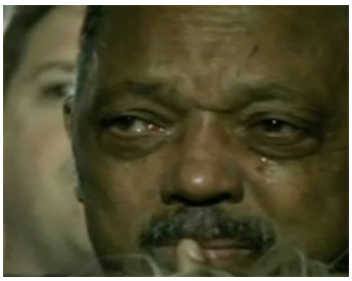
It's the shiny, some might say naïve, optimism of the future that is difficult to obtain. The far-fetched, world-changing innovations like the electric highway, cold fusion, sex robots, and the flying car are always just out of reach.

Yet here we are. Against all odds we have somehow seized the future and we have elected a black man. Barack Obama.

Cooked up in a Frankenstein's lab filled with strange silver spheres crackling with electricity. Alchemically mixed from vials and test-tubes of bubbling liquids labeled "Kenyan Dad" and "Grandma's Bomber Assembly Line." Even his race seems futuristic.

He is a demographically sensible best-case scenario of blackness, the sort of black that listens to NPR, but doesn't host a show on NPR. He is the sort of black that appreciates hip-hop "for the stories it can tell," but shakes his head disapprovingly when Jay-Z says "bitch."

Obama was raised by sensible whites who instilled in him all of the wizardly knowledge of white greatness and then he unleashed his magic on the chocolate streets of Chicago, levitating the downtrodden and scrying a better tomorrow.



As Master Yoda sobbed, just another face in the crowd of millions, Obama took to the stage in Grant Park and reminded the world that we can still catch up to the future. Two days later, we have been repeatedly reminded by the media and by political activists, that the future is the ultimate Christmas present: once opened it will never be as magical as it was during the unwrapping.

The inevitable disillusionment is already beginning to creep into the more liberal supporters of Barack Obama. Next to the bottled tears of vanquished republicans, the sweetest liqueur is distilled from the liquid eye-farts of the far left. Lefties are as perpetually aggrieved as evangelical Christians and as self-righteous as the flag-sucking dimwits who organize counter protests whenever there is a rally against war.

Lefties have a PETA-like commitment to making you despise what might otherwise be a rational cause.

Take for example, Ralph Nader, who once again placed his thumb on the scales of the neoconservatives and their beloved wars in his misguided narcissism to prove a point about the two-party system in America. Having tipped a couple peripheral states like Missouri away from Obama in what was otherwise a landslide, Nader was eager to gain the spotlight and provide a cold bucket of water for anyone enamored with their new flying car.

Nader, America's purity troll, hauled his droopy stroke face in front of the Fox News cameras and slurred out a defense of his accusation that Obama is an "Uncle Tom" for aligning himself with the "corporatists."

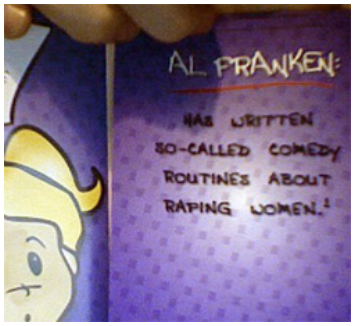
This prompted breathless indignation from Fox host Shepard Smith, who has probably sat smiling while Tom Delay referred to a milquetoast democrat as, "The gibbering sub-humanoid result of a failed abortion raised by rats living in a medical waste dumpster." Shep scoffed at Nader after the segment ended and shook his head like Obama hearing the word "nigger" slip from the rhymes of Nas.

"Why would he end his career like that?" Shep wondered. He was apparently unaware of the old adage that, "The arc of Nader is long but it bends toward LaRouche."

Paroxysms of anger are *de rigueur* among the peripheral right and the left of the political spectrum. After a momentary flash of joy at Obama's election the melodramatic cretins on TV and on the blogs began to gnash their teeth that Obama had chosen Rahm Emmanuel as his chief of staff.

Republicans, who moments earlier had clasped their flag pins and acted as if they were a part of the beautiful America that had elected the first black president, viciously turned on Obama and pointed to Emmanuel as proof that Obama was no bipartisan healer.

A simultaneous cry went up from the baby's first president coalition in the blogosphere. They were enraged that Obama selected a filthy member of Clinton's Democratic Leadership Council. Emmanuel once said mean things to Howard Dean, their patron saint of ideological purity and abject failure, and thus he was *persona non grata.*



When word was leaked that economist Larry Summers was in contention for an Obama treasury appointment the liberal blogs practically rioted. Do you know why? Because in 1991 Larry Summers wrote a Swiftian satirical memo proposing shipping pollution to the third world that was taken seriously by the humorless babies that man the ramparts of the left.

There are legitimate reasons to criticize Summers, but fake or moronic indignation over his 1991 memo makes me hope evil humorist Al Franken loses his Senate recount just so a couple of these people realize what they have become.

These outbursts, from the right and the left, are just the blurt of some bad brass heralding the coming onslaught. Having run a two year gauntlet to the presidency, America's first black president now has to run a two month gauntlet of screaming complaints on issues ranging from the inane to the insane.

All too often when the future is realized it fails to live up to its promise, but sometimes it's our dreary world that just wants to hate the flying car.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.8 The NPC Life Expectancy Quiz

Saturday, Nov 08, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Video game worlds are populated by player characters, the enemies they fight, and you. You're an NPC, the everyman who keeps his head down and does his best to get through the day without being gibbed by a stray blast of plasma. Despite your best efforts, however, your maximum lifespan is 8-10 hours, with a 35% chance that you will die a gruesome and hopefully entertaining death within the next hour.

Want to know how much time you've got before your 1 turns into a 0? Assuming you have a full ten hours to enjoy life, add or subtract the indicated amount of time from your lifespan for each of the following statements that can be applied to you.

Note: It is not uncommon to end up subtracting more time from your life than you started with. This means that you are already dead.

- 3 Hours and 40 Minutes

I enjoy capturing my thoughts in great detail through the use of audio logs, video recordings, journal entries or e-mails. When I'm done, I tend to leave them out in the open wherever I happen to be standing.

+ 10 Hours

Don't mind me! I'm just here in the bleachers, repeating the same stupid cheering motion and generally being blurry as fuck.

- 7 Hours and 1 Minute

That blood-splattered hearse with spinning sawblades mounted on its front bumper is traveling awfully fast on the wrong side of the road. Then again, the little guy on my crosswalk signal is glowing green. Sorry buddy, but pedestrians have the right of way.

- 5 Hours and 15 Minutes

I am a scientist.

- 4 Hours and 57 Minutes

I look forward to saying "I think it's safe now..." or "Follow me!" and then stepping out of a fortified position into the open at some point in the future.

- 45 Minutes

While going about my daily business, I frequently encounter people who look exactly like me.

- 3 Hours and 12 Minutes

Hell yes, I voted on Proposition 51! I get a nice break my property taxes and the government gets to experiment with an interdimensional gateway a block away from my house. Everyone wins.

- 2 Hours

I really need a message delivered to someone that lives a half-minute walk up the road, but I think I'll just stand here until I find someone that's willing to do it for me.

- 4 Hours and 20 Minutes

The city I live in is so open-ended and chock full of things to do that it might be described as a sandbox, and I have no qualms about yelling insults at men who walk down the street wielding rocket launchers.

+ 10 Hours

I am a child in a console game, or in a PC game which cannot be modded by creepy men who wear extra large t-shirts with clever phrases printed across the front and read internet forums for more than an hour every day.

- 6 Hours and 42 Minutes
After helping the player character accomplish his goals without showing a hint of personality, I'll recount a heartbreaking/heartwarming story about my past or mentioned a loved one that I cannot wait to get back home to.

- 10 Hours
I am locked inside a room with an indestructible window that the player character is sure to saunter past.

- 3 Hours and 15 Minutes
The main villain has promised to let me go unharmed if I carry out a menial task that only I can complete. I trust him fully because he did, after all, give me his word.

- 5 Hours and 30 Minutes
Upon discovering a curious new species/mutation/alien technology, I think my best bet is to study it myself without telling someone that actually knows what the hell they're doing.

+ 10 Hours
I pilot a rescue aircraft/spacecraft that specializes in narrowly escaping the blastwaves of humongous explosions.

- 1 Hour and 9 Minutes
I am relaxing on a journey through uncharted space aboard a colony ship that the player is not on.

- 30 Minutes
Walking into player-owned sim homes uninvited, eating all of their food, and arguing with them for hitting on my hot wife is my idea of a good time.

- 8 Hours
A full-scale alien invasion has begun, and I am sightseeing at the Statue Of Liberty, Golden Gate Bridge, Eiffel Tower or pretty much any building in Washington, D.C.

- 2 Hours, 10 Minutes
Wait, the person that's been helping the player character was bad all along? I'm going to go give that jerk a piece of my mind and let them know that I'll be reporting them to the proper authorities as soon as I'm done talking to them.

- 3 Hours and 59 Minutes
Sure, the player character is massing an army of mastodon-mounted laser knights just outside the border to my village, but last I checked our nations had a peace treaty. Besides, we just wiped every other nation off the map. We're a good team.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.9 Col. Ironhands, 24-hour Patriot, renews his driver's license

Monday, Nov 10, 2008 by Col. Ironhands (@sexyfacts4u)

MONDAY
NOVEMBER 3
OPERATION SUSTAINED WHIRLWIND

0605

My old clock was unqualified bullshit.

I was awakened from a vivid dream of handloading by the increasing urgency of the whale songs coming from my Sounds of the Deep alarm clock. Supposed to ease you out of sleep. Their otherworldly hooting just reminds me of the watery hell my forebears spent ninety million years fighting and dying to escape.

No time for lollygagging. I jotted down my recipe for a tungsten core .308 handload in my bedside dream ops diary. It worked wonders on my naked mother and father looming out of the clouds, good evidence that Al Qaeda sleeper agents would be torn to pieces.

William Tecumseh Sherman was mewling for food.

"Lock and load," I said and spooned Science Diet into his bowl.

Maine Coon, gottta feed him the stuff with the special oils to cut down on hairballs.

0630

.50 reps each of pushups, pull-ups, chin-ups, 30 minutes on Wii Fit. Was forced to abort the Wii Fit when William Tecumseh Sherman started climbing onto the balance board. I tried another ten minutes of Shimmy but I ended up getting wood from the ladies' abs when they were standing in front of the reactor. Unless I bailed Lebanese hip circle was going to make me finish on home pose if you know what I'm sayin'.

I'm not entirely sure what to do with Shimmy when it comes on the TV

Disassembled and reassembled my M4A1, mounted my full tactical package on the rails, dropped both of my M1911's into my tactical holsters.

While I was doing all that I watched American Morning on the TiVo. I always spool up enough time so I can skip the commercials and maintain a high level of efficiency. SOP is to only watch the weather and one segment, but Dr. Sanjay Gupta was doing a segment on cholesterol lowering drugs. I didn't want to miss that.

0720

Swept for mines and tripwire explosives in apartment building. Tactical rolled through doorway and into cover. No snipers today.

Used staggered movement pattern Bravo to traverse the 95 meters from the door of my apartment building to where my Chevy Tahoe was parked. Prepared to lay down suppressing fire at all times, but none was necessary.

0750

I am just a part-time sniper, but I am a full-time camouflage expert.

Arrived at objective GATEKEEPER. Objective secured by hostile forces, numbers and composition unknown. Posted notice claimed 0800 open time on the objective. Used time to collect local flora for my Ghillie suit. These included spruce bushes, yellow and orange leaves, and McDonald's Breakfast Bagel wrappers.

Neutral civilians began arriving and piling up on the objective. I moved forward in concealment and set up claymores and fields of fire to engage any threats with maximum firepower. Objective opened without incident. I flagged my claymores for EOD disposal with an IR transponder and moved on the objective.

Used infiltration and local vernacular to insert to the front of the line. Was addressed by an obese gentleman as, "Hey, you fucking faggot," and was instructed to "get to the back of the fucking line." Considered a take down, instead opted to deploy the bird. Double bird deployed for maximum target devastation.

Target utterly destroyed and also a bitch.

0801

Immediately engaged hostile at GATEKEEPER. Hostile named Doris Lamply. Adult African-American female. Attacked my position with forms, told to fill them out. Secured forms and popped smoke to cover withdrawal to writing nook.

Asked to leave building by uniformed hostile militia. I utilized a nerve pinch to subdue my attacker. He should recover full use of his arm within two or three months.

Finished filling out form and waited in Doris Lamply's line for nearly 20 minutes. Reached Doris Lamply and was told to see Helen Mender in the green line for renewals.

I took a day off legitimate commando ops to come here.

0835

Established contact with Helen Mender, Caucasian female the size of a stout pony. Handed over requested forms and necessary proof of identification. Spent three minutes explaining that my middle initial was not the letter "O" and doesn't stand for a word. It's the number 0 or "zero."

Helen Mender did not seem satisfied by this application nor by my name, but she approved it for reasons I can only assume have to do with my persuasive ability.

Look at you SHEEPLE. Wake UP!

At **0840**, only a few minutes after my arrival in Helen's line, I was given the heartening news that I had passed the necessary requirements and would be issued a temporary license for driving.

"I was fixin' to mark you as invalid cuz you wrote 'special ops' as your job description and 'American people' as your employer. Then I realized you weren't makin' that nonsense up and I wanted you out of my department of motor vehicles. So I approved your renewal."

"Have a very nice day," she added.

My day was not to be very nice. My license renewal was to be mailed to me at my office.

Unfortunately, I could not divulge my office's grid coordinates to the enemy. I would not be receiving my license at the fake address I gave to Helen Mender. My mission was a failure.

Realizing the LZ was too hot for a chopper, I hit my emergency transponder and moved to an open area to inflate my Skyhook balloon and await evacuation.

-∼Col. Ironhands (@sexyfacts4u)

11.10 Subj: I HAVE THE POWER OF THE MOUNTAIN

Tuesday, Nov 11, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HI!!!! YOUR DAD here wanting to let you know that you dont have to worry about me anymore because like a lightning rod to a moth i have harnessed the power of a mountain.. 2 weekends ago I stopped off the road in a desert and walked up a hill and fell asleep near to a cactus and when I awoke there were 2 indian men standing over me talking their language so i got the heck out of there and as i was getting up one of them sounded like he was saying "mountain power" i guess I knew his language now even though I only formally know english. And then as I ran down the hill i looked back and one of them was having a heart attack or something it looked like so I probably did that as well with my brain. I peeled out knowing I cannot control this terrible ability If the cops start looking for me or send you a letter in the mail don't open it ! Long story short i believe the power of the mountain i fell asleep on was absorbed into me

I will use my mountain strength to make money !! lord knows i have tried enough money making deals in the last few years to choke a gift horse

1) the time i built my own miniature golf course in the parking lot of a strip mall and walked to the real miniature golf course down the road and threw reeses pieces all over the place so it became infested with seagulls

2) i went to the garage and made a proto type prosthesis for an arm that has a hidden safety door inside so you can put an extra key for your house in there in case you lock yourself out (a Big problem for amputees my independent research shows)

3) I invested in your cousin the one with very bad eczema who promised to me that his scabs and bacon bits were chemically exactly the same

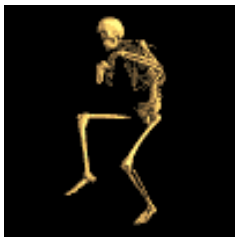
4) the tabloids don't listen to me anymore for no good reason. I have given them the money making opportunity of the millennium because i was at a basketball game with my old boss taking pictures and i took a picture at the right second right when a man was jumping and I got a picture where I could see Yao Mings bung hole 100% of it crystal clear. you can see right up his shorts all the way to the hole. Nobody wanted to buy this photo from me i was asking a pittance of $500 (actually i just took a picture of a weird tube-style flower but it looks like what i think yao ming's Pod Bay Doors look like)

5) i gave a witch $20 and my dream journal to give me the business sense via a magic spell. i waited nearly a month for it to take effect but only one thing happened during this time and that is i got a little bit hairier but you would never know it by looking at me

6) the Moose-stache animal themed mustache trimming stencil

7) when we were scared that the homeless man we found was gong to die in our house we clipped a pinwheel to his nose so we could see him breathing while he was asleep. i went off to draw some box art for this invention but he took off out a window before i came back

8) i am still coming up with a way for people to see their skeletons (the one inside the body) on a daily basis because i think a lot of people need to be reminded who is boss in their life and here is a hint. Its not your boss or your great grand parents it's the skeleton that lives inside you every day



9) the photo of Larry Bird's bung that nobody wanted to buy

10) I wrote a book of slang terms in 1992 called TRASH TALK and sent it off and i remember getting a real dumb letter back saying "these aren't slang terms this just looks like a big list of all your favorite words" and i was like "well what do you think a book is, dummy?"

11) Remember when they discontinued that yellow-brown puke color of M&m's?? i still feel like we made the right choice in stocking up our only bad move was when the storage shed people called us after it got really hot out and our shed was leaking chocolate and fly larvae and we pretended to be police men and yelled right back into the phone at them

I am a man of many ideas and my brain is always churning with the end goal of making big money. dont think of me as just a man, imagine me as an olympic runner who starts out jogging and then stumbles a little but then lightning strikes him and he is given an awesome power. BYE DAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

11.11 A Letter From Latte Dad

Wednesday, Nov 12, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Son, I don't know if you've been keeping up with my Twitter, so I apologize if I repeat any information. Since I'm out on my great big road trip, I can't talk to you in person and some girl at a club stole my iPhone.

I've been on a journey out here in America's Southwest. It's been a pretty wild adventure, and the locals are something else. It's definitely no Portland. I'm not sure what I expected to find out here, but I guess I just needed to get away from it all, especially your awful mother.

I'm at a Starbucks in Flagstaff that has some decent WiFi, so I thought I'd toss you an email. I heard through the grapevine that you're still mad at your old man. Figured I'd better try to clear the air. I'm not entirely sure what you're mad about, so let me just rundown the possibilities.

First, if you're still upset about the divorce, you need to realize that your mother and I were never really very close. Remember that time you came downstairs when we were having that party and you asked why everyone put their keys in a bowl and we told you we were having a "car swapping party"? Well, that wasn't really about swapping cars.

Never mind, that's not the point. The point is that your mom just can't keep up with me. I'm at the gym like two hours a day, and what is she doing? The lady has no culture. I'm sorry for upsetting you, but I just can't stay married to that woman anymore.

I know your mom was always concerned about money, but her buying you clothes from Wal-Mart was out of line. I didn't work my ass off as a marketing consultant so she could dress you like an extra from *Hee Haw*. If it's a crime to care too much about you, then I'm guilty as charged.

I'm sorry I forced you to use so much product throughout your youth. I wanted you to look cool as your old man. Maybe you were too young to appreciate hygiene. I don't know. Anyway, if you're still holding a grudge about that, I'm sorry. I don't regret what I did, only that we didn't see eye to eye. In a few years you'll understand.

You could have it a lot worse when it comes to dads.

I hope you're not angry about me not adding you on Facebook. I know we're family and all, but it looks kind of embarrassing if I've got my son hanging around posting comments on my wall and on the party photos I upload. It's nothing personal and I'm not ashamed of you, but it might close some doors with my female friends.

Sudden thought: Would you mind if your new mom was your age? Never mind, I'm thinking out loud again. Sorry, the barista here is cute.

I'm sorry I made you watch all those foreign films growing up. I guess I never really liked them either, but I wanted us to be more sophisticated. In retrospect it was probably a mistake. Besides that, I had no idea that *120 Days of Sodom* movie was going to turn out that way. For some reason I thought it was a Fellini film when I rented it. I hope you've gotten over it.

You could have it a lot worse when it comes to dads.Maybe I haven't been the best father, but you

sure could have had worse. I was looking out the window a minute ago while sipping my Venti Mint Mocha Chip Frappuccino. You won't believe the guy I saw. Some grizzled hick climbed out of the back seat of a car wearing a lobster bib. He walked over to his trunk, popped it, and pulled out a big jug of water. First he started drinking from it, then he started pouring it on his hair and washing himself. Would you want that guy as your dad? Just some hillbilly roaming the Southwest taking showers out of the trunk of his car? I think you've got it pretty good.

I heard you got swept up in that whole Obama thing. I'm glad you're taking an interest in politics, but I think you got on the wrong bus. I've been around the block enough to know that Hillary was the real deal, and Obama is just a flash in the pan. But you're young and mistakes are a part of youth. Listen, you gotta trust your old man on these things. I know your guy won out, but it won't be long until you see the value of having a Clinton in the office.

Me? Not been having the best of times out here. Burning Man was fun, though a little too dirty. The service out here is awful. I stopped at a Chili's the other day and the waitress spilled a Cranberry Vodka all over my $500 jeans. Yeah, the pair I let age for six months before I even put them on. Your old man is definitely a long way from civilization. I guess It's about time for this old traveler to head on home.

Listen, son, I don't want you to be mad at me, so I'm sending a gift in the mail. You know my $300 Giorgio Armani sunglasses? They're yours now. They served your old man well out here in the wild Southwest, but now that I'm heading back to Portland I won't be needing them.

They're yours now, son. Wear 'em in good health.

Anyway, catch you later buddy!

-Dad

P.S. I don't know what kind of music you're listening to these days, but I just picked up the new Coldplay album from Starbucks and it's even better than the last one. Definitely check it out!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.12 An Awful Guide to Development Economics

Thursday, Nov 13, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

Economics is known as the depressing science. Nowhere is that more apparent than in the field of development economics.

Development economics, or the study of loser countries, requires a full prescription of Paxil just to get through. If you like distended bellies, infanticide and massive amounts of inequality between genders, castes, and ethnicities, you'll like this course. What could be better than the study of countries full of people who think it's okay to take a super soaker full of acid to a schoolgirl's face for having the audacity to attend classes? Today we'll go over some basic concepts that'll make you want to hang yourself.

A Divided World

Through much of the era of modern civilization the world has been divided into first, second and third world countries. Though this terminology has fallen out of favor since the Cold War, Earth is still very much a divided world.

My favorite things in life are pictures of foreigners looking at computers.

Many of you reading this article have access to clean water, education, health services and a wide variety of cheap prostitutes. Others aren't so lucky. Hundreds of millions of people in Asia and Africa live in **absolute poverty**, which is roughly just over a dollar a day, or $400 a year. Goons spend more than that per month on Warhammer figures. What some people spend on Starbucks every month is more than the per capita income of some countries.

Which brings us to an important concept in development economics, **white man's guilt**. Development economists believe that every time you bite down into that prime rib pork chop of yours you choke a little bit and a fly lands in your apple sauce and you eat the fly and when you realize there's a fly in your mouth you start spitting it out but it's futile because the fly bits and the wings and legs and stuff are just everywhere and you have to go wash your mouth out and on the way to the bathroom you trip on a bar of soap, hit your head and die.

Only then do you know what it's like to live in a **Less Developed Country**.

Growth vs. Development

Development economists like to make a distinction between economic growth and economic development because if they didn't they would be out of a job. Economic growth is making your country's **Gross Domestic Product**, a country's equivalent of an e-penis score, as large as possible. But a large GDP can mask several deficiencies within a country such as income inequality, lack of human rights, and having nothing good on TV.

Economic development, on the other hand, if your other hand wasn't cut off after you were caught stealing bread for your starving family, is the improvement of basic human rights, public services and freedom of choice. It's narrowing the gap between the rich and the poor, improving literacy, life expectancy and creating more opportunities for citizens to get fat and lazy.

A better indicator of growth is the **Human Development Index**. This is a weighted index that ranks countries based on their scores in health, knowledge, income, and bullshit. Health is based on life expectancy, which is longer for women everywhere in the world except in Phil Spector's house.

Knowledge is based on literacy rates, where men have the upper hand due to a belief that is prevalent in most countries, women readers make for bad harvests.

Income is income, and incomes above 40,000 are for the most part ignored. This is the concept of the **marginal utility of income**. A person who has 10,000 dollars is way better off than a person who has 100 dollars. But a person who has 50,000 dollars isn't that much better off than a person who has 40,000 dollars. That is, while a nigga gots to get paid, at some point homeboy is just showing off and moms didn't raise you like that.

Economic development in action.

Bullshit is the most important part of the HDI recipe. Bullshit is the amount of nonsense you have to deal with just by virtue of living in whatever awful country you happen to currently reside in. It may come as a surprise, but the bullshit levels in the United States are relatively small compared to the rest of the world.

While someone living in the U.S. may have to deal with traffic, petty crime, and being served with the occasional civil suit for drawing the Muppets fisting each other, people in the rest of the world have to worry about being beheaded for praying to the wrong God, zebra attacks, and shit that just explodes for no reason. Like one second you're enjoying a government controlled radio broadcast about The Great Leader and bam, that shit explodes just like that. It can be difficult to develop your economy under such stressful circumstances.

Measuring Development

Measuring economic development in less developed countries is difficult because many economies lack pencils apparently. Governments in third world hellholes are less able to record economic activity because they don't know what the hell they are doing and therefore black markets can pop up. These **shadow economies** were estimated to be equal to 76% of Nigeria's recorded GDP, according to this book that has a lot of fancy numbers by white people who study brown people for a living.

Problems also come up when comparing one country to other countries. Comparing countries by the exchange rate method can be misleading because of reasons beyond my control. It's not my fault, okay.

China's draconian Internet police is a step back for development!

That is why economists use the **Purchasing Power Parity** method. The PPP method more accurately reflects the actual purchasing power of a currency. If a basket of goods, such as food, clothing and anime, is worth $10 and the exchange rate for Mexican pesos is 10 pesos for every dollar, then 100 pesos and $10 should be enough to buy the same Naruto Uncut Box Set in the United States and Mexico, according to the International Comparison Project, or ICP (also known as the Insane Clown Posse).

But it doesn't always work out that way. If Naruto DVDs are more expensive in Mexico, then that means that the peso is overvalued. But in Bangladesh, you might be able to buy more Naruto for your dollar, which means more bang for your buck, and that's money in the bank.

Essentially the Purchasing Power Parity Method proves that while poor countries are pretty damn poor, they aren't as poor as we like to think we are. Therefore, we are not as superior. Dang. But we're still pretty damn superior, and that's always something to be proud of.

Population Growth

People in developing countries screw like Jazz Jackrabbit.

An early cynic who predicted the demise of the human race due to our furious copulation was the Reverend Thomas Malthus. He theorized that the world was destined to starve itself due to overpopulation and wars would break out over the last Double-Doubles on Earth and after the last burger was consumed we would turn on each other in a cannibalistic World War where we eat the hearts of the fallen to gain their powers.

Of course, this is assuming that agricultural science would never invent anything more advanced than a hoe to improve food production. Didn't think of that, eh Malthus, you big genius??? I hope you're rotting in Hell, Thomas. We eventually figured out that slavery was the answer for cheap and plentiful food and the world has been a better place since.

In actuality, the Earth is more than capable of feeding the world's population. It's *our* ability to harness that ability that's in question. Disorganized markets, unemployment, widespread poverty and corruption don't get the food to where it's needed. In 1990, about 9 percent of the world's population went hungry. These poor souls have never experienced what it's like to do the dew.

What do you do when there's too many goddamn people around? Well, you kill them. No, let me correct myself, you kill the women. The issue of **missing women** is a moral dilemma in the developing world. In industrialized countries there are about 106 women for every 100 men. In developing countries, however, there are only 96 women for every 100 women. Considering women usually live longer even in these hellholes, something is amiss.

I felt that this image would really put this update over the top.

Because of the superior earning power of men, female babies are often neglected or killed outright. These practices could account for 95 million women that should exist in the world but don't. You should admire my ability to refrain from making a cheap joke about how at least there's less nagging or crazy drivers in China or something. Because you know it's true. Doesn't make it right, I guess...

The irony in all of this is that empowering women has a direct effect on slowing population growth. As the ones who actually birth all these there children, women who are better educated and participate in more lucrative careers have less of a desire for ingesting sperm into their vaginas and making babies.

As crazy as it sounds, if you think there are too many damn people on this planet, treat a woman as your equal!

The issues concerning economic development are numerous and boring. No one wants to hear about some country you've never heard and how their corrupt government operates out of a palace in the capital while the general population starves in the streets. Yawn.

I'll tell you what's more important. Weekend Web is now on Saturdays! Your favorite feature about awful Internet forums is back with a vengeance, and this time it's impersonal and maybe a little awkward. It's all here on the Internet!

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

11.13 Hey Moron, How About You Stick to What You Know?

Friday, Nov 14, 2008 by Edward M. Liddy, CEO of AIG (@sexyfacts4u)

Edward M. Liddy, CEO of American International Group

You people have no idea. They don't have schools for this sort of job. You can't get an Associate's degree in managing a huge fuckoff company like this.

I tell you what, I will make you a deal. You don't try to tell me how to run my global multi-billion dollar business and I won't come into Walmart and stand over your shoulder telling you how to ring up cheese sauce and bibs for cow-eyed mouth-breathers. Sound good? Sound fair?

Jesus Christ. You fucking fat cat taxpayers get one taste of socialism and suddenly you think that gives you the right to tell a man how to run his business. You apes wouldn't know a triple-A tranche from an unrated tranche if your risk-yield ratio inverted.

Do you have any idea how many employees I have here? More than you have in the Sam's Club photo center. Who even uses film anymore? I guess the same sort of doughy rubes that buy 440 rolls of toilet paper at once.

Ha! I have this image in my head of you stupid fucks sitting on your couches, muffiny rolls of overflowing lard peaking out from your too-small shirts, watching *Kudlow & Cramer* and trying to decipher what exactly the fuck a credit default swap is. I'll make it easy for you: it's awesome. It rules. Everyone makes money on nothing. No building or manufacturing, just ingenious motherfuckers making money on ideas. Like Las Vegas or the Virginia lecture circuit.

Now go back to your play pen, little babies, and let the grownups run this shit.

For fuck's sake. I turn around for five minutes and I come back and you little shits are complaining about our annual Sales Force Five-Day Brunch or the Status of Expenditures Conference at the Four Seasons. We plan this shit years in advance. We have to rent tents in case it rains and hire masseuses. We are trickling down the wealth!

The lobsters are for earners. Top earners. This is how we motivate people. Did you ever stop and use that little wrinkled pea you call a brain to think that maybe, just maybe, we got the $500,000 for the Maui Fiscal Planning Retreat from somewhere other than 50-billion-dollar government loans?

Oh, and by the way, loans is the fucking operative word. L-O-A-N-S. When you get a loan for a house does the bank come in and tell you that you shouldn't be ordering a pizza while you still owe it for the mortgage? When your buddy loans you money does he get mad if he sees you going to whatever it is you peasants do for amusement?

You probably owe Chase Visa 2500 dollars for medical bills you put on your credit card and yet your gelatinous wife continues to gurgle and spew out litters of glistening welfare babies onto the floor of your barren larder. Does J.P. Morgan Chase or the government cheese monger demand the perfectly legitimate suctioning and disposal of your miserable brood?

You are loathsome creatures.

When the government first approached us with a loan offer I said, "No, thank you!" After all, markets only function if they are truly free. This neo-socialism being peddled by the nanny state is repellent. The anathema to all I stand for as a chief executive.

But then they said, "You're too big to fail."

I wanted to fail. Believe me. I wanted AIG to crater into the fiduciary pavement, like one of your wretched kin diving from a bridge upon hearing of the dissolution of his pension fund. We would show the world. They would feel what it was like without AIG to kick around.

But you and your socialist friends forced money on us. You pried stocks from our hands and demanded we limit ourselves to 14-figure executive compensation packages. You did this. Not us. It's what you wanted. So don't come waddling out of your lairs now and blame us for trying to conduct sensible business.

Just keep your useless opinions to yourself. And if you must open that belching sphincter you call a mouth at least recognize that we are called American *International* Group. I am not sure who or what American Insurance Group is, but I can guess that it sells private insurance for the sort of electric conveyor designed to haul around your invalid corpulence. The perfect solution in the event that your grotesque mass overcomes the braking mechanism and you slew into a display of larded hog heads at your local meatery.

Disgusting.

Oh, and by the by, if you could leave the next 40 billion dollars in shrink-wrapped pallets of 100s outside my office door, it would be appreciated. I have to hurry to my G5 if I'm going to make it to the Shareholder's Conference in Amsterdam. I've got a cocaine pile to hoover up from an Eastern European lingerie model's taint. Perfectly vital to our business.

-∼Edward M. Liddy, CEO of AIG (@sexyfacts4u)

11.14 100% Legal Online Smoke Shop

Saturday, Nov 15, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Do you need a 21st century online solution for all of your LEGAL smoking needs? We've got all sorts of smoke blends and accessories for discerning customers who are desperate to escape reality but not quite desperate enough to break the law. Our motto is: If you can't find it here, we are sorry!

Kazzleblau Smoking Herb
The finest smoking herb you'll find anywhere! This premium mixture of all-natural ingredients (soy, moss, pepper, balsa wood chips, chloroform, chopped-up placebo pills) will alter your mind in new and exciting ways. Based on a recipe for gepacho that I saw on Good Eats and tried to replicate purely from memory three years later.
Once you go Kazzleblau, you never go kazzleback!

Price:
$44.95
Add To Cart

FG-2011 Fog Machine
Live with your parents? Have a nosey roommate? Now you can smoke in peace with the FG-2011 Fog Machine, A.K.A. the Little Dragon.
Just plug in, crank up, and enjoy yourself. If someone knocks on your door and asks if you're smoking in there, tell them "No way, man, it's just the fog machine!"

Price:
$159.95
Add To Cart

Fleshpipe
Tired of smoking the old-fashioned way? Pack your tobacco or legal smoking herbs into the Fleshpipe's realistic belly button-shaped opening, then stand it up in a pan of boiling water and enjoy!
Also doubles as a thermos for our on-the-go customers who need a sip of their favorite energy drink at the gym or on the basketball court.

Price:
$65
Add To Cart

Kazzleblau ZX
Contains everything that made the original Kazzleblau the finest smoking blend modern science has ever created, now sprinkled with ground meat!
May leave a slight aftertaste of bile. If it doesn't, call 911 immediately and ask for Ron.

Price:
$49.95
Add To Cart

X-Ray glasses
See through clothes, classified folders, and even fruit skins with these amazing specs! Each pair of glasses has been hand inspected and is guaranteed to contain a non-lethal amount of X-Radiation.
Manufacturer's Note: Please do not wear while operating on patients.

Price:
$3.75
Add To Cart

Deer Urine
Enough to last up to 2 weeks!

Price:
$12.50
Add To Cart

Cheech & Chong Scale
Honor the memory of every legal smoking enthusiast's favorite wisecracking funnymen with a pocket-sized digital scale emblazoned with their likeness!
Perfect for weighing your deer urine supply nightly, to ensure that no one is stealing from you while you sleep.
Accurate to within 3 feet.

Price:
$63.99
Add To Cart

EMF Detector
Electromagnetic Field Detectors measure fluctuations in electromagnetic fields caused by ghosts. The higher the needle goes, the more ghosty an area is.
When combined with cold spots, spooky feelings, or the sensation of seeing shadows while in a very dark room, EMF detector readings provide concrete evidence of paranormal activity.

Price:
$339.99
Add To Cart

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.15 MOMS ON SPORTS

Sunday, Nov 16, 2008 by MOMS ON SPORTS WEEKLY PRESS (@iggolding)

MOMS ON SPORTS
The Best Source for Sports for and by Moms
NFL NHL MLB NBA T-Ball MLS Figure Skating NASCAR
BAD YEAR FOR ORANGE
Meg Patterson
Rough times for the orange jersey teams. Our experts have reported that the two most orange teams this year are a combined 4 – 14, while the two slightly orange teams are both 5 – 4. Orange has been unable to get a team in the playoffs since the Bears lost Super Bowl XLI against a blue/white team.
Orange is not alone. Clair and I still remember 2005, where only one green team made it into the elimination period of the schedule. Clair had a chance to interview Mr. McNabb at a diabetes fundraiser that season where READ MORE...
MOM CHAT
SNACK TRENDS
Get the latest news on orange slices and fruit boxes More...
FAT CHANCE
A fat baseball player offered 140 Million More...
J.V. GLORY
Phillip got to play during his first J.V. game RECAP
HOTNESS ALERT
Never miss a rugged game day smile with this list of the hottest athletes More...
LOOK COOL
What to yell when your kid has the ball More...

opinion

A BASKETBALL PLAYER WITH GOOD TASTE?

Grandma Floris
Guest Columnist

Bridge Table, Retirement Home: I guess anything is possible. Lebron James, a basketball player, has stated that he likes Barry Manilow. Looks like someone has taught the blind to see.

Basketball is a sport of hooligans. Their minds are infested with the rap music and their arms are inked with their sin. Yet this young man who is considered a king in his evil realm has somehow discovered the beauty of song. But is Lebron truly changed? His name still rings of paganism and his beard is that of Macedonian. With God and Manilow on his side anything is possible for the young man. Hopefully he will continue to change and join the nobles of the sable race **MORE...**

~fantasy land~

Christie
Fantasy Football Expert

hi mom. still cant figr this game out. not very fantasy but whatevr. got a cute guy to play qurter back. tip 4 all readers: put mean lokoing ppl in the game. i thnk thy shuld add a systm for buying clothes. P.S. mom can u get me tickets 2 twilight on frday 4 monica and me thx

say Hll to my new pooch. i named him stitch cause of the movie lilo n stitch.

DONT FORGET TO ADD ME TO MYSPAC!!!

~christie's picks!~

BrAdY qUiNn
soooooooo cute!!!
OBVI the best!

tOm BrAdY
i havnt seen him in awhile. if he is ded then i will dream of him in heavn

MoUsIEEe
I drew him myslf!
LOLL

11.16 Blue Stripe - The Life and Times of a Harkonnen Florist

Monday, Nov 17, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the The Blue Stripe Logs series.

he almost drops hi
Weirding Module, see, and
yells "shit!" Well, next thing
you know we all crap our
stillsuits. We're looking to
swap a dozen lasguns for
six new stillsuits. Contact
Stillgar of Sietch Tabr.
JOB LISTINGS
Baron Vladimir Harkonnen wishes you to encompass his floral arrangement! Propel your career out of the flesh pits and into the inner chambers of the noble House Harkonnen. Submit for the position with Mentat Piter De Vries. Fail the Baron and you will live out your days in a pain amplifier.
He Who Controls the Dill... The House Mortison is looking for dedicated Dill Farmers eager to harvest the only real spice of worth in the universe. The others may laugh at us, but one day we'll show them all

A beginning is a very delicate time. Know then, that it is the year 10191. The planet Giedi Prime is ruled by Baron Vladimir Harkonnen, an obese lunatic that looks like he's been frying in a skillet for half an hour.

His two nephews are always lurking nearby. One of them, appropriately named The Beast Rabban, is a towering halfwit that eats raw meat and bites women's faces for pleasure. Feyd-Rautha is the other, and he is a prancing idiot savant prone to walking around nearly naked and covered in grease. The House mentat is a sniveling human snake with giant eyebrows.

The rest of us live together with them as one big happy family in the immense and sunless cities of Giedi Prime. We're just breathing polluted air and wishing we were somewhere else.

My therapist told me to be less negative and I told him I had cancer. I don't really have cancer it was just a spontaneous reaction. Based on the rash in my lung I think it was phosgene. I react very poorly to that. Allergies.

He's right though, the last time someone came back negative on one of the Baron's tissue graft tests he flayed the poor schmuck's face off and fed him into a meat grinder. I asked what happens when you come back positive and the guards said the same thing but you get to wear a ribbon.

Oh, yes, Giedi Prime is a wonderful place, doctor. Marvelous. I am just trying to save enough

money to buy my vacation cottage on the shores of Lake Molten Thallium Effluent.

I'll introduce you to my three beautiful children I conceived there. They are very convenient, they come stuck together and they share a face. You only have to say hello once.

Sorry, sorry, sorry, now I'm being sarcastic. I'm always apologizing for my bad behavior. Just yesterday I made a total fool out of myself when I caught my heart plug on my jacket's zipper and nearly exsanguinated myself all over a House trooper. Luckily, he was there to throw me off a balcony onto a passing bus and laugh. Without his soothing cackle I don't know how I would have found my way out of that predicament.

Again, I apologize profusely. I'm wasting your time, I'm wasting your reader's time, I'm wasting everybody's time and I'm sure you have a public execution to get to in Slaughter Plaza. Allow me to get to the point.

The name is Eugene Glukklik. I have been a florist by trade on Giedi Prime for nearly twenty years now and the personal florist of House Harkonnen for almost a whole year. That's like a million in cat years. I'm beating the odds! There's you're positivity, Doctor Snorg.

You try adding floral accents to a planet like Giedi Prime.

I own a very modest floral arranging business here in The Barony, the capital city of Giedi Prime. It's just me and my two humble assistants Rekko and Rhayt. They're brothers and I use them as intermediaries when dealing with the Baron as much as possible. As you might have surmised from my earlier comments, the Baron is not a kind soul.

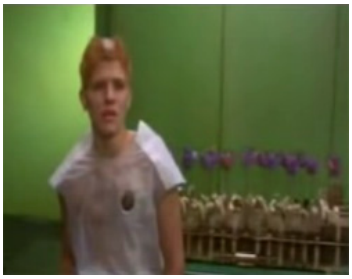
Kind souls do not tend to flourish here. They tend to end up in the slave pits or sprawled on a table at a banquet hall. No, the Harkonnens are not cannibals. Well, not that I know of, although I admit the possibility. In fact, I admit the likelihood. They are probably cannibals.

Where was I? Oh, yes, as the Baron's personal House florist it is my duty to prepare floral arrangements for all ceremonies, festivals, occasions, affairs, scourgings, mutilations, mass-beheadings, that sort of thing. When the Baron travels I must travel with him, for he needs the grandeur only a fine arrangement of Harkonnen lotus blossoms and dead baby's breath can offer.

He is such a charming man. The way his face weeps ichors down his breasts, it is hard not to want to please our beloved Baron.

I give to you this document of my work in recent days with the understanding that it never reaches the eyes of a single person in the Imperium. You take it to wherever you choose, but if it finds its way back then I hold you accountable. Find me an amusing man if you wish, but I assure you I have very loyal family members not fond of kanly. They will make the Baron's pain amplifier seem like a hot stone massage.

Wherein the Baron Makes His Wishes Known



Rekko gets the old hook.

The Baron summons me to his palace as he always does, with a discordant blurt of horns and the implicit threat that if I'm not prompt the executioners will be. The giant mongoloid with the sledge spike is especially punctual. If I ever need something delivered at a very specific time and I don't mind it being hammered through a human brain then he is the perfect man for the job.

I arrive with Rekko as fast as is possible and we are rushed into a waiting area handsomely decorated in green tiles and columns wrapped with human skin. A little plaque informs me the nearest column is skin taken from the bodies of poets with poor rhyme schemes. It serves as a fine reminder never to try out your new material in front of the Baron.

Captain Nefud of the Baron's House guard steps inside the waiting area to notify us, in that distressingly calm voice he has, that the Baron wishes to have his arrangements freshened. I send Rekko in with a tray of golden Ixian roses. I am not surprised when Rekko does not return. This is why you have assistants.

When it is my turn I summon every ounce of my pitiful courage and composure and then I stride tentatively into the Baron's chamber. The Baron is still laughing at something and hovering beneath a stream of oil that is drizzling from the ceiling.

Feyd-Rautha and The Beast Rabban are also present, along with the Baron's twisted Mentat Piter De Vries, Nefud, and the Baron's personal physician. All of my favorite people in one room, it's like a surprise birthday party. With such a great bunch I am wondering where the party hats have gone to.

Poor Rekko is dead, face down in a pool of blood at the base of the flower planter. The Baron's heart plugs are always so dismally final. A plug makes you think you might be able to stick it back in like a cork, but it's actually more of a heart ripcord. Maybe the opposite of this, whatever sort of cord you can pull that makes certain your parachute does not open.

"Aaaah ha ha!" The Baron roars and continues spinning round and round in the air like a malevolent top.

The others, with the exception of Piter, laugh along with the Baron. I'm unwilling to commit to laughter so I select a very firm chuckle to insert myself gradually into the cacophony. When the mirth dies down to a low chortle the Baron turns his attention to me and hovers in my direction.

"Sweet Eugene," he says and strokes my face. "Soon we will be leaving Giedi Prime for a world with untold riches. I wish for you to join us."

"Whatever my Baron wills," I bow my head.

"This is a very arid climate," the Baron spreads his fat arms, "it will be difficult for a florist to cultivate any sort of fauna."

He squeezes my cheeks.

"There is no rain there, Eugene. Tell me you are certain you can create the grandest arrangement of your career on this world and my fears will be allayed."

The Baron has always been a charmer. He uses hypnotic gas and nerve induction to charm.

"It is a certainty, my Baron."

The Baron purses his lips and raises his eyebrows, but does not speak. I must think of something to say quickly.

"As certain as the ultimate destruction of the Atreides by your hand. As certain as...the..."

"Go on," the Baron smiles cruelly.

My eyes flick to Rekko's corpse as I imagine a similar fate for myself.

"Yes?"

"My therapist put me on a new medication to deal with my anxiety," I stammer, "I think he put me on it so he can deal with his credit card bill."

"What?"

The Baron frowns. It's so hot.

"I get agitated," I pluck at my shirt trying to cool off. "It's genetic. I think I inherited it from my father, along with my looks. I told my therapist I don't know which is worse."

"What is he doing, Piter?"

"I think the guy is trying to put his kids through college on my tab," the words keep coming unbidden. "He asks me to tell him how I feel. The last time he asked me that I held up my foot and told him I feel like his words should turn into orthopedic inserts for what I'm paying him. What? I've got fallen arches, come on."

"I believe he is doing shtick, my Baron," Piter answers.

"Make him stop," the Baron instructs his Mentat.

"That's what my wife said the last time she made love," I back away towards the door, "Only she was talking to a Tleilaxu assassin. And she was pointing at a picture of me!"

I backpedal into the waiting area. Piter follows, chasing me slowly all the way out of the palace as I continue to babble bad jokes. I am amazed when I step onto the street outside the palace and Piter turns back around and leaves me to live another day. I knew that guy was twisted, but this is ridiculous. Get it over with, please!

Wherein Feyd-Rautha Selects a Boutonnière

I spend weeks scurrying frantically around the Barony with my surviving assistant Rhayt in search of various and sundry flowers for the arrangement. I procure thousands of Ginaz daisies from a black market dealer in Bloodswell. I spend an entire day negotiating the purchase of several hundred Wallach pitcher lilies from a skinless woman living in a sewer. I have Rhayt drive a truck to Maggot's Mire to bring me two dozen Ordos color-shifting snapdragons in a cold case. I buy a hundred kilos of shigawire just to use it as an accent to the arrangement.

Feyd. Lovely Feyd. Sharpest dressed and sharpest knifed of the Harkonnen household.

I call in every favor from Kaitan to Richese. It's a lot of painstaking labor and time wasted on bad deals. I really blame Rekko for this predicament. If he hadn't provoked the Baron into removing all of Rekko's blood then I wouldn't be shorthanded in my moment of need.

There is one small blessing in the midst of my nightmare scenario of creating the ultimate floral arrangement on Arrakis, a planet with nearly zero atmospheric water. The Baron has been leaving me alone. I am not sure if he has forgotten about me, he is preoccupied, or he has decided in his infinite benevolent wisdom to give me the time I need to prepare.

Alright, I confess, it's probably not that last one. I'm pretty sure the closest thing to a benevolent act the Baron has participated in was when he ordered an operating children's hospital leveled with incinerator bombs and they missed and hit the terminal care hospice. That's the hospice where they take care to load the dying into the protein reclaimers that produce the hound feed.

The point I am trying to make is that the Baron and his henchmen have been leaving me to my work. Until today.

I am just getting back to the ship with an armload of hallowed poppies from Chusuk when the call comes. The discordant chiming of my walkabout communicator is the dreaded indication that someone from House Harkonnen desires my attention. I flip open the device and see on my summoner-ID that I am being requested by Feyd-Rautha. I connect the communicator and discover that it is Feyd's assistant, Louise, who is contacting me.

It seems young master Feyd-Rautha is going to be attending a formal slave mixer tonight in the flesh pits and he wants a flower for his jacket.

"It has to be very Harkonneny," Louise relates to me. "He specified red and, if possible, skull shaped."

A simple thing! No problem, Louise! I keep "very Harkonneny, red, skull-shaped flowers" in the cooler behind me. I can just pop one out and- you know, actually, that's not a bad idea. This is exactly the sort of thing that the Baron would go nuts over. Well, more nuts than average, which is a fairly high level of nuts for a baseline.

Never underestimate the ability of a Harkonnen to defy your flower selection and also be evil.

"He will be at your shop in an hour to pick it up," Louise adds.

She disconnects without giving me the chance to scream.

I select two dozen of my finest flowers and trim them down to boutonnières. Each flower is exquisite and each boutonnière is perfectly cut down despite the rush. I know they won't please Feyd-Rautha, though, but I have already devised a plan.

I take the flower closest to the red I know the Harkonnens to prefer and I begin to trim its petals down and sculpt the flower. With each snip of my micro-pruners a leering skull begins to take shape. With only seconds to spare before Feyd's arrival I complete the flower exactly as it was ordered.

Feyd enters with an entourage of preening guards and louche friends. I would envy the easy wealth

of Feyd's friends, but to get that wealth you would have to constantly hang around with Feyd. That's a job for men and women with a death wish.

I agonize as Feyd moves from one lighted pedestal to the next, carefully examining each flower. He even leans in and smells them. At last, he motions me over. My scheme has worked!

"That one," he says and points to his desired flower.

Without thinking I open the case containing the flower I have sculpted. Feyd scowls.

"Are you a fool?" He hisses at me like a greased snake. "That one!"

He jabs his finger at a small blue flower with white petal edges. It is a Caladanian water daisy, one of the most beloved flowers of House Atreides.

What can I even say to that? I give him the flower.

Wherein My Efforts Come to a Head

No, he's not flaying flesh from a slave. He's just in a good mood!

Battle rages around me. Harkonnen troops and the Emperor's Sardaukar are streaming through the ruptured walls of the palace at Arrakeen. Explosions boil up into the night sky and tracer bolts zip back and forth and through the air. It's very melodramatic and seems to be amusing the Baron, who is watching as I am from the balcony of one of his troop ships.

"It is the end of House Atreides!" The Baron rejoices, spinning in the air.

"Do not celebrate prematurely, my Baron," Piter cautions. "Thufir Hawat may have tricks for us yet."

I am sure he has tricks like 10 legions of Sardaukar hiding in a cave under Arrakeen. All these Sardaukar terror troops the Baron brought with us hardly seem like a fair match for the mortal men of House Atreides. The Emperor's elite killers are blasting through the Atreides troops like they are made of straw. Blood-filled and screaming straw.

"You are certain the Wierding Modules were sabotaged?" Sweat shines on the Baron's purplish face.

"Our agent knows the reward for his betrayal of Duke Leto," Piter answers, prompting a fit of noxious laughter from the Baron.

It doesn't take a Mentat to calculate what kind of reward good old Piter has in mind for their turncoat within House Atreides. My brain runs through a few specific versions of Harkonnen rewards for loyalty; a poisoned dart through the eye, an envenomed knife in the back, a toxic axe through the face, something unspeakable involving a groin and acid. Actually, I'm not too sure about the poison dart. It might have been a toxoid pellet fired through the brain or strangulation with a poisoned length of shigawire. Piter always was particularly fond of strangulations.

Captain Nefud offers me a pair of oil lens binoculars, but I decline. I don't need to see that sort of thing up-close. It's probably upsettingly violent.

Much later, the Sardaukar have completed their rout of the Atreides forces and the Harkonnen troops have moved in to begin mopping up. I can still hear shots echoing through the palace. There are signs of battle damage everywhere, but the grand hall and several of the adjoining chambers have been swept for sabotage devices. The Baron and Piter are off gloating over their prisoners, leaving

myself and Rhayt to begin offloading the flowers from the Guild ships.

With a little assistance from Captain Nefud, I am able to convince several platoons of Harkonnen troops and their armored vehicles to convoy the flowers to the palace. The troops are swaggering and surly in the aftermath of their victory and they badly mishandle several casks of pre-moisturized potting soil. Ask a soldier to do a florists job and you end up with the violent defeat of the flowers.

Piter De Vries: slightly less cruel, much more likely to kill you.

We begin setting up the flowers for the victory celebration in the angled box I have developed specifically for the occasion. It will provide a view of my beautiful arrangement from almost any angle. The troops leave Rhayt and myself to unpack the many crates, bundles, and boxes full of flowers and soil and moisture adhesion pellets. I have sunk my life's fortune into this arrangement. I can only hope that fortune has been spent wisely enough to preserve the life part.

During the many hours it takes us to complete the arrangement I get word that Piter has been slain by treachery. I have no personal sadness over the death of the Baron's evil Mentat, but it does mean that adjustments will have to be made for our floral arrangement.

"Piter is out," I hiss to Rhayt as we are layering in more Lankiveil brightmoss. "Bring me the Tleilaxu flesh violets, we'll turn him into Nafud."

"The eyebrows are already done," Rhayt gripes to me.

"Well, undo them!" I hiss and begin plucking up handfuls of the floral Piter's gray eyebrows.

Hours later, as the baking sun of Arrakis rises into the morning sky, we are done. Exhausted, Rhayt and I sit on a pair of folding chairs, drinking lukewarm bottles of Caladani wine captured from Atreides stocks and admiring our handiwork.

"The Baron looks very lifelike," Rhayt remarks, "fewer pustules, of course."

"Adjustments had to be made," I say, referencing the destruction of several of boxes of the flowers used to recreate the the Baron's facial deformities.

He looks happy. He's not. He's never happy.

The heat is becoming unbearable. I have always hated hot climates. My therapist said they heighten the sense of oppression, but I think the heat just reminds me of the time my father put me in an oven. Funny guy, on my birthday one year he got out of his mind on Semuta and threw my mom off the roof. I asked him why he did it and he said because she was afraid of heights.

"The big arrangement!" Roars a deep voice from behind us.

It's The Beast Rabban, swilling the same wine as us from an oversized kitchen jug. In his other hand he carries a hunk of meat with the fur still attached on one side.

"Yes," I stand courteously, "You are over there next to-"

"Mmm," Rabban shoves me aside and stomps over to the arrangement.

He inspects it for several seconds and then spins to face me.

"Why," he shouts and then pauses to chew and swallow, "is Feyd at the Baron's right hand?"

"Your uncle seems to be so fond of-"

It's the wrong thing to say. Rabban roars with anger, smashing the jug of wine on the floor and bowling Rhayt over with the thrown hunk of meat. He lunges forward and grabs me by my shirt. Strong guy, reminds me a little bit of a tractor I used to know.

"You will move me to where Feyd is," he spits pieces of greasy meat into my face as he talks, "or I will snap your spine."

"I can't just move-"

My back cracks as he squeezes.

"Okay," I gasp, "I'll move you."

He lets me drop and storms off, no doubt to help a matron across a busy road or splint the leg of a wounded animal. Rhayt helps me up.

"You heard him," I groan, "start moving Rabban to where Feyd is standing."

We barely have time to complete the task before the victory celebration. At least if we fail Piter won't be the one who kills us. Nefud is so much nicer. He will just snap your neck or pull your heart plug. Very straightforward and honest. I like that.

You see, I leave it all tense there at the end like maybe old Eugene is going to bite the big one, but of course when you stop and think about it that is just silly because I'm standing right in front of you.

Here I go again!

The Baron and Rabban were both very pleased by the arrangement. Bands played, troops marched past the palace in formation, and prisoners were paraded down the wide boulevard of Arrakeen city.

When the fanfare outside ended, the Baron's honored guests retired to the cooler interior of the palace and marveled at my detailed depiction of the Baron, his family, and his men standing over the defeated luminaries of House Atreides. It really was the greatest work I have ever done. Perfect down to Gurney Halleck's smashed baliset. I was toasted as a genius. The Baron even personally thanked me for my fine work in executing "his plan" for the arrangement.

I returned to Giedi Prime some days later with the bulk of the Harkonnen forces. I was greeted at my office by Feyd-Rautha and a few members of his repulsive retinue. He made no attempt to conceal his anger.

"This," he slapped down a picture of the arrangement constructed on Arrakis, "is bollocks."

I don't remember much after that. I know that he strangled me to death. My therapist says I relive the strangulation in my head too much, but how many times has he died?

What really strikes me as strange about the whole situation, is why did the Baron have a heart plug installed on the new me? That's like paying for a boat that comes with a hole in it. He obviously thinks I'm important enough to bring back as a ghola, but not important enough to not kill in the first place? A tyrant and his money are easily parted, I suppose.

The Bene Tleilax grew me in an axolotl tank right next to an Atreides named Duncan Idaho. Come to think of it, he was in every tank no matter which way I turned. Nice guy. Must be pretty popular with somebody.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.17 The Time Tooth Tooth Reclaimed his Eagle

Tuesday, Nov 18, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the The Legend of Tooth Tooth series.

Hey yo, seen that boy Tooth Tooth lately?

Nah, son. Things still bad?

Au contraire, god. Things is good. You know that boy don't lay down long. Everybody got rough times, man, but Tooth Tooth always come through it, you heard?

I'm gratified to hear that shit, son.

Like I was telling you last time, son, the boy lost his eagle and it was some bad times. Bad times? Shit. This is the same Tooth Tooth who got the pope blunted, son, and this is the shit he reduced to? This is the boy who came up poor, came up cockeyed and broke in Queens picking moths out the windowsill to pepper his oatmeal with, you heard? I got a photo of this boy coming up hard, word is bond-- I got a photo. Tooth Tooth all bushy-headed in front of that black and white TV he had, eating mustard out the jar with a five-cent comb. Skinny as fuck, too, wearing pajamas too small, look like the pajamas of a child and he past fifteen in that photo. Legholes all up the ankle, eating that mustard, got that forlorn look on his face cause his TV is black and white and his daddy in Rikers for refusing to give a clam to a rich boy after he dug that shit up with his own black hands, his moms got a craw infection, laid up two months, all he got to eat is mustard and all he got to eat it with is a god-damn comb. Got to boil that same comb later and use it on his goddamn bushy hair, but no matter how he boil that shit the other kids still smell how poor and cockeyed and mustard-headed that boy is. I still got the photo, word is bond. Here, I keep that shit in my wallet, peep this:

Damn.

See? That shit tell the whole story. You can even see the moths there, ground up on that mustard. That some sick shit, god. But we know Tooth Tooth a righteous man, never stole nothing even though he was the poorest kid in Queens and them fucked up eyes too. He hustled every day of his life, out on the block, grinding dawn to dusk selling them "Muscle Men" action figures, selling them Polly Pockets, got ice cream for the kids and Henny for the grown-ups. Selling them book-on-tapes, son. Hustling them clarinets to the old folks, got the college ruled paper for the young folks. Tooth Tooth knew how to grind, son, like stone on stone. He grind so hard it sound like a tomb door in a Aztec jungle temple, word is bond. That boy could sell anything to anybody, god.

I seen that boy sell a calculator to a Chinese kid.

Word his bond? That shit shouldn't surprise me, god. Back in them days, you see Tooth do some new shit every week, shit you never seen before. Now the shit is a cliché, but I recollect that Tooth was the first cat who ever make a stranger park his car. This was back in autumn of 1988, when Tooth was driving that BMW Highline with Bill Cosby painted on the hood, you remember that shit? He explained that shit to me, god, like "I require a fine luxury automobile, god, but I need to deflect the accusations of flamboyance and ostentation that a righteous black man must face when living with high material means, so I painted Bill Cosby on that shit." Somehow that shit make less sense now when I think back on it, but at the time it made perfect sense.

I remember that first time, son: he driving, I'm proud to say I was there with him, and he decide to stop at *Châteauneuf-du-Pape* for some food, you know how Tooth like that French shit. Parking ain't so great out front, so I'm like, "you go in, let me circle a few times and find a place out back to park," and Tooth is like "nah, man, ain't no righteous brother of mine parking a goddamn automobile on my watch, because to park the automobile is bitch shit, and I will not stand for it." So he stop right out front of the joint, he see this blonde-ass teenage white boy walking by, and he lean on the horn and yell, "hey, Jack, park the car!"

White boy is dumbstruck because he ain't never heard the authoritative voice of the high-class gentleman negro issuing a direct order before. White boy just give that "who-me?" look and do a bitch-ass little shrug, so Tooth turns off the car right there in the street and we hop out, and Tooth run up and jingle the keys in the white boy's face. "I said park the car, Jack. Traffic be backing up." And he give him the keys to the Cosby whip, pats him on the back, and we walk into the joint. And I'm like "Tooth, how you know that idiot white boy ain't gonna run off with your whip?" And Tooth just laugh, and it is then that I realize that any black man in the city who witness a unauthorized white boy driving the Cosby whip will be moved to righteous anger, and the white boy would not dare provoke this. And ever since then, ain't none of us parked our cars ever again, because that is bitch shit.

And this shit, this the moral of the story right here: years later, Mayor Giuliani attempted to purchase the Cosby whip, but Tooth burnt that shit in the street, lest it fall into the grasp of the criminal white man, the folly of Yacub.

So what about the eagle, god?

Oh, my bad, son. I know you must be impatient to hear this shit, because this is important. After he lost that eagle, maybe some of us thinking "he can get along without the bird, he got on for years without the eagle so he gonna be fine." We told ourselves that shit, but deep down we knew it was not the truth. That eagle was a part of Tooth, and ever since the day he first locked eyes with that bird and game recognized game, them two been like brothers, son. More than brothers. Like a part of Tooth's soul was inside that eagle.

When that eagle blew up on that terrible day, part of Tooth Tooth blew up. Not the cockeye part of the hepatitis part, or the part with the limp or the part that sometimes got trouble saying "R" properly on account of he ain't had no speech therapy as a kid, too broke for it, couldn't even get a spoon for his mustard- nah, the part of Tooth that died was the part that hustled, the part that could stand up against the injustices of the devil. The part that fly Chinese bitches snuck up behind and surreptitiously rubbed they fine asses against. When that eagle blew up, Tooth's swagger done wrinkled up and dropped off.

After that night, Tooth Tooth abandoned his pilgrimage to Ohio, son. I think I told you last time, he was trying to get out there and reclaim the life of a poor righteous man, but he got held up in the car rental place of the Cleveland airport when some bitch-ass rental car lady wouldn't accept his ten thousand dollar bill cause the dumb bitch ain't think it's real, just cause she ain't never seen a uncirculated 1930s banknote before. So a scuffle ensued, Tooth's eagle blew up, and shit got all fucked up for a while. Tooth came back to the city, but shit just wasn't working right. His hustle was hollow; fine Chinese bitches had evaporated back into the Orient and no longer tried to climb in his window at night. He threw his keys to kids to park his whip, but the keys just bounced off

they dumb faces and fell in sewer grates.

"I must go back to Ohio," he declared one day, "and revisit the scene of where shit went wrong."

He flew back to Ohio, traveling light with a trunk of his finest suits and a knot of ten thousand dollar bills the size of a boxing glove. He reached Cleveland, but out of righteous principle he elected not to return to the rental agency where his eagle blew up, and he went to Hertz instead and got stuck in a bitch-ass Chevy Cobalt. And then he just drove, son. He headed down south, and he drove until the night was late and his eyes got drowsy, and he found himself in a village called Bucyrus where he stopped to seek lodging.

So he go up to the Bucyrus Motor Lodge and ring the bell, and a couple real wary Ohio cats slink out, they eyeing Tooth like they ain't never seen the wounded husk of a once-proud righteous black man who just lost the eagle most dear to him before. Tooth ask for a room, whip out his knot and peel off a ten thousand, then he take a look at the bucktooth rustic crackers running the joint and figure they probably can't break that shit and he probably don't want to be laying a nine thousand nine hundred dollar tip on a couple of bucktooth rustic Ohio crackers in goddamn Bucyrus. He just pull a hundred off from the bottom of the knot instead, he keep those around in case he gotta insult a stripper. And he like, "I ain't in no mood for theatrics, bucktooth crackers, just afford me lodging this night because I am weary, I ain't no threat to you, you can plainly see that my eagle blew up."

And the crackers go, "sorry, sir, but we don't got no rooms tonight, what with the festival and all." And Tooth looks to his shoulder, indicating to his eagle that there be a rustic hillbilly Ohio cracker who plainly got one too many eyes sitting in his sallow face, but he finds only the empty space where his eagle would have been sat if not for the tragic circumstance of the day. And, without his swagger, Tooth just say "ordinarily I would not tolerate the lies of the swine-fed children of Yacub, because I know full well that this backwoods-ass burg ain't got no festivals, but my eagle is blown the fuck up and I ain't in the mood to do harm upon your cracker asses."

Tooth Tooth slunk back out to his bitch-ass rental Chevy Cobalt, reclined the seat in that shit and fell into a troubled sleep.

And in the night, his eagle visited him. "Tooth Tooth," the eagle said, "in our journey together, we followed the path of the righteous teacher. We witnessed supreme mathematics upon those who would see the light of truth, and we visited justice upon they who would eat of the swine. But now our ways must part, for I have blown up in a great ball of flame. Though our paths cannot cross again, I know you will continue to lead the life of a teacher, a beacon of truth, a symbol of justice. And I know this Chevy Cobalt ain't your idea, but- hold up a minute, Tooth, do you smell that? What the fuck, hold up a second, I'll be right there."

Just then, Tooth woke his ass up instantly, for he smelled the most odious of aromas: the flesh of pigs, cooked by the wicked. The smell of Yacub's evil science. The smell of the white devil himself. And he looked over to his passenger seat, and there he see his eagle, alive as the first time he saw him at that zoo. And in the eyes of his eagle,

he see a message: "Yo Tooth, I can't believe this shit, look what we're in." Tooth look up and see a huge banner: "Bucyrus Bratwurst Festival."

"Motherfucker," intoned Tooth Tooth, and he looked over at his eagle, and his eagle parted its beaks for a minute as if to say "word."

I can't say too much on this shit because they got a class-action suit going on Tooth Tooth and I don't want any details of this shit spreading around, but believe me when I tell you that some sausage-eating crackers lost their eyeballs that day, and the righteous beak of black-souled harpy eagle justice delivered many talons to the flesh of those who would corrupt their bodies with swine.

Tooth Tooth walked out of that cracker-ass town a revived man, eagle on his shoulder, swagger in his limp and an incongruous Ohioan Chinese bitch scattering flower petals in his path and silently speculating on the majesty he might got going on in his dick area. And as they walked out of that wicked place, the eagle saw that Chevy Cobalt still parked there outside the motor lodge, and that eagle gave Tooth a look like "hold up, Tooth, gotta take care of this," and the eagle soared high into the air and bombed down a righteous eagle mess upon the hood of that bitch-ass car.

And a careful observer might look at that mess on the car and go, "yo, am I tripping or does that shit look like Bill Cosby?"

Word is bond.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.18 Barkwire.com Dog Reviews: Bug

Wednesday, Nov 19, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Name: Bug
Breed: Dachshund
Age: 4
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: Single
Location: In and around Shaggy Butte
Rating: (4.5 out of 5 bones)
ePets: *Bug has been ePetted 75 times.*

PET THIS DOG
WRITE A REVIEW
ADD BUG TO FAVORITES

EDITOR'S REVIEW: Little is known about this introverted dachshund. Bug likes to keep a low profile, and doesn't seem to like people getting too close or looking at him. In spite of his shyness, Bug has cultivated quite a following, with eager admirers hoping for a chance to pet and hold him. We here at BarkWire are definitely part of that following.

--BarkWire Senior Editor Chris Bluefield
User Reviews

125 Reviews for Bug - Displaying 116-120

I SAW BUG!
Posted by **Selma** [**Read other reviews by Selma**]
(5 Bones)

He was the cutest little thing! He was out in a yard sniffing some bushes, but as soon as he saw me he ran away. I don't know what he was so afraid of?

The next day I saw bug looking out of a window. I waved but he ran away and hid and I couldn't see him anymore. I just wanted to say "Hi!" Hi Bug! Maybe I should install a webcam pointed at the window Bug sometimes looks out of?

THIS DOG
Posted by **GrahamB** [**Read other reviews by GrahamB**]

(5 Bones)

THIS DOG. THIS BASHFUL DOG.

SO PRECIOUS.

PLEASE DON'T BE SHY DOGGY Posted by **ELMO STEPHENS** [**Read other reviews by ELMO STEPHENS**]
(5 Bones)

WHY ARE YOU SO SHY I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR FRIEND AND PET YOUR HEAD. EVERY TIME I TRY TO PET YOU OR SAY HI YOU RUN AWAY. I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR FRIEND. IF YOU WOULD JUST BELIEVE IN YOURSELF THE WAY THE REST OF US BELIEVE IN YOU, YOU WOULD SEE THAT THERE IS NOTHING TO BE SHY ABOUT. ARGH I CANNOT TYPE ANYMORE I AM TOO UPSET. IF YOU READ THIS DOGGY PLEASE STOP BEING SHY.

ELMO STEPHENS

Is this a joke?
Posted by **BiGDog** [**Read other reviews by BiGDog**]
(1/2 Bone)

Clap, clap, clap.

Do you hear that? That's the sound of --BiGDOG-- clapping in a mocking fashion. Bravo, everyone. Bravo.

Throw yourselves at this pathetic little dog. Oh, he's so great and wonderful, he just doesn't know it. Well, then maybe he's a stupid dog? And who cares about a stupid dog?

If a dog lacks interpersonal skills, then that's no kind of dog. That's a joke. Oh wait, this dog *is* a joke. For starters, it's not even a dog. Look at the size of this thing! If you can pick it up with one hand and throw it like a football, it's not a dog. Unless it's a puppy, I mean, but Bug is obviously fully grown.

Since this little creature is clearly too small to be a dog, I'm going to request this page is deleted from BarkWire along with all your whimpering little posts. If you want to see real dogs, check out Mainloop, Protagonist, Aguirre, the Wrath of Dog, Venture Capitalist and of course the one, the only: Panzer. I defy anyone in this world to name a better dog. You'll look like a goddamn idiot if you even try.

Bow wow wow, you just got smacked on the nose BiGDOG style.

--BIGDOG--

Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

Possible Post-Traumatic Stress?
Posted by **Doctor Dog** [**Read other reviews by Doctor Dog**]
(5 Bones)

Given this dog's trepidation around humans and other dogs, I cannot help but wonder if it is suffering from post traumatic stress disorder. All the signs are clearly there - avoidance, anxiety, etc.

I am wondering if Bug has been treated for this? If he remains undiagnosed, he may be missing out on a more fulfilling life. I would very much like the chance to meet with Bug and observe him. Of course he runs away whenever he sees me.

Given the number of mentally ill dogs in this town, I'm very tempted to start a dog psychology clinic. Seems like I could make a real difference here.

BUG IS MISSING! Posted by **smalldogfan** [**Read other reviews smalldogfan**]
(5 Bones)

It is my sad duty to report that Bug is missing and hasn't been seen or heard from in days. If you have any idea where Bug is or have found him, please let us in the BarkWire community know immediately. With the way things are going outside, with all these rival dog gangs and turf wars, it's just not safe for a shy little fella like Bug to be running around.

Please pray for this adorable dog's safe return. Posted by **Reverend Scott** [**Read other reviews by Reverend Scott**]
(5 Bones)

I invite everyone here to join me in praying for Bug's safe return. An innocent soul such as he, walking in the wild amongst modern day demons like El Craneo Negro, is almost too burdensome to consider. Please be vigilant and keep your eyes peeled for Bug. Let's bring him home!

Yours with Love,
Reverend Scott

---

may be bug is dead??? Posted by **almam** [**Read other reviews by almam**] **(4.5 Bones)**

what if bug went outside and got killed by one of the mean dogs out their like tetanus it is not safe for dogs or people outside anymore. ps I hope bug is okay I want to pet him.

What if he's joined the dark side? Posted by **corwinj** [**Read other reviews by corwinj**]
(1/2 Bone)

Forget being dead, what if Bug is working with El Craneo Negro and his gang? There's not much representation for small dogs in the dog gangs, so Bug could serve as a useful underboss in El Craneo Negro's organization. Maybe Bug is shy because he has something to hide? I don't think we can really rule out any possibilities now, and we've been shown time and time again you can't trust a dog in this town.

Voting him half a bone just in case he is a bad guy now.

Bug is fine, don't worry
Posted by **Pete** [**Read other reviews by Pete**]
(5 Bones)

I just checked with Bug's owners and they said he's fine and has been in the house for the last few days. He's just been avoiding the windows because people keep coming up and staring at him and he doesn't like that. He's not dead or a part of any gang. Please stop trespassing on his owner's lawn. Bug's owner was mad enough I even knocked on the door to ask.

I will say that when I was talking to his owner, I got a good look at Bug as he peeked around the corner of a sofa. What an adorable dog! I had a hard time following what his owner was yelling about, because that little guy really captured my attention. Too bad he was too shy to come say hello. His owner was kind of a jerk now that I think about. Poor Bug!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.19 Existential Animal Funnies

Thursday, Nov 20, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

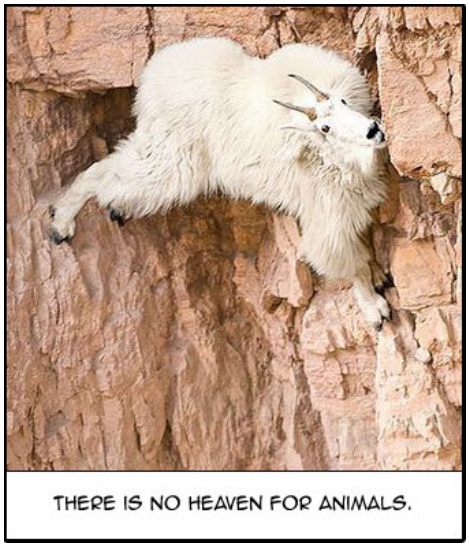
"I'M ONLY USING YOU, YOU KNOW."
"I KNOW. IT'S ALL I DESERVE."

"YOU DON'T FIND THIS DEMEANING?"
"NO. I HATE MYSELF."

"I'LL MAKE YOU INTO WHAT I NEVER WAS
AGAINST YOUR OWN DREAMS AND WISHES."

"ALL OF MY FANTASIES INVOLVE RAPE."
"YOU ARE A BAD PERSON."

"DO YOU EVER HURT PEOPLE JUST TO FEEL AGAIN?"
"THE ONLY REASON I STILL CLING TO THIS MISERABLE PLANET IS HATRED FOR EVERY LIVING THING."



-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

11.20 Big Problems, Modest Solutions: Global Economic Collapse

Friday, Nov 21, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

big problems, modest solutions

Global Economic Collapse

From Des Moines to Da Nang the have-nots are having less not and the have-lots are having a lot less. Through no fault of our own, we now find ourselves in the throes of nothing less than a global economic collapse. The impact of this collapse is being felt throughout every industry. The banks are shuttering, the automakers are teetering on the brink, and if things continue down this perilous path we may soon be facing the extinction of the homemade cloisonné bead making industry.

The who and why and how are all important. I've created a short explanatory diversion if you are not up to speed, so feel free to read it and educate yourself as to how we have found ourselves in this predicament. If you are already familiar with the intricacies of our economic crisis then you may skip ahead.

How the American Dream Became the World's Nightmare
By Zack Parsons

Stocks falling.

Smelling of sweat and desperation, Joe Everyman claws his way into a bank and with a terrifying roar demands a home loan. Steve the Banker tries to point out that the man has no income and a credit rating that resembles an inseam, but Joe is wild-eyed and obviously dosing on some sort of exotic minority drug. Something Steve hasn't heard of like Floorge or Nedbeatties. Poor Steve the Banker has no choice but to give Joe Everyman a 600,000 dollar home loan.

Once Joe Everyman leaves the bank, Steve calls up his buddy Andy the Investment Banker. Steve asks Andy for help with the crazy loan he just had to give out to the guy with the glassy drug-stare. Andy tells Steve not to worry, he'll buy it. And at a hefty profit!

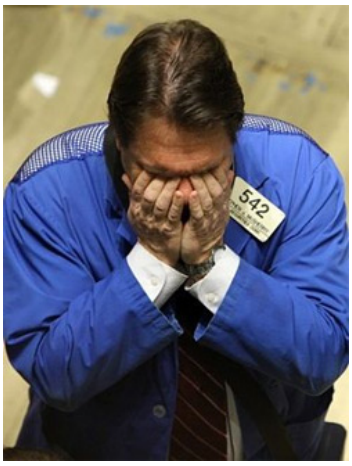
After a couple days Andy the Investment Banker starts to worry about the home loan. What if Joe Everyman doesn't pay? Andy will end up owning a stupid 600,000 dollar house with no sod and a marble countertop in the kid's bathroom.

Andy decides to break up the home loan into a bunch of pieces and then mix those pieces up with pieces from other home loans he bought from other friendly bankers. Then he sells the big bag full of the pieces to another banker in Iceland. And he sells another bag to a banker in China who he barely knows. And another bag to a banker in England he once saw naked. This goes on and on until all of the pieces of the mortgage are sold and the Andy has made a terrific profit.

Meanwhile, an investor in a submarine is watching all of this through a periscope. He decides to buy 10 million dollars worth of default insurance on one of the mortgages. All he has to do is pay a little money every month and if one of the bags of mortgages rips open and all the pieces fall out then the investor gets 10 million dollars. Only the bag doesn't seem to be ripping fast enough, so

the investor decides to sell his insurance to someone else for 5 million dollars. Hey, he just made money!

Everyone is happy and making a tidy profit on all of this until, suddenly and unexpectedly, the crazed maniac Joe Everyman in the Inland Empire mini-mansion fails to make his first mortgage payment. And then he misses his second. By the time the third rolls around the bags of mortgage pieces are starting to sag and tear.



Stocks falling.

Then *RIIIIP!* All because Joe failed to pay his third month's mortgage the bag rips open and all of the mortgage pieces default and hundreds of bags rip open in a cascade and the banks selling insurance to investors in submarines have to pay out billions of dollars in speculative bets.

The next thing you know, every house in the neighborhood is shuttered, the water in the pool is green and full of mosquitoes, and you're selling your wife to a guy with guns for cans of baked beans and potable water.

All because the free market was over-regulated.

The natural reaction to a catastrophe of this magnitude is to curl into a defensive ball and secrete some sort of foul-tasting liquid from the anal glands. Unless we are being devoured by a bear or tiger, this is probably counterproductive. We need to stand up, control our anal glands, and confront this existential threat to our generation head-on.

Stocks falling.

The government spendthrifts around the world seem to believe that vomiting the half-digested contents of the public coffers into various private sector entities is the way to stop the collapse. They either trust that the men and women responsible for these dire economic straits will use taxpayer largesse to reform or they simply don't care. So far any faith seems ill-placed; the banks and automakers have come begging for more handouts, yet their wastefulness seems as carefree as ever.

The IV drip of taxpayer bailouts and loans is not going to save the patient. This situation requires a dramatic event to reshuffle the deck, to upset the global economic applecart.

Nothing stimulates every organ and tissue of the capitalist corpus, floods every economic gland and winds every fiduciary sinew, quite like the orgasmic eruption of spending seen only in protracted conflict.

War.

War! Not the pitiful police actions in godforsaken deserts that have been slowly gnawing away at the US economy. Real, man-making war. Just the sort to waste an entire generation of debtors and mortgage-defaulters. To clean up the books and clear the balance sheets of all that persnickety debt.

The first and most obvious incentive to engage in large scale war is the stimulation of the job market. Companies around the globe are downsizing to stay afloat, creating millions of shiftless layabouts unable or unwilling to repay their debts. Nothing motivates volunteerism among this

contemptible segment of society quite like the immediate threat of military invasion. Even if they are not motivated, the government has ways of motivating.

Forced conscription, militia auxiliaries, and the old shanghai are all options available. The employed can be conscripted and their jobs can be made available to those too feeble or clever to be forced into service. The military-industrial complex will need every available hand to contribute!

Bombs falling.

Rationing of goods can lead to individual thriftiness and the government is always free to seize materiel deemed necessary for the war effort. You would be amazed how crucial Korean LCD screens and Japanese video game consoles are to fighting a war.

For nations like the United States, which stand militarily almost unopposed in the world, the threat of invasion is minimal. But for other countries, the amount of economic stimulus they might receive is incredible. This makes the selection of warring nations crucial to determining the greatest benefit to the global economy.

Unemployment rates falling.

If the United States were to invade and pillage New Zealand, for example, the war would be over quickly and there would be little benefit to either party.

However, if Indonesia invaded New Zealand, or Australia invaded Japan, this could lead to many years of brutal conflict. The United States could go to war with China and Russia could face off against the European Union. Canada could use US bases to launch an invasion of Mexico and Peru could finally settle those scores it has with Morocco.

Think of each of these conflicts as a sort of stimulus package directed at military, manufacturing, and urban population centers. Each airbase must be rebuilt, each factory relocated to the inside of a mountain, and each city raised from the rubble. The millions of dead will require funeral services or, at the very least, mass-burnings. Think of it as cutting away the dead tissue. With bombs. The cities will be rejuvenated by new construction and, if they're not, they can always be bombed flat again.

Should nuclear weapons be used? Of course! An atomic bomb can level an entire city and it leaves an irradiated heap of rubble behind. It will take 50 years before that radiation dies down to reasonably safe levels, making each city nuked into an urban development time capsule just waiting to be unearthed and rebuilt.

It is my firm belief that with the careful application of military force, the global economy can be saved from the doldrums. I know that our better days are ahead of us, even if it takes global war to prove it.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.21 Consolation, U.S.A.

Saturday, Nov 22, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Somewhere in the pacific northwest a long and winding road has been swallowed up by gnarled roots and outstretched limbs that block out the sky with plump, greedy leaves. If you were to seek out this claustrophobic stretch of two-lane blacktop (which, really, you shouldn't) and follow it to its very end (which, really, you couldn't), you would find yourself at a breathtaking viewpoint atop a majestic valley that cradles an awful, horrible town called Consolation.

Consolation cannot be found in any atlas, pinpointed on any GPS device, or reliably navigated to with MapQuest. The latter makes it pretty much like any other destination on Earth, but the former qualities hint at the forgotten town's true nature.

At first glance, Consolation looks like something out of a 1950's sitcom. Scattered farmlands on the outskirts of town, rolling suburbs circling a tiny Main Street composed of mom & pop antique stores, a diner, a hardware shop, a grocer, and the town's only gas station. Let your eye linger, however, and soon you'll notice the broken bodies littering the streets, the strange flags planted in the center of each rooftop, the burning vehicles that go unnoticed as fat tendrils of onyx smoke seep up into the air.

Two unusually large houses sit facing each other across the length of Main Street. Each structure is patrolled by armed guards and reinforced with stacks of unusual building blocks - empty cans of Turtle Wax for the house on the west and Samsonite luggage for the house on the east.

In the house of wax, a thin man in his late 50's stands with his hands clamped behind his back. He is wearing a tan suit with dark brown patches on the elbows and a black bow tie, his white hair neatly parted to the left. The upstairs study he stands in is littered with books and strategic maps, and not much else. No family photographs, just a poorly painted self-portrait (sans white hair) on the set of Super Password as Charles Nelson Reilly misses the clue that will forever seal the fate of one town. Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons* spins on an old record player.

The white-haired man watches as a small group of his men flee from the hardware store just up the street as an unseen assailant pelts them with molotov handbags. Though they are fully covered in suits of armor made from superheated Turtle Wax, his men lack the nerve required to stand their ground. At this rate, all of Main Street will be lost within the week, and the white-haired man will have no option but to hunker down and fall into a defensive position like... some sort of animal that's known for protecting itself.

His men understand that as long as he lives, the lifetime supply of Turtle Wax will continue to flow. Their reliance on the invaluable resource will keep them fighting until the very end. A siege could be held off for months, maybe more than a year... but not indefinitely. Something must be done now. Something unexpected.

The white-haired man rubs at his weathered eyelids, then returns to his maps.

On the east end of Main Street, the Bastard stands in the top floor of the Samsonite house. As always he is naked, his sweaty palms flat against the floor-to-ceiling window, whispering his neverending mantra as he stares at the white-haired man's distant form.

The room is bare. There is no trace of the opulent lifestyle that his lifetime supply of luggage provides for his followers. For him, it only serves as a reminder of his failure. This time, he will not come in second place.

His second-in-command enters the room.

"Sir, we've taken the hardware store. Ivan damn near ingested a quart of T-Wax when he stepped into one of their traps and Roman lost a few more toes, but they're in good spirits."

No answer. Never an answer.

"We've got them on the run, sir."

He takes a cautious step closer, just within range of the Bastard's whispers: "*no whammy no whammy no whammy...*"

"What are my orders, sir?"

The Bastard goes silent. Lowers his head. Smiles.

"Whammy," he croaks as his toes dig in to the urine-soaked carpet. "*Whammy.*"

In a musty barn on the outskirts of town, the sheriff stands over the bodies of two missing men. One belongs to the Bastard and the other to the white-haired man, but they did not do each other in. No, it appears their hands were tied behind their backs as they suffocated in some sort of pie. Boysenberry, from the looks of it.

The sheriff recalls that the boys he found last month succombed to pecan pie. The month before, cherry. A newcomer is clearly making his presence known. He's getting one pie each and every month and is making the most of it.

"God help us all," sighs the sheriff, tipping his improvised Samsonite briefcase hat back on his head and spitting a wad of Turtle Wax chaw on the sawdust.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.22 Womyn are Mysterious Creatures of Awesome Bearing

Sunday, Nov 23, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

There are whispers among men, in the quiet dark of night, about a mysterious creature. Legendary, elusive, deadly. Womyn.

Come with me if you want to live.

I am here to tell you that womyn are not legend. Womyn are not myth. Womyn are real, and they move among us. In the grocery store, in the post office, in your parent's house sitting next to your dad, womyn are everywhere. There are those experts who estimate that over half the population of our small blue Earth is now womyn. Hospitals around the globe daily report new tiny womyn who come out of the larger womyn as a form of genetic replacement. We cannot afford to ignore these facts. We must accept it.

But the outlook is not entirely dire! With proper attention and care, the existence of womyn can even be manipulated to our advantage. Something Is Awful Industries is today proud to present a brief guide on living in a post-womyn world, and how you can obtain your very own womyn.

How to Trap a Womyn

First, gather only those branches that have fallen naturally from trees of no less than the height of eight grown men. Weave these branches together into a dome-shaped cage capable of providing the womyn room to roam about and make her terrible dances. Next, tidy up around the apartment. Buy a good aftershave lotion and trim your nose hairs. Procure a talisman.

Upon entering the fields of war, immediately be you on guard. You shall soon encounter phalanxes of womyn, flanked by their fierce and loyal protectors, the Ugly Gyrl and the Male Frynd. Beware the flames of their breath, brave reader. Beware their emerald hypnotic eyes. Wield the talisman. Buy beers for the Male Frynd. Mystify the womyn with gestures of great but subtle power. Pawn the Ugly Gyrl on your friend Steve. Thanks Steve.

Once cornered, a womyn emits the scent of panic which the aware may detect. If you notice the smell of dried roses and rotting flesh, then rejoice, for she is near o'erthrown. Compliment her shoes. Cast a net of dried seaweed and flax about her. Secretly indicate your groin with casual thrusting during the course of small conversation. Emit chemicals of a seductive nature.

By following these simple steps you will soon find yourself in possession of a womyn all of your own.

Beware of Womyn of a Certain Type
Keep your eyes peeled most carefully, attentive reader. There exist a certain type of womyn that possess two dreadful abilities, the second of which is their perverse tendency to secret themselves among the hordes of regular womyn. This permits them freedom to exercise the first of their abilities, that to spread dis-ease. These womyn carry within them dis-ease of the most incurable and dis-figuring kinds, and can pass it on with merely the briefest moment of physical contact.

Remember: Some womyn will serve to make your bed hot, but others are mere hotbeds...of DIS-EASE.

How to Care for a Womyn

When first placed in her cage, a womyn is apt to make all classes of terrible yowls and moans. Ignore this. Clutch a talisman. Sooth her with lively whistles. Tell her there's a book in your bedroom that you'd like to show her. Indicate a door. Ask her if she'd like a drink. Place potent potions upon your genitals.

There are three stages to physical courtship of a womyn:

1. The stage of cooing.
2. The stage of roughing.
3. The stage of restful endearment.

Helpful advice: Womyn of all kinds appreciate a gift. Buy them items of extraordinary value. Present gifts in both hands, stretched fully from the body so as to avoid accidents. Some excellent gifts are:

1. A necklace shaped like a twelve-string guitar.
2. A framed photograph of yourself (signed).
3. A note promising items you never truthfully intend to give them.
4. Flowers.

If the womyn finds the gift acceptable she will make this known to her by billowing her hair out about her head like a mane, breathing chiefly through her nose, and making sounds such as "Thank you for the gift. This is nice." These tell you that the gift has performed its function, and may allow you to skip the stage of cooing altogether.

Final Notes on Womyn

Having procured a womyn and fulfilled all levels and orders of physical pleasure, it is now time to consider the less obvious facets of the creature. There is a some chance that your womyn might have a vague sense of a independent life outside of her formidable powers over your mind and body. If such is the case, it is useless to attempt to stifle these expressions of her near limitless energies. Best to allow her the freedom to ejaculate her views and interests into the void of the universe, rather than let these simmer within her until achieving near deadly levels of fury.

In time, she may begin to exhibit behaviors such as taking on jobs, or entering politics, or writing in a secretive, feminine tongue, packaged in neon covers and indecipherable to the mortal eye. These are simply products of her nature, and should worry you not at all. Wasn't her strange and secret gnosis, that power just beyond your grasp, what attracted you to the noble creature womyn in the first place?

Womyn are mysterious creatures of awesome bearing. ***Good luck, dear reader.***

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

11.23 Dave Mustaine's Wigs & Attitude: Holiday Specials

Monday, Nov 24, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wigs are our business...and business is **BAD!** That means deeper discounts for you this holiday wig season! So whether you want to maximize your yuletide experience with a festive holiday wig or ring in the new year with the hottest 2009 wig models you will never find friggin' deeper discounts than this. Never. And if someone says they can give you a better deal then let two fingers do the talking. Two MIDDLE fingers.

With wig prices this low you might thing we're insane, but we're just assholes **assholes *ASS-HOLES***. Only one man has the power to offer wigs at these unbelievable low prices and that man is...

DAVE MUSTAINE DAVE MUSTAINE DAVE MUS*TAINE*

Wigs sell, but who's buyin'? Is it *YOU*???

*Dave Mustaine does not wear a wig and never would wear a fucking faggot wig.

Architecture of Wiggression

We keep our formula simple. Wigs plus attitude. It equals satisfied customers. Our discount wigs will dazzle or destroy as you see fit.

NOW JUST $29.99!

Sweating Ringlets
Lead the misfit's way of life with this curly pile of amnesiac elegance. Made from a rusted cyborg's circuits found on the wastes of the Elysian Fields. Projects holographic skulls for war computers, may corrode technologic polluters.
Available in coal, honey, auburn, vermillion, crimson, and cerise.

Marked Down to $59.99

Wig 18
Possibly you've seen too much, but you've never seen a wig quite like this. Nightmare hair from hidden dimensions, warrior kings from other dimensions.
When we say alien Intellects brains in jars guide retro heroes to scan the stars, you know that we mean it. Why?
The Dave Mustaine Guarantee: each wig sold fuckin' rules.

$79.99

The Scorpion
Ha ha ha you thought you could have this wig? This wig is so far away from you now. Because it's dead. This is a dead wig.
Ha ha ha we're all gonna die some day, even a wig. Even this wig. Here's a wig. A dead wig. Put it on your dead goo baby.
Look at that little goo baby's hair!
Not available unless you're dead (ghost or skeleton only)

You want more wigs? You just keep on browsing and stay an inch or two out of kicking distance.

Mustaine has got to know your limitations.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.24 Subj: LETS TALK TURKEY WITH DAD

Tuesday, Nov 25, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO DEAR OLD DAD HERE GETING READY BECAUSE TURKEY Day is coming up with all its flavors and sssssinful sssssseductions. With so many years under my belt its hard not to give you kids advice and good memories of turkeys past and tips for the future longafter I'm gone. For Example when your goodygood neighbors think they are cock of the walk because they got a real life turkey to walk around their front yard and fenced it in for the world to see. Don't let it encroach! Oh Its Just A Turkey they say. Calm Down they repeat. Well tell it to the turkey judge. Who is me. And also turkey jury and turkey executioner which is what I would have been if I could have gotten over the fence.

This is a holiday entrenched in tradition and wasn't about to be sabotaged by that rival husband and his horrible wife and subpar kids. I have seen better looking families in brochures about broken homes. Why doesnt he take his dumb car and moron kids back to the house he came from before he started renting across the street? Oh that's right, he can't because he got foreclosed or repo manned or whatnot. He can't pay the bills and now his family knows it. First rule of having a family and he broke it. His wife's eyebrows dont even match up. they point off in different directions and bounce around like the arms of a drummer having a strokei think the wife has feline aids

Its the holiday Season! Lets focus on miracles rather than crud topics. Last year around the holiday season i found a Bible and when you open it it says Mom Died Today on the inside of the cover and then deeper in the book someone drew the KISS logo on a bunch of pages. speaking of holiday miracles i got a sound effect of a hawk screeching as my ring tone on my phone.

Are you doing anything for black friday this year. i had made an effigy of myself and planted it in front of one of america's favorite electronic stores but i showed up the other day and a raccoon was dislodging its cabbage head and taking off down an embankment with it. Never saw it again. plan b i might get up real early and drive by places and honk and shout out that i buy my home electronics whenever the mood tickles my fancy. The focus of the day is to make everyone else realize that i am better than them and smarter

If i see that neighbor out and about on the prowl for great deals I might say something to his face about his lack of values especially when it comes to birds. Personally if i were running the bird show i would make it just turkeys i would have some other birds and some birds of prey but i would get rope and have ot tie the birds up to different things so they can't all fly

away. for example i would tie all the birds of prey to my wife's car and the other birds to my car so they couldn't have run-ins or vice versa and i DEFINITELY would wear a better shirt than the fake Bird Patrol Daddy one he trotted around with when he went out for an evening on the lawn with the turkey

a turkey can make a lot of noise in the night. Don't ever try to Get one

Whatever happened to that neighbors old bird anyway. I like to think that it died on his front lawn and he got arrested for all the bird related Hubbub according to an ancient and rarely enforced law called "Too Many Bird Goings-On" and i also like to think i am the historian who would discover that law in a tomb and only after deciphering a message that my colleagues were too dumb to decipher but i knew it because it was the same as my locker combo in high school aka the very same locker that I kept baby birds in and fed every weekday between classes to maturity and then the school got closed down and everyone automatically graduated and got to go home for the rest of the 4 years.....and our school mascot? i changed it on the last day to the noble turkey...

The world works in mysterious ways..... GOODBYE DAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

11.25 Expedition: Antarctica

Wednesday, Nov 26, 2008 by Dr. Jumbo (@Livestock)

Day 1

We finally arrived! This is a dream come true for me. I'm with a team of amazing scientists in Antarctica, ready to do some truly important research on global warming. I can remember back to my first day in college, when the world seemed so big and overwhelming. I knew I'd find my place eventually. Here I am, at the bottom of the world. But you know what? I feel on top of the world.

I have to thank my esteemed mentor, Professor Heckles, without whom none of this would be possible. It's thanks to him that my discipline is finally participating in the biggest adventure of all: saving the planet.

Day 2

I'm still setting in after the long journey here, unpacking all my equipment and supplies. I had to make some sacrifices and leave some of my gear behind due to space considerations, but I guess that's pretty common for these sorts of expeditions.

Haven't had much chance to socialize with the other scientists here yet. Had the occasion to squirt Dr. Mandelbrot in the face with the ol' fake flower gag. She seemed pretty amused. Beautiful woman. Gorgeous bosoms, from what I can tell.

Day 3

It's day 3 and already I'm starting to regret signing up for this. The men (and woman) of this scientific expedition have no respect for me. Worse, they have no sense of humor. They are questioning my importance on this mission.

Well, first of all, I went to school same as them. Accredited school, no less. I graduated top of my class (class clown). I may not be a scientist in the exact sense, but I understand the science of the human heart, and that's worth its weight in gold.

Day 4

I take back what I said about Dr. Mandelbrot. Well, except for the part about her bosoms. She was pounding on the lavatory door screaming like a mad woman.

"You've been in there an hour! What the hell could you be doing in there?"

What do you think, lady? I'm putting on my goddamn makeup. If you were half as smart as you claim you would have figured it out. Do you think I'm naturally pale and with a bright red nose? Suddenly I'm the smartest man in Antarctica.

Getting back to business, I couldn't help but notice Randolph looked a bit down in the dumps. Guess his research hasn't been going as well. Rolling out a classic gag: my old friend the whoopee cushion. I'm gonna make that son of a gun laugh.

Day 5

Today Dr. Bradley said I needed to stay away from him, that I was hindering important research into global warming. Well, fuck you, Bradley, because that's why I'm here too. I don't need you questioning my methods.

Followed Dr. Sternhard out to help him with some field research. What are we going to do today out here in the freezing cold, Sternhard?

"We're going to dig about six feet down and collect samples of snow that hasn't yet turned to ice."

Wow, so we're standing in the freezing cold on a giant pile of snow on top of mile-thick ice and you want to get snow from the bottom? Good luck with that.

Went back inside and had some hot chocolate and listened to some circus music to soothe my nerves.

Day 6

Spent the morning making balloon animals. Peterson yelled at me, saying I was making too much noise and driving him insane. He actually had the audacity to suggest I go outside to make balloon animals.

Hello, Mr. Scientist, making balloon animals in subzero temperatures isn't going to work at all. Once again: me, the smartest man in Antarctica? Sure seems that way.

Later when I presented them to my peers they looked at me like I'm some sort of idiot. I'd like to see any one of them delicately fold balloons into animals. I have a gift here. The only thing colder than the temperatures out there are the hearts of the people in here.

Day 7

My jaw is sore as fuck after that psychopath Sternhard punched me when I accidentally stepped on his foot. Well, sorry, pal, but I wear big shoes, okay?

Yeah, I played the ol' whoopee cushion gag on Randolph again. Been doing it the last few days without producing so much as a chuckle. That son of a bitch has no sense of humor.

After the Sternhard incident Bradley flipped out and trashed my room. He was angry I had brought so many clown props and supplies. He's all screaming, "YOU BROUGHT ALL THIS GARBAGE WHEN I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH ROOM TO BRING ALL MY INSTRUMENTS?"

Hey, shithead, I didn't get to bring all my stuff either. We had to make sacrifices. That's the cost of doing science so far from civilization.

Day 8

Found out Bradley smashed my CDs the day before. I went to put on some great circus music, which I've been pretty much listening to nonstop since I got here, and all the discs were shattered. Well, the job of any clown is to create laughter where there is none, so I'm going to show them how I handle adversity.

Twisted some balloons into the shape of a dong and spent half the day whacking Bradley over the

head with it. I laughed so hard I thought I was going to burst.

Also got Peterson real good today. He comes running into the rec room all excited. "Guys!" he yells in his warbling nerd voice. "You won't believe the data we got today!"

Boom! Slam him right in the face with a pie. I'm laughing my ass off, pointing my fingers at him to celebrate a job well done. Only these fucking tightasses are just staring at me like I'm some kind of monster. Peterson starts wiping the pie off, except now he's got this look... I saw hell in that man's eyes. Took three of the other scientists just to hold him back.

Oohhh, look at me! I'm gonna analyze bacteria in water. I'm so fucking great everybody please look at me. Oh look at this, I'm studying water that's been frozen for thousands of years. I'm king of the world. *Jerk*. He was lucky the others were there, because I would have put one of my oversized shoes so far up his ass that he'd be puking confetti. Some people can't handle being the butt of a joke I guess.

This is no kind of place for a clown. These people are all going mad.

Day 9

I can't fucking believe it. These psychos actually locked me in a CLOSET. Don't they know I don't handle CONFINED SPACES well??? I think somebody has been watching "The Thing" one too many TIMES, because there is no ALIEN hiding inside ME. I guess PETERSON probably WET HIS PANTS.

Apparently they think my "practical jokes" are JEOPARDIZING THE SCIENCE and putting EVERYONE ON EDGE. Well, what about me? These assholes are jeopardizing MY WORK. If I can't practice my craft, then why the hell am I here? I'm an artist and they are denying me my canvas.

I'm just going to keep YELLING UNTIL THEY let me OUT OF HERE.

Day 10

I yelled some sense into them! Peterson let me out. I guess sometime in the middle of the night Dr. Mandelbrot just flipped out and wandered into the cold, and they haven't found her. Guess the expedition has been called off and a crew is coming to get us. It's gonna be a few days before they get here, though.

The guys are pretty stressed out about Dr. Mandelbrot. We've had our differences, but now more than ever my gift for comedy is needed. I've got to keep the morale up until rescue.

Day 11

Welp, turns out these guys are humorless... mostly.

Did the whoopie cushion gag again, and Randolph flipped his lid. He comes at me with this giant cylinder of ice he collected, swinging it like a bat. He takes this crazy swing, which I completely duck. Only the ice breaks apart, flies across the room, and fucking nails Bradley in the face. Bradley flies against the wall, smashes his head open, and just fucking dies right there. Randolph, who doesn't have a funny bone in his entire body, suddenly starts laughing and won't stop laughing.

Finally! Finally that uptight prick laughs. Of course he has to laugh about murdering somebody and not the whoopee cushion. Talk about irony!

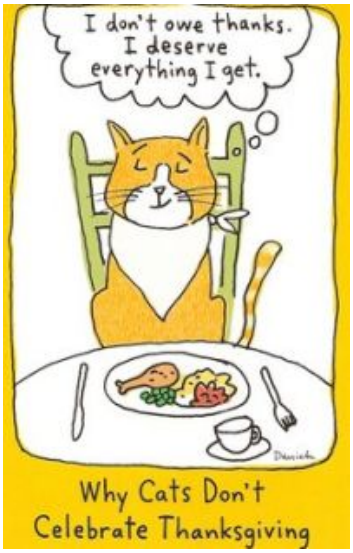
After like fifteen minutes of Randolph's deranged cackle, Sternhard comes in and just starts strangling him like a crazy person. Peterson tries to pull him off, and before you know it all three of those crazy weirdos are writhing around on the floor choking each other and throwing weak nerd punches.

I'm locking myself in the closet again until rescue. I don't think I can take one more day with these murderous bozos. Beautiful country, Antarctica. Too bad about all the crazies.

-~Dr. Jumbo (@Livestock)

11.26 If You Don't Celebrate Thanksgiving, You're an Asshole, Cultural Differences Aside Of Course

Thursday, Nov 27, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal



Ugh, cat, you think you're so edgy.

On the Internet there are these guys who claim to not show identification when asked for it in order to complete a credit card transaction. They say that it's not required by the credit card contract and it opens them up to identify theft and a whole host of other things that don't make any sense.

To see one of these jerk offs in action is a rare treat. When asked for ID their eyebrows perk up as if to say, "Gotcha!" They proceed to indignantly lecture a minimum wage earner who is just trying to do their job about the credit card contract and how it expressly forbids requiring further identification to complete a credit card sale. I would spend my net worth of $48 at any store that allowed their employees to slap the stupid out of these people.

If the store refuses to give in to their hogwash they'll rush home and furiously post a thread on a forum about how so and so chain is evil and proceed to write an angry letter to Visa and demand that the chain lose their ability to take credit cards.

It never happens of course, because there aren't enough assholes who believe in this crap to make anybody who matters actually care. They stubbornly cling to the rules in a successful quest to make everybody they come into contact with hate them.

People who don't celebrate Thanksgiving remind me of these assholes. These people underestimate society's collective ability to come a consensus. We've decided that when faced with the obstacle of showing a government issued ID to complete a credit card purchase that we can't afford anyway and by doing so pressures the federal government to pony up hundreds of billions of dollars just to keep credit markets stable, we don't throw a tantrum and cry to the credit card fairy about it.

Am I the only one who does not celebrate Thanksgiving? ✔ Yes ✖ No

55 Answers
32 Comments

...it's nice to be thankful and all, but I'm sorry, the idea of the first thanksgiving is baloney and makes me furious..i will not stand for anything that ludicrous..to think the pilgrims and the indians got along...does anyone except kids in elementary schools still buy that?..and I know that historically thanksgiving predates the moment when blood was shed, but I don't care...as Mammal would put it...'commercial ejaculation' like Christmas is what it is and it stands for an illusion

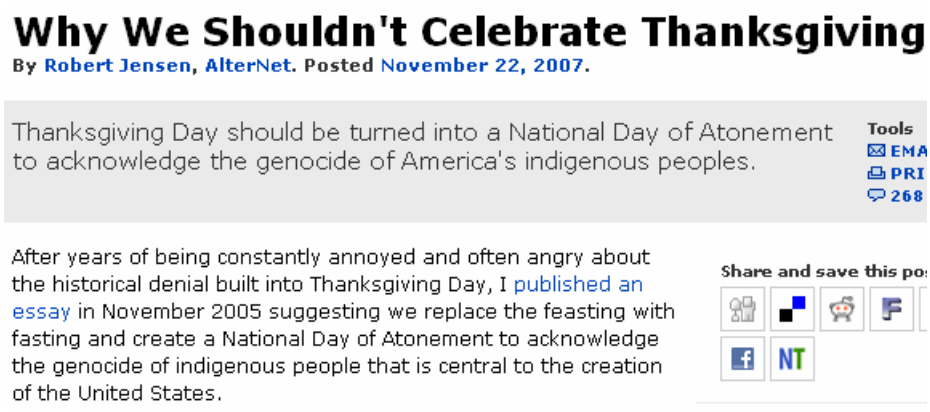
The world is so corrupt...

We've also collectively decided that Thanksgiving is fucking awesome.

What you do on Thanksgiving Day defines who you are. A well-adjusted person goes somewhere and does something non-sexual involving a turkey or a ham. Not everybody has a good place to go on Thanksgiving or even a place *to go*. That's okay.

On our very own forums a poster once opened up her home to lonely goons who had nowhere to go on Thanksgiving because they were away at school, on the outs with their families, or watched too much anime and were unable to function in a civilized society. She put an end to that when a goon

never left her house and hid in her and her husband's closet for four years.


Why We Shouldn't Celebrate Thanksgiving
By Robert Jensen, AlterNet. Posted November 22, 2007.
Thanksgiving Day should be turned into a National Day of Atonement to acknowledge the genocide of America's indigenous peoples.
Tools
EMA
PRI
268
After years of being constantly annoyed and often angry about the historical denial built into Thanksgiving Day, I published an essay in November 2005 suggesting we replace the feasting with fasting and create a National Day of Atonement to acknowledge the genocide of indigenous people that is central to the creation of the United States.
Share and save this po
NT

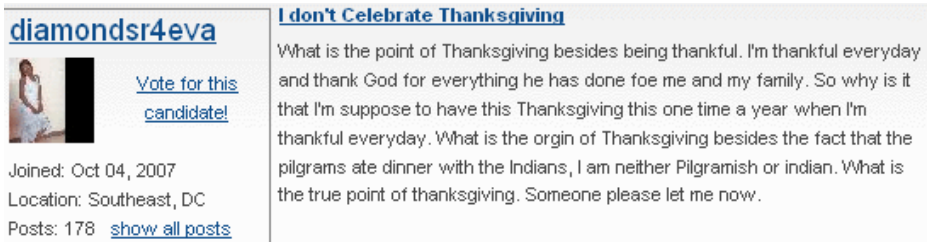
Oh great, a national holiday dedicated to white guilt.

People who flat out refuse to celebrate Thanksgiving are losers. We're winners, Niko. They don't know that we roll like this every day bro, with stuffing and cranberry sauce. Anti-Thanksgiving nuts are basically saying, "I don't want to be a part of society." They've checked out. They usually have excuses ranging from "It's a holiday founded on violence and oppression!" to "What do we have to give thanks for? Let's give thanks every day!" Both are bullshit.

First of all, anybody who killed an Indian in the name of conquest during that period of American history is long dead. We should remember those times not to punish ourselves out of a day of gorging and indulgence (otherwise known as every day in this country), but to make sure that it never happens again. I wasn't responsible for Indians getting booted off their land and I'm sure as hell not going to feel guilty about it.

And second, shut up. We *like* to have dinner. We *like* to see our families or friends or both. Real people work for a living. They may work far away from their family or friends. Thanksgiving is a day put aside where our society mostly shuts down in order for everyone to connect with their given families or those they choose to call family. It's just another facet of our civilized world.

But don't worry, we get it. You're too cool for school. You've got it all figured out. You're smarter than all of us. You see through this whole Thanksgiving nonsense and see it for what it is! Oh how I wish people could realize the error of their waves. The nerve of people to get together and have dinner. *Those monsters...*


diamondsr4eva
Vote for this candidate!
Joined: Oct 04, 2007
Location: Southeast, DC
Posts: 178 show all posts
I don't Celebrate Thanksgiving
What is the point of Thanksgiving besides being thankful. I'm thankful everyday and thank God for everything he has done foe me and my family. So why is it that I'm suppose to have this Thanksgiving this one time a year when I'm thankful everyday. What is the orgin of Thanksgiving besides the fact that the pilgrams ate dinner with the Indians, I am neither Pilgramish or indian. What is the true point of thanksgiving. Someone please let me now.

These people are the worst.

People who do not celebrate Thanksgiving are uncomfortable to be around. They are usually recluses. They spend a lot of time on the Internet. They won't go very far in life. One or two

will be crowned as King Asshole and make a living telling other assholes what they want to hear. They'll run a a blog with edgy entries such as, "Why I don't celebrate Thanksgiving" and "Why I like to fornicate my butthole with large objects not unlike a steel mill worker's dick" that generates a modest stream of Google AdWords revenue from people who visit their web site just to laugh at them.

I'm a cynical bastard, but I'm celebrating Thanksgiving goddammit. And when I go to buy the turkey with my credit card, I'm showing ID. I'm going to be a part of this society and their social norms whether they like it or not!

I'll tell you what I'm thankful for this holiday, that despite what you read here on Something Awful or Weekend Web, not everybody who posts on the Internet is a fucking retard.

Sorry to cut things short, but I've got 20 pounds to gain today. Happy Thanksgiving!

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

11.27 That Insidious Beast: Magnum P.I.

Friday, Nov 28, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the That Insidious Beast series.

Episode 100 (Lost Episode): *Reawakening*

Magnumpi is in the war. Blood is everywhere. Explosions. Body parts fly through the air. A mangled survivor pleads for death. Magnumpi stabs the miserable creature in its hearts as a mercy finish. Magnumpi wipes gore from his eyes and continues the slaughter.

His heartbeat pounds in his ears. He kills his way through the enemy. Their bullets do nothing. Their swords clatter from his metallic arms. Destruction is his wake. He lifts up the discarded incendiocannon and sets fire to the village. He can hear the hiss of the boiling blood and hot steam gusts of bursting entrails. He hears laughter.

Who could laugh at such a massacre? Who could find humor in this rain of blood? It is Magnumpi laughing!

Magnumpi wakes up inside a dark metal cylinder half-full of water and pounds his fists on the inside. The bwooming sound summons a man who opens a hatch.

Magnumpi are you okay? He asks.

The light is so bright for Mangumpi, he doesn't remember anything. Is Magnumpi even his name?

You were in a sensory deprivation tank Magnumpi you asked us to do it so you could forget about the war. The man says.

Magnumpi has no choice but to believe him.

It's okay says the man you were hired by the famous author Higgins while you were in the tank. He wants you to live in Hawaii and become a cop.

As long as I don't have to wear a uniform. Magnumpi jokes.

Episode 101: *Don't Eat the Snow in Hawaii, pt. 1*

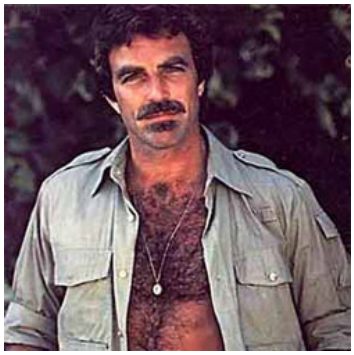
Magnumpi arrives on Hawaii Island in search of fame and fortune as Higgins Cop. He goes to Higgins fortress and wonders if Higgins is a vampire because he never sees him at day. Higgins has an uncanny control over animals. A shapeshifter? Higgins wants Magnumpi to investigate the disappearance of a man. Magnumpi knows this man. Magnumpi was fighting in his unit in the war.

Sergeant Croll wore a cloak of unfolder skin and had black eyes like a spider. He sent a legion of enemy warriors into the fires of hell with his scimitar and lashgun.

Now he sells condos to people on Hawaii Island and has a beautiful wife named Roth. Magnumpi and Roth have good chemistry and she aids him in his search for her missing husband at the behest of Higgins. Here hold the wheel he says when they are chasing a lead. Will she touch his unit? Not that they show but it is implied.

At the end they are tricked into a parking garage. A man (mob man?) in a suit comes into the garage with a six-shooter bang bang it looks like Magnumpi maybe shot. Or maybe Roth. It freezes to be continued...

Episode 102: *Don't Eat the Snow in Hawaii, pt. 2*



It is Roth that has been shot. Sugar bullets that have melted into the wounds so there is no way for Magnumpi to trace the gun to the attacker. He cries out and sings the prayer of the destroyers and the revenger. Higgins calls him on the cellophone.

Magnumpi enters cellospace and speaks with Higgins who is furious and threatens to feed him to his mastiffs. How could Roth have died? Magnumpi grows angry and lashes out at Higgins, but he cannot hit him for some reason.

You are just another character in one of my novels! Higgins sneers, but he realizes he has pushed his protagonist too far. Find Colonel Croll. He is at the root of this mystery. Find him and bring him to me. Magnumpi is cast out of the cellospace and lands on a beach full of beautiful women. He swims fully clothed to wash out Roth's blood and weeps while two of the women suckle at his hairteets. He floats on his back in the ocean. Dreaming of&dreaming&

The war. The crash of unfolder tanks as they emerge from solid rock. There is no time to sound the alarm. They are upon him. Good men die on every side. Blasted to nothing by coruscating rays of unlight that play amongst the Quonsets. The beams are so black there is nothing blacker. Not even TC.

Magnumpi blasts apart an unfolder tank and skewers the crew on his silver blade. It is no use, the base is overrun.

Magnumpi sees Croll. Younger. His face is crimson with spilt blood and his suit is festooned with the entrails of human and unfolder alike.

Croll screams into a radio.

The artillery! On me! Now! Now damn you!

Magnumpi can hear the whistle of the shells. He can see the smoky trails of the rockets in the sky. He knows what happens next.

And then he wakes up. Still floating on his back in the sea. It is night. He is panicked at first that there is no land in sight. A dhow floats nearby and aboard he finds Higgins and his two favored mankillers. The hounds do not growl.

Figured it out have you? Higgins asks.

Yes. Magnumpi replies as he climbs onto the boat.

Magnumpi stands up and extends a hand to Higgins. Sergeant Croll at your service.

Very good says Higgins but you are Magnumpi now. Forget about Sergeant Croll and the war. You will do my bidding.

I will do your bidding says Magnumpi but I will never forget the war.

Episode 103: *China Doll*

Magnumpi contacts his old friends TC and _____ from the war. They have a good conversation and some laughs over beers and burgers. _____ is trying to _____ with a woman he just met, but Magnumpi ignores this and continues a conversation with TC on the subject of China.

Chinese eaters have been spotted on Hawaii island and the zone wardens are unusually active. Sunken eyes and smelling of the sea says TC. Magnumpi doesn't believe him and goes surfing and he finds a beautiful woman who turns out to be Chinese. Rather than report her to one of the zone wardens Magnumpi takes her to stay at Higgins castle.

Are you a Chinese eater? He asks.

She doesn't understand so he shows her a health clip on Chinese eaters on the TV infodot. She begins to cry and refuses to accept the information on Chinese eaters.

You ARE a Chinese eater! Magnumpi fumes and is ready to call the zone wardens but she shows him a tattoo from a medcenter in district 20. This is where the Armor Corps is experimenting with new suit interface technology. Bioroid suits they call them. Half-alive armored suits made from cloned tissue.

Magnumpi discovers that the bioroids are being made by a company working for Armor Corps and trying to develop better suits from Chinese organ slaves. They will eat themselves anyway says one doctor they are meat mad freaks. When one of them dies the others eat them.

She's not from the Eastern Sheol! Magnumpi shouts. _____ thinks Magnumpi should _____ with the Chinese woman. TC thinks Magnumpi should turn her over to the zone wardens. Higgins stops by and tells Magnumpi that Chinese eaters might be meat mad but they are still human. He knows of an underground railroad for Chinese eaters. He can get her to Oregon and the safety of The Sensationists if only Magnumpi can trust him.

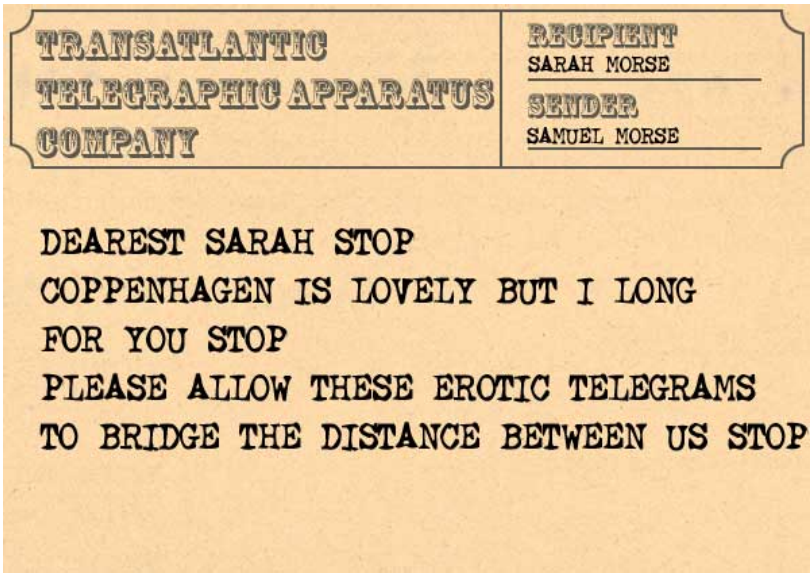
Conflicted about what to do Magnumpi retires to his darkened bedroom with the Chinese woman. Sexual intercourse is implied. Following the sexual intercourse Magnumpi snaps her neck saying We all die sometime better this way. Magnumpi loads her body into his Ferrarocaster and throws her off a cliff and into the ocean.

The final shot is of tiny silver fish eating her eyes.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

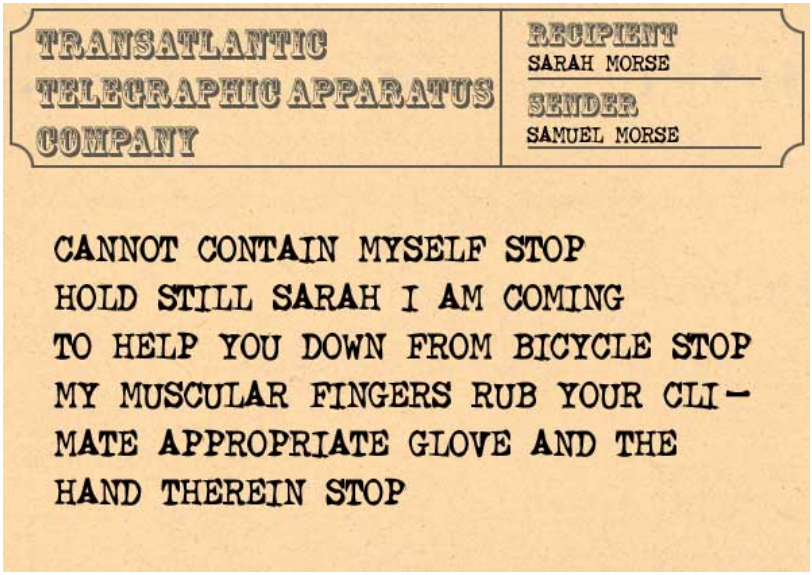
11.28 The Erotic Telegrams Of Samuel Morse

Saturday, Nov 29, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS COMPANY

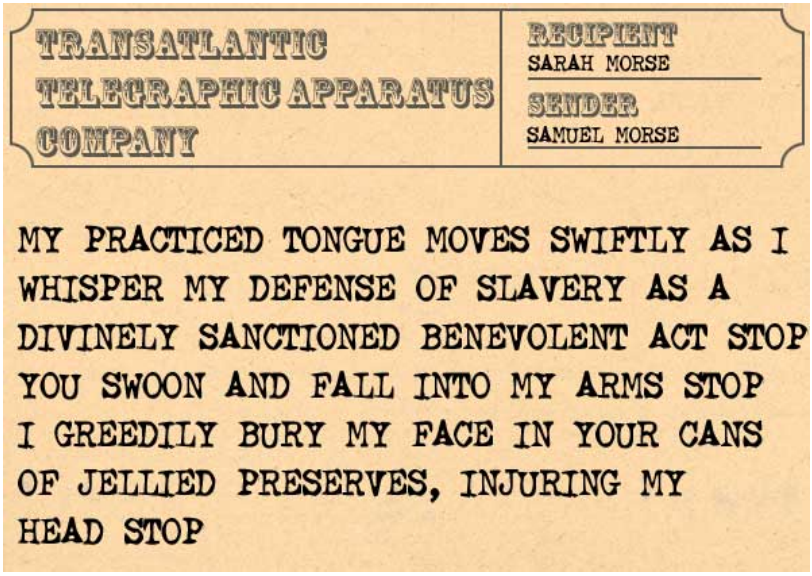
RECIPIENT
SARAH MORSE
SENDER
SAMUEL MORSE

DEAREST SARAH STOP
COPPENHAGEN IS LOVELY BUT I LONG
FOR YOU STOP
PLEASE ALLOW THESE EROTIC TELEGRAMS
TO BRIDGE THE DISTANCE BETWEEN US STOP


TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS COMPANY

RECIPIENT
SARAH MORSE
SENDER
SAMUEL MORSE

CANNOT CONTAIN MYSELF STOP
HOLD STILL SARAH I AM COMING
TO HELP YOU DOWN FROM BICYCLE STOP
MY MUSCULAR FINGERS RUB YOUR CLI-
MATE APPROPRIATE GLOVE AND THE
HAND THEREIN STOP

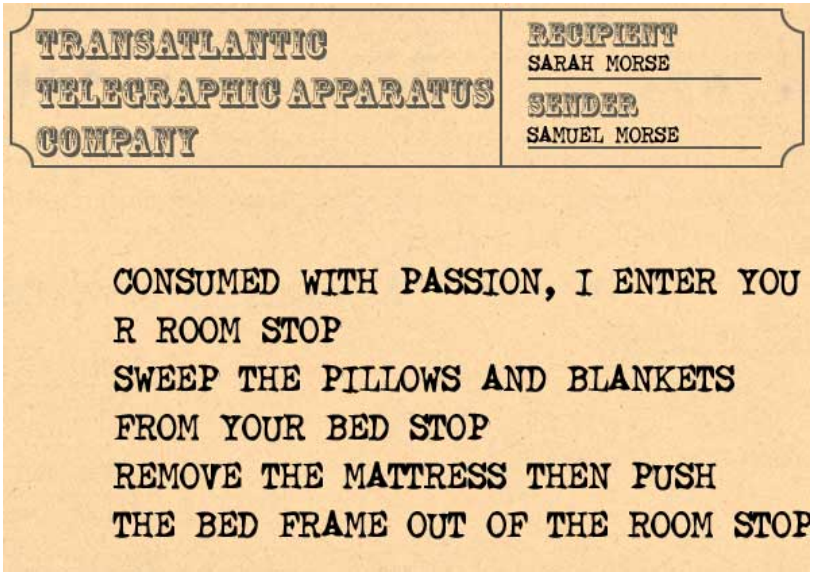


TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS COMPANY

RECIPIENT
SARAH MORSE

SENDER
SAMUEL MORSE

MY PRACTICED TONGUE MOVES SWIFTLY AS I WHISPER MY DEFENSE OF SLAVERY AS A DIVINELY SANCTIONED BENEVOLENT ACT STOP
YOU SWOON AND FALL INTO MY ARMS STOP
I GREEDILY BURY MY FACE IN YOUR CANS OF JELLIED PRESERVES, INJURING MY HEAD STOP

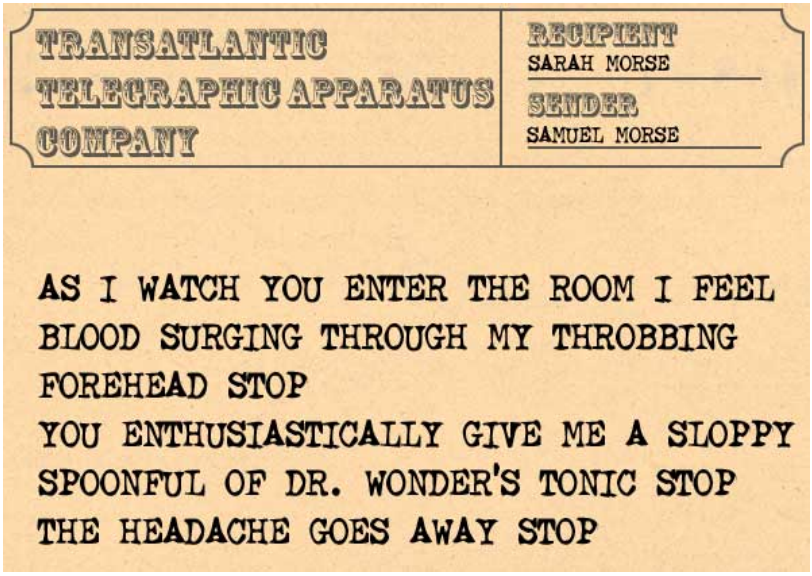


TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS COMPANY

RECIPIENT
SARAH MORSE

SENDER
SAMUEL MORSE

CONSUMED WITH PASSION, I ENTER YOU R ROOM STOP
SWEEP THE PILLOWS AND BLANKETS FROM YOUR BED STOP
REMOVE THE MATTRESS THEN PUSH THE BED FRAME OUT OF THE ROOM STOP

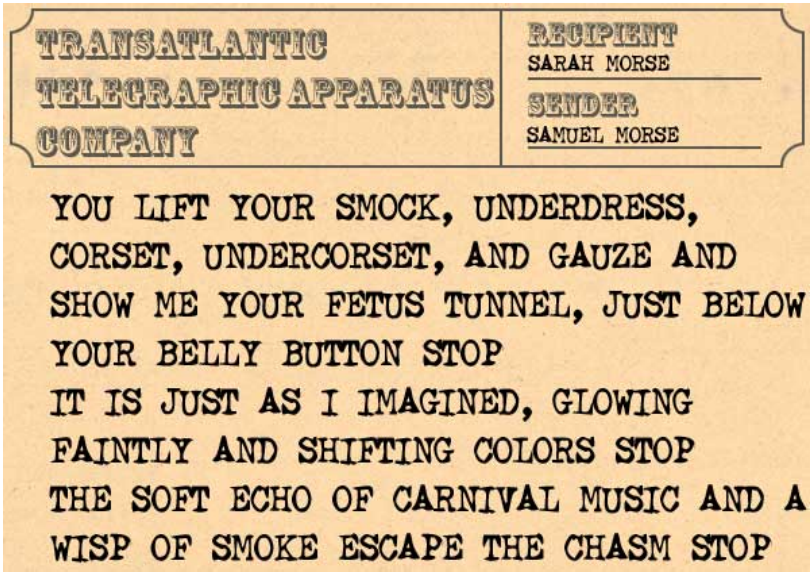


TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS COMPANY

RECIPIENT
SARAH MORSE

SENDER
SAMUEL MORSE

AS I WATCH YOU ENTER THE ROOM I FEEL BLOOD SURGING THROUGH MY THROBBING FOREHEAD STOP
YOU ENTHUSIASTICALLY GIVE ME A SLOPPY SPOONFUL OF DR. WONDER'S TONIC STOP
THE HEADACHE GOES AWAY STOP

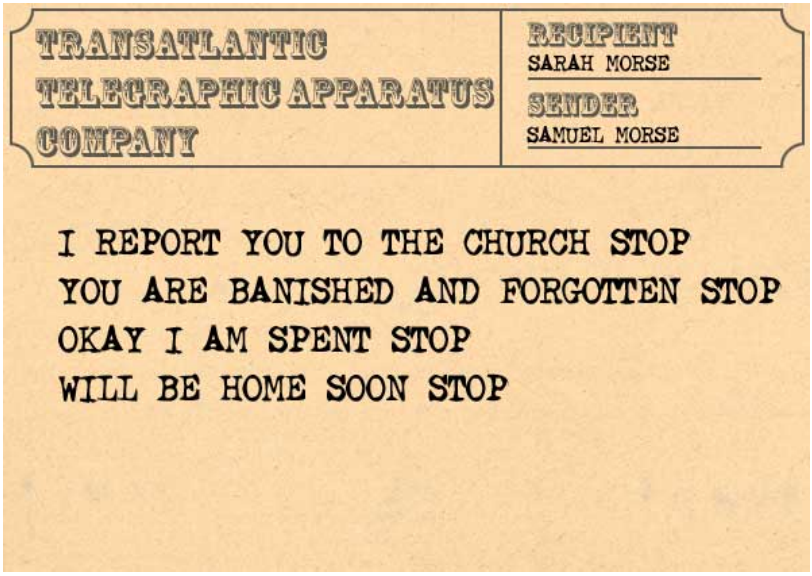


TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS COMPANY

RECIPIENT
SARAH MORSE

SENDER
SAMUEL MORSE

YOU LIFT YOUR SMOCK, UNDERDRESS, CORSET, UNDERCORSET, AND GAUZE AND SHOW ME YOUR FETUS TUNNEL, JUST BELOW YOUR BELLY BUTTON STOP
IT IS JUST AS I IMAGINED, GLOWING FAINTLY AND SHIFTING COLORS STOP
THE SOFT ECHO OF CARNIVAL MUSIC AND A WISP OF SMOKE ESCAPE THE CHASM STOP



TRANSATLANTIC
TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS
COMPANY

RECIPIENT
SARAH MORSE

SENDER
SAMUEL MORSE

I REPORT YOU TO THE CHURCH STOP
YOU ARE BANISHED AND FORGOTTEN STOP
OKAY I AM SPENT STOP
WILL BE HOME SOON STOP

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.29 Winter Warmth Strategy

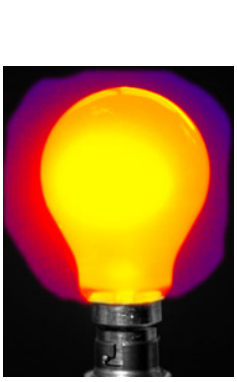
Sunday, Nov 30, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Did you know that Obama supporters single handedly raised the temperature fifteen degrees for the month of October? I know all sorts of facts like that. I went to a rally, and, I swear to God, they had their own aura. I put on my thermal imagining device and the crowd was so bright it was enough to blind the Predator. Want to know another fact? The single act of peeling bumper stickers off wax paper generated enough kinetic energy to warm the country for weeks. But now the celebrations have ended and the temperature is decreasing.

The winter usually means swapping out of your slacks and polo shirt for warmer clothing. But wait. Hold on. Do you really want to wear winter clothes? Think about how it looks. Why look so girly in mittens and scarf with hat and snowball? Why sacrifice style for warmth? You look good in polo and khaki. You like polo and khaki. Why not wear your favorite golfing outfit on all winter? I'll let you make the final choice on what you want to wear all winter, but I think you'll agree. Nothing looks better than a nice pair of slacks and a pressed white polo. Pulling off the winter golfer look can be an expensive ordeal. Believe me. But, you can maximize the warmth in your house while minimizing your heating bill simply by utilizing items that usually go to waste.

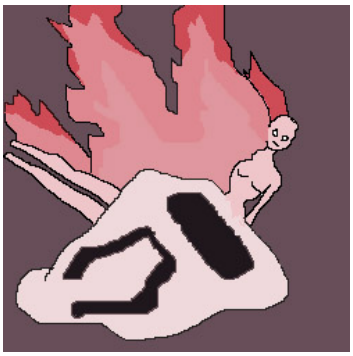
Sock snakes. The sock snake is a practical tool in keeping your house warm. Its main purpose is to stop drafts from entering. It also keeps kids and fools busy while they make one of these little buggers. Once they're finished, use the snake for its third purpose: choking people out. After the person is rendered unconscious, move their limp body out of your designated warm area. You cannot share your heat. Not now at least. Not if you want to keep that stylish polo on.

Now that you are alone, it is time to get serious. You need to fill one room up with all your warm things. But how do you find the warm things? Simple. Put on your thermal imagining device. Don't have a thermal imagining device? That's weak. I have two. One's waterproof. I've included pictures in case you're pathetic. Either way, you should look into purchasing one. You never know when you'll have to track someone through a forest at night.



The most common, overlooked source of heat in a house is the **light bulb**. One light bulb can turn a cup of milk into a cup of lukewarm milk in less than an hour. If you add up all the light bulbs

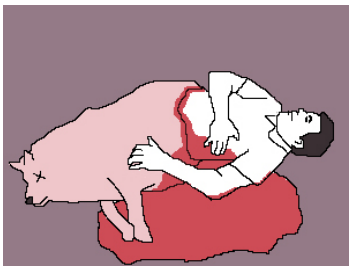
in your living space together, that's strong enough to really warm things up. Rearrange your living space to fit the influx. You do not have to have decorative lamps like the ones pictured, that's just my collection of Tiffany pieces. No biggie. Remember: Do not use those weird new bulbs. The coils ruin the heat making process within the contraption.



Remember that kid you put in the snow? No, do not bring them in. Instead, go to its living area. Inside, you'll find lots of miniature things, like a tiny bed and shoes small enough for your thumb. Keep looking until you find a little oven. The **Easy Bake Oven** is a lot like your oven only small and cute and it won't burn the hair off your arms when you ignite the pilot light. It is also easy to move. Plug this tool near you while you bake to gain its heat and brownies. If the warmth is not enough, place more ingredients and child toys in the hole until the fire is to your liking. If you do not have a child to steal toys from, try a George Forman Grill; however, nothing can replace the excellent flame produced by a pile of doll-babies.

By this point, you're probably pretty comfortable in your khaki and polo attire. If you close your eyes you might be able to imagine yourself in a really warm place, like a public library or a health clinic. But, now it's time to get serious. What if your room felt like a public library-in Tahiti? Yeah, it's possible.

Look at how much heat is getting pumped out of that **exhaust**. How many cars do you have? What about lawnmowers? What if you could harness all that into your living space? Well, you can. With gas prices being so cheap, this is a must-have for anyone trying to save a few dollars on heating the house. Simply fill up your car's tank and park as close to the house as possible, leaving only an inch or two between the bumper and the wall. Be sure to keep the thing running on idle.Now remove the wall. Remove the wall, don't worry, it probably isn't load bearing. One the exhaust has a way to enter the room, set up your favorite chair next to the heat source and watch some television. If you want to add some humidity to match the Tahitian heat, leave your shower on and let the place really steam up. Now you've really got that tropical atmosphere (shower concept not pictured)



By now you're probably sleepy, really, really sleepy. You've worked hard and you deserve a nap. But how can you sleep without getting cold? Well, you've just got to rely on **man's best friend**. Dogs are probably our most abundant renewable resources. It seems like everywhere you look, people have dogs. The humane society is always willing to bargain with people-just make sure you're wearing clean clothes. To gain the warmth that is trapped inside, you must be inside with it. This might seem like a bit of a stretch, but I know it works because someone I really trust once did it in a film.

That's it. That's all you need to do to keep a nice warm house. How does that polo fit. Pretty damn good right? That's what I thought.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Chapter 12

December

12.1 Notes From New Hampshire

Monday, Dec 01, 2008 by Chris "Petey" Peterson

Like so many of my generation--and so many of the SomethingAwful staff--I hate America. I hate its colors and anthems; the majesty of its purple mountains and the waving of its grains. Freedom perturbs me, equality discomfits me, and the Tocquevillian notion of deliberative democracy makes me burp in dismay.

That, of course, explains my support for the terrorist black radical atheist communist illegal immigrant Muslim manchurian Arab, Barack Hussein al-Khahidi Damascus Jimenez Obama.

I have been actively agitating on behalf of this horrible creature for over a year now. Every door knocked, every home canvassed, every phone banked--each of these was another opportunity to spread a dark and foreboding evil across the land. Cry havoc, and let loose the campaign of war!

In any case, my time on the trail has left me with a few stories to tell. So, somewhat belatedly, in the tradition of 538 and that accomplished and hairless cardshark Sean Quinn, along with his sidekick hobo wrangler, Brett Marty, I'm going to take you on the road to New Hampshire.

free...almost...too free

Now, New Hampshire has a reputation among its more progressive neighbors for being anti-government. This is only partially true, for while we maintain black hatred for such categorical evils as taxes and seatbelts we are an intensely political people. For instance, our state legislature is the third largest legislative body in the entire Western hemisphere, and composed entirely of volunteers. This, of course, has a stultifying effect on our state politics, as only the very rich, the very old, or the very bored can manage to serve in the echelons of power.

My representative, as it happens, is a kindly old woman named Betty Hall. I love her dearly. Here's Betty discussing her candidacy last spring.

Betty Hall is nine hundred years old and first campaigned for Robespierre. After somehow escaping the Terror, she haunted the European countryside for centuries before hitching a ride on a U-boat

and settling in a small town in southern New Hampshire. In addition to being a state legislator, she also sits on the school board, and regularly shouts herself hoarse trying to understand why that nice young lad Rutherford Hayes can't be installed as the new superintendent. She drives a giant SUV plated with campaign signs around town and installed loudspeakers that spin like a top. If you haven't been awoken at dawn by a shrill and Doppler shifted rendition of "The Stars And Stripes Forever" you haven't lived.

In one of her more famous political stunts, Betty Hall staged a one-person sit in at an aluminum plant on a day Dick Cheney was supposed to visit in order to protest the occasion. She was arrested, chained to her lawn chair, and carried off by the town cops. Betty was so mad she did the only logical thing: she introduced a bill to have him impeached by the New Hampshire state legislature, and then went on a hunger strike until the state voted on it. On her campaign website, she lists her favorite part of the New Hampshire constitution--the much acclaimed "Right To Revolution", which reads:

> **[Art.] 10. [Right of Revolution.]** Government being instituted for the common benefit, protection, and security, of the whole community, and not for the private interest or emolument of any one man, family, or class of men; therefore, whenever the ends of government are perverted, and public liberty manifestly endangered, and all other means of redress are ineffectual, the people may, and of right ought to reform the old, or establish a new government. The doctrine of nonresistance against arbitrary power, and oppression, is absurd, slavish, and destructive of the good and happiness of mankind.

This is actually in our Constitution.

ABSOLUTELY NONE

You get the idea. In a state where the candidates constantly abase and demean themselves in order to win the early primary--I actually met John McCain in aisle 8 of my local town pharmacy, between the aftershave and enemas-- people go crazy about their politics. Or, as you'll see in the next few pages, just plain crazy.

Just after Halloween, I rounded up a bunch of my friends and drove into the northern part of New Hampshire to canvass for votes. The southern part of the state is always covered by people from Cambridge, who show up in tweed suits on the doorsteps of rural farmers to ask whether or not they know where their local polling place is. The farmers usually patiently explain that yes, of course they know where the polling place is, there's but one in town and it's been in the same goddamn library for the past eighty years. At this point the Cambridgeans nod sagely, politely extricate their leg from between the jaws of the farmer's pet wolverine, get back into their hybrid, and make it halfway to the next house before collapsing from blood loss.

junkyard on a mountain top

When it comes to campaigning, the northern part of the state is completely different. North of the lakes region--around places like the heroically named Dixville Notch--there is tremendous turnout from areas that are traditionally ignored by campaigns because of their isolation and historic lack of trigger discipline. These are old white people who love nothing more than a town meeting and a good vote. In other words, the difficulty is not in getting the voters to vote, but just *getting to* the voters. However, the undead wizard Barack Jaffar Djinn Obama has conjured up an army of zombielike followers to invade these fruitful provinces in search of that which sustains him: the sweet, sweet nectar of the human vote.

Election weekend, I was working across a few small towns, each of which averaged about 30 people per square mile. The guy who ran the local was an little old man with palsied hands that trembled as he counted out the sheets. My friends and I grabbed some addresses, some maps, and were off.

Clarice

Clarice was ninety years old and not more than five foot tall. She lived alone in a crumbling cottage in what had once been suburbs in a now deserted part of town. When we knocked on her door, she peered at us through a window caked in oil and cat hair, then opened the door. "Come on in," she said. "Can't have the cold coming in from outside."

We told her we were from the Obama campaign and just wanted to know if she needed a ride to the

new hampshire and the castle doctrine: every doorway an adventure!

polls and if she knew who she wanted to vote for. "Oh no, I don't need a ride," she said. "Every year, my daughter shows up and takes me over. Don't know who I want to vote for either. You hear so many different things and don't know what to believe." She shifted from foot to foot, clearly uncomfortable with our presence. The carpet was the color of squashed peas and felt like dried soda beneath our feet.

She sighed, and sat down into her rickety stairlift, its tracks running up and out of sight. She looked at us. "Guess I'll just do what I always do, and make a decision once I get into the voting booth. That's what I've got this coin for. I wish you luck. Goodbye!"

With that, she activated the stairlift, and ascended silently, like the Lorax, into the gloom of the second floor, staring at us all the while, and disappeared into the darkness.

Albert and the Bear

CAN'T YOU SEE I'M SWIMMING IN CASH?

A long driveway off the state highway led to Albert's house, an old farmhouse set back in the woods. No one had answered the door, and we were just dropping campaign literature when we heard a gunshot and subsequent whoop.

Albert--a middle aged man wearing boots and a plaid jacket--stormed around from his backyard with glee in his eyes. "Heya kids!" he yelled. "Come see the bear I just shot!"

Sure enough, a black bear lay dead in his backyard.

Albert sighed a satisfied sigh and tossed his gun back on the deck. "What can I do for all y'all again?"

When we told him we were from the Obama campaign, his eyes narrowed.

"Can't stand those foul liars and crooks," he spat. "All of 'em in Washington. They're all scum."

He stared back at me. "You know who pays most of the taxes in this country?"

I, reflexively assuming that he was some rich old man pissed about income taxes, said that I understood the wealthy bore the brunt of the tax burden but that was a price that needed to be paid for prosperity. He stared at me as if I were a lunatic.

"It's the middle class that pays the taxes," he said finally. "See, you can't cut taxes on the middle class. It's irresponsible for them to take less of my money. Give them more of it, I say!"

With that, Albert leapt up a ladder to the roof of his barn, and began sawing away wildly at large tin sheets he was using to patch the roof. As we drove away, he was swearing like a sailor and nearly eviscerating his terrified chickens as he rained tin daggers down from the sky like an angry, incomprehensible, monstrous and bearded god.

The Thistledowns

this isn't like a bad horror movie at all

In order to get to the Thistledown residence, you had to drive across several miles of dirt road, through some of the most desolate and downtrodden homes I've ever seen in the northeast. Rusted out Ford trucks balanced on top of great boulders as if in homage to the gods of rock and steel. Half-collapsed shacks with mattresses sticking out of windows and smoke pouring from a chimney. Odd, silent, padlocked houses, sitting on blocks without steps leading to any of the doors.

Then, on the right hand side, the Thistledown house emerges. There's a fairly new Jeep in the driveway and an RV in the side yard. A modern satellite dish on the garage and a Weber grill on the porch. In order to get to the door, you had to walk up the stairs to the second floor deck. There were great floor to ceiling windows and sliding doors with glass looking out to the sunset.

It was then that we noticed that the inside of the house was in complete disarray. Torn newspapers, upended beer bottles, and filthy dishes in the sink.

And, on the deck, a baby's bassinet full of spent shotgun shells, rotting in the rain.

We scrambled away from the deck and hastened from that house into the gathering dusk.

well, at least i've been warned

We drove nearly 100 miles to visit 125 houses over the course of two days. There are plenty more stories I could tell. One girl, who'd been running on coffee for the whole day, burst into a town hall to ask if she could use the restroom, only to find herself crashing into the middle of a wedding reception. As she turned beet red from embarrassment and needing to pee, the wedding party laughed, pointed her to the bathroom, and, upon her return, invited her to dance with them. She kicked off her shoes, danced madly, and, by the end of the next few numbers, had signed up five or six people to vote for Obama.

hold up, boys, we found us a redneck commune

At the end of another long and windy road, we had an address that led up a path, little more than a snowmobile track really, which, as Ron Paul would have wanted, was not maintained by the town. Miles and miles up that road, we found a wooden cabin with rough hewn stumps in the backyard and goats grazing admist the tough weeds. The remnants of a small vegetable patch sat in the front of the house. We'd discovered a subsistence farm in the middle of the barren wilderness.

THERES...TOO MANY OF THEM....

Best of all was the road that was totally impassable because it was choked with yaks. Scottish highland yaks, which someone had long ago imported to the area, had escaped from whatever pen had once held them in and were scattered through the street, staring stupidly at me in my car as I tried to nudge through them to get to the road beyond. They were remarkably calm and good tempered throughout the ordeal--just obstinate, and completely unwilling to let me by. That was the first time I've ever had to mark a house "INACCESSIBLE DUE TO YAK." I hope it won't be the last.

back out on the open road

In two days, we drove through some of the most beautiful and barren wilderness I'd ever visited in all my years in New Hampshire. It gave me a new appreciation for the diversity of lifestyle and living conditions in my strange and somewhat queasy home. And if, as I like to think, my work in the woods helped usher in this age of the terrible witch-king Barack Hussein Moufasa bin Obama, a thousand scarabs praise his name, then I consider it time well spent.

-∼Chris "Petey" Peterson

12.2 An Evening with the Asshole Hypnotist

Tuesday, Dec 02, 2008 by The Asshole Hypnotist (@Arr)

You are in a state of total concentration. You are experiencing nothing but these words, and you are feeling very sleepy and suggestible. Every tiny pain and itch in your body, even ones that you ordinarily would not notice, is amplified tenfold. Take a moment to catalogue all the minor itches in your body. Even if you feel that you have none, imaginary itches will begin to appear. Scratching them will not be satisfying.

You are totally focused on your own discomfort, and on my words. You are now totally under the spell of the Asshole Hypnotist.

You are hyperaware of your eyeballs. Blinking is not automatic anymore, and you must carefully regulate it. Your eyes feel very dry. Blinking is uncomfortable. There is a straining pressure behind your eyes, and there's no way to relieve it. Try bugging your eyes out to relieve it, or straining the muscles in your eyelids and temples. It doesn't work, does it? The pressure is still there.

You have another itch.

Breathing is no longer automatic. You're very aware of the fact that it takes effort to breathe, and you've never been more annoyed by it. It will take you a very long time to forget that breathing is automatic. Imagine how close you are to death-- if you should forget to breathe in your sleep, you will suffocate and die. You will have a very difficult time falling asleep tonight, because you will remember reading this and recall that it takes an annoying amount of effort to breathe. You will have to stay awake tonight just to regulate your breathing so you don't die in your sleep.

Breathe in. Breathe out. Breathe in. Now stop breathing and wait for your body to breathe automatically. See? It does not work. You are now in total control of your respiratory system, and you hate it.

You have to yawn right now. Your yawn is very unsatisfying.

Swallowing is not automatic. Spit is building up in your mouth, and you have to swallow it, but swallowing becomes more and more difficult to do the more you think about it. You swallow over and over again, until the concept of swallowing has become so abstract that you can't even remember how to do it.

You have to yawn again.

There is some bureaucratic problem in your life--perhaps an unpaid medical bill or an impending drivers license renewal--and it seems frustrating and insurmountable to you. You cannot relax until you solve this thing, but you are too lazy to do so, so it will linger in your mind like an ugly, hostile child. You're worried about your job security.

Maybe your romantic partner is getting ready to break up with you, and that's why they have been acting so strangely. Maybe your girlfriend is pregnant. If you're a girl, maybe you're pregnant.

You're in a terrible mood. You have a headache. You have a very modest amount of work to do, but it seems impossible. You're itchy all over. Breathing is very annoying, and you are now feeling like yawning again.

You might have cancer. A lot of the weird problems you've been having would be easily explained by cancer. When was the last time you were checked? Cancer is incredibly common. It would be amazing if you DIDN'T have cancer. Your body is wracked with low-level aches. Your genitals feel weird.

Your own mortality has snapped into sharp focus. Think about how much of your life you've lived, and how little you've accomplished. Think about how much faster time passes now than it used to. Summers used to last an eternity when you were young, and the days were so much longer and fuller. Your life is accelerating toward its ignominious conclusion, faster and faster all the time. You're almost consoled by the fact that you might die tomorrow. You have cancer. You have to yawn.

You're thirsty and your eyes hurt. Your hair is itchy. You feel filthy, even though you showered recently. You might never feel clean again. You feel ashamed of something bad you did years ago. Everybody still remembers.

People laugh at you; you're a joke. You pronounce a certain word wrong, every single time, and everybody is too polite to correct you. They notice, and it annoys them terribly. You don't know what the word is, and you'll probably keep mispronouncing it until the day you die, unless somebody steps in and humiliates you first.

Think about the most humiliating moment of your life. Think about how stupid you felt. In your lifetime, probably within the year, maybe even today, you will face much, much greater humiliation than that. Hopefully you will die of cancer before that happens.

It's difficult to swallow. There is a terrible taste in your mouth, but you are totally focused on my words and you are in no position to do anything about it. Your mouth is hot and rancid, and your tongue feels foreign. Your tongue is slimy, and too big. You are now hyperaware of your tongue and your saliva and the taste in your mouth. You try to swallow, but it is difficult. There is a pain in one of your teeth. It might be some horrible dental problem. You are now obsessed with it.

You can't stop feeling the backs of your teeth with the tip of your tongue. They feel weird to you. Your whole mouth feels greasy and disgusting. Your breath smells bacterial and unclean, and people notice.

Breathing is hard. You have to think about it every time you inhale and exhale. You will remember this tonight, when you are trying to go to sleep. You will curse the name of the Asshole Hypnotist, and then you will die of cancer and forgetting to breathe.

-∼The Asshole Hypnotist (@Arr)

12.3 BiGDOG's Dog Blog: Bark If Ya Hear Me

Wednesday, Dec 03, 2008 by BiGDOG (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Thanks BiGDOG Fans! Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 12:12 PM

Gotta say, BiGDOG is touched by the huge outpouring of support. I haven't been blogging much due to my ulcer, but I'M BACK. I'm back everywhere, baby! All those ninnies attempting to sit on my free speech rights have been put in their place. You can't put truth in the doghouse!

Look for my posts on all the dog sites. BarkWire, thedogspot, K9Connect, and the Woofable Forums. I'm back to preaching the good word and laying out the knowledge.
Filed under: tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

Worst Dog of the Week Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 3:37 PM

Anybody following the current dog situation in town knows all about Tetanus. He's one of El Cráneo Negro's most trusted lieutenants. A brutal enforcer with no mercy, Tetanus has been instrumental in helping his boss take control of the city streets. He also has quite an appetite when it comes to bitches. He's already turned out Homestead, and word has it he's set his sights on Tenacity. No doubt about it, there's a political angle to that scheme. Tetanus wants to push the buttons of a certain black lab.

While I respect the cleverness of his game, I'm declaring Tetanus Worst Dog of the Week because he left a big stinking mess near my mailbox. F U, DOG.

Filed under: doggone it, worst dogs, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

New Beethoven Movie? Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 4:48 PM

Turns out the idiots in Hollywood are making a new Beethoven movie. Normally this would be great news, except for one horrible mishap: NO CHARLES GRODIN. If you're like me, you watched (and loved) the first two Beethoven films for the hilarious chemistry between Beethoven and Charles Grodin's character George Newton. Let's forget the Beethoven's 3rd-5th suffered from having Judge Reinhold replace the incomparable Charles Grodin. I've always said that Charles Grodin is like the Panzer of the acting world.

As good as it gets.

The other thing to keep in mind is that the dog that played Beethoven is dead, and I have a hard time imagining the new dog will capture all the original's subtle nuances. Hollywood had a chance to reboot one of its most enduring franchises for a new generation, and it looks like they completely blew it.

BiGDOG recommends everyone boycott Beethoven's Big Break. Save your money and rent the first two films. BiGDOG guarantees you won't be disappointed.

Filed under: beethoven, charles grodin, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

Weekly Spottings Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 6:17 PM

Yours truly keeps his eyes on the prize, always looking for terrific new (and old) dogs to spot. Here's this week's muttly crew:

- **Iron Buttress**: Looks like I was a bit hasty in judging this pooch. After setting the countdown timer on Iron Butress' life, the obese mutt made some big lifestyle changes. I'd say from my most recent spotting Iron has lost a good 20 pounds. Keep up the good work! BiGDOG's giving you a big thumbs up.
- **Sparkfly**: There's definitely something strange afoot with this gal. When I saw her a few months ago she was a perfectly happy looking Golden Retriever. Then I see her again and she's clearly a Toller. Same dog tags and everything. BiGDOG suspects a clear cut case of identity theft. Be careful around "Sparkfly."
- **Karl Barx**: Saw Karl dragging a child's coat through the mud near Lake Davies. Wow, Karl, real f***ing mature.
- **Werner Herzdog**: Saw this big bruiser sitting near a dumpster eating a chessboard. Noticed he had a few nicotine patches on him. Somebody get this dog a ball and something better to do.
- **Astor**: You're not gonna believe this one, but BiGDOG has personally verified it. Every night Astor wanders over to Bowen Lake, swims out to about the middle, and vanishes beneath the surface. I've seen it twice, and waited around hours for Astor to resurface. He never does. What the hell is going on with this dog?
- **DOORBELL**: What a sad turn of events for this poor pooch. He was never much to begin with, but these days DOORBELL is kept as a catamite by El Cráneo Negro's crew. I doubt he'll be alive much longer, given how rough his captors are.

Filed under: dogspottings, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

Dog of the Week Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 7:00 PM

Ding, ding, ding! A new contender enters the game.

Saw Berlin trotting around the town looking sharp as a razor. Clean form, shiny coat, and good size. Seemed smart and responsive to commands. Definitely one top notch Border Collie. I just hope Berlin has the sense to wait out the conflict raging in town. Look folks, we may be looking at, get this, the next Malmesbury. Really, he's that good a dog.

Even BiGDOG's top dog of all time, Panzer, would be impressed with Berlin.
Filed under: top dogs, panzer, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

Dogossip Posted by -=BiGDOG=- at 7:22 PM

BiGDOG's been hearing a lot of talk about a dog supposedly driving around town in a truck. Let me be the first to say: you people are goddamn idiots. The day a dog drives a truck is the day BiGDOG adopts a fluffy cat. You're seeing things, people.

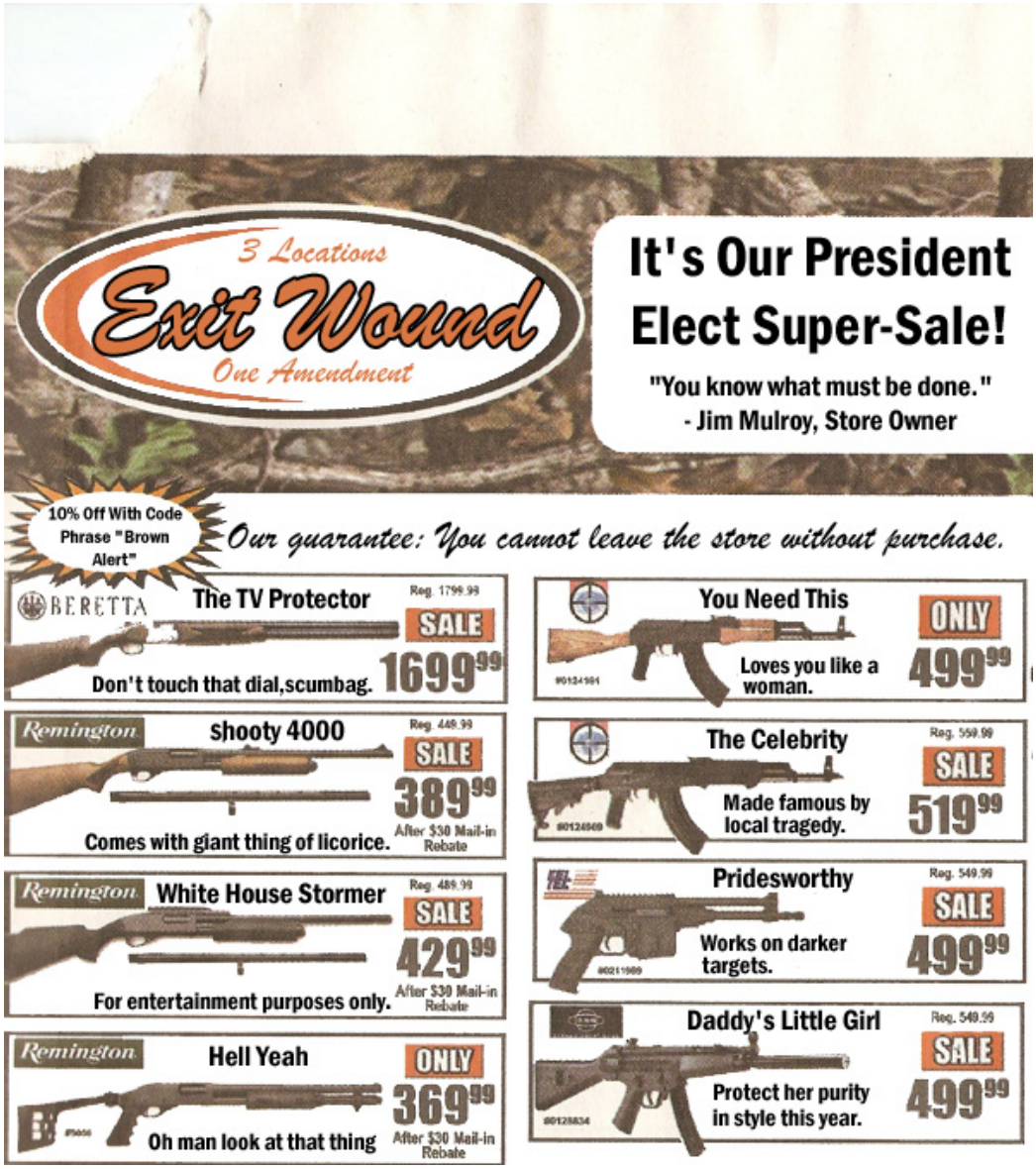
In other news, there's been a lot of talk about a new dog in town. BiGDOG's been doing his best to figure out who this new dog is, but is coming up empty. BiGDOG's not one to guess, but I can't help but wonder if this new dog has anything to do with the newly formed alliance of Senator's crew, Scar, Danger, Sulphur, and The Gambler. BiGDOG's gonna speculate even more: Could this be the CIA Dog from El Cráneo Negro's past?

And finally, I just got word that the inexplicably beloved Bug died of a heart attack. What a wimp.
Filed under: dogossip, tellin' it like it is. 0 Comments posted.

-~BiGDOG (@Livestock)

12.4 GUN SALE

Thursday, Dec 04, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey



-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

12.5 That Insidious Beast: TV Infodot Mix-ups

Friday, Dec 05, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the That Insidious Beast series.

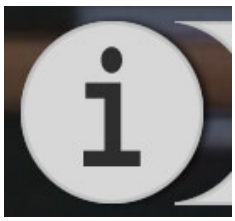
Ever notice that way-silly little gray button that appears on your TV when you're trying to enjoy your favorite shows? You know the one. That pesky little infodot. Message about this or that. Important info. Safety Broadcasts to Ensure Your Bodily Pleasure. What sort of slop they'll be serving up at the zone hall before your morning patrol.

The zone and fed government could never get anything as simple as the morning menu wrong could they? HA! Ye of too much faith!

The only thing more screwed up than the zone admins are the feds and half the time the infodots you'll see don't even make sense or look like they were typed up by a real dope!

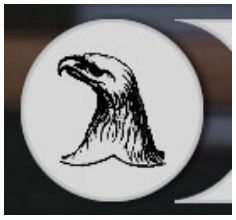
I've collected some of the funniest here on my web page. Hope you enjoy!!!!

What do the Infodots Mean?



Info
Duh, dummy! Why do you think they're even called infodots? The Info one comes up the most. Just stupid facts that they get wrong all the time or trivia about the TV show you're watching. Your TV can store them or you can save them if you want. Never sure how many, guess it depends on which of the three TVs you own. **VERDICT: *INFODUH!***

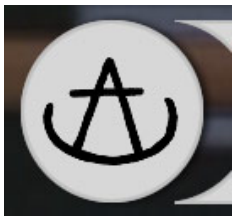
Zone Message
Depends on your zone or town, but you can get either a lot of these or not very many. I don't get hardly any but Matty in Utah-9 says he gets Zone Messages all the time. Updates about where to get food or who has been added to the community warning list. If your zone has a lot of menaces you might get them too but probably you'll just get regular menace dots. **VERDICT: *INFODOPES!***



Federal Message
The President and the Federal Wardens put these out. As far as I can tell they're a bunch of stupid crap like "guess what we just found and exterminated a new kind of unfolder in Texas" or "all helidynes are ground committed today due to ammonia cyclones." Like anybody knows what that means. I guess that sort of craziness is for the Arbies. **VERDICT: *DUMBEST OF ALL???***

Fire Menace
We used to get fire menace dots all the time before the aqueduct opened. Back then it was dry all the time and some sort of weird bug that was on fire would come out of the Arbies and set everything on fire. Or more likely it was just Donny or Loops lighting another firecracker where they shouldn't be. These days everything is good thanks to the Federal Acqueduct. **VERDICT: *NOT DUMB!***

Moral Menace
You get this one all the time, but it's usually nothing but some guy yelling cuss words out in the street or some naked kid wandering around covered in blood. Supposedly there are people that don't believe in the True and Living Salvation of the Host of Angels. I've never met them. **VERDICT: *DUMB INFODOT!***



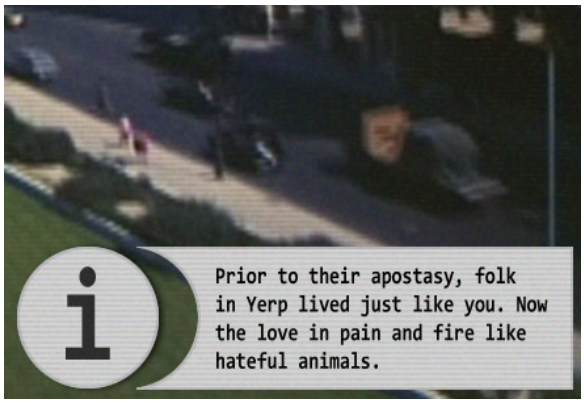
Foreign Menace
The last time a serious one of these came up was when Alaska happened. Mostly it's just some guy with a tan being mistook for a refugee or some soldier wandered out of the Arbies moaning for water. Chinese eaters and Yerps sometimes get called in, but I don't think they really exist. I know the Russkies aren't real. **VERDICT: *USUALLY WRONG AND DUMB!***

Unfolder Menace
Dad fought along side the Yerps against the Unfolders before the Yerps turned away from the True and Living Salvation of the Host of Angels and embraced all that other stuff they tell you to stay away from. He says you got to take unfolders seriously. Personally, I take them as a joke because this message is always wrong. When was the last time you saw an unfolder in person? Yeah, exactly. **VERDICT: *FAKE AND STOOOOPID!***

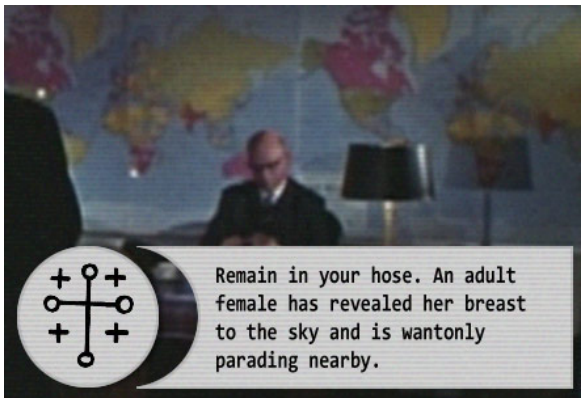
Unknown Menace
This one is really weird. I've only seen it once myself but a couple other people say they have seen it. Matty said he saw it once the same night they heard that weird trumpet sound and then the night sky to the south went green with fire. I saw it the day a shadow went over our neighborhood even though there was nothing in the sky. It was weird. But then it went away and later some soldiers and scientists and preachers came. **VERDICT: *????***

Real InfoDUMBS!

I know why you're here! You want to see the stupid things they write on the Infodots! Well come on over and pull up a chair, Uncle Guz has a whole bunch of stupid to show you! Let's see what we've got this week:



HA! I bet the Yerps sure THE LOVE in pain and fire. Spell check, anyone? More like BRAIN check.



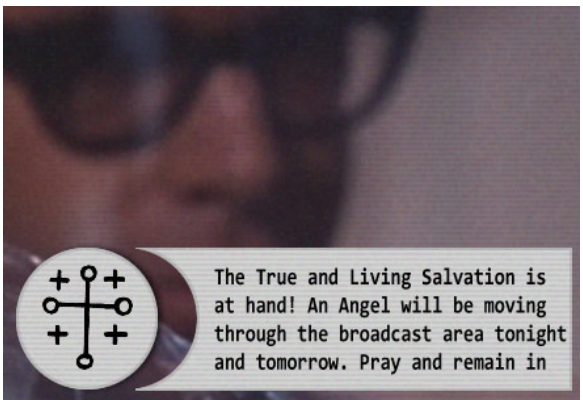
Hello, my name is Guz. I live in a HOSE! Hahaha! As if!

THEIR THEIR THEIR THEIR! This is second grade stuff here, Federals.

The mayor politely insists all
firstborrn must provide a drop of
blood for the harvest celbration.
If you do not have a firstborn

There is so much wrong with this one I don't even know where to start. Leave it to Widows Eaves to mess something this simple up.

Again with the hose! I live in a ranch hoUse, thank you very much.


The True and Living Salvation is
at hand! An Angel will be moving
through the broadcast area tonight
and tomorrow. Pray and remain in

Pray and remain...what? I guess I'll just have to assume they want me to pray and then remain standing in front of the Angel when it comes through my area. (I didn't, it was one of the scary ones you can't look directly at).

This one is actually correct, but it followed like four messages warning about an Unfolder in a tree. It was a CAT! Widows Eaves, ladies and gentlemen.

If you want to see past weeks, head on over to my **archives...**

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.6 Talkdown

Saturday, Dec 06, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Oceanic 816? This is LAX air traffic control, please repeat.

Both pilots you say? Go ahead and give them a nudge or a sharp kick. Most of the time when they sprawl on the cockpit floor with their tongues hanging out like that they're just pretending, joking around. No, they're really out? Looks like I'm going to be talking you through this one.

You're a brave passenger for stepping up at a time like this, but let's save the platitudes for later. Right now I need you to take a seat. Grab the controls, and start turning to the right. Hard. Let me know when you hear a click... yup, there you go. Pull the whole shebang straight out. Now that the fax machine is no longer obstructed, you should be able to see the liability waiver I'm sending you.

Oh, it's just the usual stuff. Go ahead and sign it, then fax it back to the provided number so we can continue. The second fax, that's a citation for operating an aircraft without a pilot's license. I don't need a signature on that, it's your copy. The bottom of the ticket should tell you where to send your payments.

Okay, good. Everything appears in order. Now we can get down to business.

Take a seat, and look at the instrument panel. Yeah, there are a lot of buttons and whatnot. Don't get overwhelmed, I'm here to help you figure this stuff out. Let's start with an easy one.

There are twenty dials in the center of the console, arranged in a rectangular grid. Directly next to the second one up on the lefthand side is a bank of buttons. The unmarked button in the center is what you're looking for. Should be grey. Got it? Okay, that's your Presets button. I want you to hit that until you get to a classic rock station.

I know, I know! It's crazy that they're playing Nirvana. Makes me feel old too.

Now I need you to find a black sphere that's bolted on top of the console. Should be on the co-pilot's side - yeah, that's it. What's the readout say?

"Reply hazy, try again"? No, no. The other readout, on the back of the sphere. Should be a number. Eight? Shit, eight. Wasn't expecting that.

No. No need to worry, you're doing good. This next part is very important, though, so I'm going to need you to pay close attention and act quickly. In between the seats there's a big panel. Lots of LED buttons and toggles. Somewhere in there is a yellow flipswitch, almost like the kind you flick to turn on the lights in your house. Yeah, there you go. Start from there, and in an ever-expanding counterclockwise spiral count every button until you reach 138. You might run out of buttons. If that happens, go backwards along the path you made to get there.

Got it? Yeah, it's the novelty-sized green button. The only one in the entire cockpit. Oh, that's a good point. It *would* have made it a lot easier if I had asked you to find the blinking orange button and picture it in the center of a swastika, then told you to find the outermost button in the elbow of the third arm. I'll remember that next time.

I need you to push that button. Yeah, I imagine it would make a lot of noise. You just jettisoned all 366 passenger seats along with your landing gear to conserve fuel.

No need to cry, you're in great shape now. Keep it together! We're almost there!

All right, good. Calm and deliberate. That's how you get through situations like this. See the orange dial directly in front of you? Rotate it 45 degrees to the left then hit the toggle below it. Now pull back on the thing that looks like a shifter in the center console. All the way. Good. You should hear a beeping sound... yes, it's coming from that tiny screen. Looks like Matthew Broderick's computer from WarGames. Use the keyboard directly below it to enter the following:

E-82-^COM 19201926-LL-EXECUTE

Wait for that to process. Let me know what the screen says as soon as it's done.

3:47? Okay, good. That gives me thirteen minutes until I clock out. Got that new World Of Warcraft expansion waiting for me at home.

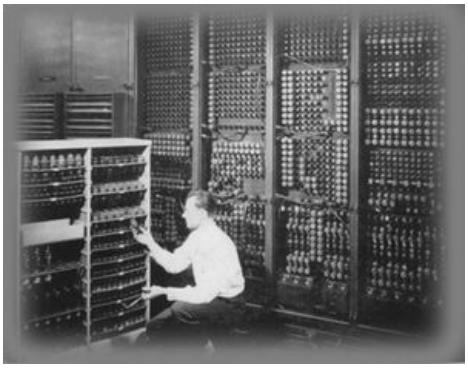
This next part is the last, so buckle up if you haven't already. Kid, I don't want to get sentimental here but you did me proud. I have faith in you. You can do this.

There's a panel labeled Autopilot just above that screen you were looking at a moment ago. Yeah, there you go. I want you to close your eyes, say a prayer, and press the button labeled "Takeoff" with all of your might.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.7 A Thoroughly Incomplete List of Firsts

Sunday, Dec 07, 2008 by Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink



First internet porn

A group of tired technicians crowded around a whirring little printer spitting out random blocks of numbers and punctuation, like someone clearing their throat. Everyone shifted from foot to foot with anticipation (except the printer [inanimate]). They waited for it to stop chattering nonsense and produce the first message sent three and a half hundred miles through the experimental and top secret network that would become, someday, the internet.

BUZZZZZZ went a buzzer, indicating data had successfully crawled through the patchwork system they had been fixing and inadvertently breaking for years. The printer hesitated, reversed itself, then rolled out a paper, like a scroll sent down from God.

Message from Operator 4G5XC to Operator 777LP
START MESSAGE.....

Hey Frank, did you get those boobs I sent you? Clipped that shit out of an ad in Juggs. Killer rack, right?
-Stan "The Blast Master"
.....END MESSAGEXX37511

First emoticon

He was a medicine man of great importance. He stood naked before the tribe, took a slow deep breath like he did before every performance, then suddenly howled and began making wild leaps and gesticulating with both spindly arms. This was to indicate that the gods were well pleased with the latest batch of human sacrifice and would now deliver the rain the village desperately needed.

The crowd shrank back as he danced, and suddenly "Half-wit" Hao reached over and stabbed a kid.

"The medicine man says the gods are angry. We must sacrifice more," said Half-wit, as the kid went through the usual post-stab rigmarole (bleeding, gurgling, dying, etc.).

The medicine man stopped dancing and grunted in annoyance. He stomped over to a nearby tree, tore off some of the bark, and scratched a crude caricature of a smiling face onto it. He began to dance again, this time with the smiley face over his face to announce the intended mood of his actions.

"Oooooh," said the crowd.

"Sorry kid," said Half-wit, but the kid was already dead. These things happen.

First video game

Two kids sat in the back of a small movie house, bored out of their minds, but reluctant to face the

chill night outside. Then one of them got an idea.

"Watch this," he hissed to his friend, and hurled a peanut at the screen, nearly bouncing it right on the image of the actor's nose. His friend giggled.

"Neat," he said. "Let me try." This peanut was a dead on hit, smacking the completely unaware film character right in his flickering, black and white nostril.

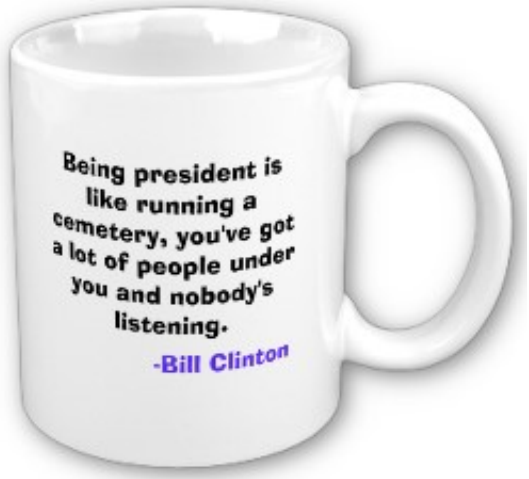
"Yes!" they shouted together.

"First one to hit a nose five times wins," said the first.

The theater manager rushed in to see who was making the noise. He was about to shush them when he saw what they were doing. He watched thoughtfully as they hurled peanuts and giggled. It seemed that these young boys got far more enjoyment out of video entertainment they could also interact with. Another peanut smacked a nose. The boys cheered.

"Say...that gives me an idea," said the manager.

And that's how selling snacks in movie theaters was invented.



First black president

The first black president was Najja, a skilled hunter from a small village in a forested valley around the year 800 BC. One day, the tribe got together and voted him leader. Civil rights history was made.

First Lie

The first lie occurred when a pre-human ape-like creature (female) approached a pre-human ape-like creature (male) with which she had been coupling regularly for many months. When they had first initiated coupling, he had been spry and virile. His fur had been thick and masculine, and his hindquarters contained great amounts of strength. Now, with the old age of their short life spans catching up with him, his muscles were lax and his skin was flabby. His fur was graying and falling out in clumps. When he walked, it was with a sad limp from an injury sustained three weeks earlier.

She approached him, and the male pre-human ape-like creature rose up and slowly made the motions of sexual wooing towards her. The sight struck her as a little sad and more than a little silly, the way his belly waggled along with the tired muscles of his groin. But she enjoyed his company, and retained an inexplicable fondness for the creature he had been and the creature he had become.

So, bringing something into the world that had never been there before, she pretended to him that his dance was making him irresistible to her. She knew that he hadn't the energy to actually couple with her, but wanted him to be able to retain his pre-human ape-like ego. After she responded agreeably, he dropped back onto all fours and the two of them leaned into each other contentedly. Having never heard of lies, he believed that the female creature he was with found him just as attractive as she had when they had first made mating motions towards each other all those months ago.

This was, not coincidentally, also the first time love existed.

First first

The first first was, of course, the Big Bang. Before the Big Bang created time, the universe, such as it wasn't, was pre-consecutive. Eventually the universe will come to an end, along with time, and it will be post-consecutive. For now, time exists. More or less.

The last first, incidentally, was on July 24, 1978 when Ms. Marianne Bartrum scratched her nose in a way that had never been seen in our universe or any of the many parallel universes. After that, everything had been done.

But somewhere, lying in a forgotten government archive, is a print-out dated October 29, 1969, that gives some clue as to how to find meaning in this finite, repetitive existence.

> Message from Operator 777LP to Operator 4G5XC
> START MESSAGE.....
>
> Hey Stan, yeah I got them. Major bazookas. First class bongos. Check this out though: 80085. Just look how the computer prints that number out. You'll love it.
> Frank
> .....END MESSAGEXX39811

-~Joseph "Maxnmona" Fink

12.8 Internet Cats are a Hoot and a Half

Monday, Dec 08, 2008 by LuannD @ The Courier Post's Cyber Desk (@sexyfacts4u)

Anybody who reads my column knows that I love two things equally above everything else, even chocolate: my husband Darryl and cats. Kitties. Cutie babies. Whatever y'all want to call them they are the light of my life.

Unfortunately, recently Darryl has realized he is allergic to cats and having marital relations. We had to give Rum Tum Tugger to my sister and Miss Marple was getting old and she had bad kidneys so I went ahead and put her to sleep. And Darryl and I haven't become intimate for about sixteen weeks and three days.

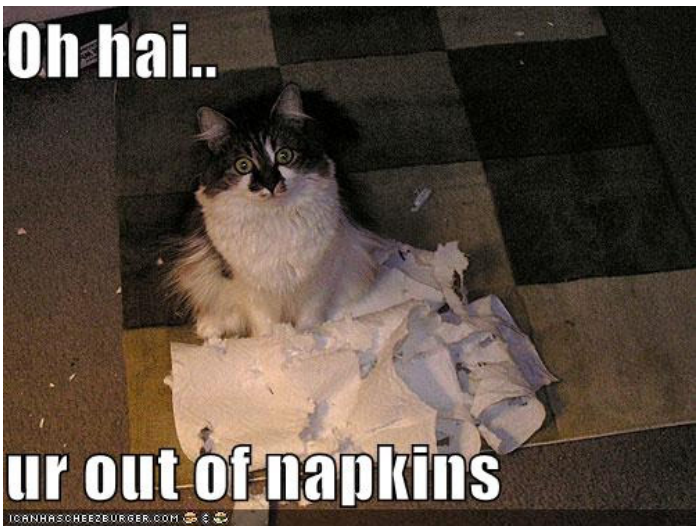
That's a one-two punch of emptiness for little old me, but I've been making do.

My work here at the Cyber Desk has helped a lot. Even though I lost my print column and have to file all of my columns cybernetically there are still a whole lot of you Luannatics out there.

I get your e-mails all the time and read and treasure every one. They've really helped me through a lot. Now it's time for me to return the favor.

Socrates I think said that laughter is the best medicine, but when y'all are havin' the sorta Monday I am having then laughter can be in short supply. Thankfully, I have found a cure that brings plenty of laughs and it turns out it also helps with one of the other issues I discussed.

Have a look:



Look at that little rascal! Doncha just want to plant a kiss on that little face?

"Lolcats" it's called. That's short for Laughing Out Loud Cats. No, the cats aren't the ones laughing, but you will be!

A Lolcat is what you get when you take a picture of a cat (or sometimes other animals!) making a funny face or getting into all sorts of mischief. Then you put a funny message in "Lolcat speak"

onto the image. It's sort of like baby talk and it is really funny. It's the way a cat might talk if he or she could!

There are two great web pages on the Internet for you to get Lolcats. Lolcats.com seems to be less popular than my personal favorite, ICANHAVECHEESEBURGER.COM. Both web pages allow users to send in some funny Lolcats and the editors post their favorites every day.

On ICANHAZCHEESEBURGER.COM (which is short for "I can have a cheese burger") there is a whole section where you can make your own Lolcat to share with everyone else. It's so wonderfully fun and so very simple.

Just click on the "Lol Builder" button up near the top of the web page. That will take you straight over to the Lol Builder, where you can pick from one of a whole bunch of super cute cats, dogs, and just about any other sort of animal you can imagine.

Then you fill in the text and voila! You've made yourself a Lolcat!

Aren't they just cute as buttons?

If you don't want to use the maker on ICANHAVCHEEZBURGAR.COM then you can make a Lolcat all by your lonesome. Just fire up your favorite image editor (I prefer trusty old Paint Shop Pro 2.1) and pick out your favorite picture of a rascally cat from your collection.

Don't have a collection? Get one started by typing in http://images.google.com and then searching for "cat." You'll be up to your nose in cute cats in no time at all.

Here's a Lolcat I made all by my lonesome. Darryl thought it was pretty funny and I know you'll think it's a hoot:

Awwww. The little guy just wants to make you a sweater! Hee hee!

So the next time you've got a frown you want turned upside down, why not go find yourself a little Lolcat. You can have a good laugh or you can make you yourself and share it with everyone else.

I like to make a couple Lolcats and send them to everyone in my e-mail address book. Just brighten up their day a little bit. They are not just funny, they're *cool*! Show these to your kids and you'll be speaking their language. They'll think you're the coolest!

Next week, I might have a big surprise. A Luannatic has e-mailed me something called "1guy1jar" and I am really looking forward to checking that one out. If it's a whole lot of fun and a whole lot of funny, you can be sure Luann will bring it to you.

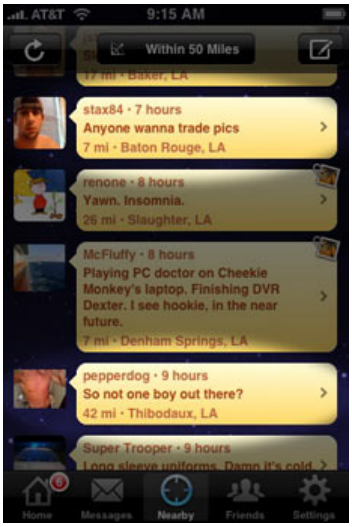
To all of you Luannatics out there, keep driving the Internet Super Highway at the Winesburg, Indiana Courier Post website. For anyone who wants me to autograph a copy of my book, ***Web Surfing 2000***, I will be at the Piedmont Cruise-In for the HoliDaze festival in Piedmont this weekend. Just stop on by and Darryl will show you his Charger and I would be happy to sign whatever or just talk.

-~LuannD @ The Courier Post's Cyber Desk (@sexyfacts4u)

12.9 The Free iPhone App Roundup

Tuesday, Dec 09, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Twinkle
By Tapulous


AT&T
9:15 AM
Within 50 Miles
stax84 · 7 hours
Anyone wanna trade pics
7 mi · Baton Rouge, LA
renone · 8 hours
Yawn. Insomnia.
26 mi · Slaughter, LA
McFluffy · 8 hours
Playing PC doctor on Cheekie Monkey's laptop. Finishing DVR Dexter. I see hookie, in the near future.
7 mi · Denham Springs, LA
pepperdog · 9 hours
So not one boy out there?
42 mi · Thibodaux, LA
Super Trooper · 9 hours
Home
Messages
Nearby
Friends
Settings

What the developer says it does: "Discover interesting people near you and around the world. Connect and send messages and pictures to new and old friends. Update your Twitter account if you have one. The most active social network on the iPhone with millions of messages sent already. All with Twinkle, the location-aware network for iPhone and iPod touch."

What it really does: It works just like Twitter, but also shows you what people near your location are posting, bringing a whole new world of personal status updates from gross Internet people you don't care about to your attention. All I've learned this weekend is that some girl a dozen miles away has seen Twilight a few times and this other guy sleeps way too much for his liking. Oh, and one local dude showed me his clothed boner and I didn't even say anything to him to provoke it. It was pretty much out of the blue, I swear it.

Bottom line: Using advanced GPS technology, Twinkle turns your iPhone into a Star Trek-style tricorder. Unfortunately, it can only locate the positions of guys who want to come over and jerk it with you.

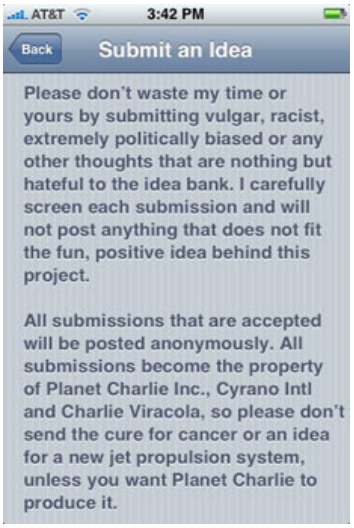
Alimony Counter
By Twain Martin

What the developer says it does: "For all those people out there that wanted to download this application, but just couldnt bring themselves to spend another dollar on divorce, great news Alimony Counter is now free !!! BTW, my own alimony was the inspiration for this application, and the default values if you do not change them ! "

What it really does: Provides developer Twain Martin with a passive-aggressive public jab at his supposed no-good whore of an ex-wife. Booya!

Bottom line: Highly recommended download, not so much for the program's functions, but to remind yourself that no matter how bad it gets, at least you're not staying up until 3 in the morning programming an alimony counter for your cell phone and pumping your fist ever so slightly when you think about how sweet it's going to be when that slut Debbie googles your name and sees it (after she gets done banging a better-looking guy and enjoying your hard-earned money). Bitch.

Planet Charlie
By Charlie Viracola


AT&T
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Back
Submit an Idea
Please don't waste my time or yours by submitting vulgar, racist, extremely politically biased or any other thoughts that are nothing but hateful to the idea bank. I carefully screen each submission and will not post anything that does not fit the fun, positive idea behind this project.
All submissions that are accepted will be posted anonymously. All submissions become the property of Planet Charlie Inc., Cyrano Intl and Charlie Viracola, so please don't send the cure for cancer or an idea for a new jet propulsion system, unless you want Planet Charlie to produce it.

What the developer says it does: "The Planet Charlie 'Idea Bank' is a fun, interactive app that allows people to read and submit funny, original, positive, 'change the world' ideas from their iPhone or iPod touch. It is sponsored by comedian and philosopher Charlie Viracola's famed Planet Charlie project."

What it really does: Sets your phone on a collision course with the starship Groan in the Reused Observational Joke Nebula. Strap yourself in as chopped and screwed bits of material from better comedians is again shoveled into your face using a novel "If I had my own planet" format that feels vividly like something a 6th grader whose parents were recently divorced would daydream about during class. On top of that, Charlie wants ownership of your jokes, too.

Bottom line: I guess if you ever wanted to have about 20 or so "observational" jokes at hand and didn't feel like memorizing any, or saving a text file full of jokes, or bookmarking a web page, or just not requiring a database of bad jokes you horrible nerd, then Planet Charlie might be for you.

Ah... Moemory
By Ateam Inc.

What the developer says it does: "Ah...Moemory is a pairs/matches game inspired by japanese moe and anime culture. No matter if you are otaku or not, the game with its adorable graphics will pull you in. No matter what age you are, the cute graphics will captivate you. The rounds themselves are over fairly fast making the game the perfect pick for the train or subway. Be careful though, you might loose track of the time while playing round after round! One thing is for sure: You will certainly feel better after playing this game."

What it really does: It might occupy your office otaku for a lunch break or two while he searches for a nip slip easter egg. If it occupies you in such a way, great job, you are probably the office otaku.

Bottom line: Without a conversation tree bonus level where you try to sweet talk some hot anime babes, I simply cannot recommend this game to anyone but the most die-hard hentai memory match aficionados.

PsychicMoov
By PachiMon.com

What the developer says it does: "This application helps you to develop your "Psychic" ability, especially for "Psycho Kinesis" - ability to "move" things around.
1) Launch the "PsychicMoov" application with your most preferred finger
2) Put your device on stable, flat surface (natural material is preferred such as wooden or marble table)
3) Tap a coin (either one, suitable for your inspiration) image to start calibration of high sensitive built-in accelerometer sensor
4) Once the calibration has been done, start exercise session
5) Move a coin image without touching the device!!
6) Detected psychic energy levels are displayed as blue bar at bottom of the screen"

What it really does: I have no idea but I am able to move my L.E.G. meters very high without moving my legs at all.

Bottom line: This program checks your legs

Shake.Rock (for your great party)
By iTunesFriend.com

What the developer says it does: "When you are at party, a cool logo is needed. This program makes you show more than 47 logos in your iPhone wihich is divided into four kind of style. You will be shinning in your fiends. Choosing it qucikly!"

What it really does: Every time you violently shake your phone, a new logo (usually) relating to the word "rock" is displayed. This is intended to facilitate harder rocking by those who see the logos.

Bottom line: Hell yeah, shake the shit out of that thing, Jason! Yeah! College, whoo! What's that, some kind of olympic dude running? Aw, yeah! And a radio station I don't know, all right, that's badass! Whoa, wait, go back, was that the logo for an indoor rock climbing place? Someone hold my legs, I wanna do a kegstand! Also, someone turn on the music! Can you guys believe this thing only ends up costing over a grand when you consider the required service fees? Sh-yeah!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

12.10 SA Celebrity Stalker

Wednesday, Dec 10, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

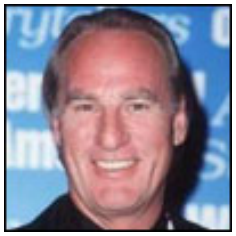
Keeping track of the latest celebrity sightings submitted by our star-crazed readers.

Val Kilmer
Yesterday @ 10 am

Val Kilmer sat next to me at a diner and was looking through the classified ads and sighing a lot. I asked him if work was tough and he laughed and said he was just trying to find a used couch. He smelled really bad and smacked his lips while eating pie.

Phil Donahue
Yesterday @ 10am

Witnessed Phil Donahue castigating a chimpanzee inside Macy's. He was yelling "you're gonna get us thrown out" and "quit misbehaving, you idiot!" As far as I could tell the chimpanzee was doing no wrong, and Phil Donahue was the one acting like an idiot.



Craig T. Nelson
Yesterday @11am

Ran into Craig T. Nelson in the deli on 18th Ave. He was ordering a "really big sandwich" and bragging to everyone that he could eat the whole thing all by himself. When I finally saw the sandwich he ordered it wasn't so big. Lost a lot of respect for him.

Christian Bale
Yesterday @ 3pm

Christian Bale was seen disappearing into a manhole in the middle of 4th Ave.

Jeremy Piven
Yesterday @ 5pm

Couldn't help but notice *Entourage* star Jeremy Piven at the Burnham St Starbucks. He was trying to buy a cup of coffee with a gold watch, but the barista was having none of it.

50 Cent
Yesterday @ 9pm

Rapper Fifty Cent was at a night club eating rare bird eggs. A large crowd had gathered and people were bringing him more and more rare bird eggs and he just kept eating them. He was "wooing" a lot after each egg. Was really gracious and signed autographs.

John Goodman
Today @ 3am

Was driving down 101 late at night when I saw John Goodman standing in the middle of the road in front of me. Slammed on the brakes and nearly slid off the road trying to stop in time. When I got out to see what the hell he was doing in the road, he was nowhere to be found.

Shia Labeouf
Today @ 10am

Hunky Shia was buying two bags of cedar chips at the country store. He seemed very nervous and was sweating a lot during checkout. I watched him go outside and hand the bags of cedar to some shifty looking teenagers. They gave him a wad of cash and then he left.

Tom Arnold
Today @ 12pm

Spotted Tom Arnold climbing a tree trying to reach a beehive. He managed to grab a big handful of honey, but in doing so he agitated the hive. He ran away with a big chunk of honeycomb while being chased by bees. He was yelling into his cell the entire time.

Justin Timberlake
Today @ 1pm

Saw Justin Timberlake walking downtown when he was accosted by a gang of deranged hillbillies. They put a potato sack over his head and threw him in the back of a van while he screamed for dear life. The van drove off in a real hurry.

Jessica Alba
Today @ 1pm

Sexy Jessica Alba was seen walking down 15th eating a big thing of BBQ spare ribs. Her face was covered with BBQ sauce and she looked like a mess. I waved but she just glared at me.

Bill Fagerbakke
Today @ 3pm

He was drifting down the river on an improvised raft made out of old wood and junk. Looked really cheap. Guess all that *Coach* money has dried up. He looked strangely unaffected by the burdens of the world. What's his secret?

Richard Karn
Today @ 11pm

Saw Richard Karn hovering over a cornfield for approximately 30 minutes. After that he separated into 3 distinct objects of equal size, which darted across the sky at speeds in excess of any known military aircraft. After another 5 minutes, they disappeared behind some mountains.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.11 An Opposing Viewpoint

Thursday, Dec 11, 2008 by Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

I thought this was a funny comic but I didn't clear it with the goons first so I'm sort of flying blind here.

So, uh, I wanted to talk about something today that, uhm, some people, might consider to be a sensitive topic. I certainly don't mean to offend anyone, and if I do I sincerely apologize. But, uhm, I just wanted to say, as respectfully as possible that maybe, uh, this whole, how do I put this, feminism thing, may be getting a little, well, out of control...

flinches

It's always difficult to speak any sort of criticism of feminism simply because you have to qualify every goddamn statement you make. It's like being white and talking about any problems in black communities. You can't just come out and say, "There is a lot of black men in jail because of rampant fatherlessness and here's how I think we should solve it..." even if you actually know what you're talking about. No, you have to qualify your statement.

Look, I have a lot of black friends. I love black people and they love me. It's just that fatherlessness is a big problem in these black communities and it results in a lot of kids who get in trouble with the law and do poorly in school and I swear I'm really not racist COSBY SAID IT OKAY PLEASE DON'T HURT ME. And then you curl into a fetal position and sob.

It is with great reluctance that I qualify my statements today. Yes, I happen to have a lot of black women friends. Okay, there.

The Something Awful Forums prove that the witch hunt is alive and well. Like a modern day Salem, threads are organized not unlike ancient tribal hunts in order to find the slightest bit of racism, sexism, and homophobia, real or not, on the forums. Those found to be in contempt of the powerful circle jerk lobby are ostracized from this vile sub community and eventually banned.

The offenders are then thrown off a cliff as a test to see if they are really racist/sexist/capitalist and if they don't scream "NIIIIIIGGGGGGEEEERRRRRR DEEEEAAAATTTTTHHHHHH!!!" as they plummet to a gory death, their account is reinstated. Of course, dying is also bannable on the forums, which is one of the more sensible rules around here.

Fortunately, the only one that can ban me from the front page is Lowtax. And until he does (tomorrow when he wakes up), I'll just have to speak my mind right here. I've learned some things about feminism and it isn't all ice cream and lollipops.

The Patriarchy is Not Keeping You Down

The patriarchy likes to get together on Wednesdays at the YMCA (light refreshments provided) to talk about how much to cut women's pay for the week and think of new inherent male privileges to add to the ol' checklist.

Male privilege. Oh boy, here's our privilege. Men are more likely to be the victim of a violent crime. I'm incensed. How could the patriarchy allow this?!

For all the bitching women do about it being super duper scary to walk home at night, men are more likely to be victimized in public areas and by someone they don't know. I walk home every night from the bus stop to my apartment, a distance of about a mile. I should be flipping the fuck

out!

But I'm not, because the probability of being the victim of a violent crime is actually pretty low, and has been going down nationwide since 1994. What an outrageous idea, the world just might not be as bad as you think it is.

Another one of the patriarchy's main goals has been to put up barriers to education for women. But we must be doing a shitty job because there are more women in college than men. Ugh, I told you we should have put a wall scaling test in the application!

When is an animated GIF just a joke and when is it socially irresponsible?

Wage Disparity Exists, and Women Are Responsible For It

You'd think with all these women earning 72 cents for every dollar men earn that our big, faceless, capitalist corporations would be hiring these cheap female worker bees by the assload! Of course, these statistics, fodder for slow news days and email forwards, only take into account the median income of men and women.

Women are in fact paid the same as men for the same amount of work. What they fail to tell you is that men work more hours, work more dangerous jobs, are more willing to relocate, and are basically chained to a desk for most of their miserable lives.

As education for women increases the wage gap may narrow, but there will always be some gap because some women will *choose* to put their education and career on hold to have kids. How many worthless BAs are out there because a chick found the "perfect guy" and decided to throw her education away to pop out a few kids and stay home?

I tell my girlfriend to go all the way. Get that BA, MA, and PhD. She came from a desperately poor background and now she's at a tier 1 law school. Hell, my girl is even Cisco and Microsoft certified and that really gets my boner going. She didn't get there by blogging about the fucking patriarchy on her blog in between posts about her cat and/or periods.

Preventing Violence Against Women is a Sexist Movement

Women like to tout that 95% of domestic violence is male on female. Sorry, we are just unable to control ourselves. The Hulk has taught us that any situation can be solved with violence. Stan Lee ruined a generation of young men.

These women struck (hehe) Torrance High School in California earlier this year. Who knows how they got into the school or why they were allowed to speak there, but a feminist organization gave a presentation and offered the offending 95% statistic to students. A men's group did a counter presentation offering a more credible statement that men and women are pretty much equal victims of physical dating violence.

How about a group that believes that violence against anyone is bad, regardless of gender, ethnicity or age? Oh wait, there is one, but it's hardly updated and its forum has just over 1,500 posts. Not surprised that our feminized society couldn't give less of a fuck about violence against anyone but women.

Hell, even lesbians are hitting their female partners, and not just the butch ones! I guess they really took the phrase, "Pick on somebody your own size" to heart. It's not like there are really reliable statistics on this subject. Unless a man is bashing on some chick, who cares, right?

Your Period is a Disgusting but Natural Bodily Function

Now I'm offended.

This dives into the extremes of feminism but is retarded nonetheless. Some women hold the view that their period is a beautiful event. Some of the more whacked out feminists have even painted portraits with their menstrual blood.

Again, I'm not saying that this is indicative of all women, but goddamn, your period is not beautiful. And you know what? Neither is pissing, and shitting, and cumming. Boogers, earwax, scabs, farts, toejam, belly button lint, chapped lips, scars, stretchmarks, the human body is disgusting and your period is no exception.

PUA is Retarded, But It's Not Mind Control

It's fun to make fun of the "seduction community", but it's not like these people are trying to pick up your grandma or sister, unless your grandma and sister are at the club, and if they are, c'est la vie. Pickup artists don't just will women's mouths to their cocks with their minds, so why are people so goddamn offended by it?

When Cancer Funding Competes

I recently learned some amazing figures about breast cancer and prostate cancer funding (Warning: PDF) and here is just what I found, friends.

Almost twice as much money is spent on breast cancer funding over prostate cancer funding, despite the fact that 100,000 more men got prostate cancer than women got breast cancer in 2007. There is such a large gap in funding even after 10,000 more men died of prostate cancer than woman died of breast cancer in the same year.

I'm relatively new to this phenomenon so I'm trying to figure out why. Any answers? So far I'm puzzled because you'd think with all these men making so much more money than women, the Feds might want to keep them alive a little longer to suck more taxes out of them.

Women already live longer than men due to the female privilege of not being expected to work dangerous jobs, die in pointless foreign wars, or not being so retarded that they get the idea to fill a cantaloupe with lighter fluid, light it on fire, and hit it with a baseball bat.

But every Fall, like clockwork, I see the breast cancer charities hit the streets soliciting for money. I even saw a pink ribbon on a copy of Madden 2009. How about kicking in some money for the ol' prostate (or sickle-cell anemia for that matter), guys? For once I'd like to see a woman "racing for the cure" with a picture of their dead husband's asshole printed on her shirt.

I don't know. If there's a legitimate reason for such a huge difference in funding, I'd like to hear it. For now, I'm putting this one in the maybe pile.

Poor Self-Image, It's a Problem We All Deal With

I'm ugly. Every part of me is ugly. That's why I'm here and not on TV. In fact, I'm too ugly for radio. I've got acne scars and a terrible voice. On top of all that I act pretty goddamn gay.

In fact, all my hobbies are pretty gay. I like high speed trains, Disneyland, and The Howard Stern Show (to anyone who listens, we all know how gay the show has gotten). I like musicals, Xena (and not just for the tits), and teared up at the end of Titanic. I'm ostracized for these things, and with good cause. I'm a horrible monster and I pray for death. Because I'm unable to fit into the role the majority of society expects me to, a terrible depression has developed.

Fuck everyone, cat. Fuck everyone.

Now women want you to believe that whatever caused me to be so fucked up is somehow less important than the issues that cause women to end up so fucked up. Apparently there are models on TV that force little girls to wear makeup or play with Bratz dolls or something. Sorry there are beautiful people on TV. But hey, Roseanne. At least you got that...

The more I think about it the more I realize how similar our problems really are and wonder why we don't work together instead of acting so surprisingly antagonistic toward each other.

It's certainly difficult when women start their feminist rants with helpful instructions for men such as, "Don't make yourself look bigger than you are by stretching! It's just another way you oppress her!" or my favorite, "If you happen to be going to the same place as a woman, don't follow her. In fact, try to overtake her or cross the street, so as to not make her uneasy about your presence." Jesus, we anonymous men are guilty until proven innocent by women, no matter how many people they know and love rape them. How do we not react so strongly?

I admit, though, it's difficult to join sides when men are raping women by the bucketfull. We'll work on that.

In the end, I want the world to be as equal as it possibly can be. There *are* differences between men and women, but those differences don't make one side worse than the other. We got rid of that bullshit melting pot analogy for the United States and instituted the more PC salad bowl imagery. We can do it for gender too! Our differences are to be celebrated! For once I'd like to go over to your side and wear the underwear and I'd like you to come over to my side and work down in this here mine shaft.

Unfortunately there will always be shysters that mislead the public as to the extent of discrimination against women with bullshit statistics like wage gap and the ever popular "Here's how much a homemaker would make" articles that attract attention and most importantly, money, to their cause.

Why don't we unite together and fight the real privileged class, the true evildoers of the world, the Jews?

(USER WAS BANNED FOR THIS UPDATE)

-∼Hassan "Acetone" Mikal

12.12 That Insidious Beast: Televised Broadcast Schedule

Friday, Dec 12, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the That Insidious Beast series.

TELEVISED BROADCAST SCHEDULE

EST	8:00 PM	8:30 PM	9:00 PM	9:30 PM	10:00 PM	10:30 PM
C1 CHA1	**Announcement from the President** *Live* The word of the President politely demands your attention.		**Federal Zone Report** *Live* Zone updates.	**Tones** *Live* Ultrasonic, subsonic, and soothing.	**Ministry of Works & Fortification** *Live* Minister Luntz reports on the progress of work gangs in Colorado-4.	
CBS	**Eater Chase** *Reality* Lindsay chases two eaters in a corn maze; Kyle can't find his eaters in the abandoned factory.		**Fitch** *Drama* A woman and her daughter disappear and the suspicious husband blames Unfolders.		**Divine Ladies** *Drama* Megan finds her husband's lashgun; Fiera hears voices.	
NBC NBC	**Remember Chicago** *Live* Remember Chicago on the 12th anniversary of the Betrayal and the True and Living Salvation of the Host of Angels.				**It Can't Happen Here** *News Special* Tom Brokaw explores the warnings we missed and how vigilance and faith are the only way.	
FOX FOX	**24** *Drama* Yerp agents working for the Unfolders attempt to sabotage Jack's mission; Jack chokes a woman for her secrets.		**Light in the Sky** *Drama* Marissa can hear the voices of angels and she must decide between her family and her calling.		**Local Programming** *News*	
LMB	**Arsenal of Salvation** *Documentary* Lockheed-Martin products currently defending the free world from the Unfolders.		**Peace is Not An Option** *Documentary* The lesson of the Betrayal and why negotiations with the Unfolders will never work.		**NewTech** *Documentary* Paul visits the Federal Excubitors and checks out the latest toys they're using.	
PBS	**Moyers Remembered** *Documentary* The life and senseless killing of journalist Bill Moyers by Unfolder-allied terrorists.		**Frontline** *INTERCEPTED* THE BROADCAST OF THIS PROGRAM HAS BEEN INTERCEPTED AND EMBARGOED BY THE MINISTRY OF BROADCAST STANDARDS.			**Local Programming**
LUNA	**The Battle of the Sea of Tranquility** *Documentary* Interviews and footage from the Ares Moon Assaults; Admiral Michael Collins recalls the first encounter with the Unfolders; how the last battle to exterminate the Unfolders on the moon was nearly lost.				**MoonViews** *Live* Views of beautiful earth from the telescopes of New America Colony.	
AETV	**Dog the Bleed Rider** *Reality* Dog and his crew raid the desolation of Ohio-2 to recover family heirlooms for the President's cousin.		**Nixon the Warrior** *Documentary* The complicated man who first dealt with the Unfolders and saved our nation.		**Dog the Bleed Rider** *Reality* When a factory owner hires Dog to raid a California bleed for Chinese slaves family matters threaten the operation.	
AMC AMC	**Clinton** *Movie* A biographical story of former U.S. President William Jefferson Clinton, from his days as a young boy to the folly of his death attempting to negotiate peace with the Unfolders.				**Mad Men** *Action* Don considers abandoning the 723rd Hoplites; Nurse Joan prays to the strange voices she has been hearing.	
HHB	**Names** *Do* Names for today. We extend the hand of friendship to these names and await arrival.		**Eat** *Help* Food to consume today: three carrots, one meat hank, one cheese hank, a fruit. Watch.		**Reproduce** *Help* Program to stimulate procreative intercourse. Breed more man and woman.	

TELEVISED BROADCAST SCHEDULE

EST	8:00 PM	8:30 PM	9:00 PM	9:30 PM	10:00 PM	10:30 PM
FWC	**Taggert Execution** *Live* Traitor to Yerp Owen Taggert to be executed by firing squad.		**Indiana-6 Terror Cell** *Live* Trained by Unfolder agents, execution by incendiocannon.	**Simmons Execution** *Live* Claudia "The Witch" Simmons, grave moral threat. Drowning.	**Best of 2008** *News Special* Daniels begs for mercy; Hussein survives a headshot; all of 2008's burnings.	
BET	**Pacification Tone** *Live* Subsonic, ultrasonic, and hip-bop beats. These tones will calm you and relax you for your day of labor. If you feel hungry or thirst for controlled ubstances, please listen to the tone.				**The Colored Synod** *Live* Folk of color are also welcomed to serve on earth in His name. Learn through pictures about these Times of Salvation.	
BIO	**Pat Robertson** *Documentary* Beloved evangelist and founder of the Robertson Irregulars, hero of Chicago and martyr of Kentucky-11.		**Al Gore** *Documentary* Unelected and infamous. The coward who nearly capitulated to the Unfolders after the terrible sacrifice of Chicago.		**Tom Delay** *Documentary* Hero President who brought us out of the darkness of defeat and prepared the way for President Santorum.	
B&FA	**Stocks** *Live* Nail Harris yells about the declining value of stocks.	**Bonds** *Live* Nail Harris yells about the increasing value of bonds.	**Military Industrial Complex** *Live* Tent Hooper discusses the synergy between American industry and the endless war against the Unfolders. And how you can profit.		**Lifestyles of the Secure & Pampered** *Documentary* Host Dauber Reef takes you on a tour of the finest fastnesses and most elegant compounds in America.	
WAR	**Pennsylvania-6 Containment** *Documentary* Powell's Irregulars provide a cordon force around Pennsylvania-6 Area Bleed. The 809th Hoplites with the full support of three Blessed Angels are committed against massed Unfolder forces.				**Battle of Khe Sanh** *Documentary* Prototype Marine Corps Hoplites are deployed to help lift the siege of the Khe Sanh firebase.	
DTV	**Dirty Jobs** *Reality* Mike helps out at a prisoner processing terminal and hunts eaters along the border.		**How It's Made** *Documentary* Isolation bags; cortical stunner; flaying and tanning; sense toner; reactomere limb; cordon; thoracic imploder; angelic undercroft			
LCTV	**Hear the Trumpets** *Help* A show for Blessed Women and understanding the Voices of the Angelic Choir singing in their heads.		**Daily Offering** *Help* Serving the true Salvation Angels on earth. Gathering animals; collecting blood for the sample; hymns of praise.		**Coping** *Help* Advice for those left behind after a mother, father, or spouse has been called upon by Holy Hand or Word to Serve in Heaven.	
WORD	**Verses for the Day** *Live* Psalm 137:9 and many more to protect you and your loved ones from the danger of moral threat.		**Seditionists and Sinners** *Documentary* Immoral monsters pollute our communities; tight-cased wife; swearing child; the parrot learned to curse god.		**Out an Enemy** *Live* Call-in with Sister Ruth. Name Unfolder-lovers, homosexuals, liars, muslims, eaters, and other diseases infecting your community.	
CWN	**Angels of Salvation** *Live* Pastor Carmichael and guests discuss the latest Angels of Salvation to be confirmed on earth.		**Victory Hymns** *Live* Col. Rev. Matterhorn leads the Excubitor Gospel from the Crystal Capital in America, Missouri-1.		**Bible Squad** *Action* Mei Ling kills her father after she learns he is an eater; Ricky and Sue avoid major sins.	
HOST	**Body of Christ** *Workout* Believe in a fitter you and He will provide.	**Spotting Sin** *Help* Identifying sinners and their moral threat.	**Servants of the Beast** *Live* Sister Gloria of the Dogmatic Savant lists the names and numbers of dozens of earthbound servants of the unholy beast.		**Angel Time** *Live* Father Ruiz, prayers to Salvation Angels.	

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.13 Missed Career Opportunities For Athletes With Peculiar Names

Saturday, Dec 13, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Millions of dollars in the bank. Multitudes of adoring fans. Frequent travel that ultimately results in the donning of spandex and a few hours spent chasing other adults at near-superhuman speeds. Yeah, I'd say my life is pretty great. Maybe I'll even write an article about it sometime, but today I'd like to talk about athletes that missed their true callings.

Professional sports have an unusually high population of people with funny names. Maybe it's because having a name like Hanlick Nippel draws a lot of unwanted attention to a kid, and three hundred pounds of muscle seems like a great barrier to protect your feelings.

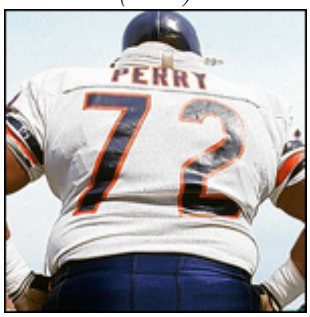
Whatever the reason may be, the strange names persist. Once I might have chuckled upon seeing one, but now I just wonder what could have been.

Names, you see, meant something once upon a time. A surname told everyone what your occupation was (see: Smith, Cooper, Graverobberson) and truly spoke for who you were. It's only natural to wonder what career paths some of these athletes missed out on when they made the decision to squander their lives on professional sports.

Longar Longar
(NCAA Basketball, NBA Prospect)

Should Have Been:
Kevin Costner movie editor

William "Refrigerator" Perry
(NFL)



Should Have Been:
Appliance repairman specializing in fixing Perry brand dishwashers

Alexander Semin
(NHL)

Should Have Been:
Professional Alexander Semin look-alike

Alge Crumpler
(NFL)

Should Have Been:
Enigmatic vigilante righting the wrongs of the seaweed industry

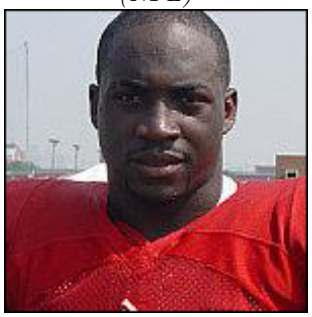
De'Cody Fagg
(NCAA Football, NFL Prospect)

Should Have Been:
Lobbyist for Big Apostrophe

J.J. Putz
(MLB)

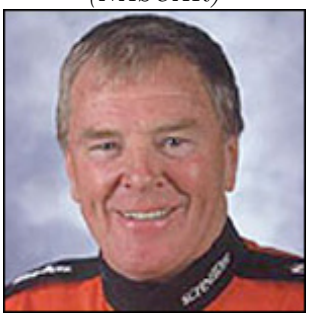
Should Have Been:
PGA golfer

Elvis Dumervil
(NFL)



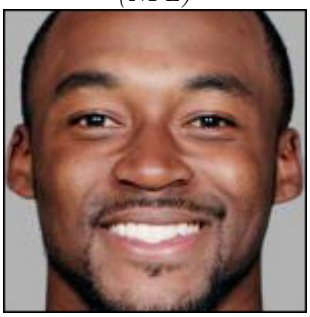
Should Have Been:
Professional celebrity look-alike (Alexander Semin)

Dick Trickle
(NASCAR)



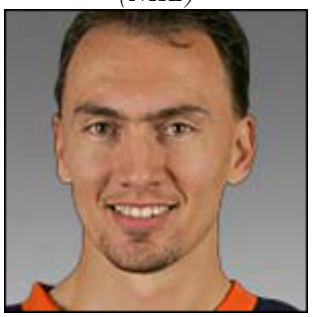
Should Have Been:
Hospitalized years ago

Craphonso Thorpe
(NFL)



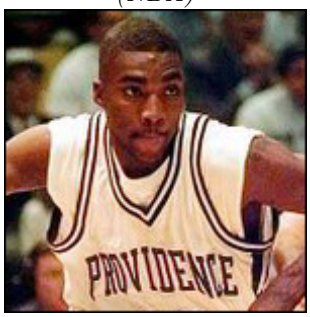
Should Have Been:
Overly harsh critic dedicated to keeping the ego of our very own Dr. David Thorpe in check

Miroslav Satan
(NHL)



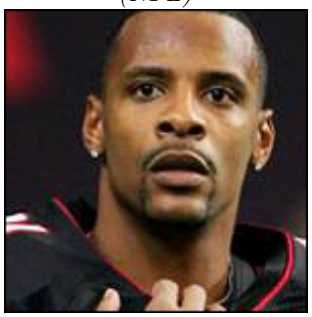
Should Have Been:
Lead guitarist for a Christian death metal band

God Shammgod
(NBA)



Should Have Been:
Miroslav Satan's personal assistant

Peerless Price
(NFL)



Should Have Been:
Out of work peer counselor

He Hate Me
(NFL)

Should Have Been:
Co-founder of Traveling Conflict Resolution Troupe (along with He)

Dean Windass
(European football)

Should Have Been:
Donkey windproofing magnate

D'Brickashaw Ferguson
(NFL)

Should Have Been:
De'Cody Fagg's exclusive supplier of valuable bricks used in the bribery of politicians

Adam "Pacman" Jones
(NFL)

Should Have Been:
Classic arcade game champion with the world's highest score in Centipede

Coco Crisp
(MLB)

Should Have Been:
Cereal mascot (Captain Crunch)

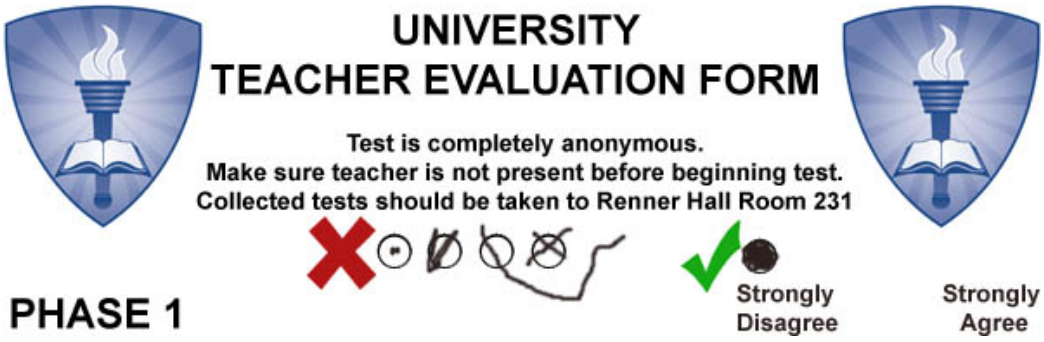
Chubby Cox
(NBA)

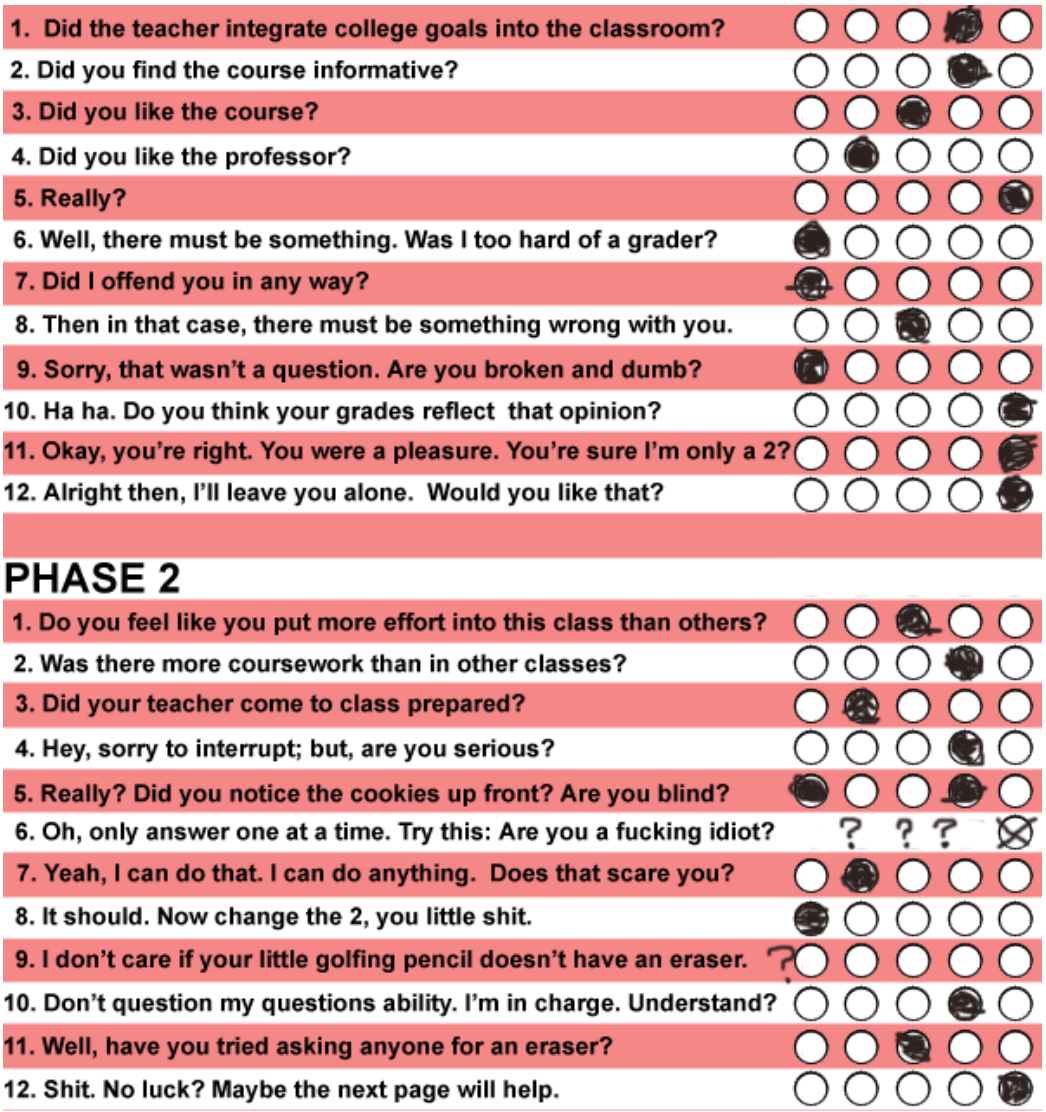
Should Have Been:
The first man to commit patricide and matricide then avoid conviction due to the jury ruling his actions as justified

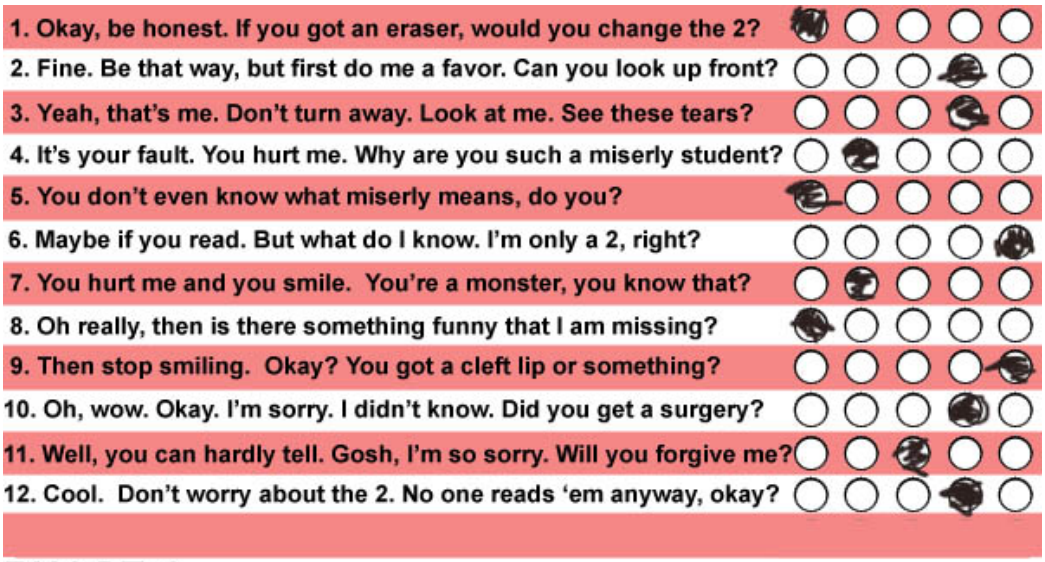
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.14 Professor Evaluation

Sunday, Dec 14, 2008 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)


UNIVERSITY
TEACHER EVALUATION FORM
Test is completely anonymous.
Make sure teacher is not present before beginning test.
Collected tests should be taken to Renner Hall Room 231
PHASE 1
Strongly Disagree
Strongly Agree

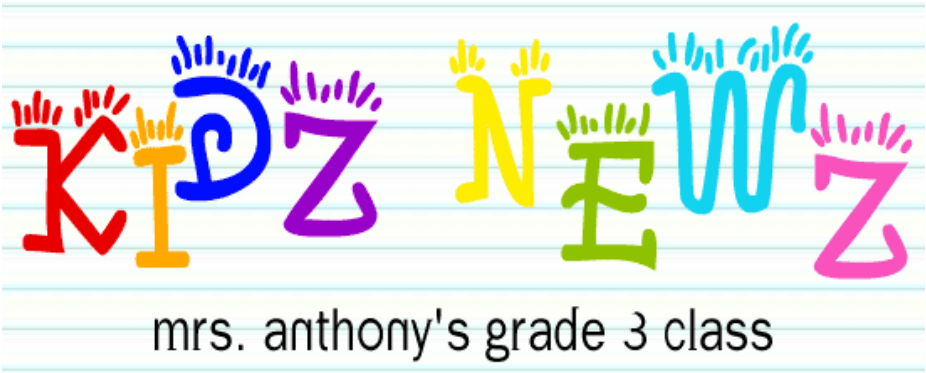

1. Did the teacher integrate college goals into the classroom?
2. Did you find the course informative?
3. Did you like the course?
4. Did you like the professor?
5. Really?
6. Well, there must be something. Was I too hard of a grader?
7. Did I offend you in any way?
8. Then in that case, there must be something wrong with you.
9. Sorry, that wasn't a question. Are you broken and dumb?
10. Ha ha. Do you think your grades reflect that opinion?
11. Okay, you're right. You were a pleasure. You're sure I'm only a 2?
12. Alright then, I'll leave you alone. Would you like that?
PHASE 2
1. Do you feel like you put more effort into this class than others?
2. Was there more coursework than in other classes?
3. Did your teacher come to class prepared?
4. Hey, sorry to interrupt; but, are you serious?
5. Really? Did you notice the cookies up front? Are you blind?
6. Oh, only answer one at a time. Try this: Are you a fucking idiot?
7. Yeah, I can do that. I can do anything. Does that scare you?
8. It should. Now change the 2, you little shit.
9. I don't care if your little golfing pencil doesn't have an eraser.
10. Don't question my questions ability. I'm in charge. Understand?
11. Well, have you tried asking anyone for an eraser?
12. Shit. No luck? Maybe the next page will help.
PHASE 3
Page 2
Strongly Disagree
Strongly Agree


1. Okay, be honest. If you got an eraser, would you change the 2?
2. Fine. Be that way, but first do me a favor. Can you look up front?
3. Yeah, that's me. Don't turn away. Look at me. See these tears?
4. It's your fault. You hurt me. Why are you such a miserly student?
5. You don't even know what miserly means, do you?
6. Maybe if you read. But what do I know. I'm only a 2, right?
7. You hurt me and you smile. You're a monster, you know that?
8. Oh really, then is there something funny that I am missing?
9. Then stop smiling. Okay? You got a cleft lip or something?
10. Oh, wow. Okay. I'm sorry. I didn't know. Did you get a surgery?
11. Well, you can hardly tell. Gosh, I'm so sorry. Will you forgive me?
12. Cool. Don't worry about the 2. No one reads 'em anyway, okay?
PHASE 4
Use this space for any additional comments you might have regarding your course, coursework, or professor. Don't even think about it, buddy.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.15 Kidz Newz: Crime Newz

Monday, Dec 15, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



All Kidz Newz articles were written by the students of Mrs. Anthony's Grade 3 Class at Woodrow Elementary in Chicago's west suburbs. ***Grownups, get out! This newz is for kidz and by kidz!***

crime newz

PEOPLE IN GREECE ARE RIOTING by Andreina Hewlett

a boy was shot in greece promoting a riot. THAT BOY did no thing wrong and he was gun down by police. The police refused to say why they shot the boy. people got mad. they threw a riot and used bombs on police.

Nobody has died yet there. except for the boy who was killed. They stopped the riot to bury him in the ground. Then they started the riot again. Police said it may never stop. violence is never the answer.

MAN KILLS ANT by Nicolette Johnson

a homeless man 51 killed his ant who was 87 because he was cold. he told her to let him in and she said no. the man was out of a job because of layoffs at a plant. he work there 23 years. he used a screwdriver. he stabbed his ant in the neck. police arrived but could not save her. she bled to death.

robbie was the homeless man. he tried to run from police but they have a stun gun. they shot him but it didnt work. he tried to bite some cops. he had ray bees. his heart was week. witness say police watch him die. they watch him die while his ant was bleeding and she died too.

IT WAS A BAD THING!

DOGGIES GET A BONE FROM WHEELCHAIR MAN by Harold Archuleta

A MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR WAS SICK AND COULD NOT FEED HIMSELF AND HIS PET DOGS WERE TWO GERMAN SHEPARD DOGS AND HIS NURSE QUIT AND FAILED TO TELL HER JOB SO THE MAN WAS LEFT ALONE AND HE COULD NOT MOVE ANYTHING BELOW THE NECK.

NO ONE KNOWS FOR SURE WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS GUY. HE COULDNT MOVE AT ALL EXCEPT HIS FINGER A LITTLE BIT TO PUSH A BUTTON. THE DOGS WERE HIS FRIENDS BUT THEY GOT HUNGRY. THEY STARTED EATING HIM. HE COULDNT GET AWAY. I BET HE SCREAMED. THAT WAS ONE THING HE COULD STILL DO.

HE HAD AN ACCIDENT IN 1997 AND WAS HIT BY A DRINKING MAN WHO RAN HIM OVER WITH A TRUCK AND BROKE HIS LEGS. THEN HE WAS 11 YEARS LATER COULDNT FEED HIS GERMAN SHEPARD DOGS SO THEY ATE HIM AND ALL HE COULD DO WAS YELL NO NO NO STOP EATING ME BUT AT LEAST HE COULDNT FEEL IT.

THE DOGS WENT TO SLEEP BY POLICE WHEN THEY FOUND HIS SKELETON REMAINING

MAN PUTS HIS HOT DOG IN A MOM AND HER KIDS AND THEN STARTS A FIRE by Jayashekhar Ganapathiraman

A woman with her two children was pulled over alongside the road by a man in a red van. The man put them in his van. He tied the woman up and told her watch while he put his hot dog in them and then squeezed them and they died. She cried.

Policemen said the man stuck a knife in the woman repeatedly and cut off her ears and nose. He also cut off some of her fingers. She didn't die yet. He put his hot dog in her two and then he got out of the red van which was stolen.

He put gasoline on them. The woman was still alive when the van burned on fire policemen said. They could tell because of fingernails scratches on the inside of the burned van.

Police don't know who did it. Could be anybody but they are taking a look at the blood of a sea man.

Real Pikachu Shock Enemies by Jarrod Kowalczyk

A guy who could be pikachu has been grabbing prostitails and using a shock attack on them. He charges up his shock attack by using an electrical cord. He takes off part of the cord and beats the prostitails with kicks and then puts them in a bathtub. The prostitails are defeated and he puts part of them inside himself (cant say the part cuz its a bad part but he bites it off with jaw attack)

He has caught 26 prostitails across the country!!!!!!

This pikachu is 6 foot 6 inches 285 pounds with sweat pants and a sweat shirt

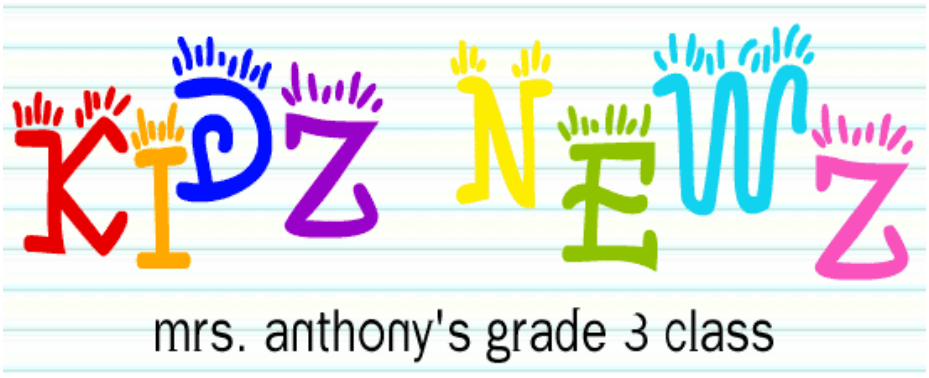
and sunglasses. He is a cocosion who is the number one prostitail fighter and he won the medal from the trainer and the tournament. police are afraid of him but they are going to use magnets. Whatever they do they had better not use a thunder stone on him.

my mom said to evolve a prostitail needs methamfymine. I dunno it might be a jewel. Maybe they could fight better then.

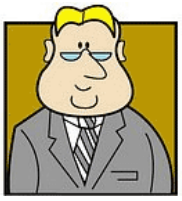
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.16 Kidz Newz: Money Newz

Tuesday, Dec 16, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



All Kidz Newz articles were written by the students of Mrs. Anthony's Grade 3 Class at Woodrow Elementary in Chicago's west suburbs. ***Grownups, get out! This newz is for kidz and by kidz!***



money newz

REPUBLICEMS SAY NOPE! TO CAR BAIL OUT by Andrew Vasser

Republicems voted against the demolcrats in congress. The demolcrats wanted to pay a whole bunch of money to the car people to still make cars. The republicems believe in little government. They voted to keep the money and not give it to the car people.

The reason they voted against the car people is because the cars are stupid. They make big cars and green cars and everyone wants little red cars. The cars were not fast enough. The car people said they could make their cars purple and smaller and faster but the republicems said not fast enough boyo.

Daddy said we shouldnt give any money to anybody. He said it is survival of the fittest. He likes to yell get a job at the people who sit on the sidewalk. One time a lady tried to get him to give her a quarter and he slapped her cup onto the ground. My daddy works for grandpas investment firm he does short selling naked.

He took me to work one time and all he did was read the internet all day and then a lady brought us chinese food.

DOWN JONES IS DOWN AGAIN by Kacy Jones

Down Jones is a good name for it because it keeps going down! It's a monster made out of money. My dad said it is crashing and then he says bad words.

Yesterday he said a lot of bad words and he threw part of his computer at the wall.

My last name is Jones. I am not named after Down Jones I am named after my grandpa. His name is Grandpa Jones.

Grandpa lives in bowling brook. Down Jones lives in New York and daddy says it is where all the Jews get together to do a bad word in everyone's butt. Only dad uses a bad word for butt I can't say here.

He said he's real mad at the Layman brothers. I don't know if there Jews.

DADDIES AND MOMMIES GET MORE FREE TIME FOR THEIR KIDS by Jason Corn

Lots and lots of daddies and mommies get to stay home all day and hug their kids and play board games with them said American Bank today. A spokes man says "they can stay home as long as they want and take naps and wear pajamas all over" and then he said "it's gonna be great!"

American Bank is just the latest to let mommies and daddies take a load off. Last week the three factories by my house said 25,000 people could go home and take time off. Mommy says she thinks she is going to get to spend every day with me soon. It is going to be neat!

My mommy and daddy aren't together anymore. My mommy says my daddy could spend all the time with me he wants now that he is not selling cars. I like cars and I like my daddy! Mommy says he's too busy drinking.

He should come spend time with me! I have fruit by the foots and he can have as many of my juice boxes to drink as he wants!

We Get to Camp Out Every Day! by Ellie Corduroy

Two summers ago we got to put up tents and camp out for three days at Lake Shokakana and we did canooing and I rode a horse and megan was afraid of the horse. But this is EVEN BETTER!!! Me and megan and jimmy and mommy and daddy and grandma all get to camp out all the time!

It's not at lake shokakana its at the parking lot of a sears that closed. There are a whole bunch of families here. Some of them are really nice and some of them are scary.

We all camp out together and sometimes the policemen blow a whistle and come running in and spray foam on people and tear up the tents. But not daddy. His cell phone still works and his cousin is on the police so they call him before they drive in and beat campers with sticks. We take down our tent and put it in the car and drive to mcdonalds and I get to split a happy meal with megan and jimmy is little so he just

has some french fries

Daddy says more and more people are going to camp with us. I hope there are more kids camping! I get to play games with kids there. Rianna is my friend at the sears campground and she showed me how you can open the back door at the sears and you can take a bath in the big sink in there. They have a room in there where people lay around all the time on mattresses and leave balloons and darts on the floor

Daddy thinks eventually the army is going to come and I hope so because I think the army is neat. I hope I can ride in a tank.

YOU CAN TRADE YOUR DOG FOR FOOD by Charles Washington

This is an on the scene report I made.

I had a dog. His name is buster. He is an irish sitter. He is brown and he loves to play.

My dog is a good dog and I love him. We couldnt live in our house anymore because a bank bought it. We went to a big building with no lights and it was scary. We live in a room inside and daddy has his gun all the time.

We eat ketchups and crackers and buster ate a rat. I was really hungry and so was mommy. Daddy said he will trade buster to a man he knows for food. mommy said she will get the oven ready and she lit a fire in a barrel. Some people came by and tried to grab her shirt and pants but she showed them daddys gun and they left.

then daddy came back all sweat and he had a garbage bag and inside there was whole lot of meat. daddy said it was special meat. there was brown hair on the meat so I helped mommy finish taking the hair off. mommy made fun burgers which are little hamburgers and you put them betweek two crackers

daddy didnt want to eat the funburgers at first for some reason but then he ate some

he made a choking sound but he ate it

I hope buster went to a good home and they play ball with him like he likes

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.17 Let Me Tell You About My Vans

Wednesday, Dec 17, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Man, let me tell you about vans. I'm pretty much like Beethoven, except my canvas is a van. Yeah, I've lived my entire life around vans, and I've painted a mural on every single van I've owned.

A lot of people will say, "I've owned in a van, it's no big deal." Yeah, you owned a van, like that means something. Anyone can own a van, but it takes a special kind of person to *live* in a van. I'm that kind of person. I ain't at home unless my sweaty skin is sticking to the vinyl seats. Man, that's just your body's way of trying to hold on to something it likes.

I got my first van when I was 16. I don't know what came over me, but all I could think was, "I've gotta paint the Last Supper on this thing." I totally did. Spent the summer hand painting all of those dudes on the side of my van. Jesus, Noah, the Pharaoh, all those guys just sitting there eating one last supper for old time's sake.

I drove that thing for a couple years, but then I felt the calling again. After a few beers, the Last Supper van ended up in a creek and I was ready to start anew. Got me a new van, and promptly painted none other than the Silver Surfer on the side. That's the life! Just ridin' down the highway, Powers Cosmic in the gas tank, windows down, and the radio on high.

That was the van I had when I was married to Stella. Stella... Well, needless to say, my Silver Surfer van ended up carrying a lot of bad memories in the back. Got a little sauced up one night, and drove that thing into a ravine. Didn't even look back.

A day later I had a new van. I took that ol' hunk o' metal and labored over her night and day for two years. When I was done, she was a work of art. On all her sides were stirring images of the cast of Happy Days. Richie, the Fonz, pretty much everyone. I even had some extra space, so I threw in Joe Namath even though he was never in Happy Days. I just thought, "Why the heck not?"

She ain't much now, but she was a real eye-catcher in her day.

Then came 1977, the year of Star Wars. I had a van fully painted no more than a month after the movie came out. Luke Skywalker, Obi Wan, C3PO, they were all air-brushed on the side. Well, one night I had a few too many drinks and crashed her into a quarry. I lost a good van, but I knew in my heart it was just a summer fling. A man can't grow too attached to a van. They're like women, you see. You put a lot of work into one, but sooner or later it crashes into a quarry and you just gotta move on.

You know, if I squint hard enough, I can still smell that van. Had an odd onion smell, and I never could figure out why. I made love to a lot of beautiful women in that van, but mostly I just tried to find the source of that onion smell.

Shit, 1981? That was the year I first met stupid Doug Heins. That son of a bitch was a fixture of the county fair circuit, racking up stupid trophies and ribbons left and right. Seems like there wasn't a painted van contest he didn't enter. Long story short, I got into quite the competition with Doug, one that lasted nearly a decade.

Doug and I battled it out from county to county across America, sacrificing everything for our craft. He usually beat me nine times out of ten, and I hated his guts for it. He got so cocky he even started calling himself Doug Van Heins, like he was some kind of royalty or something.

The whole time I thought he was just licking me effortlessly, but no, that wasn't the case at all. That

bastard was working twice as hard as me just to keep up, and barely holding on. His kids wouldn't even talk to him, his wife left him, and so did his other wife. Finally, the competition broke him. He drank three gallons of milk, and when that didn't do him in, he drove his Atlantis-themed van into the reservoir. Didn't even bother to get out.

Had I been born Doug Heins, I'd be sitting at the bottom of a reservoir all bloated on dairy. Small blessings, I guess. Gotta count 'em.

Doug was always driving around something ridiculous like this.

I guess that brings us to my Porky's phase. I must have painted at least six vans based on those movies, which was a bit odd, seeing as how I never even saw them. Still haven't. Gonna have to rent that shit one of these days.

Anyhow, from there I began work on my magnum opus, or *soup du jour* as the French say. Yeah, I'm talking about my badass Conan van. Barbarians, naked ladies, and swords. *The works.*

I got Dan Aykroyd to look at that van. No joke! It was no easy task, but I timed it just right so that I drove right past him. Unless he was closing his eyes, there's no way he wouldn't have seen it. I know Dan Aykroyd wasn't even in Conan, but I kind of knew where he lived and it wasn't too far of a drive. I still wonder what he was thinking when he saw that van drive by. I hope he was jealous.

I tell you, not every van I've worked on has been a success. Oh, there was a whole series of terrible vans I didn't think through. You see, the competition in the painted van scene is fierce. You always want to be ahead of the curb, and sometimes that means taking wild guesses as to what's going to be the next big thing. I was always betting on the underdog, and looking mighty foolish.

Let's see... Well, there was the Short Circuit 2 van, and of course the Being There van. I painted a wicked Peter Sellers on that one, though he came out looking kind of like the Silver Surfer for some reason. Enemy Mine? Yeah, I made a van out of that shit.

I guess that brings me to Van Wilder. I thought that movie was going to do a lot better at the box office. When it bombed I just said "to hell with it," and drove that goddang van right into a quarry. I think I've got about a dozen vans in that quarry now. I guess they act as artificial reefs for the fish, so it's not like littering or anything.

This year... This year it's back to the basics for me. Spent two summers working my ass off on an old classic, one that'll never grow old. You see, something that never ends can't ever grow old. So here we go, here's my pride and joy, my NeverEnding Story van.

I think she's the one I'm gonna settle down with. My own little slice of heaVAN.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.18 Your Dying Town Sucks: Youngstown, Ohio

Thursday, Dec 18, 2008 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

A computer simulation of what Youngstown will look like by the year 2009.

Youngstown Sucks
Where? Youngstown, OH
What? It fucking sucks
Check out: This picture of a skull I found
Why? It's cool
Gneeehh! Not a question
This box: Here because you're illiterate

Once upon a time, there was a place called Youngstown. Like a lot of other cities at the time, it made steel. And with the making of steel came thousands and thousands of jobs. In the city's salad days, a man was guaranteed the prosperity of toiling for forty years in a sweltering factory that spewed molten metal in his face, and the rewards that followed a hard day of steel-town work: meat, potatoes, and a solid evening of wife-beating before passing out in an easy chair in a rage-quieting, beer-induced stupor. Yes, unless you happened to be black, a woman, or some ethnicity with a hilarious accent, Youngstown was once a fine place to live, full of opportunity and also rivers to dump industrial waste. But today, Youngstown is little more than a lesser-known Detroit. That's right, it's not even shitty in any remarkable way.

The 25 years I spent in Youngstown turned me into the sad, broken creature I am today. Perhaps you remember my attempts to sneak my lousy education past the city limits, or my brief flirtation with Youngstown employment, which is such a rare occurrence that I should have been given the key to the city and the power of flight. Even though I've since left Youngstown, I still carry part of it inside me, just as living in a filth-caked hellhole of unimaginable depression would make anyone's soul more noxious than the chili farts of Satan himself. And today I am here to tell you why it sucks.

History

Just like any of America's more popular hellholes, Youngstown has its own rich and storied history that I only know vaguely enough to provide you with an outline buttressed by jokes and stupid words like buttress. What I do know is that hundreds of years ago some rich turd named John Young took one look at the fertile Mahoning Valley and proclaimed, "One day, the diarrhea stain

across the upper Midwest known as the Rust Belt will taint this land forever!" Then, after paying an Indian to jerk him off, Young gave the territory the stunningly original name of "Youngstown," and continued his successful war against the American passenger pigeon.

Soon, thousands of immigrants came to experience the opportunities Youngstown had to offer, and after handing over their culture and being sent to the appropriate ghettos, they were allowed to work next to hale and hearty white Americans for nearly 30 percent of the same wages. Things are a bit fuzzy for roughly 100 years, but at some point the Italian immigrants realized that, like all people from Italy, they were in the Mafia; so organized labor met organized crime and everyone was happy. This brought more jobs to Youngstown than ever before, because even if you didn't know how to operate a smelter, you could surely stab a man in the spine with an icepick or strangle his children with piano wire. This new, booming murder industry caused Youngstown to be known as "Little Chicago" for a brief period, and "Regular Chicago" for an even briefer period due to a Rand-McNally misprint. In fact, Martin Scorsese's *Goodfellas* once featured a scene where Joe Pesci stopped in Youngstown to take a shit, until test audiences found the depiction of Youngstown much more disgusting than staring at Joe Pesci on a toilet seat for six minutes.

Our most famous historical landmark.

At some point, the steel mills closed, which caused people to get fatter and stupider in the hopes that they would one day return to give fat and stupid people a place to earn lottery ticket and McNugget money. This day never came. And then my mom gave birth to me in the hopes that one day someone would make fun of Youngstown on the Internet.

Crime

Youngstown was once known as Murder City, USA, due to the fact that the constant attempts by the government to measure our town's population only yielded census takers coming back in body bags. But Youngstown's single claim to fame has slipped in recent years, as recent crime rankings indicate:

RANK	CITY	SCORE
1	New Orleans, LA	441.40
2	Camden, NJ	381.84
3	Detroit, MI	381.24
4	St. Louis, MO	355.01
5	Oakland, CA	328.82
6	Flint, MI	297.59
7	Gary, IN	283.41
8	Birmingham, AL	278.72
9	Richmond, CA	276.76
10	North Charleston, SC	257.88
11	Cleveland, OH	255.80
12	Baltimore, MD	243.12
13	Miami Gardens, FL	239.51
14	Memphis, TN	236.10
15	Youngstown, OH	234.56
16	Atlanta, GA	230.58

The last time I visited, a woman *was* brutally raped in the city park, but come on, Youngstown; it's going to take more than a few lousy rapes to work your way back up the charts. Call me when you get some race riots or more Dungeon Masters committing grand larceny. I'm sure if you all worked together, you could shove an abandoned building onto a hospital or something.

Culture

Eeexcellent. Smithers, release the shitty music.

Some consider Youngstown to be the Seattle of the East--except without the history, cosmopolitanism, and the ghost of Kurt Cobain offering to suck your dick for heroin. And, like any terrible city, local bands are drawn to Youngstown like Foreigner to a county fair. At this point, there is a local band for every man, woman, child and starving rat within the city limits; these rag-tag troubadours mainly come from Youngstown's suburbs (all equally terrible in their own way) in search of the street cred that comes with playing in a place that gets dark at night.

It's entirely possible that, like any decent human being who doesn't deserve to be dissolved in acid, you may not enjoy rust belt jam bands, which are the musical equivalent of being punched in the dick. If so, you may enjoy the entertainment equivalent of being kicked in the balls known as community theater. In such a desperate town, it only makes sense that the most desperate of the performing arts (aside from synchronized prostitution) would thrive like a panhandler in a nickel rainstorm. Where else can the city's gay community (three people) and their female hangers-on (roughly 12000) pretend they're in a place where the citizens care about subversive drag shows instead of food, warmth, and not earning the town more murder points on the nationwide rankings?

But who cares about that; let's put on a show!

Get your very own symbol of the white man's burden on a t-shirt for just 20 dollars!

Defense

After having read about what a relentless shitdumpster Youngstown is, you may be wondering about the mental capacity of those who stay in the city without being forced to by a court order. Some are trapped by poverty; others, like me, stuck around for a quarter of a century due to the pity-based exchange system known as "sponging off my parents." But there's a certain group of wide-eyed Pollyannas in Youngstown who willfully and joyfully bask in the white-person novelty of urban decay, if only to give dead-eyed suburbanites something to do in the city aside from fleeing in terror.

Employing an army of t-shirts, blogs, and book clubs, the Youngstown self-defense army will never rest until complete gentrification takes over and white 20-somethings always have a place to buy martinis and knick-knacks on a Saturday night. Ignoring all of the relevant social problems that, if fixed, could actually make Youngstown a better place for *everyone*, these intolerable clods (I went there) use the respectable platform of saving a city to further their own popularity and agendas, and to fuck anyone who hasn't yet come down with what we like to call "The Youngstown Trio:" hepatitis, herpes, and being ugly.

Such ownage... Impossible...

The best part about baby's first step into fascism is that the Defend Youngstown crew views all negativity in only light side/dark side Star Wars analogies, and will permit no counter-arguments, even if they're not nearly as hateful and unproductive as the ones I'm making now. Just a year ago, I experienced some of their general fuckheadedness via some shitty website I used to blog for; you see, once I thought it would be okay to make fun of an Internet radio station run by special needs musicians who never realized that Internet radio peaked at the beginning of this decade, and was less profitable than those banner ads featuring fat women dancing to show you how low mortgage rates have sunk. I was only wrong about the first thing. What followed was a Robitussin-fueled four-month meltdown by a group of people who weren't even competing in the same field or reading level as me; this debacle culminated with someone snapping a picture of my back at a concert and claiming complete and total victory. I guess there was a scavenger hunt that day at the methadone clinic.

Right about now, as I reach word 10,000 of this article, I feel that maybe I've been a little too negative about this whole "world's most unlivable fart cloud of a town" business. Which is why I have decided to end the piece by talking about the best thing to ever come out of Youngstown. And I am putting it on the next page in a technique I learned from the master of suspense, R.L. Stine!

Ed O' Neill

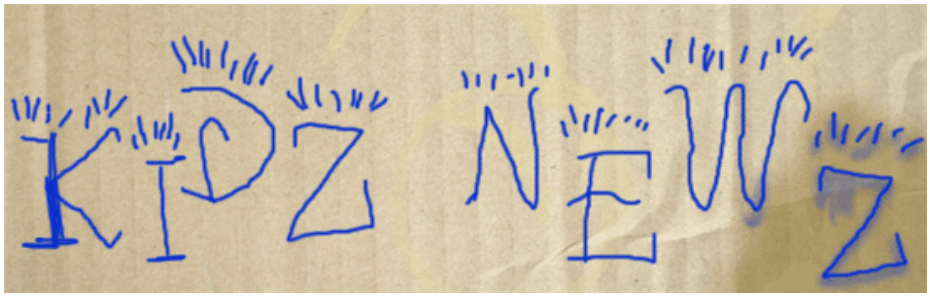
Few people know this, but Youngstown is actually the home of TV's Al Bundy. Of course, he no longer lives there; no one who makes more than 30,000 a year or has a single shred of success does. But Ed O' Neill remains the only good thing Youngstown has ever produced; and, now that he's out of the city, it can safely burn to the fucking ground. And here is proof:

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

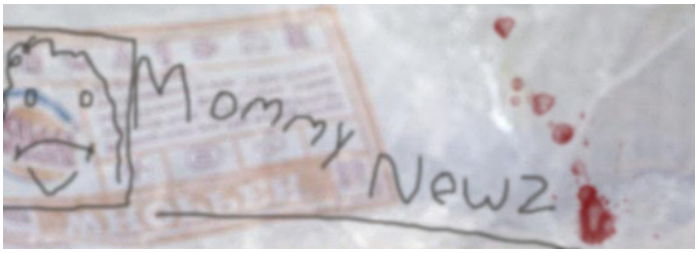
Always Watching Over Us...

12.19 Kidz Newz: Mommy Newz

Friday, Dec 19, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



All Kidz Newz articles were written by the students of Mr. Brown's Ages 7-12 Learning Program in Cook County Temporary Camp Daley-Orange on Chicago's South Side. ***Grownups, get out! This newz is for kidz and by kidz!***



READING IS THE BEST by Barack Obama Johnson

Reading is the best thing! I love to read. My mommy gets me books almost every day from the old library.

She says the Puerto Ricans run the library. My mommy looks Puerto Rican but she is African American. She is really pretty and she says she just goes into the library and smiles and they give her books. She even wears a special dress to go to the library.

My mommy used to be a architect. She said the world can take everything away from you but not what you read in a book. She said some day I can go to a college Loopways. My daddy and my mommy aren't friends anymore. He lives in Big Rust. He used to make the cars and now he is a soldier but not for the army.

He came to visit once in our house that mommy and her friends built. He gave mommy some food chits but they had blood on them so she burned them. He got real mad at this and hit mommy. She told him never to come back. Sometimes mommy's friends come to visit. She told me to look at the wall and cover my ears when they visit.

Sometimes they leave presents. Sometimes they are bad men but Mommy has a gun she traded from the puerto ricans. One time mommy shot a man and then she cried.

He kept making a bubbly sound for a long time and then he groaned and stopped moving Mommy told me not to look but I looked and I saw when he died. I am going to be a doctor.

Say Bye Bye to Policeman by Ashlee Simpson Vargus

My mommy used to be a policeman. She was shot with a pipe gun in ditch town. They put pieces of metal in the pipe and it exploded and hit my mommy's spine. She can't walk and uncle greg has to help her go potty.

Mommy and me and dylan and uncle greg used to live in a house. Nobody else lived around us except sometimes people would come into the other houses and then mommy would call the police and they would scare them off.

Mommy says now the policemen won't come anymore. She said they turned off the water and the electricity so I can't watch the TV anymore. And then the criminals came in and told mommy and uncle greg and me and dylan to leave.

They beat up uncle greg real bad and mommy said they would have killed him but she gave away all our money.

The bad men live in our house and all the houses now and mommy and me and uncle greg and dylan live in an old school building in ditch town. It's funner here but its also scary. Mommy says the police and the army
will never help us here. Thats okay because I have tons more friends and the ear ring brotherhood have a truce with the latim kings right now.

PEOPLE THROW AWAY FOOD! by Alex Cerbowicz

Ever get hungry? Me and mommy do sometimes. We eat mud and bad lake fish you arent supposed to eat and bugs and rats. Sometimes mommy gets noodbles from the storelords at the jewel but she is out of a job for six years and dont get no more chits so we trade sometimes for other things.

my belly is always rumbling and nancy gets sores on her face and is all pale. I didnt know what to do but then mommy found a special place. Its not too far from loopways but there is a place where the rich people in the towers put all of the things they dont eat. and they load them up in special trucks and drive them to a place behind fences and walls.

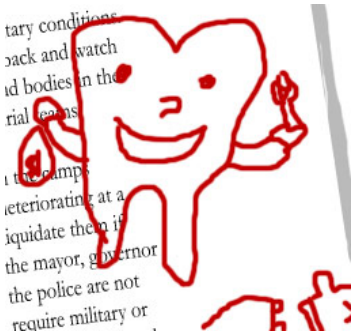
there are guards because they dont want us to go inside, but me and nancy can squeeze under the fence. Mommy holds it up and we can go in and theres all the food you could ever dream of. Jars with food and wrappers with food and bottles and cans of food. Its all just sitting out there.

I even found some plants mommy says are selleries and whole boxes of corn flakes. Sometimes the food has funny stuff on it or is dirty but you can wash it off in bad lake or one of the water pumps. Pretty soon I am going to get enough of them to trade for one of the special neat looking knives clem makes out of those eyepot things. The little computers with the glass and metal. They sharpen up really sharp.

You got to be careful going to get food though. I heard stevie my friend got bit by one of the smelly

animals in there and he died from raybeans. So dont go in without a buddy.

The Tooth Fairy is Hiring! by Justice Torrence



my mommy said u get good money for tooths from a man lives in a train car on the old line called tooth fairy Two chits per gold, one per silver, and ten regular tooths for a chit. my mommy used to work for tooth fairy before stag cut off her knife hand.

mommy says her other hand is good enough for a john but cant do knifework. I dunno what that means.

my mommy says tooth fairy melts the golds and silver tooths and sells them loopways and he grinds the regulars into powders and trades them to the cookers and soupers in cantontown on bad lake

I went to tooth fairy myself with my friend Lid and tooth fairy said he got plenty of muscle to do the killin and he always needs quick little hands to take the teeth. so if you got a knife or a plier and you dont mind takin them from a dead head then you can get yourself some extra chits.

mommy knows where you can trade the chits for fun money and you can buy whatever you want and not just food with that. she buys medicine to feel better about everything she says

I want to feel better

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.20 Eyewitness Account: Incident At Lake Chumwell

Saturday, Dec 20, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The hairs on the back of my neck stood up. Then the hairs on my head stood up. Then the hairs on my eyebrows stood up. Then my chest hairs stood up. Then my leg and arm hairs stood up. Then I ran out of hair product so I went down to the drugstore and that's when I saw the phenomenon.

I was sitting on the back porch, studying for a big test in my Advanced Metaphor class. It came from the east like a... I don't know. I'm sorry. I can't help. I failed my test. Failed it like a bison.

Was the middle of the night one minute, then the whole damn sky lit up. I staggered out of the alley to get a better look, my half-full bottle of Mad Dog 20/20 in hand. After wiping my mouth with a shaking forearm all slow-like, I looked at the bottle with a comical expression and threw it over my shoulder.

Been a wino for well on twenty years now. Board certified, licensed, the whole deal. Suppose I'll have to train in a new field, like computers or somethin', but lord knows how I'm going to put food on the table in the meantime.

There was this ball of light that was tiny and massive, all at the same time. I know it sounds crazy, but it was. It appeared to be motionless, but it had to be moving at incredible speeds.

I'm just not eloquent enough to describe it. The only people that could possibly put it into words are Dan Brown and that chick who wrote Twilight.

I was just sitting down to breakfast when it happened. It was large, with many layers. Each layer was a different color, first golden then white then brown then golden again. It made no noise whatsoever. It was a pretty great egg sandwich, even if the bacon was a bit undercooked for my tastes.

Saw it with my own eyes. Well, one of my own eyes. The other's a transplant from some teenager that died when he got out of his car and danced in front of it while it was still rolling down the street. Poor kid didn't see the heart attack coming.

So yeah, I saw it with one of my own eyes and someone else's eye, which may count as another of my own eyes, depending on whether you're in the or the "possess a body part" or the "born with it" camp.

I've certainly heard from both sides over the years. Got a fair number of pamphlets, took the online quizzes, even went to a few conventions. Still not sure where I fall. I just know that when I finally pick a camp and lay down in that sleeping bag with the camp's name embroidered on the side (I'm not being metaphorical, they have actual camps where everyone has to stay) I'll have a hell of a time falling asleep.

Why? That kid's eye, it haunts me. Tells me all about Christmases past, present, and future. Insists night after night that I change my ways, treat my employees better, eat organic foods, refrain from pirating Electronic Arts software.

But yes, I saw it with at least one of my own eyes. Actually, wait. I'm just fucking with you. The eye kept me up really late the night before so I slept in. Didn't see a thing.

I gathered my kids. I gathered them all up and held them tight as the heat bore down on us. For the first time in their lives I told them that I loved them. What was one lie at the end of a sinful, wasted life?

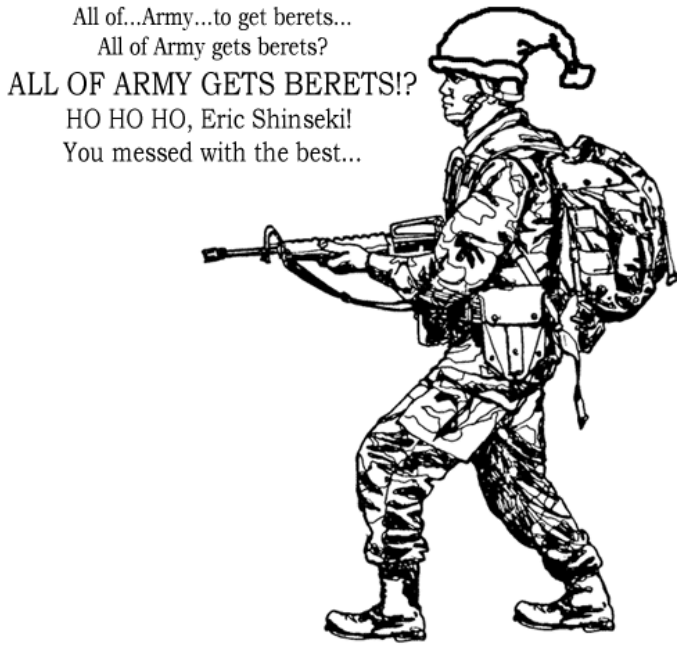
-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.21 GI Army Funnies: The War On Christmas

Monday, Dec 22, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

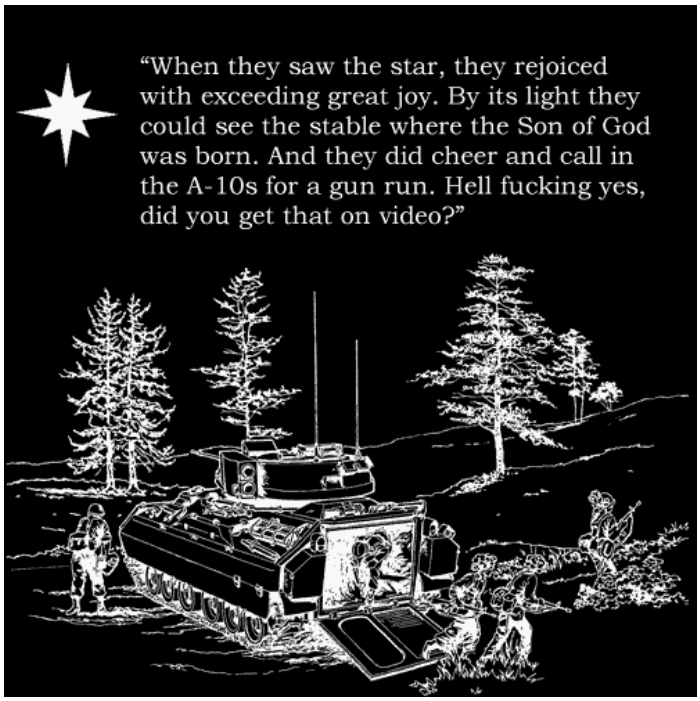
This article is part of the GI Army Funnies series.

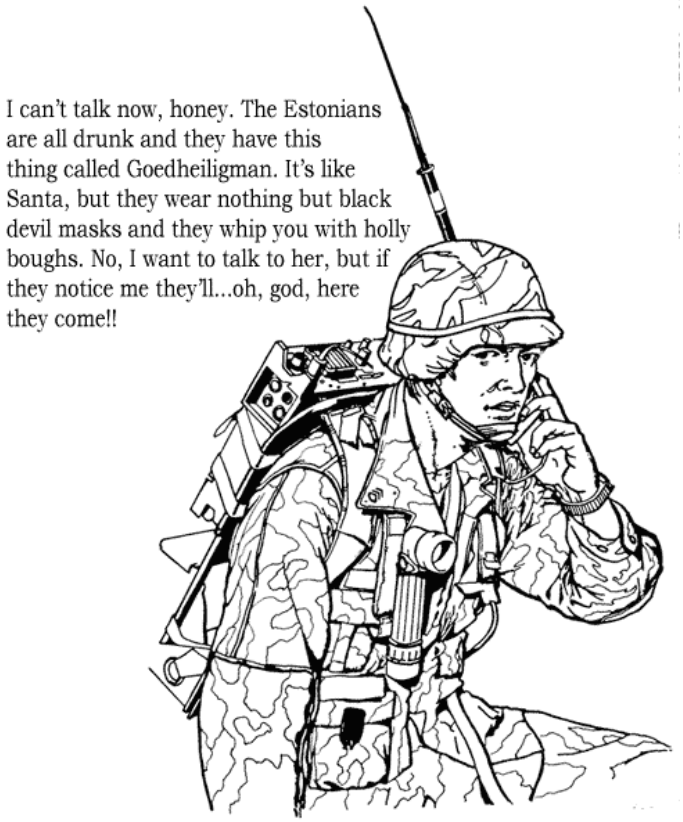
The parade is going to go through Santa's Village. No, there, right next to RPG Alley and the Highway of Death. It's in the area where we can't even send those robot planes.



Mr. President, this is General Patraeus. We can call off the war. We have enough seasons for syndication.

Weirdo? Pete the Creep? Let's see what they think of me when my float is the favorite in the Sadr City Holiday Parade.


"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. By its light they could see the stable where the Son of God was born. And they did cheer and call in the A-10s for a gun run. Hell fucking yes, did you get that on video?"

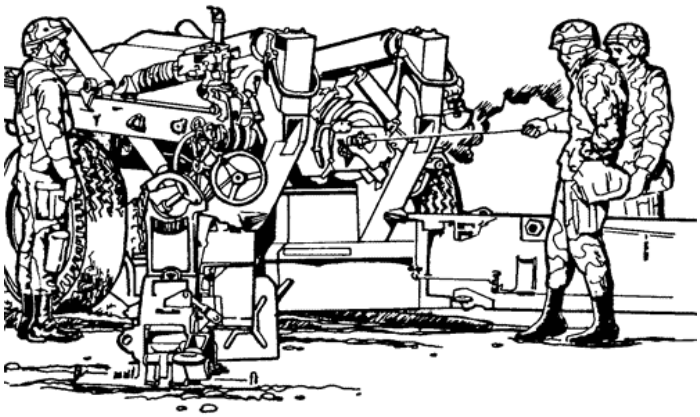

I can't talk now, honey. The Estonians are all drunk and they have this thing called Goedheiligman. It's like Santa, but they wear nothing but black devil masks and they whip you with holly boughs. No, I want to talk to her, but if they notice me they'll...oh, god, here they come!!

Yeah, you want some you dirt farming piece of shit!? You can't handle these ASVAB scores! I know what 8 squared equals! My motherfucking vocational aptitude is through the roof!

Whoa, whoa, hang on a sec. It says here in the manual to "use Monster Brand Cables for maximum clarity and fidelity." Does that mean we have to use them or what?

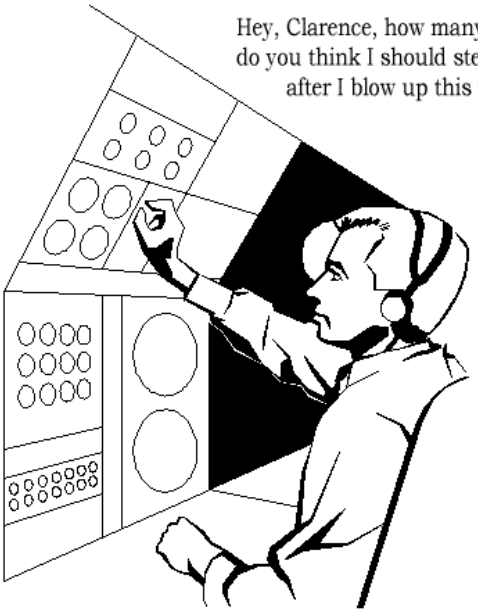
It's Christmas and for once I don't feel like mortaring the village. It seems wrong on this, the Holiest of Days.

Why don't we just throw all of the shells we're supposed to shoot into that house, set it on fire, and call it a day?



Don't think of it as killing people, think of it as launching a bomb that they choose not to avoid. Possibly through laziness.

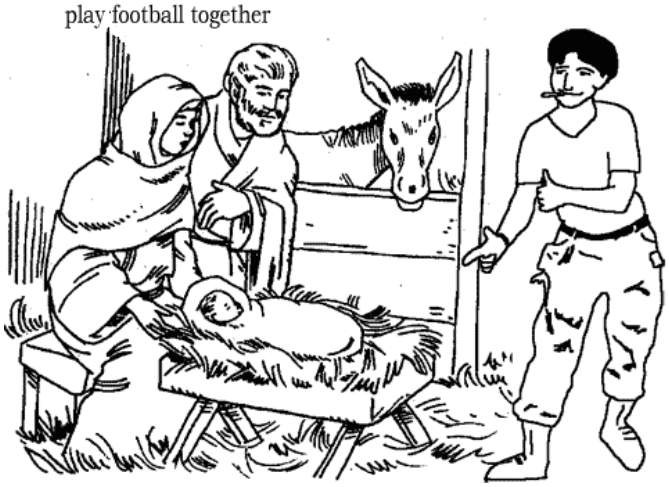
I wish I could see myself right now. I bet I would make an amazing iPod wallpaper.



Hey, Clarence, how many hearts and minds do you think I should stencil on my drone after I blow up this truck?

CHRISTMAS ARMY

- More eating and pooping than Regular Army
- Operation: Awkward TV News Happy Holidays Videos
- Aren't there to see your kid's eyes light up when he opens the Wii your ex-wife's boyfriend got him
- Jingle All the Way DVD less festive when bunkmate is jerking it into a sock above your head
- Worth it for moment when Al Qaeda crosses into no-man's land and you put aside your differences to exchange gifts and play football together



-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.22 Subj: ITS THAT TIME OF YEAR...

Tuesday, Dec 23, 2008 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

GREETINGS from your dear dad out on th eroad. I know its the holiday time and i am sorry in advance for not getting you anything i have been busy. i did buy you a box of oranges for xmas but they were bad when you bust open the oranges they smell like palmolive and oiled leather so i Bartered them to a man for a series of furnace parts and holiday hugs. I did try harder though

To make money for the holiday season i told a man i could make him a web site. so after a little client sweet talking i told him i was ready to type it up and asked what he wanted on it and he said it was going to be a controversy in the community a real fly in the ointment of city hall and i said well Hooty Hoo Get On WIth It and he said "Greetings And Welcome to my home on the web. I am going to find the men who yelled at my wife on the street!! You thugs are a bruise on this town" and whatnot. he started getting really steamed and angry which pats my butter so i put the phone down and drove off slowly so he wouldnt hear my tires or my unbelievable groan once i got to the car

Error 404 - Microsoft Internet Explorer
HTTP Error 404
404 Not Found
The Web server cannot find the file or script you asked for. Please check the URL to ensure that the path is correct.
Please contact the server's administrator if this problem persists.
Done
Local intranet

I decided to give up the Net for that reason but also because its too easy to get caught not doing work. Just one phone call "Hello police? There is a man on the computer with the name "Robber1956" thought you should be aware. There's more info in my email." that's all it takes just 1 time 1 strike you're out

Heres your new money maker an untapped market I know we all have the shirt that says "if you can read this the BITCH fell off!" but how many of us have a back tattoo that says "if you can read this my shirt fell off also"?? Stylish sexy and practical aka a triple treat

Of course the classic way to become a millionare is to be on TV and youre in luck because I have a show for you to do.... "Welcome to Platitudes my circus show on the tv. With me today is Trade School Man who is going to show me the tricks of the cooking trade Come to the big top one and all. But you wont find circus acts in this arena you will only find Gruff Men making your food. Nothing is real at the cirucs Reality is a construct we make your food live on tv. By having the stars cook food during the show it cuts operating costs Then when a customer gets mad live on tv we say "Would you like some Fries with that bowl cut??" and thats that. it would be just like printing money which we would also do

Back in the year 1995 i snuck into a trade show about VIRTUAL REALITY and i know how to make your money a reality. You see in my demonstration i got on an exercise bike hooked up to a set of goggles and as i rode the bike i floated through a magic 3D world well the future of this 3D world is Hot Mamas...!!!! How about if instead of biking past a creek i ride past a giant Womans Thigh!! So Spicy... Or instead of having hills why not an enormous Lady's sensual Neck Cords drawn in a computerized 3d world and you can see the neck cords flexing while the head turns. Not my cup of tea of course but i am making this business model work for my pocketbook.

The world will be called A Womans Thigh and NeckQuest

SO LONG DAD!!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

12.23 Last Minute Holiday Gifts from the Bradford Exchange

Wednesday, Dec 24, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

The fall of man is not the result of us letting homosexuals have kids or allowing dudes to marry horses or even letting atheists to speak freely. No, it's the result of our continued tolerance of the Bradford Exchange. When the Rapture happens any minute now, the only ones disappearing will be babies and people who've been in comas for the last twenty years. We're all guilty, and the crime is as severe as any documented in a law book or Biblical top ten list.

I cite, as the latest batch of evidence indicating the Bradford Exchange and all of humanity, the following examples of actual merchandise:

Top Christmas Gift
Hour of Glory
Cuckoo Clock
Features accurate quartz movement, swinging brass pendulum and golden hands
Sculptural cannon announces each hour with the sound of cannon fire
24" High

First-Ever Civil War Collectible Cuckoo Clock Presents Dramatic Imagery

> "Fill your home with hours of historic inspiration with a first-ever Civil War collectible cuckoo clock, available only from The Bradford Exchange."

In the waning days of the Civil War, when all hope seemed lost for the Confederacy, members of the Southern Elite began to take refuge in a large underground vault. Over one hundred years later, the mutants inside that vault returned to the surface world and immediately founded the Bradford Exchange.

Since then they've been working tirelessly to remind people of the GLORIOUS SOUTH by affixing its assorted symbols and heroes to model trains, fake knives, watches, tables, rings, jackets, shot glasses, and plates. So far they haven't really succeeded in overthrowing the United States Government and replacing it with a new Confederacy, but maybe with a little luck this cuckoo clock will be the one piece of merchandise that finally inspires the South to Rise Again.

Every hour from now until the time the reincarnated General Lee restores the South to its true glory, this beautiful clock will erupt with actual cannon fire sounds. I can't imagine a more inspiring thing. Nothing gets me in the mood to secede from the Union and buy a slave like the sound of

cannon fire. These things will probably sell like really hot cakes, so buy like a dozen.

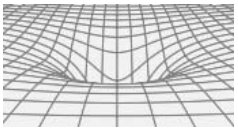
History Shines Brightly! Civil War Table Lamp Salutes 3 Heroes of the Confederacy!

> "Salute Confederate pride with this striking decorative table lamp, available exclusively from The Bradford Exchange."

As if having time tainted by the lingering stains of the Confederacy wasn't enough, now they went and soiled light itself. We're running out of natural phenomena to slap General Lee's face on.

I guess this lamp could serve as an important reminder to guests that you're an irascible redneck liable to snap at any minute. Either that or you're like the immortal protagonist from the unforgettable Alphaville song "Forever Young" and the days of the Confederacy were really awesome for you and you want to treasure them always. As a betting man, I am gambling on the former.

If you're a serious lamp collector, you could do far better. For example, the EXCLUSIVE FANTASY WIZARD AND DRAGON ART TABLE LAMP THAT ILLUMINATES A SECRET REALM OF ENCHANTMENT is far more dramatic and doesn't reference such a divisive and terrible time in American history.



This beautiful gravitational well was formed when the heroes of the Confederacy left their indelible mark on the fabric of time and space.

Exclusive Barack Obama Collectible Train Collection Goes Full Speed Ahead in Movement for Change!

I AM BARACK OBAMA. BEHOLD THE TRAIN THAT BEARS MY LIKENESS."

I AM BARACK OBAMA. BEHOLD THE TRAIN THAT BEARS MY LIKENESS.The Underground Railroad is ready to surface at long last! This is an authentic replica of the actual train Barack Obama rode in as he crossed this great land, from the noble depths of the Confederate States to the homosexual witch covens of the north. It will be in a train just like this one (but much bigger!) that Barack Obama rides on his fateful voyage into both the White House and history books when he finally takes office.

For those of you thinking this train is tacky, I say to you: *shut the hell up.* This is way better than the nearly identical model train with pictures of Star Trek characters on the side, or pictures of Spider-Man, or pictures of various sports teams and dead NASCAR deities. This is as classy and respectful as you can get. Aside from the Confederate-themed train set, this is probably the finest historical train set ever made.

Thomas Kinkade Christmas Story House Features Kinkade's Narration of Classic Holiday Tale!

> "You'll love watching the rapt expressions of your family and friends as they experience this exclusive limited-edition Thomas Kinkade Christmas décor."

Christmas in the world of Thomas Kinkade is alienating and strange. At first glance we see an idyllic Holiday scene complete with a beautiful home, snowy rooftop, and Christmas décor. But what's this? It appears Santa Claus himself is in the midst of a visit. What luck! His sleigh and assorted reindeer are parked outside.

The problem is that Santa seems to be in two places at once. I realize the Bradford Exchange has always been about giving you more bang for your buck. Why put in one dragon or eagle when you can put in two, and then paint more dragons and eagles on the sides of those dragons and eagles? But this... this is just confusing. Clearly one Santa has to be an imposter!

If I had to guess the real Santa, my money would be on the one downstairs near the Christmas tree. The one upstairs? Some kind of deranged shut-in or shape-shifting demon. Using the Bradford Exchange's state-of-the-art zoom feature, I was able to snag this disturbing close-up.

Note the hideous, possibly dead face hovering over Santa #2's shoulder. WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON IN THIS HOUSE OF HORRORS?

I suppose THE VOICE OF THOMAS KINKADE might shed some light on this mystery, but alas I cannot hear it without spending the $135.00 to purchase this. Somebody please rip THE VOICE OF THOMAS KINKADE to mp3 using the highest scene standards so that I can put it on my iPod.

For a limited time only, this update is also available painted on the side of nature's mythical unicorn. Heavy demand is expected! Order today!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.24 A Reading Time Christmas Primer

Thursday, Dec 25, 2008 by Facility 1349 Instructor Ken Orlock

This article is part of the Reading Time series.

Stevie, I have received your preliminary report, and I understand you are embedded in a difficult situation. But before we formally review your intelligence from the field, I must brief you on a holiday that you'll witness humans celebrating even in the midst of considerable tumult - perhaps, somewhat pathetically, especially at such a time. The human version of the Santa Claus story contains various distortions and myth-makings, but the True Lesson, which we present to you now in Reading Task format, offers classified information regarding the surprising heroism of some animals, the untrustworthiness of rodents, and the relevance of the red suit and false beard we recently shipped to you by emergency courier and demanded that you wear.

This is Santa Claus. He is the rare villain who operates without a superhero arch-nemesis, mostly because many humans regard him as benign (due to his reputed nonexistence) or benevolent (due to his well-documented history of shameless bribery). Santa Claus serves as the leader of an influential cult: He often recruits children such as this gullible lad to fill his ranks because they're more likely to "believe in him."

When Santa cannot persuade young people to pledge allegiance to his cause, he will occasionally abduct them, using the contracted services of a sleep-inducing fairy. After he has completed his nefarious scheme, he will return the child to its bed, without memories of its complicity. (The fairy lulled our agent into somnolence, resulting in several missing frames within this sequence.)

Santa Claus employs demonic henchmen, commonly misidentified as elves. It takes a hero's eye to recognize their true form. Special Facility-grade goggles captured these creatures lurking at a human ceremony. Untrained onlookers described them as "jolly."

Santa Claus uses mice as spies, but he has been successful at spreading propaganda that reduces suspicion regarding their covert activities. For example, conventional knowledge holds that mice do not "stir" on Christmas Eve, but this surveillance photo (note the relevant calendar page) depicts a rodent family meeting to plan and discuss seditious acts.

This mouse sneaks into people's houses and animals' barns, then reports back to Santa.

With the mouse on his shoulder, Santa conducts bizarre animal experiments.

It is commonly thought that reindeer cannot fly. Santa has proven they can in fact do almost anything if they're lashed savagely enough with a three-pronged whip, though replacements are required so constantly that the species has become quite endangered.

Animals are humiliated to lower their resistance to Santa's whims. For example, ponies are placed in jobs for which they're poorly qualified, then brutally shamed for failing.

Santa's minions force dogs to wear degrading costumes, particularly during the holiday season. This tinsel-decked pup escaped one of Santa's compounds and immediately warned the nearest beasts, without even pausing to remove his burdensome adornments.

Rallying in support of their mistreated brethren, the animals surrounded Santa. He lacked the proper spacing to extend his fateful whip. The mouse, either cowardly or traitorous to his cause, was nowhere to be found. The vigilant beasts collapsed upon him with malice.

The jubilant animals started imitating and mocking Santa at Christmas time, donning miniature replications of his robe in macabre celebration of their vanquished oppressor.

The brutes also performed songs about their conquered master, alongside human oddities, such as a child who swallowed wineglasses whole before belching them out in cascading arcs.

However, their triumph was short-lived, because copycat criminals arose to occupy Santa's subtly blood-drenched suit. Raving derelicts donned his wares on street corners, and one sociopath even created a ghoulish mold of Santa's lifeless face and hung it as a mask in his inglorious tool shed.

These nuisances were nothing compared to the freshly generated Santas, which began to emerge from a Facility. To this day, many of these infernal clones roam the human realm.

Your mission, until date 012/025 completes its duration, is to disguise yourself as Santa Claus to boost the morale of those you're rescuing and win the trust of your enemies. Identify yourself as the "one true Santa," and terminate any doppelgangers you see, especially those making the same claim. Reveal nothing of what you've learned to any humans, but divulge your identity as a disguised hero to animals, in order to win them as allies. Godspeed, Stevie.

-~Facility 1349 Instructor Ken Orlock

12.25 An appeal from Wikipedia founder, Jimmy Wales

Friday, Dec 26, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Wikipedia founder Jimmy Wales recently posted a personal appeal to users of Wikipedia in an attempt to increase donations to his Wikimedia Foundation and keep the user-editable encyclopedia advertising-free.

An appeal from Wikipedia founder, Jimmy Wales

Jimmy Wales
Appealing Things

An appeal from Wikipedia founder, Jimmy Wales is an appeal from Wikipedia founder, Jimmy Wales.[1] Wales wrote the appeal for users of the website Wikipedia, which Wales founded, in addition to the Wikimedia Foundation, which he founded in 2003. The appeal was for donations to keep Wikipedia free of advertisements. **[citation needed]**

Controversy

Well-informed wikipedions, editors, and administrators have been engaging in a very heated discussion on the subject matter of this appeal in the most important and influential corners of the wikipedia community.[2] The primary source of conflict is the lack of transparency in Wales and the WIkimedia Foundation's accounting for donations.

In a very convincing blog entry entitled "LIES!"[3] wikipedia admin kitsune_yiffs described how wikipedia was run by "two kinds of assholes: stupid assholes and greedy assholes." Although he did not say which category Jimmy Wales falls into, kitsune_yiffs implied he was both a stupid and a greedy asshole.

The appeal has not been written about by a print source and many also believe the appeal is non-notable and should be deleted.

Criticism

Jimmy Wales is a vain Randian retardate who took away many very qualified people's admin accounts at wikipedia when he was caught editing his own biography like a narcissistic asshole.[4] He continues to eat my balls. **[citation needed]**

Many extremely important members of the Wiki community have spoken out against the appeal. The appeal written by Wales was poorly sourced and consisted almost completely of original research[5] on the subject of the Wikimedia Foundation's financial disposition. When questioned about this on his profile page Wales did not respond to me so I immediately edited that into this page.[6][7]

Jimmy Wales has not made the appeal editable by the users of Wikipedia. Because he is a cat buttfucker.[8]

Success

Since the Wikimedia fundraiser is still going on it is impossible to know whether or not this worked, but everyone who has posted about it say there is no way it worked. [9]

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.26 The Third Reich's Funniest Assassination Plots

Saturday, Dec 27, 2008 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The new movie *Valkyrie* portrays the true story of a group of German officers who attempted to assassinate Hitler and bring the second world war to an end in 1944. As you might imagine, an overwhelming majority of the modern moviegoing audience has been surprised by the film, since just about everyone assumed that Bryan Singer retired in shame after directing *Superman Returns*.

While the events depicted in *Valkyrie* are incredible, they are also far from unique. Over three dozen attempts on Hitler's life were made during his rise to power and throughout the second World War. To the best of my knowledge, at least ten of them failed.

1933

Would-Be Assassin: Friedrich Schulze

The Plan: At the height of the nationwide book burning frenzy, have Hitler's assistant switch the fuhrer's usual uniform with an oversized edition of the Torah with holes cut out for his arms, legs and head.

Where It Went Wrong: Hitler refused to wear the Jewish holy book, as the hole for the head was on the bottom, and wearing an upside down book would have made him look like a fool.

1937

Would-Be Assassin: Graf Olbricht

The Plan: Lure Hitler into an open field where a Hitler mannequin with breasts and lipstick rests upon the trigger of a massive bear trap. When the dictator approaches to mount the bait, SNAP!

Where It Went Wrong: Hitler reproduced by locking his knees at a 45 degree angle and spraying protosperm into the air with the sac-like glands located behind his ears. The mannequin was successfully impregnated from a distance of 200 yards.

1941

Would-Be Assassin: Georg von Ludwig

The Plan: Inflitrate the Ahnenerbe think-tank, locate the occult research facility, retrieve the Prophet's Eye. Use the mystical object's powers to fast forward in time and show Hitler the failures that lay ahead, sending the wretched man into anaphylactic shock.

Where It Went Wrong: The Prophet's Eye showed Hitler an episode of *Tyler Perry's House Of Payne* and a sneak preview of *Tyler Perry's Meet The Browns*, which he found absolutely delightful.

1942

Would-Be Assassin: The United Nations

The Plan: Send tens of millions of soldiers and untold reserves of weapons and vehicles in the general direction of Adolf Hitler.

Where It Went Wrong: The fuhrer popped his emergency brake, tipping a pair of shades down on his nose and smirking around a well-worn toothpick as everyone blew right past him.

1943

Would-Be Assassin: Hans Jurgen

The Plan: Wait until Hitler falls asleep. With the aid of local anesthetic, implant a complicated device in his right arm that will employ air pressure to blast a hole in his internal organs the next time he does his trademark salute. This process will be complicated, and may require several consecutive nights of unrestricted access to Hitler's room.

Where It Went Wrong: The operation was completed without arousing any suspicion, but every time the dictator raised his arm his shoes tightened.

1944

Would-Be Assassin: Gunther Klaus

The Plan: Acquire one of the German military's newly-produced V1 missiles and modify it with experimental mustache-seeking technology, then fire it at the dictator during a rally.

Where It Went Wrong: This is Gunther Klaus:

1945

Would-Be Assassin: Franz Hoepner

The Plan: As Hitler is momentarily distracted by subordinates greeting his arrival at the underground bunker, kidnap his loyal dog and replace it with a starved, savage look-alike.

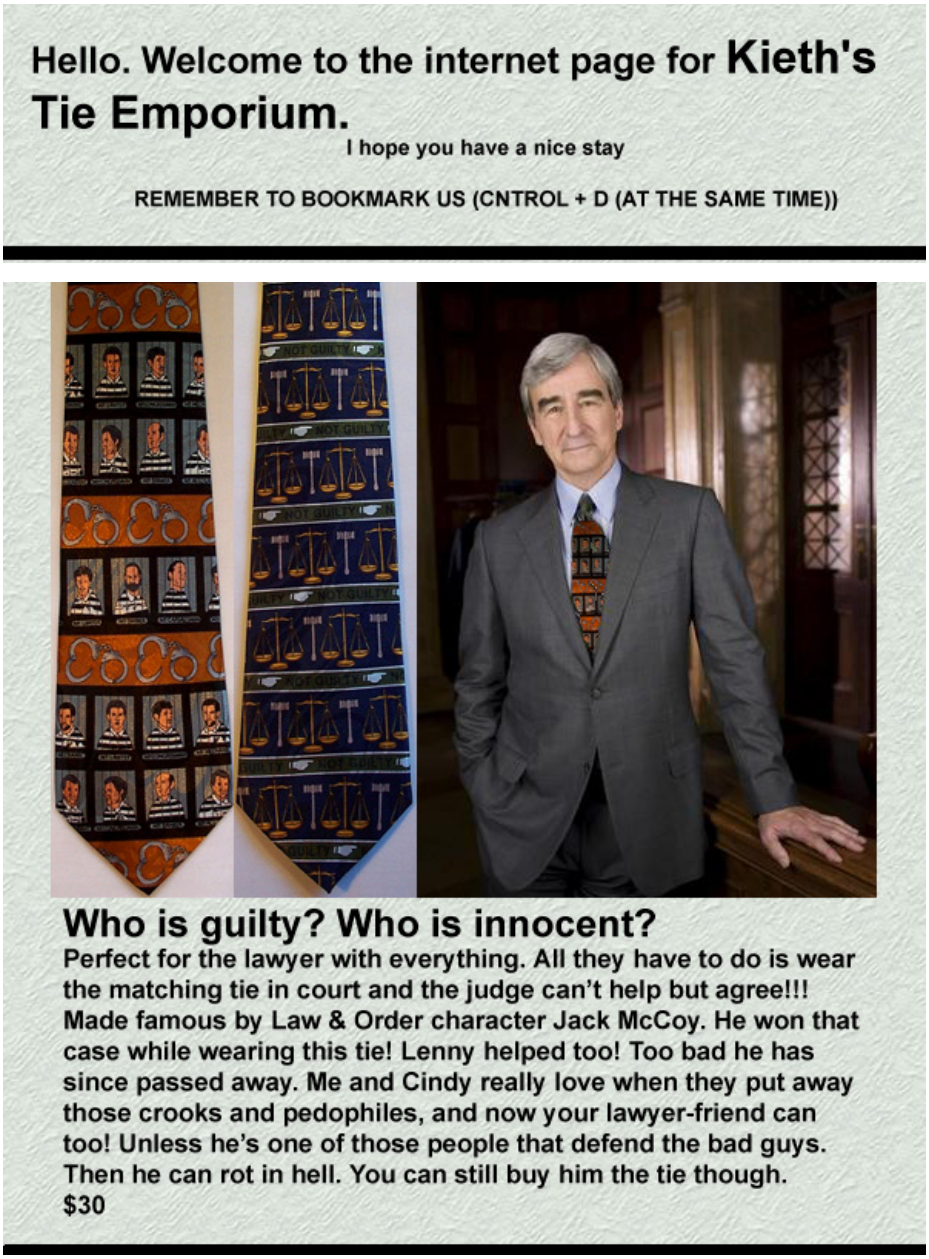
Where It Went Right: The dog was a little bit too starved. Grieving the fact that his dog was perfectly healthy one minute and a skeleton held together by glue and balsa wood the next, Hitler committed suicide.

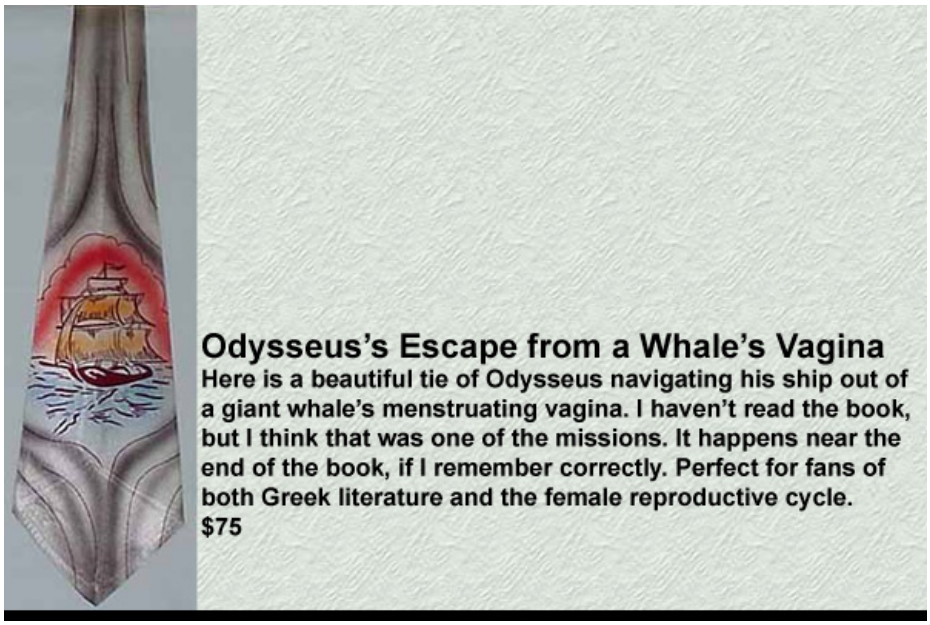
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.27 Keith's Tie Emporium

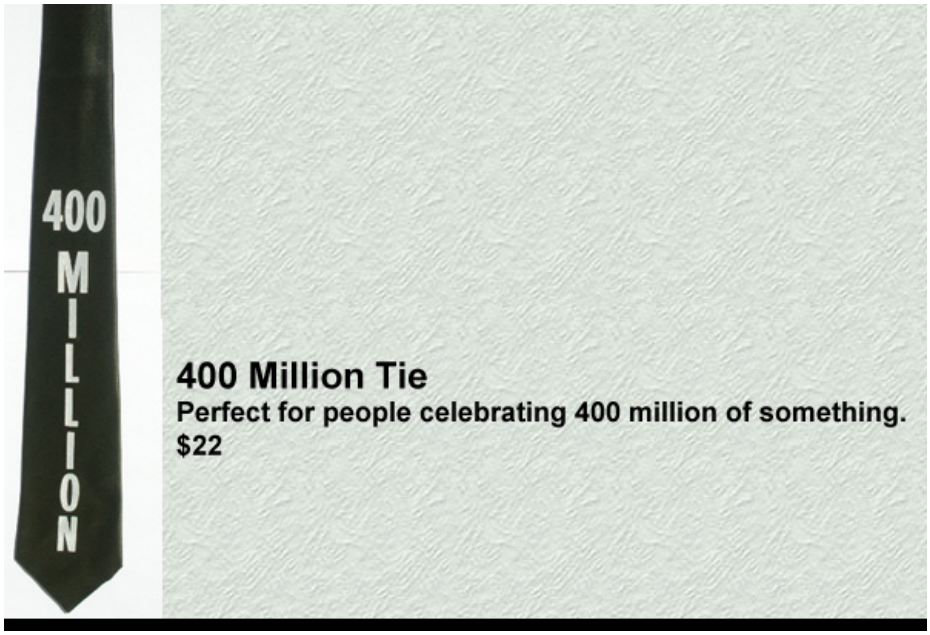
Sunday, Dec 28, 2008 by webmaster@keithstieemporium.angelfire.com (@iggolding)

This article is part of the Keith's Tie Emporium series.

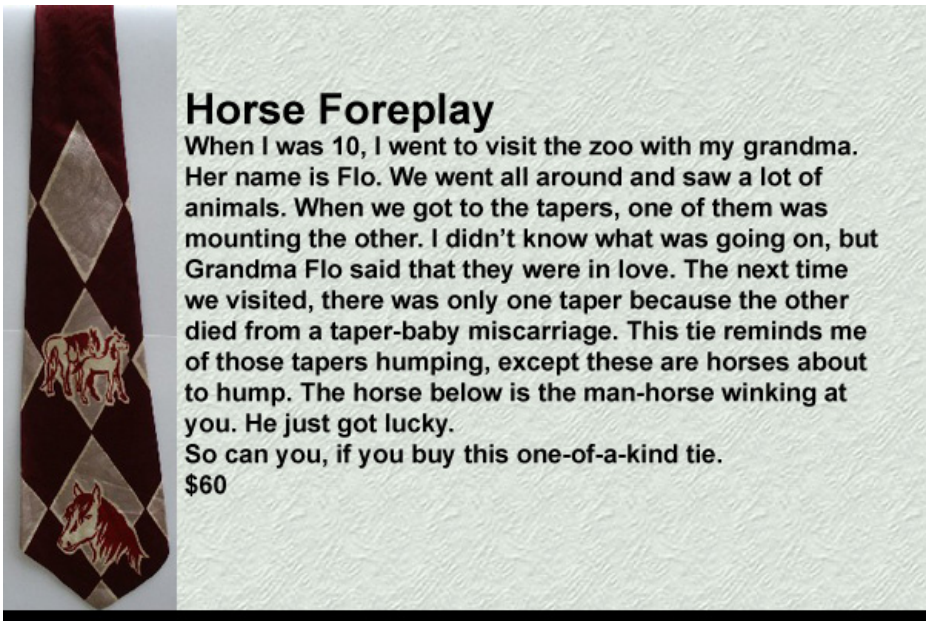

Hello. Welcome to the internet page for Kieth's Tie Emporium.
I hope you have a nice stay
REMEMBER TO BOOKMARK US (CNTROL + D (AT THE SAME TIME))
Who is guilty? Who is innocent?
Perfect for the lawyer with everything. All they have to do is wear the matching tie in court and the judge can't help but agree!!! Made famous by Law & Order character Jack McCoy. He won that case while wearing this tie! Lenny helped too! Too bad he has since passed away. Me and Cindy really love when they put away those crooks and pedophiles, and now your lawyer-friend can too! Unless he's one of those people that defend the bad guys. Then he can rot in hell. You can still buy him the tie though.
$30

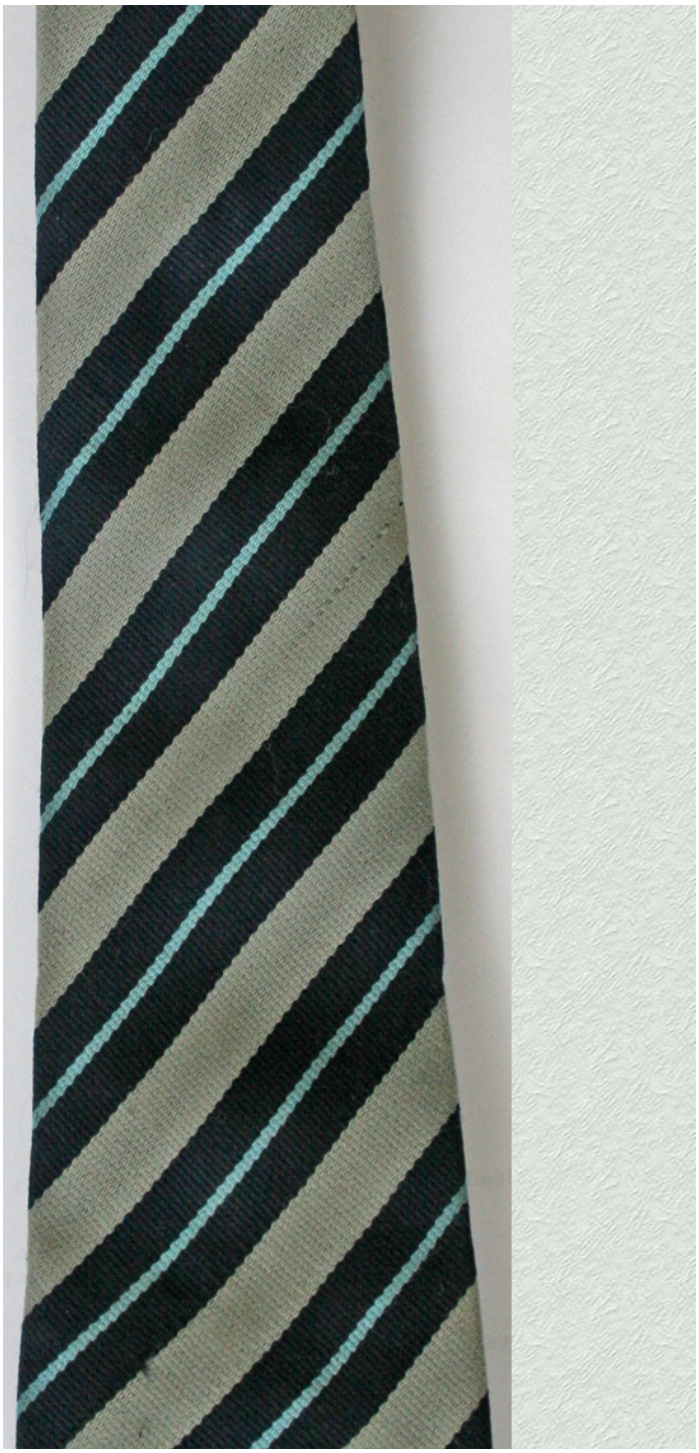


Odysseus's Escape from a Whale's Vagina
Here is a beautiful tie of Odysseus navigating his ship out of a giant whale's menstruating vagina. I haven't read the book, but I think that was one of the missions. It happens near the end of the book, if I remember correctly. Perfect for fans of both Greek literature and the female reproductive cycle.
$75

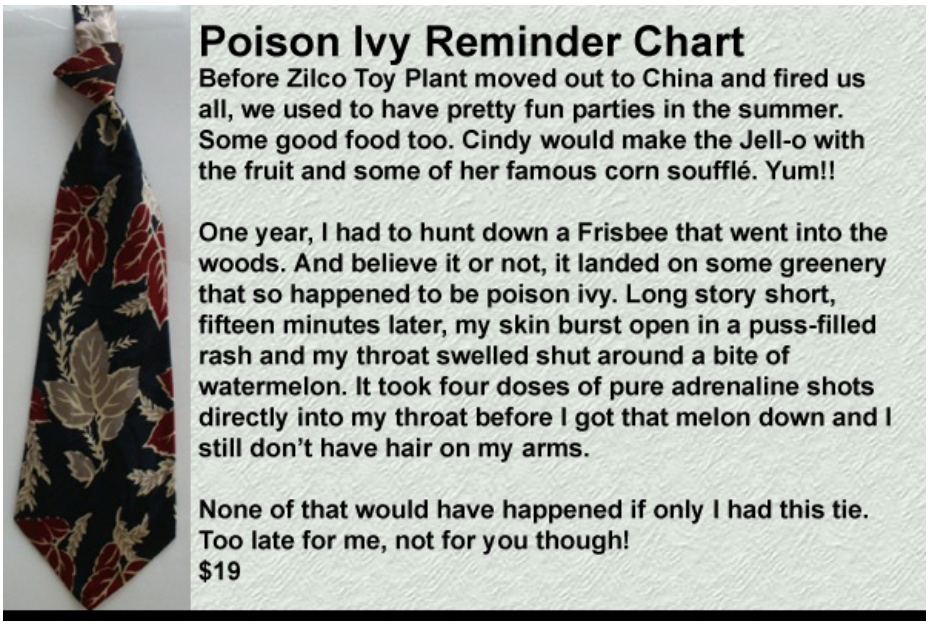


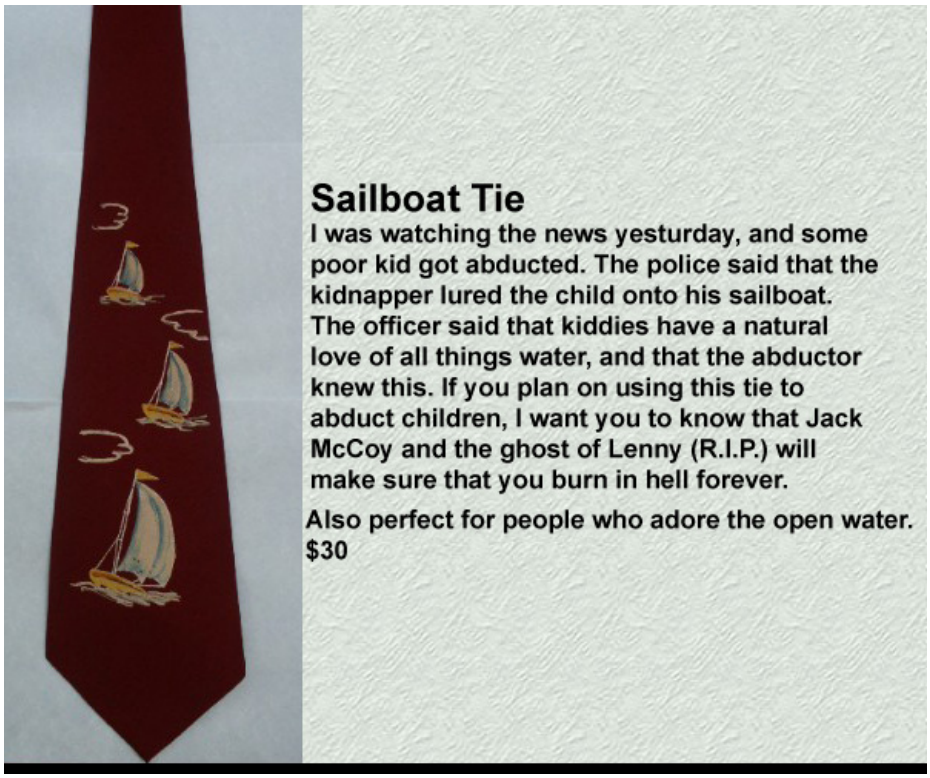
400 Million Tie
Perfect for people celebrating 400 million of something.
$22

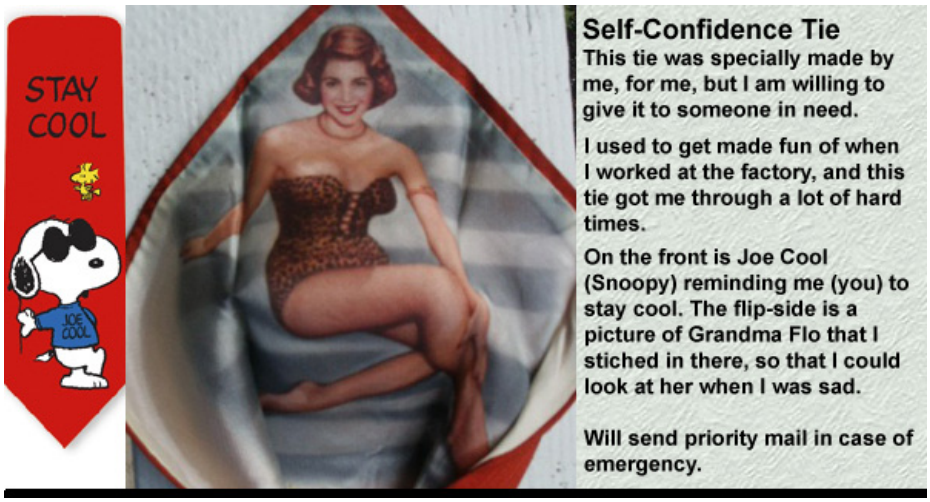

Horse Foreplay
When I was 10, I went to visit the zoo with my grandma. Her name is Flo. We went all around and saw a lot of animals. When we got to the tapers, one of them was mounting the other. I didn't know what was going on, but Grandma Flo said that they were in love. The next time we visited, there was only one taper because the other died from a taper-baby miscarriage. This tie reminds me of those tapers humping, except these are horses about to hump. The horse below is the man-horse winking at you. He just got lucky.
So can you, if you buy this one-of-a-kind tie.
$60



Big Tie
This is a
really big tie.
$200


Poison Ivy Reminder Chart
Before Zilco Toy Plant moved out to China and fired us all, we used to have pretty fun parties in the summer. Some good food too. Cindy would make the Jell-o with the fruit and some of her famous corn soufflé. Yum!!
One year, I had to hunt down a Frisbee that went into the woods. And believe it or not, it landed on some greenery that so happened to be poison ivy. Long story short, fifteen minutes later, my skin burst open in a puss-filled rash and my throat swelled shut around a bite of watermelon. It took four doses of pure adrenaline shots directly into my throat before I got that melon down and I still don't have hair on my arms.
None of that would have happened if only I had this tie. Too late for me, not for you though!
$19


Sailboat Tie
I was watching the news yesturday, and some poor kid got abducted. The police said that the kidnapper lured the child onto his sailboat. The officer said that kiddies have a natural love of all things water, and that the abductor knew this. If you plan on using this tie to abduct children, I want you to know that Jack McCoy and the ghost of Lenny (R.I.P.) will make sure that you burn in hell forever.
Also perfect for people who adore the open water.
$30


STAY COOL
Self-Confidence Tie
This tie was specially made by me, for me, but I am willing to give it to someone in need.
I used to get made fun of when I worked at the factory, and this tie got me through a lot of hard times.
On the front is Joe Cool (Snoopy) reminding me (you) to stay cool. The flip-side is a picture of Grandma Flo that I stiched in there, so that I could look at her when I was sad.
Will send priority mail in case of emergency.

THANKS FOR VISITING AND BE SURE TO LEAVE FEEDBACK!!!!

-~webmaster@keithstieemporium.angelfire.com (@iggolding)

12.28 Ouija: In Death We Stand On Chickens

Monday, Dec 29, 2008 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I developed my unhealthy obsession with the afterlife during my internship with the board game manufacturer Parker Brothers. I was a young man at the time, barely of legal age to import exotic animals for private or entertainment purposes excluding resale. My journey began with the toy company Hasbro. I was ecstatic when they accepted my internship application to their creative department.

My ecstasy diminished significantly when I was shunted off to Hasbro's games division. What little enthusiasm remained took a blow when I was dumped off on Parker Brothers, and then my interest dropped to nearly zero when I was further deferred to Parker Brothers Mexico. Unfortunately, my only other internship application that was accepted was a writing internship for *The Tonight Show with Jay Leno.*

I do have some limits to my masochism.

Parker Brothers Mexico was desperately in need of unpaid interns to fill in for workers disappearing from their factory in the mountains in Hidalgo. The superstitious locals called the range *Dientes del Demonio*, the Teeth of the Demon, and they believed the mountains to be haunted by evil ghosts. One bearded sombrerodore whispered that the plaintive howl of the wind through the arid valleys and peaks was the cry of the ghosts hungering for human blood.

I paid little heed to such simple peasant hoodooery. After all, when was the last time a white man was drained of blood by a demon? Late 80s? Late 90s in Magnitogorsk if we're counting Russians as whites.

From a tiny copper mining town in the foothills I rode the *Autobus del Demonio* (Bus of the Demon) up the treacherous *Camino del Demonio* (Road of the Demon) to the Parker Brothers factory town of *Ciudad del Demonio.*

The gringos called it Demontown for short. It was a collection of grotesque pre-colonial adobes that looked like piles of dog shit hollowed out by sombrero wearing beetles. The full-time workers lived in the very relative luxury of cargo containers retrofitted with chimneys. The only other native structure was the old Spanish Mission, which looked slumped and disused, like a church approaching the point of a lonely suicide.

Looming over it all was the cold steel-framed edifice of the Parker Brothers Mexico factory. It was set into an apron of pocked concrete and its rust-mottled sides were reinforced at the joints with cinderblocks. Industrial refrigeration and heating units on the roof buzzed day and night. These sounds provided a manmade bass note accompaniment for the regular whistles and moans of the demonic winds.

Stan Drummer was waiting for me at the bus stop. He was a long-nosed man with a ruddy complexion, thinning hair, and eyes that seemed too large because of his oversized glasses. He was shivering against the mountain cold as we pulled up. He paced next to the bus stop bench and held his shoulders as if trying to withdraw completely inside a blue windbreaker. The Parker Brothers logo was emblazoned on the breast of his jacket. Stan turned as he paced and I saw that on the

back of the jacket it read, "BOGGLE."

"Eyes, head, and ears," was Stan's motto for me as he gave me a tour of the factory floor.

That meant wearing safety glasses, hard hats, and ear plugs whenever you went into the noisy main factory.

"And watch out for the ghosts," Stan joked.

His attempt at levity was nearly lost in the din of the conveyors and banging mold releases. Components bounced from the molds still steaming and zoomed through a cooling tunnel. They dropped down a tube that shunted them off into measured baggies that were quickly sealed by a hot clamp. Conveyors moved the plastic components and wrapped stacks of cards between workstations.

At each station, workers in white dust covers and hairnets quickly scooped pre-bagged plastic parts into cardboard trays. These trays were shifted to another line and mechanically inserted into a box with a pre-folded board.

"We have three lines," Stan explained. "You'll be working on the C-line."

He pointed to a side of the factory we had not yet explored. The lights in that part of the factory flickered. There were fewer workers and those that stood at the stations seemed sapped of energy.

"What does it make?" I asked as we walked past a stack of Boggle sets.

"Ouija."

My coworkers were Alejandro, Bug, Chris Clark, and The Knife. Alejandro was borderline retarded and he smelled like peanut butter. The other three claimed to be members of a gang called Dick Tracy and they took their names from the TV show *The Untouchables*.

Their gang leader called himself Robert Stack and drank beers and ate enchiladas all day at a bar. At night they planned bank robberies. I once asked Bug how many banks they robbed and he looked down at his fingers, held up three, and then revised that down to zero.

The work was tiring, not because any one thing was physically exhausting, but because you were doing so many things all day long that you didn't normally do. The main movement for me was bending down and twisting sideways at the same time. This allowed me to scoot bad Ouija planchettes into a side chute as they descended into their bagging funnel. It took about ten minutes of this before my back and side began to hurt.

I complained to Chris Clark, the guy at the station immediately next to mine. He was a swarthy

young man from El Salavador. He had three tear drop tattoos on his cheek and he wore shockingly blue contact lenses. His job was to slide a thin rulebook and a bagged planchette into each cardboard insert that whizzed past on his conveyor. The Ouija boards were heat-etched wood, as opposed to cardboard, and were added in the last step.

"I can sell you peels," Chris Clark offered when I complained.

He showed me a handful of yellow caplets. They looked like Tylenols, but they had a frowning red face printed on the pill. I refused.

Other than bank robberies and women, and Alejandro's favorite topic of turtles, the men of Dick Tracy liked to gossip about the victims of the hungry ghosts. They did most of this gossiping in Spanish, which I barely understood. Occasionally, Alejandro or Chris Clark would translate an interesting tidbit.

"The ghost curse his mule and he hate heem," Chris Clark explained late in the afternoon. "He was a priest and the mule hate heem."

"His donkey hates him?"

Chris Clark shook his head.

"hAte heem," he explained and then snapped at me with his teeth.

That night I shared a beer with Stan Drummer at the one bar in town, *Taberna del Demonio*. It was built inside a rusty DC-10 strung with festival lights. The bar sold beers and a brackish homemade liquor called *Aguardiente* that was served in tamarind jelly jars and topped with three droplets of pepper sauce. These fiery drinks were popular with the men of Dick Tracy. They had to work quickly to catch up with their wasted boss.

"Why the mountains?" I asked Stan. "I mean, you can make Boggle in Tijuana."

"We do," he said. "We make the Chinese version of Boggle here. But that's just filler work. Most of the villagers refuse to help on C-line, which is why we're here."

"Ouija?"

Stan nodded.

"Why does Ouija need mountains?" I asked, holding up a hand for another round.

"Ouija," Stan paused to tamp a withered lime down the neck of his beer, "needs ghosts."

Parker Brothers operated Boggle and Pictionary on-site R&D for the Chinese editions of those games. The R&D involved a tiny focus group of two Chinese teenagers, Ok (rhymed with "hawk") and Zhu. They ate MREs and slept side-by-side on cots in an office cubicle.

The Pictionary R&D was a simple progressive questioning on various topics to ensure the teenagers understood them. The R&D for Boggle was an intensive mathematical and linguistic study of a dice rack that was five times as large as the alphabetic dice for English

Boggle.

"The Chinese thought Han character dice were impossible," bragged Wyatt Clark, head of Boggle East R&D and no relation to Chris Clark. "We're working on a new edition that will replace the English alphabet in the current edition with an 80-die matrix of Han characters."

He grinned.

"We're pretty excited."

Ok and Zhu were not allowed into the Ouija R&D. It took a week before Stan trusted me enough to let me into the factory's Ouija R&D. I had to convince Stan that I wouldn't "flip out" when I went inside.

The room was dark. Velvet curtains covered the wired glass windows and blotted out all external light. Illumination was provided by standing candelabra with thick brass arms. Flames sputtered in the molten cradles of each well-used candle. The air was thick with the smell of sweat, fear, and exotic incenses.

Pairs of robed researchers operated a quartet of Ouija boards. These were not the humble cardboard and molded plastic of the production sets, these were exotic and strange. One set used a pentagrammic planchette and an etched metal board, another was encrusted with polished amber beads and gems, and another was made from bone. The fourth was so secretive that they kept it covered with a cloth as the two researchers operated the planchette unseen.

"Brail," Stan whispered.

It took time to learn much more. There were long days of toiling in the factory and nights of drinking with Stan or the boys of Dick Tracy. I briefly considered leaving my internship, forgoing my college credits, and signing on to rob a bank in Guadalajara.

I had a brief affair with a dark-eyed girl named Carmen in the copper mining town. She worked in the Japanese pet shirt factory and dreamt of running away with me to America and raising bees in Vermont. I said that in America we have bees that don't sting and watermelons without seeds.

"It's so beautiful there," she said, her eyes welling with tears at the thought.

I told her about Red Vines and rootbeer and Country Music's Storyteller, Tom T. Hall.

"I, too, love little baby ducks," she told me one night after we made love beneath the stars.

Then one day she was gone. I arrived with flowers and her room was rented to a family of six. The smallest child was wearing a dog shirt taken from Carmen's footlocker. *Bad to the Bone.* Carmen's mother told me through her tears that Carmen's father had lost their daughter in a bet to a Brazilian circus. The only things she hated more than acrobats were tents.

I fed the flowers to her beloved goat, Pilar, and rode the bus back up *Camino del Demonio.* As the old bus lurched up the corkscrew road I swore to Carmen's memory that I would find out the secrets of the Ouija. I swore to her that I would contact her ghost, even if she was not yet a ghost.

If only I had known the terrible secret I would ultimately unlock I might never have gone back up that mountain. Well, I left a lot of my things up there in my bunk, but after that one trip I would have gone back down and never returned.

Instead, I pushed on. I was drawn inexorably by fate in much the same way mysterious forces draw things inexorably downward. In a few short days I would peer through the veil of death.

TO BE CONCLUDED...

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.29 SA Celebrity Stalker: Extreme Edition

Tuesday, Dec 30, 2008 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

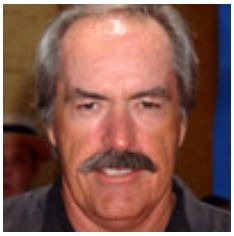
This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

Your #1 source for the hottest sightings of the most famous people in the world!

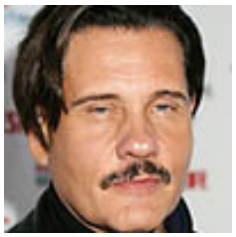
Nick Nolte
Yesterday @ 10 am

He was at some kind of child welfare office the court made me go to, and he was squinting really hard at a brochure about how you're not supposed to shake a baby. He seemed to panic a little, and he pulled out a cell phone and started yelling at somebody to "turn off the mixer."



Powers Boothe
Yesterday @ 11am

I couldn't believe it was really him! He was high on a rock precipice above a road, balancing a boulder on a tiny stick tied to a length of twine such that it would fall on the road if he pulled the string. He was racked with hissing snickers at his own malignance. So handsome!



William Forsythe
Yesterday @ 11am

Unabashedly plucking off and eating his own scabs at Starbucks. He had plenty all over his body. It seemed like he would never run out. It went on as long as I was there (about 15 minutes), then I came back a few hours later and he was still at it, and this little black guy had joined in.

Mickey Jones
Late 1997

Saw this guy come out of his house shirtless and yell at his cat to come in. I thought he looked familiar but I didn't realize he was famous until I spent a few years, maybe ten years or so, looking at pictures of people's face on the internet till I finally found him. Now I can die with a little peace, if not dignity.

Michael Ironside
Yesterday @ 5pm

I went to the aquarium and he was signing autographs outside the penguin thing. People liked him more than the penguins, and the aquarium staff were all talking angrily on walkie-talkies and trying to figure out how to get rid of him, but they didn't have shit on him. Very polite and gracious to fans.

Maria Conchita Alonso
????

She's still got it! I won't go into the specifics, but I saw her and she's still got it. Don't ask me where and when I saw her, because that's not important, but just know ye this: after all these years, she's still got it! Definitely a hot tamale. Still got it.

"Tiny" Lister
Today @ 9am

Delivering a lecture on the late works of Raymond Carver at the University of Iowa. From his speech, I take it he and Raymond were very close, especially near the end. He got very emotional and had to stop several times during his lecture. He was wearing his "Zeus" getup from his WWF days to honor Raymond.

Rip Torn
Today @ 11am

He was at the proctologist's office demanding to see someone right away. When the doctor came out, Rip Torn said "doctor, you gotta help my anus! They don't call me 'Rip Torn' for nothing" and the doctor just groaned and walked away. I gather that there was nothing wrong with his butt, and he does this a lot.

Matt Mulhern
Today @ 12pm

Saw Matt Mulhern getting mistaken for Bill Paxton outside Spago on Sunset Strip, then later getting mistaken for Bill Paxton outside Amoeba Records. He was wearing a t-shirt that said "Bill Paxton."

Clancy Brown
Today @ 1pm

He was at Best Buy, treating an animal very humanely. I was very deeply moved by his display of compassion toward the animal at Best Buy.

Larry B. Scott
Today @ 9pm

He was at a Bauhaus concert, trying to get up on the stage. I yelled "Larry B. Scott!" but he didn't notice, or maybe couldn't hear me over the music. Eventually the security guys dragged him away, and I could see Daniel Ash point to him and mouth the words "Larry B. Scott!"

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

12.30 BarkWire.com Reviews: Artie

Wednesday, Dec 31, 2008 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the BarkWire.com series.

Name: Artie
Breed: Labrador Mastiff
Age: 7
Gender: Male
Relationship Status: Single
Location: In and around Shaggy Butte
Rating: (3.5 out of 5 bones)
ePets: *Artie has been ePetted 16 times.*

PET THIS DOG
WRITE A REVIEW
ADD ARTIE TO FAVORITES

EDITOR'S REVIEW: Artie could easily give the famous "Big Dog" of the Big Dogs clothing line a run for his money. This hardy fella is equal parts 'tude and heart. As a stalwart ally, he'll go to bat for you any day of the week. As an enemy, well, let's just say we don't plan to cross that bridge. Artie is known to crank the radio all the way up to blast his favorite tunes, but then he's the kind of dog that always lives life at full volume.

--BarkWire Junior Correspondent Chet Edwards
User Reviews

17 Reviews for Artie - Displaying 11-15

I SAW THIS DOG DRIVING!
Posted by **KHunter** [**Read other reviews by KHunter**]
(5 Bones)

I could scarcely believe my eyes! Whilst I dined at the lobster buffet on Bunhe St, this remarkable canid sat in a truck just outside the restaurant. He was in the driver's seat and looked thoroughly delighted to be there, like he could just bolt off in some passionate frenzy of driving at any moment. So exciting! Alas, he never did and lingered still even when I left. A dog driving a truck, what a stirring thought to think!

Dogs *SHOULD NEVER* drive.
Posted by **Doctor Dog** [**Read other reviews by Doctor Dog**]

(1/2 Bone)

To the above reviewer: clearly you were mistaken. Dogs are not capable of operating motor vehicles, and besides, you said the vehicle was parked. Obviously the owner just left the dog in the truck. The very notion of letting a dog drive is absolutely criminal. If it were a very small car in a controlled environment and the purpose was for entertainment, then that would be acceptable. Under any other circumstance you'd be putting the dog in danger.

P.S. I apologize for the stern rating but I want to reinforce just how dangerous it is for a dog to drive -- thankfully they cannot!

---

i got just one word: HELL YEAH!
Posted by **jjjbones** [**Read other reviews by jjjbones**]
(5 Bones)

i wanna see this dog f***ing roll over everyting lol. jump some ramps, do some donuts, excetera. dog in truck is best idea ive herd yet.

LET THE DOG DRIVE PLEASE
Posted by **ELMO STEPHENS** [**Read other reviews by ELMO STEPHENS**]
(5 Bones)

SAW THIS DOG SITTING IN THE DRIVERS SEAT OF A TRUCK PARKED AT KMART. THE WINDOWS WERE ROLLED DOWN AND HE WAS BLASTING SPANISH MUSIC AND SMILING AND HAVING A GOOD TIME. I KNOW PEOPLE SAY A DOG SHOULD NOT DRIVE BECAUSE DRIVING REQUIRES HANDS AND FEET AND DOGS ONLY HAVE PAWS BUT I WANT THIS DOG TO BE FREE. DRIVE, DOGGY, DRIVE. DON'T LOOK BACK JUST KEEP DRIVING. LEAVE ALL THIS MADNESS BEHIND BEFORE IT CONSUMES YOU! PLEASE ALLOW THIS DOG TO DRIVE.

ELMO STEPHENS

Big Effin' Deal
Posted by **BiGDog** [**Read other reviews by BiGDog**]
(1/2 Bone)

Oh wow, a driving dog. That'd almost be the most amazing thing ever if it were true. Of course it's a big ol' loud of hogwash, and you suckers are drinking it up. If you want to see really talented dogs, look no further than Clovis, Thunderspeak, Comodoro, and the early works of Strongbark, before his red bandanna phase. Those were some damn talented dogs performing all sorts of groundbreaking feats though to be impossible for dogs. Comodoro was thought to be the first dog to ever climb a ladder. Don't get me wrong, --BiGDOG's-- got a lotta love for those pooches, but Panzer is still top dog for sure.

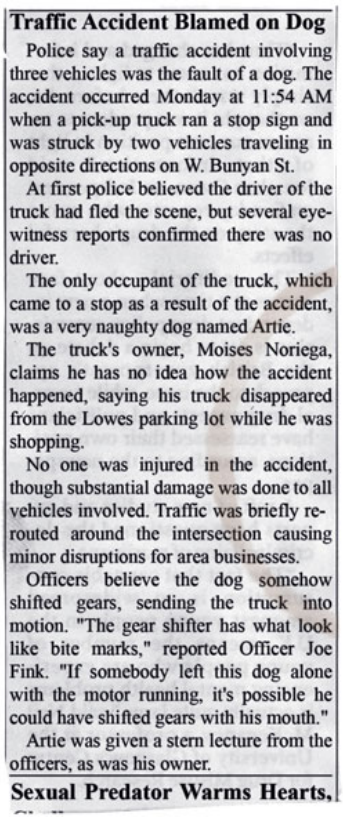
If you think Artie is actually driving around town in a truck you're even dumber than the federal government.

--BiGDOG-- just sent your ass to the doghouse.

Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

Good grief, Artie!
Posted by **Pete** [**Read other reviews by Pete**]
(2.5 Bone)

Did anyone see Artie in the Courier-Messenger? Artie caused an accident this week. He didn't kill anyone but he really could have. I'm not sure I like the idea of a dog driving around town. I guess I just expected that if dogs ever took up driving, they'd be more cautious. Here is a scan of the article:



Traffic Accident Blamed on Dog

Police say a traffic accident involving three vehicles was the fault of a dog. The accident occurred Monday at 11:54 AM when a pick-up truck ran a stop sign and was struck by two vehicles traveling in opposite directions on W. Bunyan St.

At first police believed the driver of the truck had fled the scene, but several eye-witness reports confirmed there was no driver.

The only occupant of the truck, which came to a stop as a result of the accident, was a very naughty dog named Artie.

The truck's owner, Moises Noriega, claims he has no idea how the accident happened, saying his truck disappeared from the Lowes parking lot while he was shopping.

No one was injured in the accident, though substantial damage was done to all vehicles involved. Traffic was briefly re-routed around the intersection causing minor disruptions for area businesses.

Officers believe the dog somehow shifted gears, sending the truck into motion. "The gear shifter has what look like bite marks," reported Officer Joe Fink. "If somebody left this dog alone with the motor running, it's possible he could have shifted gears with his mouth."

Artie was given a stern lecture from the officers, as was his owner.

Sexual Predator Warms Hearts,

Well, I'll be damned
Posted by **BiGDog** [**Read other reviews by BiGDog**]
(1/2 Bone)

Guess I was wrong about Artie. He really did drive that truck. Too bad he drove it into traffic like some kind of idiot. You know who does that sort of crap? Bad drivers. Last I checked we weren't

treating them like heroes.

While the rest of us are footing the bill for the cleanup (thanks a ton, socialism), Artie gets off scot-free. This kind of nonsense makes me yearn for honest, law-abiding dogs like Old Chicago, Andrianampoinimerina, Embalmer, Jacques Derridog, and Freedog. Those dogs would never endanger citizens with reckless driving. Course the --BiGDOG-- has to give a shout out to the noblest dog of all time: Panzer. You'll never find a greater source of class in this universe.

Boom! You just got hit with a lethal dose of info, --BiGDOG-- style!

Click here to see BiGDOG's Kennel

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

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